THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

BY TIMOTHY FLINT,

AUTHOR OF

'*Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Mississippi Valley,*' '*Geography and History of the Western States,*' &c.

'BENEDICERE HAUD MALEDICERE.'

VOLUME III.

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TIMOTHY FLINT.

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THE

WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1829.

ON LIBERALITY AND LIBERAL EDUCATION.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

WE come now to the second subject of this article, the study of languages. It is our intention, in *another*, to remark on the technical part of the study of languages, and to give a detailed account of the methods of Messrs. Hamilton and Bolmar. We believe, that those, who have reflected on these methods, or have had sufficient experience in this subject, will agree with us, that this study is generally made as difficult and disgusting to the young mind as possible; that in all elementary studies, and in this more than in any other, the merit of the teacher lies much more in his method than in his science, and that very few persons, employed in teaching languages, possess any method at all. But the deficiency of the teacher in this point could be supplied by works composed upon such a plan, as would indicate to the teacher and the pupil, step by step, the progressive course they have to follow, in unfolding gradually, methodically and without confusion the vast stock of words, forms and phrases, which constitute a language. This is done by the works published by Messrs. Hamilton and Bolmar, upon the plan of their methods. We mention them both together, because what is true of Mr. Hamilton's, is true to a still greater extent of Mr. Bolmar's system, which is a considerable improvement on Hamilton's method, the foundation and grand feature of both being a literal, interlineary translation, not of every phrase, but of every word in its actual form, and independently from all those, that surround it. But we reserve ourselves, to do justice to them in the article above alluded to, and will only mention, that we have heard with pleasure, that several gentlemen at the East are engaged in preparing similar works on the Greek and Latin languages.*

*Mr. Bolmar is a very successful professor of the French language at the high school of Philadelphia.

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By this method, which we might call the natural method, because it is founded upon an attentive observation and analysis of the operations of the mind in acquiring a language, the study of it is abridged and facilitated in a singular degree. Here, however, it is our intention only to advert to the great advantages, which the liberal scholar derives from the knowledge of language for the enlargement of his mind.

In speaking of the study of languages in general, we are brought very naturally to state our opinions on a subject, which has latterly been frequently discussed: the study of the dead languages. In this point, as well as in the whole of this article, we proceed from the belief, that a proper division, and a proper method in studies, is still very generally a desideratum.

The question is not, *whether*, but *by whom*, and *when* the ancient languages should be studied. We leave it to the reader, to compute out of the number of those, who have been obliged to study them, the proportion of them, who in after life derive any use or pleasure from them, and in fact, who do not almost totally neglect them? Might their time not have been better employed in studies of greater general utility, and the study of the ancient languages have been put off for some years, when those, whose taste or profession induce them to the pursuit, may study them *con amore*, and of course thoroughly? But many will answer, we put them to the learning of languages, in order to exercise their mind. This is not a great deal better than saying: we make them study these things, that they may get rid of their time; because any study, systematically pursued, will accustom the mind to close and logical reasoning; and if this be true, such studies ought to be selected, as are of the greatest practical utility, as do not easily fade from the mind, and leave little other satisfaction, than that the student can say 'I have studied it;' synonymous to saying, 'I *once* knew it.'

We believe that when the study is such, as attracts the attention of the pupil, and is in connexion with the objects, that habitually fall under his involuntary observation, he will have a pleasing and continual exercise, and his mind will enter willingly, without effort, and in a natural manner, into the habits of observation.

Mathematics and philological studies seem to us less fit for this purpose, than the physical or natural sciences. Cuvier, in this respect, the highest authority, remarks, that young men, who, merely to gratify their curiosity, have devoted some time to these studies—when returning to their usual occupations, generally feel the most beneficial effects from the spirit of order and method, which they have imbibed from these studies.

Lacepede, the author of a great many works, especially on natural history, was, under Napoleon, Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, and held other official stations, which filled his hands with business. The order and celerity, with which he despatched his business, astonished Napoleon, who, it is well known, was famous for the same talent; and when the latter asked him, how it was possible, that he could do so much in so little time? he answered: 'by employing the method of the naturalists.' We find similar remarks in Fleming's classical work on the philosophy of Zoology.

We mean by natural and physical studies, throughout this article, not a crude and undigested collection of facts, such as the common abridg-

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ments of Buffon are, but an acquaintance with the principles of classification. The number of facts in all these sciences is so great, that without the utmost order and method, such a confusion would arise, as would make it utterly impossible for any person, to be thoroughly acquainted with any single one of them. It is by continual divisions and subdivisions, that he assigns to each fact or being its place. A strict and most accurate observation is necessary for establishing these divisions; and when they are made, he knows where to find every thing. We have seen not unfrequent proofs, that these studies are, to a limited extent, not at all beyond the capacity of even the young. The facts in themselves, are, for the most part, easily understood. Whenever the young pupil looks round him, he finds an opportunity to apply, and is flattered in applying his knowledge; and he has thus a continued and voluntary exercise for his faculties, which is certainly more fit for a young mind, than either mathematics or philological niceties. You may thus make him acquainted with those professions, in which mathematical and physical science are combined. A mind beguiled in so pleasant, easy and natural a manner into the habit of observation, comparison and reflection, will not now be rebuked by mathematics, because, at every step he makes the interesting observation, that he has found the explanation of a fact, formerly only imperfectly known to him. He is sustained in his labours by the desire to find proofs for many other points, which are still obscure to him; and he learns, and retains these subjects with an increased facility, because he can now associate them with other ideas and facts.

All these observations are founded upon the principle, we repeat it, that the young mind best learns what pleases, and interests it, and what it understands easily—that it retains best, what it can connect, and associate with other ideas, and that the most natural and effectual way for exercising it is, to unite it to an involuntary and agreeable application of what it knows.

We are far from giving these views as original. They have been carried into practice, and most successfully too; but we wish to see them of more extended and general application.

When mathematics are taught theoretically, in their naked dryness, an ardent boy must certainly make considerable exertion to abstract, and to reduce his understanding to grasp these shapeless ideas. For most minds, mathematics will be a penance. Some, gifted with a peculiar aptitude and steadiness of mind, and quietude of imagination, will make progress in them. But, even such will be apt to forget in a short time, what they have learned, if an opportunity is not soon furnished them for recalling to their minds, and applying their theory. The hypothetical quantities, on which the young mathematician exercises his mind are so widely different from all other subjects, on which he may have been called to observe or judge, that his inexperienced mind, thoroughly imbued with mathematical principles, is often too much inclined to apply the same nicety, singleness of consideration and dryness of abstraction to other subjects, where complex combinations of acting and reacting causes, and moral considerations must be weighed against each other, and must at once be embraced in one comprehensive look—a train of reasoning, altogether unlike the straightforward course of the mathematician. On such questions, (and

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most questions in most professions participate of their nature,) great mathematicians have frequently been egregiously mistaken. The elements of these questions were entirely different from those, which they had been accustomed to treat; but seduced by their habits, they attempted to master them with the same methods, to bring them under the same rules. Instances of this kind have been multiplied in a sorrowful degree. This is a great drawback on that closeness of thought and conciseness of language, which, in common with the other sciences, mathematics impart; and which are highly useful in the investigation and discussion of scientific questions, when once the fundamental data have been found. These, however, we must not expect to find by the aid of mathematics.

It is said, that in philological studies, the learner's sagacity and patience are exercised; but certainly, in an infinitely less degree, than in physical or natural sciences: his patience, we admit, is also exercised or rather tried in so rude a manner, that it is frequently found wanting, and then the pupil is declared unfit for learning, and for any of the learned, or half learned professions, for the same good reason that absence of imagination and liveliness would be deemed the best qualifications for such a calling.

But the fault lay more in the teacher and in his method, than in the pupil. Before you teach him a thing, know how to excite his desire to learn it. Before you put him to read Latin and Greek authors, make him acquainted with those people. Before you introduce him to ancient literature, prepare in him a taste for literature in general, by reading English and French authors. Before you make him acquainted with philological difficulties, learn him first to be familiar with the usual forms of languages; and then proceed to the dead languages. Teach them as much as possible, as you would teach a living language. Impart to the pupil, a knowledge of the great body of the language, before you enter into the discussion of those irregularities, differences of acceptation, inversions, looseness of construction, arbitrary forms, and that variety of styles and dialects, which makes the ancient languages so much more difficult than the modern. Then his mind will be adult and exercised enough, to study the more difficult parts of his task; and he will have patience enough for doing so, because he understands the reward, that the acquirement of these subjects holds out to him.

In short, make studies easy, not by omitting the most interesting and important parts of a science, but by leading young men in a natural and easy way in its development. Make studies easy in this manner, and you will be able to increase their extent and variety. Divide studies, especially in public institutions, so, that those, who can, and will receive a more complete education, may learn those things last, which are of the least general application.

Our love for the ancient languages is more a kind of sentiment, than the product of cool and sober reasoning. They are associated with all the remembrances of our youth; and when from the noise and bustle of after life, we return to them, it is, as if we heard the voice of a dear friend, who has long been absent. There are so many passages, which we knew by heart, that when they appear again before us, in the often pompous, often languid, and always musical rhythm of the ancient verse, they seem to us

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adorned with new and greater charms than ever, because high beauty acquires higher power by time and acquaintance.

Ancient literature has, besides, an interest peculiar to itself, in its perfect originality, and in the most remarkable history of its development. But we should trespass too far, if we intended to say all which occurs to us in favor of ancient literature. It is an inviting theme, and has been treated often in an admirable manner; and in particular in a late number of the Southern Review.

It is often an invidious, but necessary task, to recal the mind, fondly and involuntarily wandering in the regions of the beautiful, to the merely useful. There is no doubt, but ancient languages are an indispensable part of a complete literary education. But this study amounts, when prosecuted in the best manner, to little more than poetry, poetical philosophy, and half poetical history.

It is the first and most solemn duty of those, who have received the high trust of the education of the young, to prepare them for real and practical life, and to teach less poetry; which, when true, is the free, unforced, untaught offspring of the heart. That heavenly gift—poetry,—is a *sickly, deadening* plant, creating discontent, and visionary vanity, and *unbending* the energies of the soul, if not grafted upon the broad foundation of large views of life and men. There is more poetry in what *is*, than in any thing, that can be imagined.

A complete liberal education is never finished in college; and for this reason we believe, that in most cases the ancient languages should be made an optional study, and should in every case be taught later, than they usually are, and supplied in the meantime by other studies.

We prescribe no study; but we wish, that every one may be taught, what is most fit for him. For the immense majority of those, that study Latin and Greek, these languages are, and particularly the latter, of no use. These studies are for such persons, most certainly a culpable waste of time. Others who receive an elegant and classical education, manifest a neglect of modern languages equally culpable. We have already mentioned, that in another article, we hope to prove, that by means of rational methods this latter study may become comfortably easy; and we shall here only make some observations that will show that for most actual learners, the dead languages are, to a great extent, useless.

To this purpose we request our readers, to answer candidly the following questions: How long do pupils study these languages? How much time do they give to them, how many authors and how much of these authors do they read? (we do not ask, how large the book is, *in* which, but *how much* of it he reads?) and finally, what is the amount of useful knowledge, they have thus collected?

Imagine all the fragments of fragments, the pupil has read, collected and put into one or more volumes; look that volume over, and you will have a scrap-book. True, if well selected, it will contain a good many fine and interesting pieces, just enough to furnish him with quotations for all his life. But to give him a tolerable idea of ancient history, you have been obliged, and you have done well, to give him a history of those times, which an English scholar has collected, and digested from a vast number of ancient authors.

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In some parts of Europe, Rhetoric, moral and natural Philosophy, Mathematics and (catholic) Divinity are taught in Latin; and this was still more the case a few years ago. The pupil, when entering these studies, is full of Ciceronian Latin; he is first scandalized with the barbarous dialect he hears; which, however, he soon exchanges for his elegant ancient Latinity, which from its ambiguity would be ill adapted to strict scientific purposes. This new Latin enables him, however, with no additional facility to read Juvenal, Tacitus, or even Horace, or still easier authors, than the Physician's or Lawyer's, or that Latin, which is so fluently spoken in Hungary by most persons, who have received a shadow of an education, and which is nothing, but a faithful and literal translation of phrases of their vernacular tongue.*

Many persons would urge the necessity of these studies for acquiring an elegant style. Our belief is, that taste is not formed by the study of a few writers, but by extent and variety of reading. The ancient writers, who, according to our modern notions, could fairly be proposed, as models of style, are reduced to very few. Would the nervous sententiousness of Tacitus, so admirable in the original, be tolerated in a modern writer? To what would the exclusive study of the numerous works, even of that great master Cicero, lead, but to imitation? To imitation much more, than to formation of taste; and that imitation is never fortunate in the dress of a modern language. We are admonished of its danger by the example of modern philologists; and especially of those of the preceding two or three centuries, who distinguished themselves, and had indeed ample reason to do so, by their contempt for every thing not ancient. Some few are, indeed, models of style: but by far the greater number are turgid and affected, delighting to see themselves moving on in the phrases and expressions of some favorite ancient writer. They gather them carefully, and overload their own writings with them, as if a mass of roses in a basket were more charming than a few flowers on their native stem, with the branches, leaves, and variety of its movements. Such writers remind us of that period of our literary education, when we gloried in the high sounding phrases and mouth filling words, with which our tasks were

* Hungarians feel no scruple in speaking Latin, to use such Hungarian words, indicative of objects of common life, as the Latin Language does not afford, or which in Latin have not a sufficiently defined meaning, and a Latin termination. They are, however, sufficiently acquainted with Latin grammar. We state this in correction of a passage in Dr. Walsh's interesting journal from Constantinople, which has been copied into several papers of this country. Dr. W. says, that he heard a postmaster in Transylvania speaking Latin with his servant; and he quotes several phrases of disfigured Latin, which he has heard.—The fact is, that Dr. Walsh has disfigured what he heard, which can easily be accounted for; because it is almost impossible for an English scholar, to understand the Latin of a continental European, their pronunciation being widely different.

But what Dr. Walsh heard, was not Latin, but Wallachian, the language of Moldavia, Wallachia, the Bukovina and of the most numerous of the three nations, by which Transylvania is peopled—the Wallachian; branches of this nation are scattered over several parts of the Austrian Empire and European Turkey. They are the descendants of Roman colonies in Dacia and Mœsia, and as this is, of all the nations, that derive their origin from the Romans, the poorest and the least civilized, so is also their language, not only the least cultivated and literary, but also naturally the least sonorous and harmonious of these filiations of the Latin language.

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overstocked, and when bombast was our *beau ideal.* In no stage of our literary life were we prouder of our style.

Taste in some detached phrases can be borrowed; but that taste, which, like a perfumed atmosphere, surrounds the whole performance of a gifted writer, escapes analysis, and cannot be traced or imitated more in one phrase than another. We confess, that we like to see in our great masters those trifling irregularities, which show, that the thought was pressing for utterance, and that the word was too slow to follow it. We are ungrateful for the care, which polishes every phrase to the utmost. We are apt to find the author too laboriously inspired, or we follow with less intensity the thoughts, while pausing and admiring the splendour and purity of expression, in which they are dressed.

But to make the pupils write Latin verses, or prosaical lucubrations, is a most criminal waste of time. Of this certainly is true, what Cicero applied to something else, "Dignitas in tam tenui scientia, quæ potest esse? res enim sunt parvæ." What glory is there in such things, but to be obliged to do, what other people cannot do? Who reads now the certainly fine poetry of Jacob Balde, or Sanazarius or other modern Latin poets? *And in* a very few years the pupil will have lost the ability of writing Latin. *It* is clear, people will thus get rid of their time. And in the same space of time, which they have thus thrown away, they might have learned to read fluently, if not to speak, two or three modern languages. And the useless curiosity, of being able to write what nobody reads, is too often a dignified excuse for our gross ignorance of the literature and almost the existence of nations, with whom we pass our days, and with whom we are in continual contact.

The professional philologist will, and ought completely to master the languages, which are the principal object of his studies. But in our days, when the field of knowledge is so amazingly extended, let us not torture our young students, most of whom will be any thing, but philologists, with studies, in place of which others of infinitely more general usefulness might be substituted.

Further, how many ancient authors remain, in great part, and often totally unread, because we are ashamed to read a translation? We insist upon our vulgar advice, to read plenty of translations.

We do not confine our ideas of the usefulness of studies to their immediate applicability to the duties of particular professions. We regard *those* studies, which expand the mind, and make it susceptible of high intellectual enjoyments, which are as highly useful; and we advise, to choose among the studies, which tend to produce such an effect, those, which in the shortest time are likely to operate most powerfully and most beneficially on the youthful mind. With this view we shall briefly class under several heads the considerations, that induce us to attribute this effect to the study of modern languages.

1st. Commercial relations are generally the principal reasons, that prompt to this study—but we consider it, as an element of a liberal education, more for reading, than for speaking; and shall therefore not insist on its evident necessity for the man of business.

2nd. This study will dissipate prejudices more than any other. With regard to the languages themselves, nothing is more common, than to hear

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that the French language is adapted only for light and frivolous subjects; that the German is harsh, ill sounding, good for speaking to horses; that the Italian is redundant with vowels, effeminate, and without energy.—There is some truth in all this; but very little. This truth is, that the French is more graceful and pleasing for light and playful subjects; the German more forcible, more fit, with its strongly marked quantities, to adopt the ancient rhythm; and the Italian more melodious and adapted to music than any other. From these facts, according to the vulgar notions of logic, the conclusion has been drawn, that because they possess the above mentioned qualities in an eminent degree, they possess none besides, and are good for nothing else. What would the English reader say, if he heard that the Frenchman, the Italian, and even the German, unanimously pronounce his language disagreeably hissing and full of unutterable sounds?

But as soon as the learner is familiar with the language, as soon as he no longer experiences the difficulties of the commencement, in pronouncing awkwardly sounds, that are unknown to his language, as soon as he believes no more, that the German of Saxony is the same as the barbarous jargon of the usual German emigrants to this country from Swabia and Switzerland, when he is so identified with the language, that in reading, he pronounces it as rapidly, as his own language,—a complete abstraction from the technical part of the language takes place, and he perceives that each of these languages is fully competent to assume, and to sustain all that passes in the human mind and heart; and that most people prefer their own language to all others, because they are not able to perceive the beauty of other languages.

He will not believe, that the language of the gigantic Dante, the stern Alfieri, is effeminate and wanting energy; that the language of the thundering Bossuet, the fierce Mirabeau,* of Lamartine, who in the delicious melancholy of his poetry, is continually longing after immortality,—is frivolous and fit only for light subjects,—that the airy and vanishing figures of Goethe's Elfenkonig, which seem to disappear before the eyes of the reader, are delineated in a harsh, hoarse and disagreeable language. The modulations of the voice, which adapts itself to the character of the subject, obliterate, so to say, the differences peculiar to the sounds of the language, and bring them near to those tones, which we might call the voice of the human heart, which is so widely understood. For this reason, also, the difference of pronunciation is much more sensible in common conversation, which is spoken in a few tones only, not forgetting the

*In the late public debate in this city between Messrs. Owen and Campbell, Mr. Campbell frequently quoted Mirabeau as the author of the "Systeme de la Nature," and as the chief of what Mr. C. calls the French atheistical school.—The chief declaimers of this school,—if the wild schemes of some vain and noisy individuals, which have never been reduced into a system, because, as Mr. C. very rightly observed, no two of them agreed,—can be called a "school," were Helvetius, Diderot, Naigeon, and such pedants as Boulanger, and Freret, to whose ponderous and heavy works posterity has already done justice by forgetting them. The "Systeme de la Nature," has always been considered as a bad work, even by "the School," and its author was not Mirabeau, but the Baron d'Holbach, a German who resided in Paris. That "Systeme de la Nature," has been very ill treated by Voltaire.

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slovenly and incorrect manner, in which most people speak their language.

3d. By means of an acquaintance with modern languages, we study new literature; and we shall soon be astonished at the partiality and peevishness of the opinions, which we entertained before, and which we had imbibed, because they were generally received by our nation. We shall see, that superiority is frequently claimed, where it is not possessed; and that, where it is real, the rival's inferiority is insisted upon with an exaggeration exceedingly vulgar. Until the present, our practical knowledge of those literatures had been confined to the translation of some works or fragments, which some writer in our language had served us up, as a fair specimen of the literature of such, or such a country. But in this selection the nation concerned had by no means been consulted; if moreover, we discover in such a work some instances of bad taste, affectation, exaggeration, &c. this is a proof, that the author's nation has bad taste or loves bombast and affectation. We are, also, very apt to forget the time and the circumstances in which a writer wrote; because, for instance, a thing *was true* in France, before the revolution, it follows in such minds that it must be true now.

Read *modern* works; read occasionally foreign reviews; and, if possible, *newspapers*; and you will better know, what the stranger thinks of *you, in what* you excel, and in what you are wanting. You will often correct your opinions. You will have a very different idea of foreign politics and literature, than by reading the ludicrous extracts given by your own papers, which, we assure our readers, are very generally so made as if we were to make a volume of extracts and quotations from newspapers immediately preceding the late presidential election; by means of which, we pledge ourselves to prove to any body who has no better evidence, and who knows nothing else about the United States, that horror, anarchy, despotism, civil war, &c. &c. were impending this country.

4th. Each of the great literary nations has favorite notions and schemes, and the same questions are often treated, if not better, at least, differently in one country than another. Much is to be learned in all these varieties; much, that we could not find recorded in our own language. We learn, for instance, that the same word, or words, which the dictionary gives, as exactly corresponding, signify sometimes a very different thing in different countries. Such a word as "every body," the French "tout le monde"—in this country it signifies pretty much the United States and England. Every body believes that he knows what the Catholic Religion is. She declares herself, "one and indivisible." She cannot help, however, being a very different thing in Italy, France and Germany.

Some national qualities, to which we lay almost an exclusive claim are, to our great astonishment, not less sternly ascribed to themselves by other nations.

How singularly variable do we discover the conceptions of the beautiful to be, in travelling from country to country? Their different tastes in literature, the fine arts, music, &c., show how variously this great question can be viewed. As for the fine arts, let us remember the Greek, Egyptian and Etruscan style; and the times nearer to our own offer analogous, though for obvious reasons, less striking instances. The collections of the busts of the Emperors again, not uncommon in the larger

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cities of Europe, and especially of Italy, and always chronologically arranged, show, as the busts are almost always contemporaneous with the originals, in a remarkable manner, in reference to sculpture, the changes and the decline of the art, and the revolutions, which taste on the same subject underwent, in the same people in the succession of time.

If this country ought to have a literature, distinguished by prominent features from the English, she will obtain this, not by deviating from English models in those numerous branches, in which English literature fears no comparison—but in leaving the track beaten by the English in those habits of rivalry, calumny, and efforts to belittle the object of their envy, in which English writers in their half political and half literary warfare, with writers of other nations, so frequently indulge; and this to a degree decidedly beyond any similar disposition manifested in other countries. In some sciences the eyes of impartial comparison will discover better models in other languages, than the English; and it is the interest of the learner to repair to these sources for supplies. In this spirit have those gentlemen from Massachusetts acted, who by their endeavors to introduce German literature into this country, have invited the attention of their countrymen to a new and original literature, and to almost unexplored fountains of deep learning.

But to recur again to the almost voluntary blindness of the English to foreign merit. Englishmen drink, swear, and fight for old England, and that is all fair; but they also *lie* for old England; and for this, as far as it concerns us, who read their works, a remedy must be found. It consists in repairing as often as possible to the original sources—instead of contenting ourselves with second hand judgments, when we have seriously to pass upon any foreign work.

Such mean practices are the more to be condemned in the English, as they possess themselves a magnificent literature; and this country has other inducements to impartiality. Her children are not taught to hate such or such a people, as a matter of policy. She has no neighbors, against whom her writers think it necessary to keep up by the ministry of the hired patriotism of certain writers, a spirit of enmity—she has no national enemy.

On all those great political questions, which concern the rights and the independence of the people, there is here but one opinion, and one party; the party of the whole. Here such points are settled forever; while in the most enlightened countries of Europe, parties founded on radically opposite opinions, struggle with each other, and yield the field only step by step.* Now what happened towards the close of the last century to the "French

* Some nations of continental Europe enjoy, and they may enjoy, as well as others, in the progress of time in a still higher degree, all the essential blessings of civil and religious liberty—never, however, to the same extent, as in this country. Suppose in one of those countries a form of government established similar to that of the United States; there must exist a party, powerful in number, wealth and talent, who will have suffered heavy losses in the change. In this party, and the victory over it will have been difficult and bloody—is a never dying germ of reaction; and indeed, it appears to us, that such a form of government in such a country, could be founded only on a complete previous extermination of this party. But in a political reform, accompanied with proscription, carnage and civil war, men, like the founders of American Independence, will not come

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and English" party will have its analogy in all these countries in our days. Every party recommends the example, and extols to the skies that nation, or party in a nation, which defends a principle analogous to its own. So it is with an English tory in France, where liberal principles have now firmly taken root, a country without either character in her men, or virtue in her women, or religion in either, or taste in any thing; in short, good for nothing, but for producing wine, dancers, frippery, &c. &c. &c., with all the one thousand pretty things, which you read in the Quarterly Review. One must indeed pity these poor Frenchmen, who still believe it possible, to live in their country. (See Quarterly Review *passim*, and so late, as in a number of 1828, on the "Memoirs de Mdme. de Genlis.")

Again: in the eyes of a French *ultra* or *Jesuit*, a stubborn steadfast Tory, such as Sir Thomas Lethbridge, or Lord Eldon, or the Marquis of Londonderry, &c. who are such valiant defenders of the "statu quo" only because retrograding is altogether impossible, are the very models of perfection. And although the Jesuit is a violent Catholic, and although one of the principal scribblers of that party, speaks of "*rigueurs salutaires*" in alluding to the night of St. Bartholomew, and although his friend, the Tory maintains and proves, that the Frenchman is not fit for enjoying the rights of a reasonable being, "because of his idolatrous and damnable religion;" yet there is in both such an unconquerable aversion to community of rights, or any thing that might raise their fellow citizens to their level, that they prefer to join in an unnatural and disgusting alliance, than make the least concession to their countrymen.

In our days every thing is, we might say, stained with politics, whether the writer speaks of foreign or domestic subjects. Every thing ought, therefore, to be read with a certain caution—not with the good natured practice of many persons, who always believe a little more, and a little less, that the thing may be neither cold nor warm, but just lukewarm,—but with an enquiry, whether the writer is a party man, and what the opinions of his party on the subject under consideration are?

Let us apply this to English travellers or "*tourists*." The Englishman travels much, and generally believes himself privileged, because he has travelled over much space. What is the reason, that these numerous "tours" have lost their credit? It is a fact, that they have lost their credit, and people laugh at them, and believe of them, for want of better means to ascertain the truth, *just* as much, as they desire to find true, or as suits their taste, and that taste has been formed, we know not how.

forward, or will not be heard. So in France, the real patriots of 1789, had, in 1793, either shed their noble blood on the scaffold, or had fled.

All countries with an overstocked population, and with an exceedingly unequal division of fortune, are afflicted with that necessary curse, large standing armies; and contain, besides, a large proportion of poor and degraded people, who, having nothing to lose, would impress upon the violent political commotions, that might happen in such countries, a peculiar character, and throw the fate of the country too often into the hands of individuals.

That this country has the best existing, and we believe, almost the best possible form of government, is perhaps not less due to her unparalleled natural advantages, and the vast field of enterprize, which her citizens have opened before themselves, than to the talents and virtues of the men, who were the principal actors in her revolution; and, we may add, of those who, in difficult emergencies, knew how to maintain and to consolidate the principles of the revolution.

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Most of these tours, in regard to the knowledge that can be collected from them, are utterly worthless, because,

1st. What is good in them or matters of fact, can be read in the works, from which they are extracted.

2d. On account of the famous English sneer.

3d. Because the Englishman out of England, travels and speaks only with Englishmen, goes always, where he is sure to find Englishmen, and thinks nobody worthy of his society, but Englishmen.

4th. Because, when he deigns to visit parties, it is exceedingly difficult to judge from the outside of a house or the furniture of a room, or even from the observations, that can be made, while dancing a cotillion, of the manners, the morality, the instruction of a nation.

5th. Because those 'tourists,' generally, do not speak the language of the country. This is unequivocally perceptible from their books, even after they have passed through the usual revisal, and it is the natural consequence of their method of living in foreign countries by themselves, carefully avoiding the people, they come to study, and describe; in fact like Europeans in the cities of Barbary or Turkey.

6th. Because the English people are weak enough, to buy, and even to read books, that flatter, in howsoever coarse a manner, their national prejudices.

But the general peace, and the immense increase of travelling, have recently brought people near each other. The consequence has generally been better feelings, and more esteem for each other. They have seen that they could learn from one another, when they expected it least. In France, for instance, where Shakspeare was looked upon only a short time ago, as a semi-barbarian,* English politics and literature are now zealously studied, and the ladies are obliged to make many faces in pronouncing what they are compelled to call English jawbreakers.

When *Monzoni*, a man of genius, who had drank into the spirit of our times, arose in Italy, his appearance was hailed by all literary Europe. They did not wait for his death to do justice to his merits—and this was a homage paid at once to our common *alma mater*, Italy, and to the spirit of our times, a spirit, and we say it positively, because the contrary is still frequently asserted, at once more liberal and more profound, nobler and juster, than that of our fathers—inferior to the spirit of the times to come, but immensely superior to that of the centuries that have passed.†

That this must be so, is obvious from the nature of things. We add, that one of the most powerful promoters of the cause of liberality is the irresistible contagion of liberal principles in politics, in all civilized countries. Civilization is spreading; and after it, and inseparably from it, results the want of liberty. This is well known by those despots, who impede the progress of knowledge, not because they hate knowledge in itself, but because an enlightened mind sees clearer in proportion into their machinations.

*People had formed their opinions on Shakspeare, just as many honest people settle their opinions. It was not by reading Shakspeare, that they found him to be a savage; but they did not read him, because they had been told by some one, they would find him so. This opinion drew support from two powerful allies; national vanity and laziness.

†And all that, we hope, without Mr. Owen's system.

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But when a government is the expression of public opinion, wars must of course become less frequent. Wars, undertaken to satisfy the personal ambition of the sovereign, and others carried on to distract the attention of the people, will come to a close. The nation will be aware, that it pays for the war; and that there are many speculations, internal improvements, for instance, that pay infinitely better their expenses, than even a successful war. Unpopular wars become almost impossible; and before a war becomes popular, there must be good reasons. As wars become less frequent, commercial and literary intercourse are kept alive, and the very root of national prejudices is extirpated.

Let us then remove from the mind and the heart, those obstacles of true liberality. Let us prepare, and advance those studies, which will form the proper and adequate enjoyment of the better educated classes; and these classes are rapidly increasing in number. Let us prove, that in a heart expanded by sober reflection and enlarged views, there is room enough, for liking and loving *more* than a certain limited number of individuals, our countrymen, or perhaps, our townsmen; that this liberality in nationalities, which *never* condemns by wholesale, will not injure our patriotism; that there are still remaining a thousand sentiments, interests, attachments, remembrances, habits, &c. &c., that will endear our country to us above every other; that we shall only exchange a blind instinct for a reflecting and purified patriotism; and that there is, in fact, infinitely more true patriotism in pointing out, what in foreign countries is worthy of our imitation, than in praising blindly and fanatically, every thing that is ours, because it is ours. It seems to us, that it is generally not suspected, to what extent these national prejudices, which, as well as professional prejudices, are universally disclaimed, are possessed and cherished by most of those, that so boastingly disclaim them.

An important step, in furtherance of this purpose, will have been taken when the study of modern languages shall have become general; or even, when it shall have been substituted for studies, comparatively less useful; and, we repeat it, because we think this study of infinite importance, and that by means of the methods of Messrs. Hamilton and Bolmar, of which we shall speak in the next number of this Review, it may be rendered comparatively easy.

Travelling in foreign countries, is certainly a very interesting supplement of the liberal education, of which this article speaks. But few persons, however, have the means, the independence, and the liberty to spend considerable time in travelling. He who makes a short and rapid tour through a country, may be amused and gratified. But as for instruction, if he does not read much, and converse with the natives of the country, he might as well have remained at home. And a person, who, without leaving his fireside, has read a good number of foreign works, especially modern, and more than all, reviews and other periodical publications, will know infinitely more about all that is best worth knowing in foreign countries, than a tourist, who has filled his common place book with a great many important trifles, such as we generally find recorded, if the entreaties of their friends can prevail upon them to favour the public with the perusal of those letters, *which were positively not written for publication!*

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The worst part of the business is, that a great number of these observations are absolutely false, either because they are fabricated to make dull pages attractive; or from the haste, with which they are composed, or from want of explanation of many things, or from ignorance of the manners and the language of the country, of which the work speaks. All these deficiences the tourist supplies with contrivances of his own, avoiding, however, all these scruples of modest doubt, which tend to enervate the style.

But if we have combined reading and travelling, we have certainly the best data, for putting many opinions, very generally received among us, to the test; for giving an opinion on those subjects, of which the value can be ascertained only by comparison—and we shall thus have more correct ideas of the import of certain laudatory and condemnatory terms and phrases.

We shall have opportunities enough, to discover errors and prejudices, and even to correct them, if we venture frankly to disclose our thoughts, and especially, if we are listened to. If, however, there be any truth in the observations of a friend of ours, who has had some experience in these matters, and to whom we have communicated the contents of this article; we do not know whether the most pleasant consequences of our toils would be, to let others see, especially in conversation, that we have some fewer prejudices than they. He pretends, in speaking of what he calls the miseries of a traveller, (but we leave it to the reader, to decide how much of his observation is founded on facts,) that although there is so much declamation about a dangerous and infatuated mania for every thing foreign, there is much more real danger in the optimism with which we find every thing that appertains to our own country, admirable as it is. If a person allows himself some remarks, which he believes, he could well sustain with proofs, his openheartedness and sincerity, at first acceptable, appear afterwards 'rather good natured;' and he finally discovers that we are infinitely more anxious to instruct him, than to receive instruction.

He says further, that if such a person understood the real interests of his reputation with those, with whom he lives, he would remember, that many questions are reduced to comparison, and the terms are wanting in those, who do not know the subjects to which he alludes—that if he has been accustomed to hear contradictory opinions patiently, and to abstract or correct his judgment sincerely, from such discussions, it is not always so with friends, who have heard and uttered an opinion so often, and always without contradiction, that they regard it as true of course, and permanently settled; and are very much inclined to attribute his contradiction to a ridiculous desire of display—that while he defends the absent, the absent retaliate, perhaps, in ridiculing, or criticising in a tone not less authoritative, his friends and countrymen, and possibly, with quite as much reason and impartiality.

Our friend goes so far as to say, that if the traveller in question, consulted his own interest, he would remember, that there is a radical obliquity in the human mind, although its corresponding protuberance has not yet been labelled on the skull by phrenologists—which leads to the belief, that the natural foundation of their own reputation must be the ruin of the reputation of others; and that they cannot raise themselves, without depressing

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others—he would relate some amusing anecdotes, touching the ridiculous usages of other people; and if he were not ingenious enough to invent them, he would find them ready made, or at least would discover models of imitation in most tourists: (he recommends especially Lady Morgan.) He would exult, because we are nothing else, and otherwise, than as we are, and would have us triumphantly compare ourselves with others. He would add his supplemeutal pshaw! to our smile of derision—and in this case his opinion would do him credit; and be of weight, as coming from an eye-witness, and especially as coming in corroboration of ours. He would arm himself with patience. He would lay in a stock of insignificant phrases of assent. He would laugh by himself, if such things might raise a smile; and try to console himself by reading Erasmus' '*Encomium Moriæ.*'

MIKE FINK, THE LAST OF THE BOATMEN,

And Sketches of Trappers among the Rocky Mountains.

Every reader of the Western Souvenir, so undeservedly brushed, like a summer butterfly, from among its more fortunate sister butterflies, into the pool of oblivion, will remember the vivid and admirable portrait of *Mike Fink*, the last of the boatmen. People are so accustomed, in reading such tales, to think them all the mere fairy web fabric of fiction, that, probably, not one in a hundred of the readers of that story, imagined for a moment, that it gave, as far as it went, a most exact and faithful likeness of an actual personage of flesh and blood, once well known on our waters, and now no more. We are obliged to omit some strange curses, and circumstances of profanity and atrocity, though they seemed necessary to a full development of character, which it cannot be supposed for a moment, we exhibit with any other view than to show the monstrous anomalies of the human character under particular circumstances, as Dr. Mitchell would show a horned frog, or a prairie dog, in relation to the lower animals.—The most eccentric and original trait in his whole character, was the manner, in which he subjected his *chere amie*, when he doubted her fidelity, to a rifle shot test, similar to those hereafter described. We are compelled to omit the anecdote altogether. The following *addenda* to the sketch, given in the Western Souvenir, are furnished us by a valued correspondent at St. Louis. He has them, as he informs us, from an intelligent and respectable fur-trader, who has frequently extended his peregrinations beyond the Rocky Mountains, and who was to start, the day after our correspondent wrote, for Santa-Fe, in New-Mexico. Our correspondent assures us, that he gives the account of this gentleman, touching the extraordinary Mike Fink, nearly in his own words. We only add, that we have followed his example, in the subjoined, in relation to the narrative of our correspondent.

Mike Fink was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. where his brothers, &c. still reside. He had but little knowledge of letters, especially of their sounds

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and powers, as his orthography was very bad, and he usually spelled his name Miche Phinck, whilst his father spelled his with an F. When he was young, the witchery, which is in the tone of a wooden trumpet, called a river horn, formerly used by keel and flat boat navigators on the western waters, entranced the soul of Mike, while yet a boy; and he longed to become a boatman. This soon became his ruling passion; and he served as a boatman on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and their tributary streams, which occupation he pursued until this sort of men were thrown out of employment by the general use of steam boats. When Mike first set foot on a keel boat, he could mimick all the tones of a trumpet, and he longed to go to New Orleans, where he heard the people spoke French and wore their Sunday clothes every day. He served out his pupilage with credit. When the Ohio was too low for navigation, Mike spent most of his time in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, killing squirrels with his rifle, and shooting at a target for beef at the frequent Saturday shooting matches, and company musters of the militia. He soon became famous as "the best shot in the country," and was called *bang-all*, and on that account was frequently excluded from participating in matches for beef; for which exclusion he claimed, and obtained the *fifth quarter* of the beef, as it is called, (the hide and tallow,) for his forbearance. His usual practice was to sell his fifth quarter to the tavern or dram shop keeper for whiskey, with which he "treated" every body present, partaking largely himself. He became fond of strong drink, but was never overpowered by its influence. He could drink a gallon of it in twenty-four hours, without the effect being perceivable. His language was a perfect sample of the half horse and half alligator dialect of the then race of boatmen. He was, also, a wit; and on that account he gained the admiration, and excited the fears of all the fraternity of boatmen; for he usually enforced his wit with a sound drubbing, if any one dared to *dissent*, by neglecting, or refusing to laugh at his jokes; for as he used to say, he told his jokes on purpose to be laughed at in a good humored way, and that no man should "make light" of them. The consequence was, Mike always had a chosen band of laughing philosophers about him. An eye bunged up and a dilapidated nose, or ear, was sure to win Mike's sympathy and favor, for Mike made proclamation—"I am a salt river roarer; and I love the wimming, and as how I'm chock-full of fight," &c. so he was in truth, for he had a chere amie in every port, which he visited, and always had a circle of worshippers around him, who would fight their deaths, (as they called it) for him. Amongst these, were two men, *Carpenter* and *Talbot*, Mike's fast friends, and particular confidants. Each was a match for the other, in prowess, in fight, or skill in shooting, for Mike had diligently trained them to all these virtues and mysteries. Carpenter and Talbot, figure hereafter. Mike's weight was about one hundred and eighty pounds; height about five feet nine inches; broad round face, pleasant features, brown skin, tanned by sun and rain; blue, but very expressive eyes, inclining to grey; broad white teeth, and square brawny form, well proportioned, and every muscle of the arms, thighs and legs, were fully developed, indicating the greatest strength and activity. His person, taken altogether, was a model for a Hercules, except as to size. He first visited St. Louis, as a keel boat man, in the

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year 1814 or 1815, and occasionally afterwards, till 1822, when he joined Henry and Ashley's company of Missouri trappers. Many shooting feats of Mike's are related here by persons, who profess to have witnessed them. I will relate some of them, and you can make such use of them, as you please. In ascending the Mississippi above the mouth of the Ohio, he saw a sow with eight or nine pigs on the river bank; he declared in boatman phrase, he wanted a pig, and took up his rifle to shoot one; but was requested not to do so. Mike, however, laid his rifle to his face and shot at each pig successively, as the boat glided up the river under easy sail, about forty or fifty yards from shore, and cut off their tails close to their rumps, without doing them any other harm. In 1821, a short time before he ascended the Missouri with Henry and Ashley's company, being on his boat at the landing in this port, he saw a negro lad standing on the river bank, heedlessly gaping, in great wonderment at the show about him. This boy had a strange sort of foot and heel, peculiar to some races of the Africans. His heel protruded several inches in the rear of the leg, so as to leave nearly as much of the foot behind as before it. This unshapely foot offended Mike's eye, and outraged his ideas of symmetry so much, that he determined to correct it. He took aim with his rifle, some thirty paces distant, at the boy's unfortunate heel, and actually shot it away. The boy fell, crying *murder*, and badly wounded.—Mike was indicted in the circuit court of this county for the offence, and was found *guilty* by a jury. I have myself seen the record of the court. It appeared in evidence, that Mike's justification of the offence was, "that the fellow's long heel prevented him from wearing a *genteel boot*." His particular friend, Carpenter, was, also, a great shot; and he andMike used to fill a tin cup with whiskey, and place it on their heads by turns, and shoot at it with a rifle, at the distance of seventy yards. It was always bored through, without injury to the one, on whose head it was placed. This was often performed; and they liked the feat the better, because it showed their confidence in each other.

In 1822, Mike and his two friends, Carpenter and Talbot, engaged in St. Louis with Henry and Ashley, to go up the Missouri with them, in the threefold capacity of boatmen, trappers and hunters. The first year a company of about sixty, ascended as high as the mouth of the Yellow Stone river, where they built a fort for the purposes of trade and security. From this place, small detachments of men, ten or twelve in a company, were sent out to hunt and trap on the tributary streams of the Missouri and Yellow stones. Mike and his two friends, and nine others were sent to the Muscle Shell river, a tributary of the Yellow Stone, when the winter set in. Mike and company returned to a place near the mouth of the Yellow Stone; and preferring to remain out of the fort, they dug a hole, or cave in the bluff bank of the river, for a winter house, in which they resided, during the winter. This proved a warm and commodious habitation, protecting the inmates from winds and snow. Here Mike and his friend Carpenter quarrelled a deadly quarrel, the cause of which is not certainly known, but was thought to have been caused by a rivalry in the good graces of a squaw. The quarrel was smothered for the time, by the interposition of mutual friends. On the return of spring, the party revisited the fort, where Mike and Carpenter, over a cup of whiskey, revived

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the recollection of their past quarrel; but made a treaty of peace, which was to be solemnized by their usual trial of shooting the cup of whiskey from off each other's heads, as their custom was. This was at once the test of mutual reconciliation and renewed confidence. A question remained to be settled; who should have the first shot. To determine this, Mike proposed to "sky a copper" with Carpenter; that is, to throw up a copper. This was done, and Mike won the first shot. Carpenter seemed to be fully aware of Mike's unforgiving temper, and treacherous intent, for he declared, that he was sure Mike would kill him. But Carpenter scorned life too much, to purchase it by a breach of his solemn compact, in refusing to stand the test. Accordingly, he prepared to die. He bequeathed his gun, shot pouch, and powder horn, his belt, pistols and wages to Talbot, in case he should be killed. They went to the fatal plain, and whilst Mike loaded his rifle, and picked his flint, Carpenter filled his tin cup with whiskey to the brim, and without changing his features, he placed it on his devoted head, as a target for Mike to shoot at. Mike levelled his rifle at the head of Carpenter, at the distance of sixty yards. After drawing a bead, he took down his rifle from his face, and smilingly said, "Hold your noddle steady, Carpenter, and don't spill the whiskey, as I shall want some presently!" He again raised, cocked his piece, and in an instant, Carpenter fell, and expired without a groan.—Mike's ball had penetrated the forehead of Carpenter in the center, about an inch and a half above the eyes. He coolly set down his rifle, and applying the muzzle to his mouth blew the smoke out of the touch hole without saying a word—keeping his eye steadily on the fallen body of Carpenter. His first words were, "Carpenter! have you spilt the whiskey,!" He was then told that he had killed Carpenter. "It is all an accident," said Mike, "for I took as fair a bead on the black spot on the cup, as I ever took on a squirrel's eye. How did it happen!" He then cursed the gun, the powder, the bullet, and finally himself.

This catastrophe, (in a country where the strong arm of the law cannot reach,) passed off for an accident; and Mike was permitted to go at large, under the belief that Carpenter's death was the result of contingency. But Carpenter had a fast friend in Talbot, who only waited a fair opportunity to revenge his death. No opportunity offered for some months after, until one day, Mike in a fit of gasconading, declared to Talbot, that he did kill Carpenter on purpose, and that he was glad of it. Talbot instantly drew from his belt a pistol, (the same which had belonged to Carpenter,) and shot Mike through the heart. Mike fell to the ground, and expired without a word. Talbot, also, went unpunished, as no body had authority, or inclination to call him to account. Truth was, Talbot was as ferocious and dangerous, as the grizly bear of the prairies. About three months after, Talbot was present in the battle with the *Aurickarees*, in which Col. Leavenworth commanded, where he displayed a coolness, which would have done honor to a better man. He came out of the battle unharmed. About ten days after, he was drowned in the Titan river, in attempting to swim it. Thus ended, "the last of the boatmen."

There are several other strange characters, who have spent most part of their lives beyond the verge of civilized society, among the savages.—

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You have recorded the chronicles of Bte. Roy.* But the story of Bte. Kiewa, a Frenchman, would surpass it. The history of Mike Shuck, a misanthropic trapper of the Missouri, would be still more strange. He holds communion with no man, except to barter his furs and peltries for powder, lead, traps, &c. and then disappears for years, no body knows where. His story has been written after a sort, some years since, by Major Whitmore, of the United States' Army.

The sufferings and almost incredible adventures and miraculous escapes of Glass, a Scotchman, would astonish, and please all, that have a taste for adventures. If my friend, to whom I am indebted for the story of Mike Fink, in part, were not about to depart so soon, I would procure the leading facts in relation to these several persons, as he is familiar with their true history, and has frequently seen all of them.

*In Recollections of last Ten Years, &c.

Sketch of the geographical rout of a great Railway, by which it is proposed to connect the Canals and navigable waters of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri; and the Michigan, North-West, and Missouri Territories; opening thereby a free communication, at all seasons of the year, between the Atlantic States and the great valley of the Mississippi. New-York: 1829.

If the inhabitants of our great country have the good sense to avoid the *Maelstrom* of mad and intoxicated party politics, and to remain, as they are, one great, united and happy people, we shall soon convince the world, that the most turgid and bombastic predictions of our fourth of July orators however, they may have been lacking in good taste, will be far transcended by the actual development of facts. We have an undoubting conviction, that, after a fair balance of the advantages and disadvantages of our position, no other country on the globe, of the same extent, has as many resources for population, comfort, wealth, and power, as the United States. We have every variety of climate, every diversity of soil, every material element of natural wealth, and these gigantic projects of facilitating transport, and these almost inconceivable facilities for celerity of intercommunication between the extremes of our vast country, will tend to bring them all into play. Good lands in the interior forests and prairies of Illinois and Missouri will soon be little less valuable than those in the immediate vicinity of towns. The salubrity of the vast and fertile countries of the west is constantly increasing, partly from the opening of the country; partly from the feeding down, or otherwise destroying the surplus vegetation, and draining off stagnant waters; but, more than all, from the growing acquaintance of the people with the character of their climate—the means of seizing its advantages, and guarding against its inconveniencies; more comfortable living, better houses, more adapted clothing, and growing acclimation. In half a century, this will, probably, be one of the

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most salubrious climates in the world. All we want, of course, to cover our fertile wilderness with population, is ease, quickness and cheapness of conveying the surplus articles and the raw materials to market, and celerity and ease of intercommunication; and our noble forests, our fertile prairies will be as certainly inhabited, as cause is every where followed by effect.— At present, feeble invalids, travellers from a temporary residence in Cuba, and from all the countries in Europe and America, are continually visiting this our city. There are more distinguished strangers now visiting us in a month, than we saw formerly in a year. Indeed, when we first saw Cincinnati, the project of a journey from an Atlantic town to this place was like an overland journey from Europe to India. It is already becoming a fashionable trip of pleasure to make us a visit

We have seen our long lines of canal, wedding our interior lakes and inland seas with the ocean, not only discussed, but actually completed. We have seen many hundred miles of canal excavated, and in full navigation, within a few years, and as if by the magic production of enchantment. Few of our people, except those actually engaged in some department of canalling, or engineering, know much about the number and extent of our canals actually in operation; and the travelling stranger from a distant point is astonished to find at a given place, that he can have his option between conveyance by land or by water. Still fewer among us understand the extent and the points to be brought in communication by the canals, that are laid out and in progress. It is not improbable, that within a hundred years, canals and railways will be as common, as our ordinary roads now are.

From various views of the subject, although we still think canals the more poetic, and beautiful, and picturesque features of a landscape, we have come to the opinion, that railways are, on the whole, both cheaper, easier kept in repair, and of greater utility. We could not imagine, until we had seen, how such prodigious amounts of power could be so easily applied to the purposes of transportation—nor the rapid movement, seemingly self derived, which could be given to a chain of teams. We were sufficiently astonished with the magnificent and Herculean conception of a railway from the Chesapeake to the Ohio. But that project dwindles to a play of children, compared with the astonishing outline before us, *a project to connect by a railway from New-York to the Missouri, all the natural and artificial communications in the intermediate distance!* We suspect this to be the most magnificent project, that was ever proposed, in the sober conviction of practicability, in any age or country. It actually made our head ache, to stretch our thoughts from one extremity of this proposed chain to the other. We stood still, shut our eyes, and attempted fixedly, to imagine the thousands of loaded teams continually gliding along the iron track, bound in opposite directions, and as continually speeding their everlasting course up the hills and down the vallies, as the roll of the rivers beneath them, or the lapse of time. Instead of commenting further upon this conception, we make room for as ample extracts from the pamphlet before us, as our sheets will admit.

'The construction of a Great Western Railway, on the rout which is traced on the annexed map, is recommended to the attentive consideration of every citizen who feels an interest in the prosperity of his country, and wishes to pro-

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mote its rapid advancement in wealth and power, by multiplication of those physical resources which constitute national greatness, and best promote individual happiness and prosperity.

'The proposed Railway has for its object, not only the connection of the great cities on the borders of the Atlantic with the magnificent lakes and rivers of the West, by a channel, available at all seasons of the year, but also the development of the latent wealth and resources of large and valuable tracts of country, comprising the border counties of the states of New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and extending along the more remote portions of the rout, which are not now traversed by any of the great works which have been constructed, or are in progress under the patronage of the several states. It affords happy facilities for accomplishing these great objects, in a manner that will best subserve the interest of the whole community; and by connecting the great canals of New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, at different points, will afford important collateral aid to the plans of internal improvement, which have been adopted in these states.

'The rout commences on the Hudson river, in the vicinity of the city of New York, at a point accessible at all seasons to steam ferry-boats, and from thence proceeds through a favourable and productive country to the valley of the Delaware river, near the north-west corner of New-Jersey. Here it forms a junction with the rout of the Delaware, Lehigh, and Lackawaxen canals, which are in progress in Pennsylvania, and with the Delaware and Hudson canal in New York.—From thence the rout ascends the valley of the Delaware to a point that affords the nearest and most favorable crossing to the valley of the Susquehannah, at or near the great bend of that river.

'Pursuing a westerly course through the fertile valleys of the Susquehannah and Tioga rivers, the rout crosses the head waters of the Genesee; having in its course intersected the terminating points of the Ithica and Owego Railway; the Chenango and the Chemung canals in New York; the great Susquehannah canal in Pennsylvania, and several other points that afford important facilities for internal communication.

'From the Genesee river, our rout enters the valley of the Alleghany, and proceeds along that river; which affords a navigable communication with Pittsburgh, the Pennsylvania canals, and the Ohio river. From the Alleghany, the rout intersects the outlet of the Chatauque Lake, opening thereby a communication with Lake Erie, and proceeds to the head waters of the French Creek, in Pennsylvania, from whence it again communicates with the Alleghany and the Pennsylvania canals, on the one hand, and with the harbour of Erie on the other.

'The benefits that would result from the construction of a Railway, on the rout which we have followed, and its capacity to multiply the elements of individual and national prosperity, can be best appreciated by those who have carefully observed the effects of such improvements; but that portion of our rout, which remains to be considered, offers to our view results of the highest and most invaluable character.

'From French Creek, the western branch of the Alleghany, we proceed into the rich northern counties of Ohio, intersecting various streams, and the great canal of that state, in a direction parallel to the shore of Lake Erie, till we arrive at the rivers which empty into the western extremity of that lake.

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'Having crossed the Sandusky, Maumee, and St. Joseph's rivers, tributaries of Lake Erie, the rout enters Indiana; passes the head waters of the Wabash and the St. Joseph's of Lake Michigan; crosses the canal which is to unite the Wabash river with the lakes; enters the state of Illinois, and, passing along the course of the Kankakee, continues *to the head of steam boat navigation on the Illinois river;* from whence provision has been made for opening a communication with Lake Michigan. This portion of the Railway would open to immediate occupation, immense tracts of the public lands, of the most exuberant fertility; and offers to the enterprising industry of our hardy settlers, such facilities, in the pursuit of wealth and prosperity, as even the giant growth of our young and flourishing country has never afforded.

'The Illinois affords good depth of water for steam-boats, and its current is so slight as to be in many places hardly perceptible. It affords, perhaps, the best navigation in America, for two hundred and fifty miles, through a country of unbounded fertility, to the Mississippi river, near the mouth of the Missouri, and the flourishing and important town of St. Louis.

'Having accomplished this grand object, our Railway continues from near the bend of the Illinois, and at a distance of little more than sixty miles, *reaches the banks of the Mississippi.*

'The proposed point of junction with that immense river, is immediately above the Rock Island rapids, from whence the navigation is at all seasons uninterrupted to the river St. Peters, and the Falls of St. Anthony. The country bordering on the Mississippi, for a great distance above the termination of the Railway rout, besides its immense fertility, abounds with lead; 12,000,000 pounds of which were, it is said, obtained during the last year.

'The whole distance from the Hudson river to the Mississippi, at the junction of the Rock river, is less than one thousand miles. The rout extends along one of the best parallels of temperate latitude, and in great part through the most fertile and valuable portions of our country. A Railway constructed upon this rout would connect, in the most advantageous manner, the agricultural, navigating, and commercial interests of the regions bordering on the numerous rivers, canals, and lakes with which it communicates; and would extend the production and dissemination of valuable commodities throughout the most distant portions of our common country.

'In a military, as well as commercial point of view, the results of such a Railway would surpass the power of calculation. With such ample means for throwing any amount of military force and materiel, at any time, to almost any point of our frontier, with a rapidity resembling that of an express-rider, we should have little occasion to claim the respect of our proudest foes, whether savage or foreign.

'The whole extent of the proposed Railway could be constructed for a sum, little, if at all, exceeding that which the state of N. York has expended on its justly celebrated canals; and its cost would be trifling in comparison with its benefits, or even to the increased value, which it would give to the lands which border on the rout. It would, when completed, be far more beneficial in its effects on the intervening country, and on our national prosperity, than to turn the Mississippi itself into the same course. Free from the inundations, the currents, the rapids, the ice, and the sand bars of that mighty stream, the rich products of its wide

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spread valley would be driven to the shores of the Atlantic, with far greater speed, than if wafted by the wings of the wind; and the rapid return of commercial equivalents would spread life and prosperity over the face of the finest and fairest portion of the habitable world.

'Without inquiring whether such a work could be best accomplished by the several states through which the rout extends; or by incorporations, aided by grants of money or lands from the general government; or by appropriations from the surplus funds, which will soon be at the disposal of that government; it is sufficient to assert, that our citizens have only to appreciate the value of the enterprise, and raise their voices in its favour, and it will be accomplished.

TOPOGRAPHICAL AND OTHER MEMORANDA.

'The various and aggregate distances, on the rout described in the preceding pages, may be estimated as in the following tables, in which an average of about ten per cent. is added to the supposed rectilinear distances, which, on some parts of the rout, it is supposed, will more than compensate for the sinuosities of the Railway.

	Miles.
From the Hudson to the valley of the Delaware river,	50
Up the Delaware valley, and to the Susquehannah,	80
To the Susquehannah canal, near the junction of the Tioga river,	60
To Genesee river,	90
To *Olean* on the Alleghany,	30
To the outlet of the Chatauque Lake,	50
To navigable waters of French Creek,	40
	—400
From French Creek to the Ohio line,	35
To the Ohio Canal,	70
To Black river,	30
Huron river,	35
Sandusky river,	25
Maumee river, at Fort Defiance, (junction of the Auglaise,)	65
	—260
From Fort Defiance to the state line of Indiana,	25
St. Joseph's of Lake Michigan,	45
State line of Illinois,	100
Head of Illinois river (junction of the Kankakee and Des Plains)	40
Steam-boat navigation at the bend of the Illinois,	60
	—270
From the Illinois to Rock river,	56
Mississippi river,	7
	— 63
	993

Of the Cost of Railways.

'The cost of canals, with the knowledge which our experience in constructing them has afforded, is said to average about $17,000 per mile.

'The cost of Railways, as appears by the results of some experience, various and careful estimates by skilful engineers, and by extensive contracts already entered upon, may be stated as follows.

A single Railway or one set of tracks, with suitable turn-outs, will cost from 7 to $8000 per mile.

A single Railway and turn-outs, graded sufficiently wide for two sets of tracks, will cost from 10 to $11.000 per mile.

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A double Railway, with two complete sets of tracks, will cost from 14 to $15,000 per mile. The tracks in all cases, plated with wrought iron.

'A Railway of the first description, extending from the Hudson to the Mississippi, would cost $8,000,000. If of the second kind, $11,000,000, and if constructed with double tracks throughout, would cost $15,000,000.

'The largest sum is but little more than half the annual amount of the national income. With the public voice in its favour, it would not exceed the means, nor the enterprise of half a dozen of our most wealthy and respectable citizens.—It does not exceed half the amount paid in a single year by the consumers of wines and spirits in our country; and, in time of war, would not pay half the expenses of a single campaign.

'Query.—How many successful campaigns would be required to add as much to the wealth and strength of the nation, as would be realized by twenty years' operation of this Railway?

Cost of Transportation by the Railway.

'The actual average cost of transportation on a Railway does not exceed one dollar per ton, per one hundred miles, exclusive of the tolls.

'With this Railway in operation, merchandise could be conveyed from Philadelphia or New-York to the Illinois or Mississippi in a week; and in two days more, to St. Louis, Green Bay, or the Falls of St. Anthony. Passengers and mails could be transported with still greater rapidity.

Favourable nature of the Country traversed by the proposed Rout.

'That part of the rout which lays through the borders of New-York and Pennsylvania, offers the advantage of opening an avenue of trade along those frontier districts of country whose resources and wants are too much neglected, in consequence of their exterior position, as relates to the states respectively. Great natural facilities are also obtained, on this rout, by avoiding the great cluster of the Alleghany mountains, and following the valleys of the rivers which have been mentioned. The country abounds with mineral and agricultural products, which would speedily find their way to our markets. There is probably no strip of country in America, of equal extent, whose lands and products would be so extensively benefitted and raised in value, as that traversed by the rout which has been described.

'Companies have been incorporated for constructing Railways from Owego, on this rout, to Ithaca, at the head of Cayuga Lake; from Ithaca to Catskill; and from Hudson, on the opposite side of the river, to intersect the great Massachusetts Railway, from Albany to Boston. The Railway from Philadelphia to the Susquehannah, may be continued, to intersect our rout; and with the aid of the great work now progressing from Baltimore, we might anticipate a perfect communication between the valley of the Mississippi and all our great commercial towns on the borders of the Atlantic.'

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Meditations Poetiques, par Alphonse de la Martine. 12th Edition. Paris. Charles Gosselin et Ch. Froment. 1826. pp. 510.

Our periodicals teem with abstracts and reviews of English and German books, some of them, as we think, no ways particularly worthy of perusal, and offering few other claims, than an immense show of lumber learning. Every classical reader must remember, how differently Goldsmith, Addison, Swift, and the other men of that school, wrote. Their learning was always beautifully in its place. From the greater simplicity, instruction and beauty of their writings alone was it inferred, that they had better availed themselves of the aid of learning, than others. The great exemplar, the *beau ideal*, in these days, with writers, seems to be such men, as Dr. Parr, a man of immense erudition in Greek and Latin, no doubt. But, after all, what does it amount to. The papers of the Spectator will be read, as long as our language shall last. Who will read the remains of Dr. Parr? All those scholars, who wish to cover up sterility of mind with the veil of pedantic erudition, as Cæsar concealed his baldness with laurels, and no others.

But we wander from our purpose. While we hear so much about English and German literature, we scarcely read now and then a passing notice upon that of France. Yet the people of this wonderful country, by general estimation deemed frivolous, and capable only of perfection in the walks of lighter literature, are at this moment acknowledged to surpass all others in knowledge of the higher mathematics, in their attainments in the severe and exact sciences, in every branch of knowledge, that requires profound investigation, laborious mental research, and the most thorough erudition. The names of great numbers of their scientific men, could be easily mentioned, who stand acknowledged to be alone in their several walks. They have been universally admitted, in all modern time, to surpass in belles lettres and light literature. We have not a doubt, that Paris contains at this time, more science and more learned men, and more general acquirement in belles lettres, than any other city in the world. Why is it that our literary vehicles of information, are almost silent upon this exhaustless subject? And that our people possess little more exact information, touching the literature of France, than of China? We should be reluctant to believe, that it was owing to the circumstance, that the French literati have less fondness for this show of erudition; that they hold back upon this subject, and introduce their learning only in the right place. They are simple in their style of writing, easy, graceful, flowing, natural. How differently they manage criticism from us! Writers are encouraged. Warm and generous praise is accorded from a full heart. Sneering, that detestable trait in English and American criticism, as far as our reading extends, is unknown among them. Praise, when awarded, is so distributed, as to operate upon the recipient, as a cordial, and an efficient stimulant to higher aims and exertions. Our critics praise, as though they praised not, and as though they were exercising a strange and hated function. What between the school of little minded and flippant sneerers, and the worshippers of pedantic learning, we confess, it seems to

us, that real native genius has not very favorable chances of development in this country. How many noble minds have been extinguished, how many generous efforts suppressed, how many promising germs blasted in the bud, by the universal tone of criticism among us! Genius and talent are usually appended to shrinking and diffident minds. The extraordinary case must occur, when a man of native talent succeeds, that he must possess a pushing confidence, which no sneering can wither, which no howling at the moon can deafen, or divert from its purpose.

We could wish that French literature were more known among us, were it only to show, in how different a tone all these things are managed among that polished people. The wit is genuine. The humor gentlemanly, keen, delightful, has nothing of that bitter, barking, and malignant manner, with which even kind and favorable criticism is conducted among us. A more sure way to encourage incipient and dawning powers, to nurture and bring forth all the talent, there is in the community, could not be devised, than theirs. No extinguisher more certain in its operation, no *choke damp* more fatal in its efficacy to extinguish not only all talent, but all generous and virtuous feeling, could be desired by envy itself, than the general tone in which criticism is conducted in our country. The little minded seem to think, if they sneer, that they have brought down the object of their sneering to their own level, just as our Indians imagine, that they inherit all the bravery of the enemy they have killed.

We have just risen from reading courses of literary lectures, delivered in Paris, in 1827 and 8, on general modern literature. We have been delighted with the style and manner; so clear, so simple; no sneering, no lumber learning—calm, gliding easily and gracefully from one subject to another; no coarse and vulgar abuse, but just and true thoughts in easy and natural language, and bearing the marks of that excellence so earnestly recommended by Horace, which causes the reader to feel, as if, on the same subject, he should have expressed himself in the same way. One article in the London Quarterly, contains more show, we mean shop window show of learning, than we discovered in two considerable volumes, delivered by two lecturers in Paris; and yet we are told, and we can easily credit it, that they are among the finest belles lettres scholars in Europe. We refer to M. Villemain and M. Guigot, lecturers in the French academy. We intend hereafter, to translate for our pages some of their charming reviews of the English literature of the past age. We beg leave at this time to name a living French poet, who has, indeed, been often spoken of in our journals, and whose reputation is well known to French sojourners in our country; but of whom, we imagine, the great mass of our readers know nothing, and by far the greater proportion, not even the name. *Le Mort de Socrate* of La Martine, was indeed announced in the journals, two or three years since. French scholars read, and admire it. The work before us, contains verses of a much higher order than that. The beautiful volume in question is announced, as the twelfth edition. Although, as a living author, he is not much mentioned by the lecturers, to whom we have referred above, when they do speak of him, it is with that high respect, which indicates sufficiently, the exalted place which he holds in their estimation. Byron is clearly his *beau ideal*, never in the light of a servile imitator, but as one, into whose deep spirit, whose pro-

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found melancholy, whose grand and original energy and compactness, he has drunk with effect. The one is the melancholy poet of skepticism; and his creed is, 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;' and from the very gloom, despair and annihilation of the tomb, as they appear to his mind, he finds a terrible and affecting inspiration. The French poet draws from dark, troubled, and fathomless waters, also; but he is always the poet of religion. Death, to him, as to the man of Uz, is the source of conceptions of inexpressible grandeur; but he always sees a God through the gloom, the necessity of submission to his will, and he enters into the *sweet, sublime* and soothing sentiments of a joyous meeting of friends beyond the tomb. We have no where met with images more beautifully poetic, with more frequent recurrence of the most finished grandeur of sentiment, and nobler samples of moral sublime, than in the volume before us. There is the pathos, the melancholy, the striking originality, the novel images and diction, the dim and shadowy vastness of Byron, without any of his skeptical, misanthropic and revolting epicurism. We know few poets, *living* or dead, who, according to our estimate, ought to take place of La Martine. He is one of those rare, rich and endowed minds, *that spring up* from age to age, standing alone, while they live, and slowly, and *reluctantly*, and with all the withering abatements of envy, allowed to be what they are, until they are gone. And then they are hymned, and eulogized, and commented, and decked with a cold stone, and borrowed from, by those very minds, that would have traduced, and undervalued them, while praise and fame would have been a rich and deserved reward. We perceive by a note, annexed by the editor, that even in generous France, where they do not wish to crush, and extinguish genius in the bud, by the hiss of a thousand mean and envious witling scribblers and critics, La Martine had his enviers and revilers, as Horace had *his* Zoilus, and Pope his heroes of the Dunciad. Why do not some of our poetic scholars give a translation of 'Meditations Poetiques?' We would hope, that the poetic eye and ear of our country has not yet been so utterly spoiled, and nauseated with poetry, as to be unable to profit from such a rich treasure to our language—to our circle of glorious conceptions, and such splendid additions to the vocabulary of poetic diction.

We shall give our readers much clearer and more satisfactory views of the style and manner of this wonderful man, by introducing plain prose translations, under all their disadvantages, into our page, than by any labored discussions in the way of criticism. We translate the first six lines from his ode to Lord Byron, with which the volume commences.

Thou, of whose true name the world still is ignorant, mysterious spirit, mortal, angel, or demon, be thou whom thou mayest, Byron, good or fatal genius, I love the savage harmony of thy concerts, as I love the roar of thunder and the winds, mingling in the storm with the voice of torrents. * * * Alas! such was thy lot; such is my destiny. Like thee, I have drained the poisoned cup. My eyes, like thine, have been open without seeing. I have vainly sought the word of the universe. I have demanded its course of all nature. I have asked its end of every creature. My view has plunged into the fathomless abyss. From an atom to the sun, I have interrogated every thing. I have advanced before time; I have reascended ages; sometimes traversing the seas to listen to the wise. But the

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world is a closed book to pride. Sometimes, to divine the inanimate world, flying with my soul to the bosom of nature, I have thought to find a meaning in that obscure language. I have studied that law, by which the heavens roll. In their brilliant deserts, Newton guided my views. I have meditated the ashes of destroyed empires. Rome hath seen me descend into her sacred tombs, disturbing the cold repose of her holiest shades. I have weighed in my hand the dust of heroes. I went to demand anew from their empty dust, that immortality, which every mortal hopes. Suspended over the bed of the dying, my looks have sought it in their expiring eyes. Upon waves, furrowed by eternal storms, I called for it. I braved for it the shock of the elements. Like the Sybil in her transports, I have believed, that nature in these rare spectacles, would let some of her oracles escape for us. I loved to plunge into these sombre horrors; but in vain in her calm, in vain in her fury, did I search this grand secret, without the power to grasp it from her. I have seen good and evil without choice, and without design fall, as at hazard, escaping from her bosom.

But instead of atheism and despair, the poet raises a pious and a sublime hymn of faith and resignation to the Divinity, in the same style with Milton's morning hymn of Adam in innocence; and Thompson's grand melody to nature and the seasons. He says, at the close of this sublime hymn—I adore in my destiny thy supreme wisdom. I love thy will, even in my punishments. Glory to Thee! Glory to Thee. Strike, annihilate me. Thou shalt hear but one cry; glory forever to Thee!

The second meditation is 'To Glory.' There is a beautiful passage on p. 28. The following is a literal translation:—Seest thou, how every thing changes, or dies in nature? The earth loses her fruits, the forests their vesture; the stream loses its wave in the vast bosom of the seas; by a breath of the winds the meadow is tarnished; and the chariot of autumn at the declining year rolls on, already propelled by the hand of winter, as a giant armed with an inevitable sword, reaching at hazard, all the diverse forms of being. How time with death with indefatigable wing renews, as they fly, this changing universe! What they harvest falls into the tomb of eternal oblivion. So fleeting summer sees her crown fall into the basket of the gleaners. So the yellow vine sees fruitful autumn give up her gilded fruits to the chariot of the vintagers. Ye shall so fall, short flowers of life, youth, love, pleasure, fugitive beauty, present of a day, which heaven envies us; ye shall so fall, if the hand of genius do not confer immortality on you.

The commencement of the meditation upon immortality, strikes us as singularly impressive and solemn:—The sun of our days grows pale from its dawn. Scarcely hath it cast some trembling rays, which still struggle with night, upon our languishing brow, when the shadow deepens; the day dies; every thing is effaced, and fled. Let another at this aspect shiver, or be affected; let him recoil, trembling, from the verge of the precipice; let him not be able to hear in the distance, without shuddering, the sad song of the dead, preluding to sound; the suppressed sighs of the loved one, or the brother suspended over the funeral bed, or the iron knell, whose distracting sounds announce to mortals, that an heir of sorrow is no more. I salute thee, O death, celestial deliverer. Thou appearest not

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to me under that appalling aspect, which, for so long a time, either consternation or error hath lent thee. Thy arm wields not a destroying sword. Thy front is not cruel; thine eye not perfidious. A clement God guides thee to the succor of pain: Thou annihilatest not. Thou givest up. Thy hand, celestial messenger, carries a divine torch. When my wearied eye closes itself to the light, thou comest to pour a purer day upon my eyelid; and near thee hope, meditating upon the tomb, sustained on faith, opens before me a fairer world.

The following from the 'The Valley,' impresses us, as singularly beautiful. *Two streams, concealed under bridges of verdure, trace, as they meander, the windings of the valley.* They mingle for a moment their wave, and their murmur; and not far from their source, they are lost without a name. The source of my days has flown, like theirs; it hath passed noiseless, without name, and without return. But their wave is limpid; and my troubled spirit hath not reflected the lights of a bright day. The coolness of their beds, the shade which crowns them, draw me every day to the margin of the streams; as an infant, cradled by a monotonous chant, my spirit lulls at the murmur of the waters. Oh! it is there, that surrounded by a rampart of verdure, and a narrow horizon, yet sufficient to my eyes, I love to fix my steps, and alone with nature, to hear but the wave; to see but the heavens. I have seen too much, felt too much, too much loved, during my life. Still living, I have come to seek the calm of Lethe. Delicious places, be for me the bounds, where we find oblivion. Oblivion henceforth is my only felicity. My heart is in repose. My soul is in silence. The distant noise of the world expires, in reaching me, like a far sound, weakened in the distance, brought by the breeze, to the uncertain ear. From this point I see life, amidst the mist, vanish for me, in the shadow of the past. Love alone remains, as some great image survives, at waking, in an effaced dream.

The seventh meditation 'Le Desespoir,' is a most affecting and terrible picture; and, as it strikes us, more horrible, than, even the revolting passage of 'Darkness,' by Lord Byron. We are not to view these, as the sentiments of the author, but the words, which he puts into the mouth of Despair.

The eighth meditation, 'Providence a l'homme,' reverses this dark painting, and presents the view, which Providence offers, in justifying the ways of God to man. The ninth is 'Souvenir.' I see, he says, 'my rapid years accumulate behind me, as the oak sees the fading leaves gather round it.' There are beautiful verses in the meditation upon 'Enthousiasme.' The following is the translation of a stanza, as a sample:—So, when thou lightest upon my soul, enthusiasm, victorious eagle, at the noise of thy wings of flame, I tremble with a sacred horror. I struggle under thy power. I fly; and fear, that thy presence will annihilate a mortal heart; as a flame, kindled by a thunder storm, which is not extinguished, and which consumes the fuel, the temple, and the altar.

'La Gloire, a un poete exile,' contains some rich and touching stanzas. He comforts the poet, by saying to him, the ages belong to thee; the world is thy country. When we are no more, our shade hath altars, where the just future prepares for thy genius immortal honors. So the proud eagle

soars to the mansion of thunder, and sustaining his audacious flight, seems to say to mortals, I was born upon the earth; but live in the heavens.

The sixteenth meditation, 'La Priere,' has the touching power, the simple magnificence of some of the finer parts of the 'Seasons.' We give the commencing verses, as a sample. The brilliant king of day, setting in his glory, slowly descends from his chariot of victory. The dazzling clouds, which conceal him from our eyes, preserve, in furrows of gold, his trace in the heavens, and a reflexion of purple overflows the expanse. As a lamp of gold, suspended in the azure, the moon is balanced on the verge of the horizon. The softened rays sleep upon the turf, and the veil of night is unfolded upon the mountains. It is the hour, when nature, a moment meditative, between the night, which falls, and day, which flies, raises itself to the Creator of the day and the night, and seems to offer to God, in its own brilliant language, the magnificent homage of creation.

The thirtieth meditation is 'La poesie sacree.' It opens thus. Her front is crowned with palms, and with stars. Her immortal view, which nothing can dim, traversing all time, raising all veils, awakens the past; plunges into the future. Under her eyes the calendars of the world are unrolled. Ages flow at her feet, like a torrent; at her pleasure, descending, or remounting their courses, she strikes the hour to the tombs; or on her virginal lyre, announces to the world grown old, the day, the father of days. * * * * * * *
* * * It is man, that sighs. Eden hath fled. Lo, travail and death! His voice expires in tears. The accord of joy is broken off upon his lyre, and Job draws from it a sound sad, as his destiny. Oh! perish forever the day, which saw me born. Oh! perish forever the night, which conceived me; and the bosom, which gave me being, and the knees, which received me. Let God efface it forever from the number of days! May it, always obscured with the shadow death, not find its place among the days. May it be, as though it had not been. Then might I still have slept in oblivion, and might have finished my sleep in that long night, which shall have no morning.

We were particularly struck with the first ode of the second part, or volume. It is entitled, 'Le Passe," and seems to have been addressed to a friend, on his reunion, after a long absence. The following is the literal version of three or four of the stanzas. Thus our star, grown pale, throwing dying lights upon the noon of our life, scarcely shines amidst our tears. The shadow of death, which advances, already obscures the half of our rapid existence; and, near the fatal term, there remains for us but hope and friendship. Friend, whom the same day saw born, my companion from the cradle, and whom the same day may, perhaps, put to repose in the same tomb, this is the term, which dispenses the painful pilgrimage, that the same destiny hath marked for us. * * * And now return thou over that space, which our steps have already measured. Let us search the trace of love and pleasure. Treading along the faded banks, let us remount the stream of years, while icy remembrance, like the dim star of the shades, still enlightens, with its sombre tints, the empty scene of the past. Here upon this show of the world arose thy first sun.

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Look! What a profound night has replaced that *vermeil* morning. Every thing, and the heavens seemed to smile; the leaf, the wave, the zephyr murmured their sweet accords. Listen! The leaf is torn; and the winds over the stream, now dry, sound in hoarse moanings. Dost thou recollect this beautiful shade, this sea with silver wave, which cradled only the image of the shore, repeated in its bosom? A loved name blew over the wave. But not a voice replies; except the wave groaning against a rock. Unhappy one! what name dost thou pronounce? Seest thou not among these thorns that name engraven on a coffin?

Seest thou the palace, which throws its shadow on the bosom of the waters? *There* under a strange form, an angel, exiled from her sphere, enkindled within thee celestial love. Why tremble? What noise astounds thee? It is but a shadow that shivers at the footsteps of the mortal, whom she loved. Alas! where thou reposest, is mourning, emptiness, or death; and nothing hath sprouted under our steps, but pain or remorse.

The *allusion to the* return of Ulysses, strikes as a charming thought. So from foreign shores, when the man, unknown to the tyrants, turns in *secret his* wandering steps towards the sojourn of his fathers, the ivy had *covered his* mounds. The sacred roof hung in ruins. In his gardens the streams *had* run dry, and on the threshhold which was his joy, in the shade, a fierce dog barked at the hand which had fed him. * * . * *

In vain in the arid desert every thing is effaced under our steps. Come where eternity resides; we shall find again even the past. There are our dreams full of charms, and our adieus steeped with tears, our vows and our last sighs. There our youth shall flourish anew, and the objects of our griefs shall be restored to our regrets. So, when the winds of the autumn have *scattered* the shade of the groves, the agile swallow abandons the *shelter* of the palace of kings. Following the sun in his march, it remounts towards the source where this star still forms the day; and in his path finds still another heaven, another morning, another rest for its loves.

We would gladly have translated the entire 'Poete Mourant,' but we found the harmony too deep and impressive to be marred by any version but one which should give the tones, the rhythm and spirit of the original. Take *the* first and last stanzas of his ode to Buonaparte, as samples of the whole:

On a rock, beaten by the moaning wave, the mariner, from far, sees a tomb whiten on the shore. Time hath not yet browned the narrow stone; and *under* the verdant tissue of the thorn and the creeper, we distinguish a broken sceptre. * * His coffin has closed. God hath judged him. Silence! His crime, his exploits are weighed in the balance. Let not the hand of feeble mortals touch him more. Who, Lord, can sound thy infinite clemency?

There are beautiful thoughts in the meditation, 'Les Etoiles.' In the limpid azure of these waves of crystal, reminding me still of my natal globe, I would come each night, slow and solitary upon the mountains, which I loved to illumine, near the earth I would love to glide under the shade of branches, to sleep upon the meadows, to float upon the waters, gently to pierce through the veil of a cloud, like a glance of love, which modesty shades. I would visit man; and if there is here below a pensive

brow, eyes, which close not, a soul in mourning, a heart oppressed, pouring out before God its pious grief, a wretch concealing his pains from the light, and allowing his tears to flow by night; an unquiet genius; an active thought; by an instinct too strong, darted into infinity; my ray, penetrated with a holy friendship, prodigal of its pity for sorrows, too well known, as a secret of love shed into a tender heart, would delight itself to descend upon these dejected brows.

We give the entire ode 'Le Papillon,' or the butterfly. To be born with the spring, to die with the roses upon the wing of zephyr, to swim in the pure heaven, balanced upon the bosom of flowers, scarcely unfolded, to be drunk with perfumes, with light and azure, shaking still in youth the dust from thy wings, to fly away like a breath to the eternal vaults; such is the enchanting destiny of a butterfly. It resembles desire; which never is still; and without satisfying itself, deflouring every thing, it soars at length aloft, still in search of pleasure.

The beginning of 'Elegie' is beautiful. Let us cull, let us cull the rose in the morning of life. Our rapid springs respire at least of flowers. Let us abandon our hearts to chaste pleasures. Let us love without measure, O my well beloved.

There is inexpressible grandeur in the Ode to Solitude. We have not space to give it entire, and we are unwilling to give an extract, the beauty of which would be lost from its want of connection. The sentiments in the Crucifix are exceedingly tender and solemn; but are too idiomatic to endure a translation. In short, we consider the whole contents of these volumes as a treasure of splendid and beautiful imagery, that power over the imagination, which, by a word, or a phrase, awakens a whole volume of meditations, of the original and consecrated diction of poetry; of frequent and most completely successful efforts of the sublime; in fact, as the real and genuine poetry of the highest order of inspiration.

To every intelligent reader, it will be wholly unnecessary to observe, that the peculiar charm of this and all other poetry, must vanish with the rhythm, the inversion, the peculiar phrase and delicacy of arrangement of verse, which must necessarily be lost in a plain prose translation. But to form a just comparative estimate of La Martine, as a poet, let most of the verse that now passes for poetry, undergo a similar transfusion into French, or any modern language. As we have often said, we repeat, that rhythm, harmony, peculiar diction, inversion; those clues to illimitable stretch of imagination, which constitute the drapery of poetry, are its adventitious ornaments. The real substratum is mind, invention, grand conception, 'thoughts that burn,' and that, which will not be lost in a translation. Apply this test to our favorite verses, the Georgics and Bucolics of Virgil. A plain prose translation of them, when read for the first time by a mind really endowed, and gifted with the keen '*indoles*,' with the genuine poetic temperament, will be as certain to start him to the actual transgression of verse making, as drawing the gate gives motion through the first wheel to all the subordinate movements of a manufactory.

We have only to add, that we should consider it among the most acceptable presents that could be made to American poetry, to give a fine metrical translation of La Martine's 'Meditations Poetiques.'

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Code Civil. Manuel complet de la politesse, par l'auteur du code Gourmand. 'Tous les hommes sont egaux devant la politesse:' pp. 247. 12 mo. Paris: 1828.

Code des Gens Honnetes, ou l'art de ne pas etre dupe des fripons. Bruxelles: 12 mo. 248 pp.

'PELHAM' and 'The Disowned' purport to give us exact and living pictures of English high life. If such are really the manners of the English in the upper walks of life, and the people so hollow hearted, so perfidious, so destitute of all feeling and all sense of moral obligation, the slaves of a tone and an unwritten law, that compel the subjects to become baboons or Yahoos—if such are really the fair samples of fashionable English men and women, what additional reasons have Americans to love their country above all others. We have sufficient numbers of dandies and biped apes, and sufficient numbers of the other sex, who would, doubtless, consider such a course of things a consummation devoutly to be desired in our country. But our simplicity is not yet sufficiently corrupted, and perverted, to give currency to such an order even in our largest cities. There is still a good fund of ancient plainness, frankness and love of nature. Truth, integrity and honor are something more than abstract names. We have not the fortune to know any society, corresponding in the most distant resemblances to that described in these volumes. But their great success in this country is, as it seems to us, a fearful omen, that the taint is becoming epidemic even here, and that the devourers of these books would be Pelhams and Disowned, if they could. If this be the result of our boasted advances in knowledge, if such be the fruit of lyceums and lectures, and all sciences, and all philosophy, laid open, and rendered accessible by male and female, the congregated mass of the affluent in cities, we should pray for a return to the higher taste, the better manners, the warmer feeling, the more unsophisticated nature of more ignorant days.

In the books before us, we have curious, and very striking pictures of French manners, both in high and low life. There seems more simplicity, more archness, more nature in them, than in the English books first named. But they give us in some respects, views sufficiently abhorrent of the state of manners and morals in the splendid and polished capital of France.

The object of the code '*des gens honnetes*,' is to instruct opulent young men in the arts, which will be put in practice, to trick them out of their money. The first chapter gives the history of privileged and unprivileged thievery, with due cautions, thence resulting to the pupil. In an amusing tone of irony, the author goes into details upon the several species of thievery, and classes of thieves. We should infer, that the art is far more scientifically understood, more ingeniously practised, and has much more numerous professors, than in our country. In giving these sage lessons to the young Telemachus, he is brought acquainted with dangers at home and abroad, in the house and by the way, in the dilligence and the hotel, in the shop and the theatre, dangers from strangers, and dangers from false brethren, domestics and servants in the interior of his own mansion. He

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is cautioned to look to his hat, his handkerchief, his pocket-book, his watch, and every thing, that may not be properly called the real and immovable estate, that a person carries about with him. A hundred most laughable anecdotes of cheats and thievery are given, which show the infinite ingenuity, which can be sharpened by want, and carried into effect, even when the people, forewarned by the experience of others, are continually on their guard. If we had space, we could give sufficiently amusing specimens of this perverse and bad ingenuity, which would at the same time throw great light upon the order of things and the state of society in France. We shall bind ourselves, in our extracts from this volume—which does not seem to us so well written as the other—by two, the one a tale of a theft recently committed in Paris, and the other an instruction to the pupil, to draw himself creditably off, from an attempt to extort money from him, on the score of religious charity.

The following is a translation of the narrative. M. E— a physician, well known for his skill in mental disorders, saw arrive at his gate, one morning, a lady, who seemed forty years, although still young and fresh. Madame the Countess de * * was admitted within the gate of the celebrated physician. The Countess introduced herself on the spot, and spoke, as a mother in desolation and despair, in the following terms. 'Sir, you see a woman, a prey to the most violent chagrin. I have a son; he is very dear to me, as well as my husband; he is our only son * * * Tears, like rain, fell, such as Artemisia shed over the tomb of Mausoleus. 'Ah, yes! Y—es, alas, sir! and for some time, we have suffered the most horrible fears. He is now at that age, when the passions develope * * Although we gratify all his wishes, money, liberty, &c. he evidences many signs of complete dementation. The most remarkable is, that he is always talking about jewelry, or of diamonds, which he has sold, or given to some woman, all unintelligible. We suspect, that he has become amorous of a woman, no better, perhaps, than she should be, and that he has involved himself in burdensome engagements, to satisfy her desires. This, sir, is but a conjecture. The father and I are lost in sounding the causes of this folly.'

Well, Madam, bring your son here * * Ah, to-morrow, sir! by all means, at noon. That will do. The doctor respectfully conducted the lady to her carriage, not forgetting to scan the coat of arms and the lacqueys.

The next morning the pretended Countess drove to a famous jeweller, and after having a long time cheapened a set of thirty thousand crowns, she finally purchased it. She took it, and negligently drew a purse from her reticule, found there ten thousand francs, in bank notes, and spread them out; but immediately gathering them up, she said to the jeweller; you had better send a person with me. My husband will pay him. I find I have not the entire sum.

The jeweller made a sign to a young man, who, proudly delighted to go in such an equipage, started off with the Countess M. M. She drove to the doctor's door. She whispered the doctor, this is my son. I leave him with you. To the young man she said, my husband is in his study. Walk in. He will pay you. The young man went in. The Countess and the carriage went off, at first slow and noiseless; soon after the horses galloped.

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Ah, well, young man, said the physician, you understand the business; I suppose. Let us see. How do you feel? what is going on in this young head? What passes in my head, sir! nothing, except settling for the set of diamonds. We understand all that, said the doctor, gently pushing aside the bill. I know, I know.—If the gentleman knows the amount, no more remains, but to pay the cash. Indeed! Indeed. Be calm. Where did you get your diamonds? What has become of them? Say as much, as you will; I will listen patiently. The business is to pay me, sir, ninety thousand francs. Wherefore! How! Wherefore? said the young man, whose eyes began to glisten. Yes, why should I pay you? Because, madam, the Countess, has just purchased the diamonds at our house. Good! There we have you. Who is the Countess? Your wife—and he presented the bill. But, young man, do you know, that I have the honor to be a physician, and a widower? Here the young man became transported; and the doctor called his domestics, and bade them seize him by his hands and feet, which raised the transport of the young man to fury. He cried theft! murder! a wilful murder! But at the end of a quarter of an hour, he calmed down, explained every thing soberly, and a terrible light began to dawn upon the doctor.

Notwithstanding all the search, that could be made, this singular theft, so witty, so original, from the scene which took place between the physician and the young man, was never punished. The *intrigante* had taken good care to conceal every trace of herself. The driver and lacqueys were her accomplices. The carriage was hired; and this history remains a monument in the memoirs of jewellers.

If we may credit Madam Royall, the following scene is not without its counterpart in our country:—Your domestic enters all aghast. Sir, two ladies, the one a countess, the other a marchioness! They wish to speak with you. Are they young? So, so. Pretty? Yes sir. Bid them come in. Your countenance takes an agreeable air. You look in the glass. You pass your fingers through your hair, smoothing some ringlets over the temples. Finally, you take your attitude—that certain attitude—you know it. Wretch that you are, you are cradling light thoughts. You are not thinking at all of money—silver money, those round pieces, subject to so many maladies, budgets, friends, play, contributions. No, you have not even thought of this. They enter, young, beautiful, noble, charming. At once your figure becomes cold. You affect severity, dissatisfaction, and scarcely dare look at the ladies. Oh! you have seen the red velvet purse, with strings of gold, and you hear the phrase, so well known for ten years past. 'Sir, your humanity, your beneficence give us the hope, that our visit in favor of some little '*seminaries*' will not be fruitless,' and the ladies hold out the purse, that terrible *argumentum ad hominem*. Through their suppliant tone, they let you clearly see, that they are used to commanding. There are some, who deny them on the ground, that the clergy have become rich, and that they are poor—a bad expedient. Catholics have dared to make this address to protestants, and that to gain a hundred sous.

After having consulted many casuists, we assure ourselves, that the phrase, which we are about to transcribe, contains nothing blamable. It is the harbor, in which a number of honest people take refuge. It hinders the charitable ladies from renewing the suit. Without any astonishment, you reply, 'ladies, I am flattered, that so honorable a motive procures me

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the favor of offering my salutations. But I am of a different communion, and you perceive, that we have our own poor.'

The great object of the 'code civil' is to indicate how to dress, move, look and behave in good society. It is to teach the twenty thousand things, necessary for young people to know, in order to appear with ease and credit in the higher circles. It is a kind of fashionable *vade mecum*, or manual of Chesterfieldism; but written in a style and manner, as different from Lord Chesterfield's book, as any thing can be imagined. Instead of laying down, as there, precepts, which assume an authority and dignity of undeniable truth and importance, every thing in this volume is wittily indicated with infinite neatness, and a tone of solemn and scientific gravity, which, when applied to such instructions, as how to put on a waistcoat, or a cravat, or how sad to look, according to your affinity to the deceased, at a funeral, help wonderfully to keep up your interest, or patience through the frivolous details. The author says in his preface that a Chinese book, containing directions about deportment, &c. is printed by law in that country, and contains three thousand articles.

To illustrate the fact that a very learned man may know nothing about all this, he tells a story of a most learned Abbe Casson, saturated with Latin and Greek literature, and imagining himself one of the deep wells of science. It never entered his head, that a man, familiar with Persius and Horace, could make stupid blunders, more than all at table. He had dined at Versailles with the Abbe de Radonvillers, in company with courtiers, blue ribbons, and marshals of France. He boasted, that he had put forth on that occasion, a rare knowledge of etiquette, and the received usages. The Abbe Delille, who heard the remark, affirmed on the contrary, that he had committed incongruities. How so! cried the Abbe Casson. I behaved, like all the other people. What presumption! replied Delille. I will cause you to see, that you did nothing, like any other person. But let us only speak of the dinner. To begin, what did you do with your napkin, when you seated yourself at table? With my napkin? Just like the rest. I unfolded it, spread it before me, and fastened it at the corner to my button hole. See! my dear sir—you were alone in doing that. They never spread the napkin. They are satisfied with putting it on their knees. And how did you manage, in eating your soup? Like all the rest, I imagine. I took my spoon with one hand, and my fork with the other. Your fork, good heavens! No person ever takes a fork to eat soup. But go on; after your soup, what did you eat? A fresh egg. And what did you do with the shell? I left it to the lacquey in waiting. Without breaking it? Without breaking it. Ah well! my dear, they never eat an egg, without breaking the shell. And after your egg? I asked for *bouilli*. *Bouilli!* No person ever uses the term. They ask for beef. And what next? I begged the Abbe de Radonvillers to send me some very fine poultry.—Wretch! Poultry! They ask for chicken, capon, pullet; but they never speak of poultry, except in the kitchen. But you have told me nothing about your manner of asking for drink. Like all the rest, I asked those persons, who had it before them, for Bordeaux and Champaigne. Understand, sir, that the order is, Champaigne and Bordeaux. But tell us something, how you ate your bread. Certainly, like all the rest. I cut it neatly with my knife. Ah! they break bread; they never cut it. Come on. How did you

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take your coffee? For that matter, like all the rest. It was hot. I poured it out, little by little, into my saucer. Ah well! you did just like no other person there—every body drinks coffee out of the cup, and never pours it into the saucer. You see, my dear Casson, that you spoke not a word, and made not a movement, which was not contrary to usage. The brave professor was confounded. He comprehended, that Latin and Greek are not all sufficient.

To settle all these very important points is the main object of the book before us. The names of the heads of chapters will sufficiently explain the subjects discussed. *The exterior. Received usages. Conversation.—Salutation. Formulas. Visits.* Under this head is related an anecdote of a Venetian Ambassador, at the Congress of Westphalia, who was instrumental in prolonging a general war six months, for the failure of a punctilio of ceremony, on the part of the French Ambassador. Thousands of persons were killed, towns sacked, and districts desolated with fire and blood, because the French Ambassador accompanied the Venetian to the steps of the staircase, without descending one of them with him.

Then comes *Tete-a-tete. Des Rendezvous. Declarations.* We copy one or two directions under this head, for the special benefit of lovers. Never solicit an avowal. A woman, who respects herself, never makes it. Examine, compare, and profit. Study well the female vocabulary. Many words in it have a meaning entirely different from Walker's. Never repeat, incessantly, to a woman, that she is beautiful, has genius and grace. The ladies know all that better than you, and they take most to the man, that tells *them* something new.

Then follow, *Des Salons, des grand parens, balls, concerts,* &c. The next chapter is upon baptism! It computes the expenses of being a god-father, and very gravely cautions against this expensive responsibility. The next chapter gives advice, in relation to the deportment called for at funerals. Among the specific directions, is the following. You must compose your visage to appear as much afflicted as possible, even if you had never known the person to whom you render the last duties. It is a species of very excusable hypocrisy, which marvellously aids the sadness of the ceremony. Then follow chapters upon *des complimens, des cadeaux, des inconvenances, des bavards, des beaux esprits,* &c. Under this head we translate the following. But it is, more than all, with the ladies, that these *beaux esprits* display their management. The ladies are much more accessible to flattery, than we are. Their charms are a text, on which you may preach forever; and you must be very awkward, to raise a blush, by telling them, that they are amiable or beautiful. See that group of ladies of all ages. A single gentleman is in the midst of them. His countenance paints selfsatisfaction, and he looks round him with an air, which says, is not that beautiful, delicate? This man is a 'bel esprit.' He is in a course of putting forth a sample of faded finery, and superannuated gallantries, the common places in the court of love. It is most of all from the vegetable kingdom, that he draws his inspirations. Each one of these ladies is a flower; and you may see beforehand, that the rose plays an important part in this little botanic court of gallantry. * * But ladies are not fond of being compared to flowers, and particularly to the rose. It fades too fast. From the chapter 'upon familiarity' to that

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'sur la toilette,' there are many very useful and important directions. The chapter upon duels is exceedingly short—but is as pithy, true, and important, as it is short; and says in a few words, all that can be said upon the subject of counsel, to those, who are challenged to fight. The instructions upon politeness seem to us far more specific, clear, appropriate and useful, than Chesterfield's letters.

The chapter, 'sur la toilette,' is honored with the title 'Meditation.' The first position is 'la mise est l'homme.' Dress is the man. It will be readily imagined, how important a matter this will be in the eye of a Parisian author. Two chapters are devoted to the subject of gaming. The chapter '*Usage pour le deuil*,' or the customs of mourning, is a long, curious and exact chapter, evidencing, that in Paris mourning is completely reduced to rule, in quantity and quality, in sort and in degree, for every degree of relationship, acquaintance and intimacy; for every age and each sex. Mr. Owen would select it, as a fine sample of the unnatural, not to say ridiculous refinement, that high degrees of civilization have introduced.

The chapter upon 'the genius of those who have none,' has a great amount of keen humor. We quote one passage. We are truly affrightened, when we reflect on the great number of simpletons, who people the world; and when we think, that these moral infirmities overflow all the paths that conduct to honor and fortune, and glide even into that, which leads to Parnassus, we are sorry, that the visionary who printed in the last century, 'the art to make a lad of genius,' obtained from his lucubrations no other result, than to excite regret, that this art had not been discovered before madam, his mother, had brought him into the world. The author goes on to indicate the materials for conversation, and the order in which they should be studied. He closes by saying, it is true, such a study demands five or six hours of every day. But what is that, compared with creating the belief, that one is a man of genius! How many people pass double the time, to prove that they are blockheads! If you would see the world, follow my advice. If not, shut yourself up at home.

The theory of a 'dinner in the city' is a most amusing chapter, in which are given many directions, important to an inexperienced young man in any country. 'Conversation ready made' has sharp and biting satire. The following is a specimen of this kind of conversation. It is fine weather. Yes. However, the sky is becoming cloudy. It will, probably, rain to night. The cold begins to be sharp. At five in the morning, the thermometer marked five degrees above zero. A new piece is given this evening at the gymnasium. Do you believe it will succeed? But you do not talk. Are you unwell? No: but—and the poor listener struggles with the sleep, that is crawling over him. Conversation in the streets is as follows: Good day, Sir; how do you do? You are here, then? Have you at last got back from Italy? How is your health, your business, your pleasures? How they govern us! Pardon me—I must leave you—I must hurry to my dinner—I am late already. In an appendix to 'conversation ready made,' follows a long series of aphorisms, thoughts, and commonplaces. To that succeeds a chapter upon the urbanity of journalists, which we regret that we have not space to give entire, for the exclusive behoof of our brethren of that fraternity.

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But the best chapter in the book, and as we deem, not to be surpassed in its kind, is that upon *the cravat*. We translate it entire, as well to show the solemn and ironical gravity of the author, as to prove, how much can be said about nothing.

The *cravat* considered in its moral, literary, political, military, and religious attributes.

In a code of civility, it might not, perhaps, be expected to find a treatise, *ex professo*, upon cravats. But we have thought it indispensable, to consecrate a particular chapter to this useful part of our vestments, on which the first glances are fixed, and the regularity of which, often decides the opinion, which a whole circle forms of a person newly arrived. The cravat, besides, has its particular etiquette. The art of selecting, disposing, and wearing it, makes an essential part of a liberal education. It is in some sort the touchstone of a man of good society.

All customs at present are confounded. The dandy wears a violet dress, with as much gravity as a bishop. The military man does not show himself at a ball, except with a black frock, like a notary. The different parts of the toilette have fallen from their privileges. The cravat alone hath preserved its aristocratic usages. The ecclesiastic is even yet obliged to retain his little collar. The officer is not at ease, except with his stock. The poet awkwardly carries a studied cravat. The man of the world, alone, arranges his cravat, as an artist, varying its grace after a thousand fashions, and causing it to harmonize with the air of his visage, as well as his costume.

The cravat, like all other things here below, hath had its grandeurs, and its declines. We may say, however, that at no time hath its usage been as universal, its forms as varied, its importance as great, as at the present. The origin of the cravat is lost in the night of time. All people have loved this adjustment, which, in accompanying the visage, gives it an airy grace and nobleness. From the collar of gold or silver of the heroic ages to the stuffed cambric of the dandy, the transition is immense. The object and the result are, however, always the same. It is at once as an ornament, and a vestment, that the cravat is worn. It is from it, much rather than from Jupiter, that Ovid ought to have said, *os sublime homini dedit, et ad sidera jussit tollere vultus*. It is the cravat alone which hath forced man to carry the body straight, and the head high and proud.

Under the heavy ages of our Gothic monarchy, they had not yet appreciated the mission of the cravat; and from father to son, they were content to clasp around the neck a narrow strip of muslin. It was not, until philosophy, disengaging its cranium from the brutifying perruque, had given a more vivid impulse to human genius, that men become advised of the immense resources, which the cravat, virginal, and free from all shackles, gave to talent. From that time, it was no longer permitted to haunt the circles of high life, and discuss political economy, without carrying round the neck an ell of muslin. Unhappily, the exaggeration, which caused the nose to pry into every thing, soon passed the limits of good taste. Immense cravats were seen. The exquisites concealed their entire figure under the wavy folds, under the immense ties. The art was still in its infancy. At length starch appeared, and put an end to this demagogy of style. It was from that fortunate moment, when a creative

hand seized the art of combining together cambric and starch that the golden age of the cravat is dated. It was seen soon afterwards, a new Proteus, to accommodate itself to all the caprices of a vagabond imagination. It could at length receive, and preserve the most pure and the most varied forms. Certainly, he, who at first, folded a stuffed cravat, made a broad step towards illumination. He hath rendered a greater service than all the sects of economists and encyclopedists together, in compelling all men to give themselves up, every morning, to a quarter of an hour's meditation upon combinations and calculations. It was this which gave to French genius a new direction. This change of ideas, this love of the positive and the true, in which our nation finds its glory, is a benefit due to the inventor of the stuffed cravat. Pity, that the name of this great man should still be a mystery to public gratitude. The cravat is not only an agreeable ornament, but still farther a useful article of dress. The gentle warmth with which it yields facility to the play of the organs, renders the voice more sonorous and sweet, the countenance more fresh. Its application is useful in a thousand different cases; and without relating the last service which Pichegru obtained from his, in the prison of the temple, an anecdote, related by Dr. Pezis, will prove, that it is capable of a sublime devotion. I had just reproached, said he, a moment before, the brave General La Salle, then young, and sacrificing to fashion, the enormous volume of his cravat. The regiment which he commanded, charged, recoiled, charged anew, dispersed the enemy's cavalry, and came back to resume its bivouacs. They told me, that the Colonel had received a pistol shot in his throat. I ran up to him, and they showed me a ball which had been caught in the foldings of that same cravat, the massiveness of which I had so much blamed. Two officers and some hussars had received sabre cuts upon theirs; and I was obliged to agree, that thick cravats were good for something.

In a literary point of view, the importance of the cravat is greater still. It is in some sort the ensign of genius. From the knot of the cravat, an exercised eye recognizes in a moment the calibre of the poet, and the *coterie* to which he belongs. If the academy hath its right and left shore, it is the cravat, which is the ensign for rallying; and I will pledge myself, that it is not without trembling under his pacific embroidery, that M. Auger sees the regular folds of his classic cambric grow paler every day, before the hardy ruff of the author of the Martyrs. Our neighbors, the English, attach a high importance to the art of arranging the cravat. Ten years ago, there was published at London, a large treatise, entitled *cravati*-ana. They prove in it the superiority of John Bull over all people wearing a cravat. The work obtained a pyramidal success.

A practical artist of cravats, hath recently published among us a treatise, in which is taught the theory of more than thirty special fashions of cravating. It is to these precious works, that we refer curious readers, for deeper instruction. For us, it suffices to indicate here, those forms of the cravat, of which usage does not allow any one to be ignorant. As in the royal cook book, we commence by—'first get a cravat.' It is not allowable for any washer woman to dispense with folding it in advance. If, however, yours is a vandal, without science, or taste, fold your cravat yourself. Let it be well and duly stuffed. Fold the ends with different

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purposes, the one from low to high, and the other from high to low, with the view, that in joining it behind your neck, they may not ruffle your dress. The cravat being so disposed, after the principles of art, reflect maturely on the probable employment of your day, for the tie ought always to be found in relation to the persons, the places and the times. The *gordian knot* is indispensable for a visit of preparation; the *horse collar* suffices for a hunter; the *valise* becomes a promenade, and the *sentimental* a rendezvous. The *American*, the *Byron*, the *mathematic*, the *oriental*, the *gastronome* claim a preference, according to the occasion. Each hath its advantages and its merits. The white, plain cravat, is the only one admitted into full dress. All stripe, plaited, gathered in a point, as in a square, is of half full dress. The colored cravat, howsoever it may be, is only worn in an undress; as well as the black cravat, which the clerical or military man in uniform can alone introduce into the drawing room.

Of all the manners of disposing of the cravat, the most difficult, and at the same time the most widely extended, is the *gordian knot*. As the excellent M. Jourdain made prose, without knowing it, all the world innocently ties this famous knot, which cost such infinite research and care to the inventor. In the perfect execution of this knot, the whole science is founded. Other methods are only derived from it. It is impossible, therefore, to lay too much stress upon thoroughly knowing the theory and practice of the *gordian knot*.

Let no one expect to find here a minute and detailed description. In these sorts of lecturings, it is to the eyes, that we must speak. We ought, however, to say, that the cravat, being arranged round the neck, the great object then remaining is, to make a flat knot, to bring the two ends upon the knot itself, smoothing them down, and fastening them, at the point of junction, with a pin. The reader, who knows properly to estimate this 'civil code,' is of course a man of taste. He knows, of consequence, how to arrange his cravat. So disposed, let him look in the glass. His cravat is a *gordian knot*.

The *oriental cravat* ought to be very small; the two ends, well stuffed, meet in a point at the two sides of the knot, and form a crescent. Thus cravated, the only difference between a Parisian and a Turk is, that the Turk carries the crescent upon his crown, whereas the Parisian carries the horns * * *

The *American cravat* is the simplest of all. When it is fixed round the neck, the two ends are brought before, and are passed, one over the other, simply to make a knot. The person is content to fasten them together with a pin.

The *Lord Byron cravat*, which, in construction, puts the hind part forward, and of which the two ends form a great knot under the chin, is one of the dangerous rocks of the class. Ridiculous in the city, it is worn in the country by very young people.

The *cascade cravat* ought never to be stuffed. Strongly stretched on a whale bone collar, arranged at one third of its length, so that one of the ends may much exceed the other, it is negligently put on. The knot made, they bring the end before, making the greatest fold possible. Grooms have found this cravat so much to their taste, that it is no longer seen, except behind *cabriolets*.

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The *ball cravat* is made out by the aid of a dozen pins. It has no knot, and the ends are passed under the straps. For the rest, it hath usurped its name, and no man of the world wears to a ball a *ball cravat.*

The *gastronome cravat,* narrow, without starch, negligently gathered in a flowing knot, has been a long time excluded from the eating hall. The people, who wore it into vogue, ought now to carry it round the arm, as a piece of crape.

A volume would be necessary to describe *Irish, maratte, mathematic, portmanteau, hunting, shell, jet d'eau, lazy, romantic, Talma, Russian, Jesuitical, diplomatic cravats,* &c. &c. &c. One evening at the *Bouffes,* one night at the opera ball will learn the reader more, than a folio. With a spirit of observation, with hardihood, and precision, one may become an expert in a short time. Sight must never be lost of this grand aphorism. A cravat, which is not well put on at the first effort, ought to be sent with unpitying rigor to the washerwoman. It is good for nothing, like a dinner warmed over.

A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada. By Fray Antonio Agapida. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 630. Philadelphia, 1829. Carey, Lea & Carey.

So much has been said of this beautiful work, that any thing further at this time of the day upon the subject, might seem supererogation. We have not hitherto found a place for an extended review. Many of our readers see not the other reviews; and it is merely to recommend to them a work of surpassing interest, that we give this passing notice. Two of the most amusing books, that were ever written, Don Quixote, and Gil Blas, have their scenes laid in Spain. These books every body has read; and Spain, of consequence, has an interesting place in the thoughts of all light readers. Those who are versed in the history of literature, know, that Spain has been the nursing mother of poets, orators, philosophers and divines of the highest endowment, and the most brilliant genius, and when we consider the power of ignorance, bigotry and untoward circumstances, against which they had to struggle, the splendor of Spanish genius, which has burst forth so brightly from under the clouds, strikes us with surprize. We have never read a book which gives more lovely and impressive views of scenery, than Don Quixote. Spain is the country of beautiful valleys and mountains, the country where the productions of the tropical and temperate climates meet—the country, where romance was cradled, the country of the Moors, with all their splendid romances and feats of chivalry, the country of Ferdinand and Isabella—and the country of Columbus.

A more interesting period for the commencement of such a tale, as this before us, could not have been seized, than the era of the expulsion of the Moors. Ancient and modern associations are blended, and oriental and European interest unites in these scenes. The subject has not only the

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source of exhaustless interest in itself, but seems exactly fitted to the genius, temperament and powers of our distinguished countryman, the author. The grandeur and amenity of that lovely country, the romantic and chivalrous characters of the age, the catastrophe, so striking and impressive, of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, the former splendor of the historic page of that country, and its present humiliation and decadence, exactly fit the subject for the pen and the mind of the author.

To accommodate it still further to his powers, and to procure for it the last degeee of subjection to his disposition and skill, he has assumed the *fictitious* character of Fray Antonio Agapida. This allows him that ancient diction, that naivete and quaintness, that charm of simplicity, and that external resemblance to the style and manner of the ancient romances, which complete the interest of the book.

The period, too, is nearly cotemporaneous with the discovery of America by Columbus. In searching for materials for that work, the author would naturally be led to examine a great body of history and narrative, which would not *only* suggest the idea of this work, but furnish materials for it.

It is not our purpose to say one word about the splendid achievements, *the affecting* incidents, the blendings of the highest interest of romance and real *history*, which give splendor to this book. Such frequent abstracts have been before the eye of almost every reader, as to render this task wholly superfluous. We simply remark, that the history has all the splendor and magic of oriental romance, and the romance is so incorporated, and identified with history, as to receive all the *vraisemblance* and credibility of historic fact. Mr. Irving is completely at home in the subject. The winds whisper with the delicious drowsiness of 'sleepy hollow.' The rural scenery has the amenity of Bracebridge Hall. Deeds of chivalry are recorded with a pen of epic grandeur; and the whole work has a sustained interest and beauty, that inspires us with pride, as we write the author our countryman. It combines, in fact, the pith and moment of a whole mass of condensed Spanish and Moorish chronicles of the most interesting nature, has neither redundancy nor deficiency, possesses the regularity of a beginning, a middle, and an end, and take it altogether, will yield in interest to few, if any books of the present day.

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Death's Doings, consisting of numerous original compositions in prose and verse; intended as illustrations of thirty plates, from designs by R. DAGLEY: *author of Select Gems from the Antique, &c.* Second London Edition, 2 vols. 8 vo. pp. 472. Boston, Charles Ewer, 1829.

THIS is a Boston re-print, most splendidly executed, with admirable engravings, having for prime object, no doubt, by this striking and original design, to make a book so out of the common track, as to take, and be saleable. But through this object, a more important one can scarcely avoid being discovered. Every human scheme is a bubble. Somewhere about every aspirant, visible only to the mind, 'Death grins horribly a ghastly smile,' laughing to scorn the fond and uncertain hopes of an hour, and shaking his dart in menace, as sure of his mark. These caricatures of human hopes and schemes are not, however, got up in the prosing form of a sermon, though the first plate represents death preaching a sermon; but the author seems to have etched the whole design with a grin on one side of his face, and laughter in one eye, and mourning and tears in the other. It is a singular mixture of the ludicrous and the affecting, of the broadest caricature, and the saddest and most pathetic reality.

This is an age, in which these opposites strangely combine to comport with its genius; gigantic achievements in the way of triumph over nature; machinery every where taking place of human hands; the mysterious privacy of nature every where invaded by canals, rail roads, commerce and manufactures; the algebra of political economy, the reduction of every thing achievable by human power, to calculation, the daily increasing omnipotence of money, the great and the immense hiding of individual suffering and joy, and turning away the eyes from the sad undertow of things to these brilliant and original undertakings; this predominant order of things has, as it seems to us, a peculiar tendency to call off our thoughts from the actual and existing condition of life, to turn away our eyes from individuality of character, to contemplate things in the mass, to diminish sensibility, to paralize the delicacy of mental perception, and to fix the eyes and the thoughts upon money, ambition, and pleasure, as the chief good. Whether this be the tendency of the present order of society, or not, it is a fact, out of question in our mind, that no preceding age ever manifested such an unfeeling love of the ridiculous and the absurd. It is the period of harsh ridicule; an age that prides itself in feeling for nothing, and caring for nothing, and laughing at every thing. Money is the God, and calumny and ridicule his worship.

What a train of singular sensations arises, upon entering a gallery of modern English and French caricatures! The infinite invention of the human mind is no where more curiously manifested. Imagine as many thoughts, positions, attitudes, physiognomies as you will, and you will have thrown upon your eye in a moment, a new creation of the ridiculous. No vagary of the human conception too outre to be set forth to the human eye; nothing too solemn to be rendered ridiculous! But

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after all, these things are not without their lesson. While we look, we cannot avoid seeing the ridiculousness of affectation, and the beauty of simplicity and truth. Amidst the infinite variety of laughable strokes, we cannot avoid opening our eyes, to what might be thus caricatured in our own character. These ridiculous views of human folly, overacting and affectation, when thus presented before the eye, read a living lesson, that in the prevalent frivolty, smattering and hardness of the heart of the age, we should, probably, learn so effectually in no other way. With these views of the subject, we consider these volumes not only calculated to amuse, but to affect and impress the reader. The laugh is accompanied by a revulsion and a shudder, not without their uses. The laugh stirs the fountains of feeling and tears by sympathy; and we are impressed, that laugh or weep as we may, the stern sentiment of duty is the only imperious one; and that whether we laugh or weep, one bubble bursts after another, and death is always at hand to change the last act of the farce to a tragedy.

Some of the poetry of these volumes is beautiful, and none of it more so, than Mrs. Hemans' charming ode, 'The hour of Death.' Some of the pieces appear to have been furnished in illustration of the engravings, after the manner of the tales of souvenirs. Some are by authors, well known to fame. Some are serious, and some ludicrous, and some even foolish and unworthy. Many of the prose pieces are of exquisite beauty and pathos; and we could easily fill out a whole number with the most touching tales, were that our object. There is an infinite fund of this kind of anecdote, tradition and science, that belongs to the chronicles, and the mysteries of the several pursuits caricatured, that could be only adequately represented to the initiated. We shall attempt nothing of this, but merely give the reader some idea of some of the plates, figures, and designs according to our interpretation of them—for the poetry and tales, that purport to illustrate them, are exceedingly general in their representations, leaving no key to unlock the designs of the plates, but such as is furnished by the eye of the beholder.

It seems to us that the following extract ought to have been the motto. It furnishes a thrilling anecdote, which may be new to some of our readers.

Hogarth was asked, at the social table, what was to be the next subject of his pencil? '*The end of all things*,' replied the painter; and he labored incessantly upon it, as though under prophetic foreboding. In the grouping was a *broken bottle*, an *old broom*, worn to the stump, the *butt end* of an *old musket*, a *cracked bell*, a *bow unstrung*, a *crown broken in pieces*, *towers in ruins*, the *sign post* of a tavern, called the *world's end*, *tumbling*, the *moon in her wane*, the *map of the globe burning*, a *gibbet falling*, the body gone, and the chain, which held it, dropping down, *Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds*, a *vessel wrecked*, *time with his hour glass and scythe broken*, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play-book opened with *exeunt omnes*, stamped, in the corner, an *empty purse*, and a *statute* of *bankruptcy*, taken out *against nature*. 'So far, so good,' exclaimed Hogarth. 'Nothing remains but this,' taking his pencil in sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's palette broken. 'Finis,' exclaimed the painter. It is remarkable, that he died within a month, and never again took pencil in hand.

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The frontispiece represents death holding forth in a Gothic chapel, to a demure looking congregation, who yield him a profound, though seemingly rather cheerful attention. Behind him is an immense Gothic arch full of sculls and bones. His book is upheld by another death, bent at right angles, and who seems rather to be in sport than otherwise, as he looks indifferently on the audience, and leans his anatomy upon his knee bones. A dog on the pavement seems barking at a skull, and the preacher holds out his bony arm in an inclination of most moving oratory. On the opposite page are the three 'last of the graces,' three horrible anatomies, standing side by side, looking their loveliest.

The Poet is the next subject, seated easily in his study, his eye 'rolling in a fine frenzy,' and his MS. inscribed an 'Ode to Immortality!' Byron is the poet intended, for we see a scroll unrolled, inscribed Greece in 1824. Death, his skull crowned with laurel, is evidently mocking him.

'The Artist' is a most graphic engraving. He is intently engaged in a work, that, his countenance indicates, promises immortality to his thoughts. Death sits grinning with his hands folded upon a table before him, in an air and attitude as ludicrous as it is terrible. The *Crickcter* is deemed among the best of the engravings. It would require more words to explain, than we can afford space. The Captive is, to us, an engraving of thrilling interest. There is a dungeon, and a prisoner with a look, and in a position to appeal to the source of pity. A pitcher, chains, and bolts are around him. Death, habited as a priest, with a cross hanging from the waist, shows a few of his breast bones from above his dress, looks from his skull with a sort of pity, points upward, and appears to the wretch as a delivering angel. We could not have imagined, that so much could have been said to the imagination in so few touches.

Death, standing over the Gamester has great force of imagination, and this impressive heading. 'The wife of a gamester comes, with death in her looks, to seek her husband, where he had been playing two days.' 'Leave me' he said. 'I will see you again, perhaps.' He did indeed come to her. She was in bed with his last child to her breast. 'Rise,' said he, 'the bed, on which you lie, is no longer yours.'

A lady death, overlooking a beauty in an undress at her toilet, is well managed. No one can look upon the hypochondriac, musing so dismally over a death's head, and the little devil kicking up his exulting heel, as he instils evil fancies into the poor fellow's brain, without bestowing smiles along with the inspired pity. Death offering an assurance to an old Jew, applying for a life assurance at his office, is well managed. The most ludicrous of the whole is death in the attitude of a boxer, with his gloves on, grinning over the boxers that he has 'floored,' and ready to pit the next offering champion. Boxers affirm, that this engraving shows uncommon science. Death between two actresses, Thalia and Melpomene, with his arm around one, and grasping the hand of the other, is a sketch of great graphic power. Death drawing the cork from the last bottle, for a jolly band of topers, is wonderfully executed. Death putting the plumed cap of the warrior on his head, as he is taking leave of his lady love, is a striking fancy. Death furnishing the glutton with another dish, does it with an air and attitude most laughable. The hunter in his flowing robes rides him down. But death heeds it not, but sticks his dart into the horse's

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fore heel, that rears, and overthrows the rider. Death sitting, as a grave professor, and offering a laureate to two academic aspirants, is finely done. Nothing can be more ludicrous, than death bringing the only unfailing remedy to a poor invalid, whose pulse an empiric is feeling. To our conception, however, the best of the whole is death snatching away his buried bag from the miser. The grim king clasps with one hand a dead tree, on whose broken summit a raven is perched, and laughs outright at the utter desolation of the miserable being, whose hands are held up in despair.—There is cleverness in the appearance of death, entering as a client to a lawyer, who, when he understands the nature of the suit, seems to wish to have nothing to do with it. An angler sets patiently on the shore of his shaded stream, waiting to draw out his trout, while death is making ready his net to throw over the angler. *The bubbles of life broken by death* would require many words to explain. The conclusion is by death, in character, as pronouncing the epilogue of the piece. Every one of the thirty plates is strikingly characteristic, and might furnish hints for an extended painting. The author has a hit at every profession and pursuit, and has introduced death in such a way, as most impressively to point out the folly of the idle expectations, the proud aspirings, and vagrant fancies of each. While the reader divines the ludicrous emblematic purpose, and smiles at human folly in rearing air castles, and growing giddy, and intoxicated with such short lived hopes, there is something in reserve, which, in reaction, has a solemn and impressive effect; and these beautiful engravings can hardly be seen, and these tales read, without making the heart better.

[We owe it to our friends to remark, that a number of the works and pamphlets, named below, have received more extended MS. notices, which were laid over by our publisher, from inability to find place for them.]

The National Orator. By CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND, pp. 300. New-York: 1829.

THIS is a judicious and sensible selection of lessons for rhetorical recitation. The extracts are from sources of the highest authority, short, pithy, striking, and for the most part original, as extracts for such purposes. It is a school book of uncommonly substantial execution. We should deem it to have been the result of the careful selection of a disciplined scholar. It cannot but find a respectable place among its competitors.

Memorial of Robert Owen to the Mexican Republic, and to the Government of the State of Coahuila and Texas.

THIS is a pamphlet splendidly printed in London, and the object of it to ask permission of these governments, to allow the establishment, in the territories of these two states, of independent communities, on the principles of the social system. Mr. Owen adduces his usual arguments to prove, that it would conduce infinitely to their advantage to allow the establishment of this *imperium in imperio.*

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A Sermon delivered before the Unitarian Congregational Society in Rochester, N. Y. Feb. 1829. By Rev. James D. Green.

This sermon is a plain, lucid, and impressive statement of the views of liberal Christianity, and will be read with interest, by those, who remember his labors in this city.

May number of the Law Intelligencer and Review. Providence, R. I. Professional gentlemen speak in very respectful terms of this publication.

An address to the Utica forum, and an oration by Alexander B. Johnson. These eloquent addresses are by the author of the very original metaphysical book on the 'Philosophy of Knowledge,' which has recently excited much interest among metaphysical readers.

Four recent numbers of the 'Liberal Preacher,' each containing a sermon by distinguished living ministers. These sermons are generally selected with judgment, and are of a very high order of composition, and of earnest and enlightened piety. We know not, when we have read a more impressive, spirited and useful sermon, than that of the Rev. Mr. Dewey, against sectarian bitterness and religious disputation. We earnestly recommend the 'Liberal Preacher' to those pious parents of liberal views, who read sermons on the Sabbath to their children and their charge.

The Remains of the late Rev. Truman Bishop; *to which is added a brief account of his life and labors, his last sickness and death.* By John Haughton. 8vo. pp. 80. Looker & Reynolds. Cincinnati, 1829.

This is a brief biographical sketch of that excellent man, than whom a more faithful, exemplary and beloved minister of the gospel is seldom taken from a people. The reasons for his withdrawing from the high church Methodists are assigned, and a simple and affecting account of his birth, education, changes of plan, after he became a minister; his labors, his sickness and death, and the affectionate 'remembrance of the just,' that he left behind him, are here recorded.

'Knowledge is Power;' a Sermon, by John Pierpont. This is a sermon, into which that original writer has infused no small share of his impressive and peculiar poetic eloquence. He calls up to the proud, but warranted recollections of Massachusetts, that by her hundreds of talented, moral and educated sons, whom she sends into the distant states, to preside in schools, seminaries and colleges, to gain distinction in the several professions, and to exercise a concurrent influence, in impressing upon them her spirit, manners, and the genius of her institutions, she is really exercising a more efficient moral power, than she could by any numerical, or political influence, or the results of a more fertile soil and genial clime.

Madame Royal's Black Books. As this amiable ancient authoress advances in years and experience, it seems to us, that she steeps her books, less and less, in the milk of human kindness. If we mistake not, her first books abounded much more in the choisest syrup of unction, than in

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the healthy and concentrated mineral acids. Latterly the sharp and the caustic have a clear predominance. She found things only tolerable in New Hampshire, and was 'snagged' in Vermont. She was recently a *figurante* in Pennsylvania, and tasted, we believe, the waters of the Ohio. Madam Royal clearly finds a model in the old Roman, who allowed nobody to go before him in loving his friends, or hating his enemies. Missionaries are any thing rather than cordials to her, and she says, 'I thought once, I never would love congress; but I do begin to feel attached to them now; and I hope, they will enhance my esteem, and the esteem of the world, by putting it out of the power of these presbyterians, to carry any of their *points*. If they do not, they may expect a civil war, for fight I will myself. I'll be another Joan of Arc. I know very well how to shoot a rifle; and if I do'nt drill an army of women, and shoot every presbyterian I can find, there is [are] no snakes!! My motto is 'liberty or death.''

Ezekiel's Vision of Living Creatures and Wheels, embracing an inquiry into the emblematic design of the Scripture Cherubims. By Rev. George Bush, A. M., *pp. 70.* Cincinnati. 1829.

This is an exposition of the much vexed Vision of the prophet Ezekiel, which has furnished almost as many interpretations, as writers. We take pleasure in bearing testimony to the patient and profound research of the author, in the Hebrew language, to his humility, his kind and quiet spirit, and to the classical style and language of this disquisition. We are free to confess, that we have not sufficiently examined his theory of interpretation, to express a judgment, as to its comparative plausibility and ingenuity. We are sensible, that it must have cost him much thought and close study, much more, in fact, than in our view of the utility of such interpretations, he could ever have brought himself to bestow. But we admired the purity of the style throughout; and in the concluding reflections, when he is simply practical in his illustrations, he writes with so much clearness and power, that he excites still greater regret, that he does not always apply his talents and powers to subjects of undisputed import, and unquestioned utility. If all the orthodox felt, and wrote in the manner of this, their brother, there would be much more charity, much less denunciation, and much higher estimates of orthodoxy, than at present.

Casket. 5th No. Philadelphia: May, 1829. This number contains the commencement of a biography of Gen. Anthony Wayne. Less is known, we believe, of this distinguished revolutionary general, than of any other one of equal gallantry and distinction. The people of the west have peculiar claims upon the celebrity and glory of this man, who may be said to have had, indirectly, more efficiency in settling this country, than any other individual whatever. We are glad to witness this effort to rescue the fame of the gallant soldier from oblivion. The Casket strikes us in its general execution, to be among the most respectable of its class of journals.

The American Monthly Magazine, No. 2. A very respectable monthly, although it seems to have elicited not much of the delicious unction of editorial eulogy. It is true, a young man has much to do, who has to operate, as a wedge 'in the wide interval,' between the North American

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and the American Quarterly. But we are not exactly informed, whether this interval is parallel, *inter pares* or perpendicular, a matter of very material concernment to one or the other of those respectable works. We wholly forgive the circumstance, that he had not discovered the existence, of the Southern Review, clearly as learned a work of the kind, as our country possesses. The little thing, in which this is written, had, probably, not reached his eye. Or if it had, a young man and a poet withal, may be allowed to be a little near sighted. Some would say, that the leanest of the lean kine of the Egyptian king, was one with a double name, 'magnificent promise and lean performance.' But we will not say this. We had admired the verses of Mr. Willis, before we knew the name of the author. He offers poetical promise of that, of which our country may one day be proud, and he sometimes writes prose of great interest and eloquence. It is his apology, that he is young, and has not yet gained a sore head against the post of experience, nor been taught his place by comparison, nor learned to temper, or hide his inward aspirations. We see in this work a germ, betokening magnificent development. We will admire, and cherish it according to its spirit and eloquence, whether he discovers, that there are other reviews, than the two between which he has taken his stand, or not.

New views of Penitentiary Discipline and Moral Education and Reform. By Charles Caldwell, M. D. Philadelphia. pp. 52.

The bitterness of opposition, which many people manifest to phrenology, is to us utterly inexplicable. One would suppose, that the first and most important inquiry was, is the system true? If true, it can hardly be doubted, that it involves truth, that is not unimportant, truth, which must have some bearing upon knowledge and happiness. But, admit even, that we have a right to inquire into the supposed tendency of a system, previous to our proceeding to that investigation, which, however, we admit only for the sake of the supposition, and what evil moral consequences can be supposed capable of flowing from the truth of phrenology? The system affirms, that the original elements of human character are laid in the brain. The common opinion, we believe, substitutes the word temperament for cerebral developement. Weigh the two phrases, and what is there in the one, of more moral evil tendency, than in the other? The disciple of temperament receives the opinion, that we must meliorate human character by education, discipline, moral suasion, example, gymnastics, &c. The phrenologist affirms substantially the same, asserting, that the different organs of the brain can be changed, as regards their relation and ascendancy, as the lungs of the singer, the legs of the runner, the arms of the blacksmith are improved. So far from allowing, that the system tends to weaken a sense of moral responsibility, the phrenologist affirms, that the adoption of his principles will new mould, and regenerate the moral character of the world.

We believe, that none deny at present, that there are as essential differences of moral, as of physical organization. The phrenologist traces all these differences to the structure and conformation of the brain. He affirms, that it is the simple and sole organ of thinking, or in other words, and in ancient phrase, the seat of the soul. A thousand facts convince us,

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that such is the case, that the brain is actually the organ of thinking, and the seat of the soul. But we see, in the zeal with which phrenologists press this doctrine, and the prodigious stress, which they lay upon it, the extravagant and intolerant spirit of the neophytes of all new sects. If the disciple of the phrenological and anti-phrenological schools agree, in their general views of education, and adopt nearly the same processes, what matters it, whether, with the one, this discipline operates upon the temperament, or with the other upon the brain? The process similar, the result the same, we see not the utility of contention about the part of the human structure, that was operated upon. In their zeal, too, for the doctrine, that all 'intellection' is performed by the instrumentality of the brain, it seems clear to us, that the phrenologists overlook action and reaction, and the sympathy of one part of the frame with the other. Suppose a brain, of the best possible structure and developement of thinking, placed in a feeble and diseased body, always subject to infirmity and feebleness, and it is very clear, that the individual in question would fall behind another individual, with a poorer developement and a better body, in the intellectual march. If the brain be, as we believe, the chief and more direct instrument of mental operation, every part of the human frame, so fearfully and wonderfully made, has its concurrent agency; and sound thinking and the highest mental results will always indicate *mens sana in corpore sano.*

The astonishing diversities, in the moulding of the human head, have but just begun to be matter of common observation. We were never so strongly impressed with the fact, as recently at the late famous dispute between Mr. Owen and Mr. Campbell. We sat, where a level pavement of heads, just below us, gave a full and distinct view of the moulding of every head in the assembly. When the debate was, as it often was, excessively prosing, we occupied our eyes in examination of the heads of our fellow sufferers. No two heads in the whole assembly were alike. Nor does it seem to us extravagant, to affirm, that there were quite as striking differences in the moulding of the heads, as there were in the individuality of countenances.

All this must mean something, must have some reference to the intellectual character of the wearer of each head. We have an unhesitating conviction, that in the order of creation, the brain was formed first, and then the cranium, as a parietal roof, or security for the internal lodger. It would follow thence, and we doubt not, that it is so, that when there was an indentation in the substance of the brain, there would be a corresponding indentation of the cranium, and so of the protuberances of each. It is clear to us, that there will be discovered some correspondence between extraordinary developement, and extraordinary intellectual character. If so, this will become a certain basis for a series of observations, as interesting, and as important, as can well be imagined; to wit, when extraordinary protuberance, or indentation appears on the cranium, to observe closely, whether there be any thing peculiar in the intellectual character of that person, and if so, whether the same peculiarity is found connected with the same marks on another cranium. In a long series of years, in this way, by sober, cautious, philosophic and patient investigation, something like a system of observation might be collected, and there would be

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good ground, *a priori*, to believe, that such a moulding of the cranium was an index to a particular and indicated intellectual character.

But Dr. Caldwell will place us, no doubt, in the class of those, of whom he predicates any thing, rather than wisdom and attainment, when we affirm, that we do not believe, that such observations have yet been made. It seems to us altogether premature, to suppose, that this science has made such progress, and arrived at such certainty, that these marks upon the cranium can be shown, as received testimony, even in an intellectual court; much less in a court of law and evidence. We would never cease to protest against the examination of the skull of the accused in a court of justice, to draw any inference, by way of evidence, for or against him; and where there was no other testimony, but an unlucky head, we should be for an immediate acquittal. We should be equally unwilling to see the kind or measure of penance and discipline dealt out to a penitentiary convict, according to the bumps on his skull. All these pretensions are, as we conceive, the mere vagaries and extravagancies of a system, the founders of which, having seen a ray of light, and 'men as trees walking,' begin to imagine, that the whole of a long, and minute, and detailed theory of their own, is matter of the clearest and distinctest vision. We have not the slightest faith, that the science has yet reached the certainty and discrimination, that there are just thirty-four, or thirty-six organs in the brain, that perform appropriate and specific operations in thinking. We are utterly incredulous, when we hear the compartments, and boundaries of these different intellectual provinces pointed out. We have no idea, that any phrenologist, or craniologist has warrant to say, in examining the head of a child, or man, 'this person has great memory, judgment, fancy, &c.' We have somewhat more faith, in ability to determine, from the structure of the head, whether the possessor is endowed strongly with irascibility, or the other animal propensities. But we have seen so many powerful minds in little heads, and the reverse, contrary to the dicta of the science, we have seen phrenologists so often at fault, and so diverse in their conclusions, and we are clear, that the circumstances, which form human character, are so infinitely combined, varied, and modified by health, condition, example, discipline, &c., that we cannot credit the precise and undoubting declarations, touching character, that are made by examining the structure of the human head.

Yet we fully assent to the repeated assertions of Dr. Caldwell, that every person is, to a considerable extent, unconsciously a practical phrenologist, so far as to form an instantaneous and involuntary, though vague, judgment, respecting the intellect of a person, from the concurrent view of the countenance and the head. But this judgment is entirely a general one, leading us only to general conclusions respecting the mental endowments of the individual; and has never the distinctness and individuality to authorize the observer to believe, that the person has fancy, enthusiasm, obstinacy, combativeness, and the like.

But even were it otherwise, we are wholly unable to see any thing in this system, to call for either bitterness, or ridicule. That witlings should attempt to make the world imagine, they had wit, when they had none, we can readily conceive, that after two or three had perpetrated wit upon *bumps*, &c. *tota armenta*, the whole flock would follow the

bell-wether, and imitate his note, as well as they could; but that the tenets of phrenology could really call forth in opposition any other feelings in cultivated minds, than those, which originate legitimate argument against it, is a matter utterly beyond our comprehension. Half a century ago, philosophers, particularly in France and Germany, made a loud proclamation in favor of animal magnetism, mesremerism, &c. It had its day of acceptation, its day of trial, its day of rejection. It appeared in our country in the form of Perkinism, and the metallic tractors. It is now in a state of resurrection in France. We see advertised, by the board of royal physicians, publications and experiments upon the subject, that indicate, that the doctrine is once more boldly advanced. It was either true or false, in the day of its triumph, and of its humiliation. It is matter of joyful certainty, that truth is one, unchangeable and eternal. Whether we affirm, or deny, love, hate, are wits or foolish, the system of phrenology is either wholly or partially true, or false. Why not examine it dispassionately, like any other subject, proposed for our investigation? If a man, to whom God has not seen meet to give wit, ridicules the system, we see not why he might not as well set up his pretensions upon any other subject, and let this pass.

We ought, perhaps, to apologize for this long digression from the point in hand, which was to give some account of the pamphlet before us. We are told in the preface, that it was intended for insertion in the American Quarterly; and it incidentally appears, that, judging from circumstances, the author was impressed, that it would not meet with a kind reception from the editor of that journal. In manifesting something of the author's peculiar temperament, he seems to consider, that an editor is bound to admit what is presented, so that it is well written, whether agreeable to his opinions or not. We hope, we shall not incur his displeasure, when we enter our dissent to this opinion. True, a journal is the property of the public; and it is as true, that the public, by taking the editor's journal, have virtually consented to allow him to cater for them, to exercise his judgment, what to give, and what to withhold; and they have a sufficiently terrible rod of power to hold before his eyes after all, in the power to continue or withhold their subscription. It seems to us, that the editor of a journal must be despotic upon this point. He cannot but know, that he decides at the peril of his popularity. We deem, that his duty calls him to judge for himself, what to give, and what to withhold, and that the readers have but the alternative, to continue or close their patronage.

The pamphlet in question is entitled 'New Views,' and appears in the form of a comment on a letter, 'on penal law and penitentiary discipline,' addressed by Hon. E. Livingston to Roberts Vaux. The author, like Mr. Livingston, is averse to coercion, to compulsion, and corporeal punishment. He affirms, that crime is derived from the animal part of our nature altogether, and, in his own strong language, 'that to reform a criminal, you must make him less of an animal, and more of a human being.' He brings forward the discouraging fact, that criminals have seldom been dismissed from our best managed penitentiaries, without returning to their felonies, 'like famished wolves,' by deeper artifice, more concentrated plan, and more dextrous cunning, rendered doubly dangerous to society.

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The sum of Mr. Livingston's letter to Mr. Vaux, as given by the author, is as follows.

'The Auburn penitentiary system is faulty, and ought not to be adopted by the state of Pennsylvania. Criminals cannot be reformed by corporeal punishment, and the dread of it. Nor can they be reformed, in any way, if they are permitted to associate with each other promiscuously, or even in classes, either by day or by night. That their reformation may be attempted, with any reasonable prospect of success, they must be held in absolute and permanent seclusion, permitted to labour, as a relief from feelings of desolation, and receive suitable instruction, as the reward of good behaviour, or in compliance with their own earnest request. But nothing, by which they are expected to be benefitted, should be forced on them as a punishment. When, in any number of them, satisfactory evidences of reform have appeared, and continued for a period deemed sufficiently long, they may be permitted, under proper supervision, to mingle with each other occasionally, as a special indulgence, and an encouragement to perseverance in correct conduct. Sound education, begun in childhood, and including the inculcation of knowledge, morality, religion, industry, and good manners, constitutes the only true and solid foundation, on which the prosperity and happiness of a people can rest.'

We are obliged to confess, that our author here proceeds to the adoption of a stratagem, something like hanging out a false flag to decoy an enemy's ship into port. The expectation is raised of an analysis of Mr. Livingston's views on the principles of the old school. We are led on, step by step, by the calm and philosophic tone of the treatise. We enter the precincts of his battlements, without alarm or apprehension. All at once, a new flag is hoisted, and we find ourselves within the lofty enclosures of phrenology. We are informed, that the principles of that science coincide precisely with the sentiments of Mr. Livingston. In a tone of gentlemanly courtesy, he entreats to be heard with calmness and candor. An appeal is made to the reader's reason, his magnanimity, justice and honorable feelings. He is informed, that phrenology has never been opposed, much less refuted by established facts; that in the most intelligent circles in London, Edinburgh, Paris, Dublin, Vienna, Berlin, Stockholm, and in the other capitals of Europe, it is spreading with an impetus, that nothing can resist, that many professional men, who profess to be enemies, do really adopt a language, which can only be predicated on the truth of phrenology; that all discoveries were originally as liable, as this, to the charge of being new, &c. &c. After this preliminary appeal *ad hominem*, a figure, which, as our readers know, is rather foreign from the author's habits, he enters forthwith into his subject. We find the muscular, erect and corporeally and mentally powerful professor, whip, spur, and riding cap, putting his whilom hobby into a charging gallop.

His views of phrenology are more compactly, concisely and eloquently expressed, and the paper is written with more of the *limæ labor*, with more care, and verbal accuracy, than any one of his, of the same extent, that we have read; but the views are, for substance, the same with those, advanced

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in the first and second editions of his treatise upon that subject. He affirms, in passing, a point, which has long been with us a matter of undoubting conviction, that man is constituted by the Author of his existence a religious being, as certainly as webfooted fowls, or even fishes are formed to move in the water. The first rational exercise of a thinking being must be to look abroad for his Creator; and they who, in the analysis of human character, lay this essential component of his organization out of the question, make a mistake as radical, as though they were to pass over his hopes, his fears, or his animal propensities. Hence, says the author, 'whenever the brain is not idiotically defective, a sentiment of veneration for a God of some kind is as natural and universal, as the love of offspring.' An interesting extract is given from a surgeon of a ship, which had carried convicts to New Holland. A Mr. De Ville had examined the heads of the convicts, before the ship sailed from England. He made a report, in the form of a prophecy, how the convicts would deport themselves on the very long passage. At the termination of the voyage, his prophecy was history. 'He hit every case exactly, but one,' says the correspondent; and he assigns reasons for his failure in his case. 'All the authorities here,' [Sidney Cove] says he, 'have become phrenologists.'

We extract a very striking passage, in which the author, ingeniously, and eloquently explains the reasons, why the appearance, and the language of anger and menace, of pathos and sorrow, of love, &c. excite corresponding sensations in those, to whom it is addressed.

'It is a law of nature, as immutable as the pointing of the needle to the pole, or the lapse of water down an inclined plane, that the language and true expression of any organ or compartment of the brain, in one individual, excite to action the corresponding organ or compartment in another. This is the natural and only ground of the influence of eloquence; and the true reason why the passions are contagious.

'One individual addresses another in the words and tones and gesticulations of anger; or, to speak phrenologically, in the language and manner of Combativeness. The consequence is known to every one, and is felt to be natural. The same organ is excited in the individual addressed, and he replies in the same style. From artificial speech, and empty gesture, the parties proceed to blows, which constitute the greatest intensity of the natural language of the irritated organ; its *ultima ratio*, in common men, as an appeal to arms is, in the case of monarchs.

'Urged by Destructiveness, a man draws on his enemy or his comrade, a sword or a dagger, and is instantly answered by a similar weapon, in obedience to the impulse of the same organ. This meeting of weapon with weapon is not the result of reason. The act will be performed as promptly and certainly, generally much more so, by him whose reasoning powers are dull and feeble, than by him in whom they are active and strong. It is the product of instinct; the reply, in its native expression, of the excited organ of Destructiveness, in the defendant, to the expression of the same organ in the assailant.

When Demosthenes roused the Athenians to war with Philip, he harangued them in the intense language, burning thoughts, and bold and fierce gesticulations of Combativeness and Destruction combined. And had he not so harangued them, he would never have impelled them to the field of Chæronea. Under a

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mere argumentative address, or one dictated exclusively by the moral organs, they would have remained inactive; when the object of the orator is to move and melt, he succeeds only by adopting the language and natural expression of the softer organs which he desires to affect. If he wishes to command tears, he sheds them. So true is the maxim, "*Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi.*"

'Does one man wish to conciliate the friendship of another? he mildly accosts him in the language of Adhesiveness, and thus excites a kindred organ. And when the lover strives to propitiate his mistress and gain her favours, he approaches and addresses her in the soft language and winning manner of the associated organs of Amativeness and Adhesiveness. This is the philosophy of what the poets denominate the sympathy of souls; the condition of an organ naturally and forcibly expressed, by looks, words, or actions, or by all of them, in one person, producing a similar condition of the same organ in another.'

We regret, that we have not space to enter further into the views and enunciations of this eloquent and well written paper. Bating some remarks in the preface, it is composed in a tone of philosophic calmness, the more worthy of praise, as it seems rather foreign to his habits. It is drawn up with a severe spirit of self-criticism; and the language is easy, simple and natural to a good degree. Had we prepared an article for any review in our country, we should have deemed it a sufficient and unanswerable reply, that the editor found the principles, advocated in the paper, hostile to his own. We deem, that there is no phrenological journal in the English language, and there are a number in Great Britain and America, that would not have been honored by admitting this article. We should have thought, that such a journal would have been its appropriate destination.

Annual Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools in the State of New-York. Albany: 1829.—pp. 52, 8vo.

Nothing gives us such magnificent conceptions of the real power and future resources of our great confederated republic, as such statements as this before us. We are ready to believe it the most complete and detailed view of schools in a particular republic, that can be found in the world. We have space only for some of the details of the grand result. The returns are from 55 counties, and 757 towns and wards: 8,069 school districts have made reports. The number of school districts in 1827, is exceeded by that of 1828, by 358 schools. The number of children taught in schools has increased, since the last annual report, 29,897. The capital of the common school fund amounts to $1,684,628 80. The annual avails are $61,854. The number of children taught, makes the grand total 468,205. The children taught between the ages of five and fifteen, amount to 449,118. No state in the union can show such a proud and detailed document on a subject of such unspeakable importance.

Some mistakes occurred in Dr. Willard's narrative in our last. Page 651, nine lines from bottom, for 88 read 140. Page 657, for Napes read Nassas. Same page, 13 lines from top, for mining read agricultural.

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Hon B Pickman
Salem
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THE

WESTERN

Monthly Review.

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THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

August, 1829.

AGNES SOREL DE MERIVANNE:

The Recluse Coquette.

Whoever has been among the singular mountainous hills of Cote Florissant, not far from the south shore of Red river, above the Raft, must have seen the beautiful plantation of this lady. It is in a charming vale, showing, as if scooped out between the savine-crowned, cone-shaped eminences, that cluster round it in a circle, as though they were the mounds of the giants of old times. A more lonely position could scarcely have been selected on our globe. It is far away from the settlements of Peccan point; still farther from the populous country of Louisiana below the Raft. A few French, Spanish, Indians, and people, in whose blood these races are mixed, subsisting on fowl, fish and game, dwell in dispersed cabins at distances of three or four leagues from the abode of the Recluse.

The cottage is of one story, with verandas running round it, tastefully arranged, and furnished within, and neatly painted, and enclosed without. It is literally embowered in vines of the multiflora rose, and in the centre of an area of three acres, shaded with laurier almond, and Bois d'arcs, the most beautiful trees of the American forest. Fig trees, peach trees, Cape Jessamine shrubs, and other splendid flowering plants adorn the garden, through which winds a spring branch from the foot of the hills. These shades, together with those of huge oaks and peccans, and the sheltering elevation of the hills cause, that the sun visits the valley but a portion of the day. Even when the perpendicular rays fall upon the place, the broad foliage of the Bois d'arcs, and the intertwined verdure of the multiflora rose so intercept the flickering radiance, that it only trembles in points; and a dewy and refreshing coolness is felt through the long sultry months; and the same hills and trees shelter the cottage from the rude north-west blasts of winter. The stranger, who entered this enclosure, saw in a moment, that the hand of art, the arrangements of wealth and luxury, and the selection of taste, had been there.

The little circular farm, of fifty acres, is throughout, of unexampled beauty and fertility. There spread wild grape vines of enormous size.—There flourish nature-planted, the haw shrub, crab apples, pawpaws, and

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flowering plants of every scent and hue. On the clustering branches over the spring, sing the cardinal, the oriole, the song sparrow and the thrush. There the wild deer browses with the bounding goats and the domestic cattle. One of the hills, that overlook the house, has on its summit a little lake, which abounds in fish; and is the resort through the season of millions of water fowls of all the varieties that frequent the country; whose cries, as they are hovering backwards and forwards, over the house, would be annoying, were it not, that the summit of the hill is some hundred feet above the roof of the cottage.

In this abode, equally pleasant and solitary, tasteful and luxurious, the Recluse Coquette had resided some years. Twenty black servants tended the little farm, and managed the domestic concerns. Of their number one was a hunter, and supplied the establishment with game and fowl; and another procured for the table inexhaustible quantities of fish. The Recluse lived here, solitary, and apart from man; except, that she enacted the lady bountiful to the sick and afflicted in all the cabins within three leagues, whenever they saw fit to apply to her for assistance. As these people were all rigid catholics, so far as concerned the ceremonial of that worship, and as she was extremely strict and exemplary in the same observances, she was regarded by them with a respect bordering on veneration. To this was added a touch of superstitious terror. Besides various strange habits, which, in their ways of interpretation, intimated converse with invisible powers, she went invariably twice in a year to the summit of the highest adjacent hill, and spent the night there alone, no body could conjecture why, or wherefore. But when she returned, it was remarked, that her eyes were always swollen, as if with weeping; and that it was some days, before her gloom wore off, and she resumed her former cheerfulness.

A gentleman, who was really such, a scholar, acquainted with the French language, manners and literature, a man of taste and talent, travelling to the settlements above, was benighted there in a succession of violent vernal thunderstorms. The keen tact of the Recluse enabled her to perceive in a moment, that this was no empty-headed, brazen-hearted, mean-spirited fortune hunter; characters that often annoyed her. Her confidence was won, and her powers elicited by an equal and kindred mind. With an eccentric frankness, peculiar to her singularly energetic and independent character, she introduced the story of her life, merely, as she said, because she marked a curiosity in his countenance to know it, which he was too polite to express in words. The gentleman, after thanking her for her confidence and condescension, admitted, that she had rightly divined his thoughts.

'French ladies,' she observed, 'are said to be communicative, as a national trait. The world's opinion, as you will perceive, has long been a matter of utter indifference to me; and I have been accustomed to consult only my own judgment and will from my earliest years. Your appearance and manners too, are a pledge for you, that you will make a gentlemanly use of my confidence. For the rest, I shall speak, as if forced to confession before the searcher of hearts, with as much criminating and bitter frankness of myself, as my most censorious biographer will use, in relation to me, when I shall be no more.

I was born in one of the fairest departments of the south of France, of a family of the most honorable patrician descent of twenty generations.— The estate was princely; and a brother, two years older than myself, and I, were the only presumptive heirs. The noble granite towers of our ancient chateau rose proudly from the shore of the Mediterranean. In the distance the Pyrennees reared their blue heads; and near at hand the spires of Grenoble, the provincial capital. The domain extended for leagues on either side; and our mansion showed amidst mulberry, olive and chesnut groves, where wine and oil flowed in abundance; where silk of the finest texture was prepared; and where vine-clad hills extended beyond the reach of the eye.

From what you now see me, you will have difficulty, in believing, that I was most egregiously flattered, in having been accustomed from the earliest periods of my memory, to hear myself called pre-eminently beautiful. Before I was ten, my ear was familiar with the terms Goddess and Nymph. At eleven I was one of the graces. At twelve I was Eucharis. At thirteen Venus and Diana. At fourteen Juno, Minerva, an angel, divine, and much more of that very trite, but bewitching common place. My brother was a stubborn, petted, good natured, simpleton. As soon as I was turned of fourteen, I was introduced to the world; and I was from that time quite as much flattered, on account of my supposed talents as my beauty. Thus the first sensations, which I experienced, were those of pleasure from snuffing incense, administered in every conceivable way. Never was appetite more insatiate for it. The desire grew with the amount, upon which it fed. My bosom burned with measureless and unquenchable ambition of every sort. My father was a favorite with Napoleon. I had heard of Marengo and Austerlitz and Wagram and Borodino; and I longed to have been fighting there by his side. I felt, that I could never hope for happiness, or repose, until I saw the world at my feet.

At the same time, I was tortured with the reading, or hearing the praises of others. All applause that was not bestowed on me, seemed not only loss, but injustice. My masters, instructers, servants, and soon my intimates knew this; and I heard no song, but the pleasant one of my own eulogy. I groaned, as I clearly discovered the adamantine barriers of the prescription of female slavery. I had in my heart an altar for all such assertors of female rights, as the English Mary Wolstonecraft. Well then, I said, if I cannot command armies, and wield the trident and sceptre, and rule men directly, I will punish the tyrants, who have wrested our rights from us; and I will rule them, who rule the people, and with a rod of iron. In short, my eye chalked out my career in anticipation. It was the only one that seemed practicable to my ambition. I was determined to be the Napoleon of coquetry.

Your knowledge of human nature will not need to be informed, that the presumptive heiress of half this domain, trained from the first dawn of intellect to every acquirement, that dazzles, to every attainment, that could be brought forth in display, the first in pretension in every circle, inhaling only an atmosphere of incense, and though neither Venus, nor Minerva, unquestionably pretty, would not want admirers. Every young gentleman, with whom I came in contact, pretended to be such. My written list, in point of numbers, might have sufficed Maria Louisa for a levee. But my

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desire of new conquests constantly outran the number. I could not avoid, neither, occasional intercourse with those, who were not in the secret of my envious dislike to hear the praises of others. From such I was tortured, by incidentally hearing, that this lady was beautiful, that admired, and the other followed. My eye fell on the same hateful theme in the journals.—I recoiled even from hearing of the famous female singers, actresses, in short, women followed or admired on any account. Nothing would have been so satisfactory, at the same time, as to have seen inscribed on the city gates, the churches, the public places, that it might meet my eye, wherever I went, the emblazoned name *Agnes Sorel de Merivanne*.

But all my pride and self-flattery could not hinder me from perceiving, amidst the universal adulation and servility that surrounded me, that some more discerning minds had seen through the thinness of my pretensions, and had penetrated the arrogance, vanity, and envy of my heart. The moment I discovered that there was a higher, more real, delicate and infinitely more flattering homage, than mere external semblance, I hungered, and thirsted for this tribute of the mind and the heart. 'This is not advancing on the track of my prescribed career,' I said. 'They may court me externally; but beauty and fortune and talent notwithstanding, if I so easily betray the feelings lurking at my heart, they will internally note me. I must have done with all this disclosure of the predominant feelings within.' I was not so weak, as to aim at a mark, which I had not courage and resolution to make the requisite efforts to reach. 'Down pride, haughtiness, arrogance, envy, detraction, ill temper, every thing in mind and temper, that shows unamiable, down a thousand fathoms deep from observation,' I said. I put myself to reading books of sentiment and morality. I proposed to myself, how the amiable, the virtuous, the canonized would have acted in a given case. Strange to tell, I struck upon a real and unknown fountain of sentiment in this burning and ambitious bosom; and I stirred the slumbering waters, only to increase my internal conflict.

I became in appearance mild, tranquil, almost pensive. The tear of pity glistened in my eye at the tale of distress. I preceded in all the charities; and was regular and exemplary in all the rites of my worship. The change, it may well be supposed, was noted. While the young gentleman gave me the attributes of every goddess and every nymph, our *cure* saw in me a future Madame de Guion, a candidate, whenever I should depart for the skies, for canonization. In fact, I enacted the mild, the charitable, the languishing, the tender and sentimental so well, that not only was every one about me deceived; but strange to tell, I was deceived myself; and began to take myself for that real incipient saint, which the rest described me. I now talked earnestly of the merits of others; and my eyes glistened, as I spoke of the pure and holy joy of relieving distress, and wiping away tears. I was perfectly ravished with the new sensation, which I thus created. Every one approached me, as if to all the interest and attraction of beauty and wealth and rank, I had added the sanctity of sentiment and virtue; and as if a celestial atmosphere surrounded me. How my heart rioted to exultation in this new incense, to what was pronounced my infinite amiability, tenderness, candor and depth of feeling.

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My first declared admirer was Isidore de Guignes, next in rank to my father in the department, as rich in fact, as I was in expectation; good looking, respectable, very showy in manners, but possessing a mere common-place mind and heart. I was at Paris at a levee, when he first saw me. Amidst all the flattering sensations of my own presentation, I perceived, that his heart was subdued at first sight. Soon afterwards, he was himself presented to me. I gave him a look, in which tenderness, youth and beauty and talent were mixed; or at least, such semblance, as I could feign; and I fixed him as invariably, as the needle points to the pole. I radiated the tender and the sentimental upon him, when he conversed with me; and watched with all the interest of novelty, the gradual expansion and increasing strength of as ardent a passion, as such a heart as his could be supposed capable of feeling. My parents were delighted. Every one spoke of the good fortune of an attachment between two persons, so fitted in merit and circumstances, for each other. I cannot help acknowledging, that the marked and humble devotion of this distinguished gentleman, amidst a crowd of adorers, gave me infinite satisfaction. I can scarce even now account for the purpose, object, and motive of my conduct. He conferred on the subject of his passion with my parents. But, unhappily, I was their favorite, and had the most complete control of them; and they left me to the simple management of my own counsels, assuring me, that they had the most ample and entire reliance upon my discretion and propriety. What an assurance from parents to a giddy girl of fifteen!

I could see, that the dying swain was striving in the ball, assembly, soiree, promenade, in short, whenever we met, to come to a declaration with me. This suited not my purposes; and my deportment to him was, as if I knew nothing, of what he had said to my parents. I wished to thicken a little more of the interest of perplexity into the plot; and to have another swain in my chains at the same moment, to arouse within him all the fires of jealousy. Alexis d'Audraine, handsome, more talented, equally noble, but less rich, came forward at the right moment, and harnessed himself into the other end of the yoke of my triumphal car. I wrought him to this submission by a *bon mot*, a compliment, a sentimental glance, a certain delicate preference, where many pressed forward for my hand, to lead me to the supper table at a ball. I amused myself in observing the operations of the two swains, thus honored, in being allowed to draw together in my chariot. Alas! They were not at all like the swans of Juno, and proved a most refractory team. Instead of the tempers of the doves of Venus, they carried thunder and defiance in their eyes, whenever they met. Matters were verging rapidly towards an open rupture between them. I learned, that they were about to settle their pretensions with short swords, and to fight, until one or the other fell. O vanity! to what canst thou not change the human heart! My bosom throbbed with sensations on this occasion as new, as they were unutterable. Such I thought was the empire of my charms, that two of the most distinguished young men in the country counted the possession worth purchasing, at the hazard of their life blood. But fear, solicitude about the result, some moral feeling, real sensibility, and dread of the ultimate consequences marred my satisfaction. I had no objection to the ideal strife of death, and the blazoning of the motive, for which one or the

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other must fall. But the actual consequences of allowing such blood to be shed, when by a simple declaration I could prevent all, were too formidable, to be risqued for this species of satisfaction. So I watched my opportunity, and brought my chevalier Isidore to an explanation; exacting previously his word of honor, that the quarrel should proceed no farther. The important treaty was ratified in due form, while he was on his knees; and with all the prescribed cant and fustian. I waited, with well dissembled modesty and agitation, until he had made his finish. I told him, 'that I loved, and should accept neither the one nor the other. But that, if compelled to an election, I should certainly choose the latest adorer. He talked of agonies and death; and I expected to see him pine, and play the melancholy and heart broken, a desolate bachelor. Not so he. To my astonishment and horror, he lived on, retained good health, became reconciled to Alexis, shrugged, when my name was mentioned, married a pretty woman in three months, made a most splendid wedding, and invited me to it. To prove, that I cared nothing for all this, I accepted the invitation; and my heart was torn with indescribable torture, as I saw the rejoicing and display; and heard the blushing bride congratulated, and read in the countenances of the company, what a fool they considered me. How I hated the bride!

Alexis took courage upon the rejection of the other; as though it involved his own acceptance. No such a thing. I protracted, as long as might be, the hour of declaration. But he seized the earliest opportunity, abruptly to offer his hand, his heart, fortune, and every thing, usually pledged in such cases. I wondered at his insolence and presumption, in supposing, that after rejecting Isidore, I could think of such an one, as him. He was more like myself, than the other; and instead of being petrified, as I hoped, he cut a caper, made me a low bow, and with a countenance of the most provoking irony, assured me, that he was not certain, that even the boon of my fortune was worth obtaining, with the appended draw back of such a heartless coquette!' I attempted to look cool and with unmoved disdain; but the truth of his words scorched my heart.

In this interval of chagrin, I persuaded my parents to carry me to Paris, in the suite of the king of Saxony. There I attached, and rejected a dozen admirers in succession; some of them men of standing and fine appearance; and all of them unexceptionable. Each one, in his own way, manifested astonished resentment; and charged me with having encouraged, and drawn him on to the declaration; and, consequently, under all the guise of politeness gave me clearly to understand, that they considered me, as having practised the baseness of deception.

These humiliating results began to produce severer scrutiny of the morality of these semblances of sensibility, and partial regard, that had never failed to bring my swains to my feet. I felt, that even amidst all the laxness of principle in the great world, there was a certain homage, paid to truth, sincerity and honor, which, not deserving, I never could hope to obtain. Self-respect took the alarm; and, for some time I endured the real pangs of humiliation and remorse. I half resolved to marry the first respectable man, that offered, as an expiatory penance to my past faithlessness. But the habit was too deeply fixed and inveterate; the appetite for admiration too clamorous. When gentlemen and ladies surrounded me,

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the propensity to spread my snares anew, became irresistible. One rejection after another had little other effect upon my public reputation, than occasionally to bring my name before the public, as the *fascinating heiress*. But at length the rejection of a favorite officer of the Emperor carried a very unfavorable discussion of my character to court; and it was notified to my father, that he would do well to retire with me to his own department. It was the first deep public mortification, I had ever experienced; and vexation and grief really brought on illness. Beside, at court my envy was incessantly stung, by comparisons of my condition with that of those, who could show more power and influence, talent, and even beauty, than my utmost self-complacency could claim for me. I rejoiced at the idea of returning to Grenoble and Montpelier, where I had no rival or compeer; and where I was undisputed star of the ascendant. My sixteenth year commenced on my return; and in the course of it I decoyed, and dismissed some eight or ten lovers, most of them persons no ways distinguished; and to my excessive mortification, no ways hurt at my rejection.

I began to perceive by circumstances, of little significance in themselves, but irresistible in the aggregate of their import, that I was becoming universally decyphered, and understood. My triumphs were growing rare. My powers of fascination no longer took certain effect. I could see the conscious smile play on the cheek of the very persons, for whom I spread my net. To crown my vexations, another heiress, younger and fresher than myself, had just come forth upon the public; and at her very first appearance divided more than half the empire with me. 'Oh truth,' I said to myself, 'thou art at once terrible and beautiful!' I suffered the righteous penalty and reaction, that God has affixed to insincerity and semblance. True, there was one misery wanting, to complete the circle of my sufferings. I had never yet endured the slightest sensation of wounded real love, nor felt the most transient partiality for either of my admirers. But an aching void in my bosom, convinced me of the necessity of something, to which to attach myself.

Near the time, that the young lady in question come out, after the usual and common-place discussions, and disposal of the ordinary topics of fashion, the ladies of my acquaintance spoke of Captain Lambert de Moncey, a young officer, who had returned from the army to Grenoble, on furlough, to recover of a wound recently received in the service. He had performed, they said, prodigies of valor; and had risen by his merit from the ranks to his present standing. His mother was a poor widow of Grenoble, whom he supported by his wages. They spake of his uncommon beauty of person, his talents, virtues, heroism and filial piety, in the extravagant coloring, which ladies are apt to use on similar occasions. They joined to deplore his want of family and fortune, and that his peculiar circumstances precluded his often mixing in their circles. I heard this subject resumed again and again. The handsome young officer, sharing the penury of his aged mother; this I perceived, was the circumstance of real interest in the conversation, upon which every lady warmed, and become earnest. My imagination kindled. What a wonderful young man must this be, thought I, who without rank or fortune immediately takes place of all thoughts, as soon as the topics of cold and fashionable

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discussion have floated off. All my wishes radiated to one point, to see the young officer, and put him upon trial. To bring this about was the study alike of my waking thoughts and my dreams.

My father had a house in Grenoble. I had become thin and pale;—and my parents in extreme solicitude wished me to adopt some method for regaining my health. I proposed to them, to remove to Grenoble, to consult a celebrated physician there. We removed there without delay. By the agency of a confidential servant, I traced the resorts of the amiable invalid officer. He was in the habit of walking, mornings and evenings, with his aged and infirm mother, in a beautiful wood near our house. I forthwith began to take my promenade in the same wood, which was in fact, the common resort of the invalids of the city. I shall never forget my first impression, when I saw him supporting on his arm his feeble mother, dressed in the severe plainness of decent and respectable penury, the weeds of a widow's mourning. Never had I seen such a person and form. Youth and beauty and heroism contrasted so nobly, in this act of filial piety, with age and decrepitude and mourning! The tears rushed to my eyes. My heart swelled, and I longed to throw my purse at their feet. 'Thank God' said I, 'I have a heart after all.' I saw that I was noticed, during this first promenade. Afterwards we passed him every day. But, with all my resources at contrivance, I could devise no plausible pretext, to bring about an interview. 'Cannot I be sick,' said I, 'and procure his attendance home?' I blush, amidst prayer, penitence and abandonment of the world, to think of the straits, to which the coquette was reduced. But my morbid imagination had so dwelt upon this man, I had assigned to him such excellencies and attractions, that when he came near me, as I meditated the manner of acting my part, so many new and tumultuous sensations throbbed at my heart, the blood so rushed to my head, and then was so dashed back again to the fountain, that the semblance, which I studied, became real. I was faint in truth and fact. He saw it, left his mother on a bench, came to my aid, and supported me home. As he deposited me with my parents, I would have been willing to have fainted again, to have renewed the intense interest, which I saw in his eye.

He called the next morning, to enquire for my health. I explained to my father the circumstances of our meeting, and he received him politely. We afterwards exchanged salutations; and he often shared my walks with me. I now put in operation all my former experience—in good earnest, for I now loved with my whole heart; and I suffered all the jealousies, fears and bitter torments of that passion. He was admitted at my father's house; and subsequently at the balls and assembles of the city. I had thus all opportunities, that I could desire, to put him under my spell. I began to consider him in discouragement, as one refractory and invulnerable. I was astonished at my own resources of seeming sentiment and amiability. I performed a hundred charities, merely, that the report might be carried to his ear. I languished, I looked sad in his presence; and I played my game so successfully, that I achieved my purpose. This victim really loved. Ah! I knew, and felt the symptoms but too well; and there could be no mistake. All the joy and rapture, that I had yet felt in life, was as nothing compared with my enjoyment, when I became convinced, that he deeply loved. I existed only in his presence; and could

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have wished the hours that intervened between our interviews, annihilated. My heart bleeds at the remembrance of what followed. I walked in the wood, at the hour of evening twilight, to taste my customary gratification. He was this evening alone. He poured out the fullness of confession of love, 'as deep,' he said, 'as it was hopeless.' At the moment, that my heart throbbed with unutterable emotions of joy, and my head beat almost to bursting, I summoned the most impenetrable appearance of coldness and disdain. I withdrew my hand, which he had unconsciously grasped, expressing surprise, as well as regret, that a slight service, accidentally accepted, should have emboldened him to such a presumptuous indiscretion. The officer turned deadly pale—admitted his rashness, 'which,' he said, 'not even his despair should have authorized,' and stammering out other half articulated words, in the form of an apology, he turned, and hurried away. What, after all, can you make of the human heart? I turned to pursue him. I would have become suppliant in turn, and would have recanted every word. I had made up my mind, to consent to be his upon any terms; with my parents consent, or without it. I immediately despatched a servant to the house; but he returned, informing, that he could not obtain admittance. Imagine, if you can, the horror of that long night. I neither undressed, nor went to bed. I discovered the golden beams of morning over the hills, as the condemned convict receives a reprieve. In my eagerness I was wholly regardless of forms. My only concern was, to let the officer be informed, that I loved in turn, and wished to meet him in the wood, immediately after breakfast. The servant brought back the following reply from the mother of the officer.

'My son departed last evening, to rejoin his company. I know not, and he requested me not to enquire the cause of his sudden departure. I loved him too well, and trusted him too entirely, to ask a question. I can only suspect, that he has received some urgent order from the army. All the earthly good, that I implore of God, is to have him in his holy keeping.'

I ordered my carriage. I drove to the widow's house. I told her, I loved her son. I assured her, if he would return, I would at any time give him my hand, and follow him, if it were necessary, to the camp, immediately after marriage. An express was dispatched with a note to this effect, written by the mother and myself. It did not reach the army, until the evening of the fatal battle of Waterloo, in the official account of which, his name was given among the list of the slain.

I know nothing, that ensued for a month, in which I was sick with fever, that touched my brain, and produced unconscious delirium. I have not a trace on my memory of all that took place during that long sickness. I regained consciousness in a state of such weakness and exhaustion, that I suffered little, even after the memory of the past revisited me, like the confused images of a distressing dream. But as my strength returned, so also did the bitterness of my recollections. Every place, where I had seen him, was insupportably repulsive to my thoughts. Every association, connected with my beautiful native France, was gloom. I formed the hasty resolution, to abandon my parents, my country and man; and in remote solitudes, to do penance to the end of my days. Every purpose of my life had been sudden, prompt and unchangeable. This was so. I had money, more

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than sufficient for my purposes, on hand. Disguised as a servant, I travelled in the dilligence to Marseilles; and from that port embarked for New Orleans. From Marseilles I apprized my brother of my love, my despair, my unalterable purpose of penance. I requested that my parents would forget me. I wished him to remit me to New Orleans a sufficiency, for subsisting in the seclusion, which I contemplated, which, if granted, should procure a full release of all other future claims.

I arrived safely in New Orleans, and remained there incognito. A confidential agent of the family arrived in a week after me. He brought the requisite money, and the most urgent request, that I would return. It was intimated at the same time, that compulsion would be used if necessary. I had so taken my measures of concealment, that no clue to it was found. The money reached me; and the agent returned after a long search, in despair of accomplishing his object. I made my way here in a government barge. I purchased this place; and these servants are my children, friends and family. I here feed upon solitude and tears; and do daily penance before God. Two nights in the year, I pray all night to the mother of God, and my guardian saint, that they will graciously condescend to show me the spirit of my beloved; and I have a presentiment, that they will.—The living Lambert I desire not to see; for my thoughts have long since been wholly abstracted from terrene and corporeal objects. It is the pure and disembodied spirit of my Lambert that I long to see.'

Thus far the fair recluse. The traveller had heard, that she was understood to be wild, *quoad hoc*, upon this particular point; the constant expectation of being indulged by her patron saint with a meeting with the shade, or spirit of her beloved Lambert, on the summit of the hill, where she performed her nightly penances. It was a tender point of discussion; but with much delicacy he insinuated an opinion, that man and woman are apt to remain so to the end of the chapter; and that, probably, she might not fully understand the nature of her own wishes, in the conviction, that she would prefer an interview with the departed spirit, rather than the 'sensible warm motion' of the living, amiable officer. On the point of this confidence she was as peremptory and vehement, as upon all other subjects; and he desisted from the discussion.

It was not long afterwards, that the question was brought to the test of experiment. Lambert de Moncey, though reported among the slain, had been only severely wounded; and was subsequently carried to Prussia, as a prisoner. His recovery was extremely slow; and he was long detained a prisoner, for reasons of state. Immediately after his liberation, he flew to Grenoble. The duke and duchess de Merivanne were no more.—From their son he obtained information of his sister. The officer embarked with his mother for New Orleans. With great difficulty he traced the Recluse to her solitude. In one of the nearest cabins he took up his residence with his mother, *incognito*. It was not difficult to obtain all the truth, and a great deal more than the truth, touching the wild ways of the Recluse. In particular, it was asserted, that, when she came with her attendant house dogs, to keep off the wolves, on her nights of penance, to the summit of the hill, and called upon her guardian saint to show her the spirit of Lambert, spirits were actually seen descending through the darkness to the summit of the hill.

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The officer waited, with what patience he might, until the semi annual nocturnal penance of the Recluse came round. On that night, soon after the fair penitent had mounted to the summit of the hill with her house dogs, he repaired thither also. He saw the penitent, by the glimpses of the moon, fall on her knees. He heard the well remembered voice of music, '*daignez, mon ange tutelaire*, &c. the earnest and mournful invocation to her guardian saint, that he would vouchsafe an interview with the spirit of her beloved. He answered, in a voice well trained to unearthly sounds. "Thy prayer is heard. Thy request is granted. The saints do more. They grant thee an election. As a true daughter of the church, thou believest, that with them nothing is impossible. Thou canst now embrace either the departed spirit of him, who was called Lambert de Moncey; or thou canst see him in life. Thy guardian saint bides thine election." The penitent Recluse heard; and the information thrilled in her veins. She paused but a moment, and besitatingly said, 'since I am in the flesh, and not disembodied myself, and withal have never studied metaphysics, and have vague and uncertain conceptions of the intercourse between mind and body, I will e'en see my dear Lambert in the flesh.'

They were married. Lambert wears a capote in the winter, has the national *shrug*, sells chickens, pigs and bales of cotton, and they are neither of them very remarkable in any way, except for extreme sharpness in driving a bargain.

The Gospel of St. John, in Latin, adapted to the Hamiltonian System, by an Analytical and Interlineary Translation. Executed under the immediate direction of JAMES HAMILTON. London, 1824.

The Gospel of St. John, adapted to the Hamiltonian System, by an Analytical and Interlineary Translation from the Italian, with full Instructions for its Use, even by those who are wholly ignorant of the Language. For the Use of Schools. By JAMES HAMILTON, Author of the Hamiltonian System. London, 1825.

[Extract from the Edinburgh Review, for June, 1826.]

WE have nothing whatever to do with Mr. Hamilton personally. He may be the wisest or the weakest of men; most dexterous or most unsuccessful in the exhibition of his system; modest and proper, or prurient and preposterous in its commendation;—by none of these considerations is his system itself affected.

The proprietor of Ching's Lozenges must necessarily have recourse to a newspaper, to rescue from oblivion the merit of his vermifuge medicines. In the same manner, the Amboyna tooth-powder must depend upon the Herald and the Morning Post. Unfortunately, the System of Mr. Hamilton has been introduced to the world by the same means, and has exposed itself to those suspicions which hover over splendid discoveries of genius, detailed in the daily papers, and sold in sealed boxes at an infinite diversity of prices,—but with a perpetual inclusion of the stamp, and with an equitable discount for undelayed payment.

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It may have been necessary for Mr. Hamilton to have had recourse to these means of making known his discoveries, since he may not have had friends whose names and authority might have attracted the notice of the public; but it is a misfortune to which his system has been subjected, and a difficulty which it has still to overcome. There is also a singular and somewhat ludicrous condition of giving *warranted lessons;* by which is meant, we presume, that the money is to be returned, if the progress is not made. We should be curious to know, how poor Mr. Hamilton would protect himself from some swindling scholar, who, having really learnt all that the master professed to teach, should counterfeit the grossest ignorance of the Gospel of St. John, and refuse to construe a single verse, or to pay a farthing.

Whether Mr. Hamilton's translations are good or bad, is not the question. The point to determine is, whether very close interlineal translations are helps in learning a language? not whether Mr. Hamilton has executed these translations faithfully and judiciously. Whether Mr. Hamilton is or is not the inventor of the System which bears his name, and what his claims to originality may be, are also questions of very second-rate importance; but they merit a few observations. That man is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing; but he who says it so long, and so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him—the man who is so deeply impressed with the importance of the discovery that he will take no denial, but, at the risk of fortune and fame, pushes through all opposition, and is determined that what he thinks he has discovered shall not perish for want of a fair trial. Other persons had noticed the effect of coal-gas in producing light; but Winsor worried the town with bad English for three winters before he could attract any serious attention to his views. Many persons broke stone before Macadam, but Macadam felt the discovery more strongly, stated it more clearly, persevered in it with greater tenacity, wielded his hammer, in short, with greater force than other men, and finally succeeded in bringing his plan into general use.

Literal translations are not only not used in our public schools, but are generally discountenanced in them. A literal translation, or any translation of a school-book, is a contraband article in English schools, which a schoolmaster would instantly seize, as a customhouse officer would a barrel of gin. Mr. Hamilton, on the other hand maintains by books and lectures, that all boys ought to be allowed to work with literal translations, and that it is by far the best method of learning a language. If Mr. Hamilton's system is just, it is sad trifling to deny his claim to originality, by stating that Mr. Locke has said the same thing, or that others have said the same thing a century earlier than Hamilton. They have all said it so feebly, that their observations have passed *sub silentio;* and if Mr. Hamilton succeeds in being heard and followed, to him be the glory,—because from him have proceeded the utility and the advantage.

The works upon this subject on this plan, published before the time of Mr. Hamilton, are Montanus's Edition of the Bible, with Pignini's interlineary Latin version; Lubin's New Testament, having the Greek interlined with Latin and German; Abbe L'Olivet's Pensees de Ciceron; and a French Work by the Abbe Radonvilliers, Paris 1768,—and Locke upon Education.

One of the first principles of Mr. Hamilton is, to introduce very strict literal

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interlinear translations, as aids to lexicons and dictionaries, and to make so much use of them as that the dictionary or lexicon will be for a long time little required. We will suppose the language to be the Italian, and the book selected to be the Gospel of St. John. Of this Gospel Mr. Hamilton has published a key, of which the following is an extract.

'1 Nel principio era il Verbo, e il Verbo era
In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was
appresso Dio, e il Verbo era Dio.
near to God, and the Word was God.

'2 Questo era nel principio appresso Dio.
This was in the beginning near to God.

'3 Per mezzo di lui tutte le cose furon fatte: e
By mean of him all the things were made: and
senza di lui nulla fu fatto di cio, che e stato fatto.
without of him nothing was made of that, which is been made.

'4 In lui era la vita, e la vita era la luce degli uomini:
In him was the life, and the life was the light of the men:

'5 E la luce splende tra le tenebre, e le
And the light shines among the darknesses, and the
tenebre hanno non ammessa la.
darknesses have not admitted her.

'6 Vi fu un uomo mandato da Dio che nomava
There was a man sent by God who did name
si Giovanni.
himself John

'7 Questi venne qual testimone affin di rendere
This came like as witness, in order of to render
testimonianza alla luce, onde per mezzo di lui tutti
testimony to the light, whence by mean of him all
credessero.
might believe.'

In this way Mr. Hamilton contends (and appears to us to contend justly,) that the language may be acquired with much greater ease and despatch, than by the ancient method of beginning with grammar, and proceeding with the dictionary. We will presume at present, that the only object is to read, not to write, or to speak Italian, and that the pupil instructs himself from the Key without a master, and is not taught in a class. We wish to compare the plan of finding the English word in such a literal translation, to that of finding it in dictionaries—and the method of ending with grammar, or of taking the grammar at an advanced period of knowledge in the language, rather than at the beginning. Every one will admit, that of all the disgusting labors of life, the labor of lexicon and dictionary is the most intolerable. Nor is there a greater object of compassion than a fine boy,

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full of animal spirits, set down in a bright sunny day, with an heap of unknown words before him, to be turned into English before supper, by the help of a ponderous dictionary alone. The object of looking into a dictionary can only be, to exchange an unknown sound for one that is known. Now, it seems indisputable, that the sooner this exchange is made the better. The greater the number of such exchanges which can be made in a given time, the greater is the progress, the more abundant the *copia verborum* obtained by the scholar. Would it not be of advantage if the dictionary at once opened at the required page, and if a self-moving index at once pointed to the requisite word? Is any advantage gained to the world by the time employed first in finding the letter P, and then in finding the three guiding letters P R I? This appears to us to be pure loss of time, justifiable only if it is inevitable: And even after this is done, what an infinite multitude of difficulties are heaped at once upon the wretched beginner! Instead of being reserved for his greater skill and maturity in the language, he must employ himself in discovering in which of many senses which his dictionary presents the word is to be used; in considering the case of the substantive, and the syntaxical arrangement in which it is to be placed, and the relation it bears to other words. The loss of time in the merely mechanical part of the old plan is immense. We doubt very much, if an average boy, between ten and fourteen, will look out or find more than sixty words in an hour; we say nothing at present of the time employed in thinking of the meaning of each word when he has found it, but of the mere naked discovery of the word in the lexicon or dictionary. It must be remembered, we say an *average* boy,—not what Master Evans, the show boy, can do, nor what Master Macarthy, the boy who is whipt every day, can do, but some boy between Macarthy and Evans; and not what this medium boy can do, while his mastigophorous superior is frowning over him; but what he actually does, when left in the midst of noisy boys, and with a recollection, that, by sending to the neighboring shop, he can obtain any quantity of ripe goose-berries upon credit. Now, if this statement be true, and if there are 10,000 words in the Gospel of St. John, here are 160 hours employed in the mere digital process of turning over leaves! But, in much less than this, any boy of average quickness might learn, by the Hamiltonian method, to construe the whole four Gospels, with the greatest accuracy, and the most scrupulous correctness. The interlineal translation of course spares the trouble and time of this mechanical labor. Immediately under the Italian word is placed the English word. The unknown sound therefore is *instantly* exchanged for one that is known. The labor here spared is one of the most irksome nature; and it is spared at a time of life the most averse to such labor: and so painful is this labor to many boys, that it forms an insuperable obstacle to their progress. They prefer to be flogged, or to be sent to sea. It is useless to say of any medicine that it is valuable, if it is so nauseous that the patient flings it away. You must give me, not the best medicine you have in your shop, but the best you can get me to take.

We have hitherto been occupied with finding the word; we will now suppose, after running a dirty finger down many columns, and after many sighs and groans, that the word is found. We presume the little fellow working in the true orthodox manner, without any translation: he is in pursuit of the Greek

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word *Ballo*, and, after a long chase, seizes it, as greedily as a bailiff possesses himself of a fugacious captain. But, alas! the vanity of human wishes!—the never sufficiently to be pitied stripling has scarcely congratulated himself upon his success, when he finds *Ballo* to contain the following meanings in Hederick's Lexicon:—1. Jacio; 2. Jaculor; 3. Ferio; 4. Figo; 5. Saucio; 6 Attingo; 7. Projicio; 8. Emitto; 9. Profundo; 10. Pono; 11. Immitto; 12. Trado; 13. Committo; 14. Condo; 15. Ædifico; 16. Verso; 17. Flecto. Suppose the little rogue, not quite at home in the Latin tongue, to be desirous of affixing English significations to these various words, he has then at the moderate rate of six meanings to every Latin word, one hundred and two meanings to the word *Ballo;* or, if he is content with the Latin, he has then only seventeen.*

Words, *in their origin*, have a natural or primary sense. The accidental associations of the people who use it, afterwards give to that word a great number of secondary meanings. In some words the primary meaning is very common, and the secondary meaning very rare. In other instances it is just the reverse: and in very many, the particular secondary meaning is pointed out by some preposition which accompanies it, or some case by which it is accompanied. But an accurate translation points these things out gradually as it proceeds. The common and most probable meanings of the word *Ballo*, or of any other word, are, in the Hamiltonian method, insensibly but surely fixed on the mind, which, by the *Lexicon* method, must be done by a tentative process, frequently ending in gross error, noticed with peevishness, punished with severity, consuming a great deal of time, and for the most part only corrected, after all, by the accurate *viva voce* translation of the master—or, in other words, by the Hamiltonian method.

The recurrence to a translation is treated, in our schools, as a species of imbecility and meanness; just as if there was any other dignity here than utility, any other object in learning languages, than to turn something you do not understand into something you do understand, and as if that was not the best method which effected this object in the shortest and simplest manner. Hear upon this point the judicious Locke. 'But if such a man cannot be got, who speaks good Latin, and being able to instruct your son in all these parts of knowledge, will undertake it by this method; the next best is to have him taught as near this way as may be, which is by taking some easy and pleasant book, such as Æsop's Fables, and writing the English translation (made as literal as it can be) in one line, and the Latin words which answer each of them just over it in another. These let him read every day over and over again, till he perfectly understands the Latin; and then go on to another fable, till he be also perfect in

* In addition to the other needless difficulties and miseries entailed upon children who are learning languages, their Greek Lexicons give a Latin, instead of an English translation; and a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose attainments in Latin are of course but moderate, is expected to make it the vehicle of knowledge for other languages. This is setting the short-sighted and blear-eyed to lead the blind; and is one of those afflicting pieces of absurdity which escape animadversion, because they are, and have long been, of daily occurrence. Mr. Jones has published an English and Greek Lexicon, which we recommend to the notice of all persons engaged in education, and not sacramented against all improvement.

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that, not omitting what he is already perfect in, but sometimes reviewing that, to keep it in his memory; and when he comes to write, let these be set him for copies, which, with the exercise of his hand, will also advance him in Latin. This being a more imperfect way than by talking Latin unto him, the formation of the verbs first, and afterwards the declension of nouns and pronouns perfectly learned by heart, may facilitate his acquaintance with the genius and manner of the Latin tongue, which varies the signification of verbs and nouns, not as the modern languages do, by particles prefixed, but by changing the last syllables. More than this of grammar I think he need not have, till he can read himself "Sanctii Miverva"—with Scioppius and Perigonius's notes.'—*Locke on Education*, p. 74. folio.

Another recommendation which we have not mentioned in the Hamiltonian system is, that it can be combined and is constantly combined with the system of Lancaster. The Key is probably sufficient for those who have no access to classes and schools; but in an Hamiltonian school during the lesson, it is not left to the option of the child to trust to the Key alone. The master stands in the middle, translates accurately and literally the whole verse, and then asks the boys the English of separate words, or challenges them to join the words together, as he has done. A perpetual attention and activity is thus kept up. The master, or a scholar (turned into a temporary Lancasterian master) acts as a living lexicon, and if the thing is well done, is a lively and animating lexicon. How is it possible to compare this with the solitary wretchedness of a poor lad of the desk and lexicon, suffocated with the nonsense of grammarians, overwhelmed with every species of difficulty disproportionate to his age, and driven by despair to peg, top, or marbles?

'Taking these principles as a basis, the teacher forms his class of *eight*, *ten*, *twenty*, or *one hundred*. The number is of little moment, it being as easy to teach a greater as a smaller one, and brings them at once to the language itself, by reciting, with a loud articlate voice, the first verse, thus:—*In* in, *principio* in beginning, *Verbum* Word, *erat* was, *et* and, *Verbum* Word, *erat* was, *apud* at, *Deum* God, *et* and, *Verbum* Word, *erat* was, *Deus* God. Having recited the verse once or twice himself, it is then recited *precisely* in the same manner by any person of the class whom he may judge most capable; the person copying his manner and intonations as much as possible.—When the verse has been thus recited, by *six* or *eight* persons of the class, the teacher recites the 2nd verse in the same manner, which is recited as the former by any members of the class; and thus continues until he has recited from *ten* to *twelve* verses, which usually constitute the first lesson of one hour.—In three lessons, the first Chapter may be thus readily translated, the teacher gradually diminishing the number of repetitions of the same verse till the *fourth* lesson, when each member of the class translates his verse in turn from the mouth of the teacher; from which period *fifty*, *sixty*, or even *seventy*, verses may be translated in the time of a lesson, or one hour. At the *seventh* lesson, it is invariably found that the class can translate without the assistance of the teacher farther than for occasional correction, and for those words which they may not have met in the preceding Chapters. But, to accomplish this, it is absolutely necessary that every member of the class know *every word* of all the preceding lessons; which is however an easy task, the words being always taught him in class, and the pupil besides being able to refer to the key whenever he is at a loss—the key being translated in the

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very words which the teacher has used in the class, from which, as was before remarked, he must never deviate.—In *ten* lessons, it will be found that the class can readily translate the whole of the Gospel of St. John, which is called the first section of the course.—Should any delay, from any cause, prevent them, it is in my classes always for account of teacher, who gives the extra lesson or lessons always *gratis*.—It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind of the pupil, that *a perfect knowledge of every word* of his first section is most important to the ease and comfort of his future progress.—At the end of *ten* lessons, or first section, the custom of my Establishments is to give the pupil the *Epitome Historiæ Sacræ*, which is provided with a key in the same manner.—It was first used in our classes for the first and second sections; we now teach it in one section of *ten* lessons, which we find easier than to teach it in two sections before the pupil has read the Testament.—When he has read the Epitome, it will be then time to give him the theory of the verbs and other words which change their terminations.—He has already acquired a good practical knowledge of these things; the theory becomes then very easy.—A grammar containing the declension and conjugations, and printed specially for my classes, is then put into the pupil's hands (not to be got by heart, nothing is ever got by rote on this system), but that he may comprehend more readily his teacher who lectures on grammar generally, but especially on the verbs. From this time, that is, from the beginning of the *third* section, the pupil studies the theory and construction of the language as well as its practice. For this purpose he reads the ancient authors, beginning with Cornelius Nepos, which has been just published, for the *third* section, after which he may take the Selectæ e Profanis, also just published, in 3 vols. for the *fourth* and *fifth* sections. The pupil will then find little difficulty in reading any author usually read in schools. The *sixth* section consists of Virgil and Horace, enough of which is read to enable the pupil to read them with facility, and to give him correct ideas of Prosody and Versification. Five or six months, with mutual attention on the part of the pupil and teacher, will thus be found sufficient to acquire a knowledge of this language, which hitherto has *rarely* been the result of as many years.'

We have before said, that the Hamiltonian system must not depend upon Mr. Hamilton's method of carrying it into execution; for instance, he banishes from his schools the effect of emulation. The boys do not take each other's places. This, we think, is a sad absurdity. A cook might as well resolve to make bread without fermentation, as a pedagogue to carry on a school without emulation. It must be a sad doughy lump without this vivifying principle. Why are boys to be shut out from a class of feelings to which society owes so much, and upon which their conduct in future life must (if they are worth any thing) be so closely constructed. Poet A writes verses to outshine poet B. Philosopher C sets up roasting Titanium, and boiling Chromium, that he may be thought more of than philosopher D. Mr. Jackson strives to outpaint Sir Thomas; Sir Thomas Lethbridge to overspeak Mr. Canning; and so society gains good chemists, poets, painters, speakers, and orators; and why are not boys to be emulous as well as men?

If a boy were in Paris, would he learn the language better by shutting himself up to read French books with a dictionary, or by conversing freely with all whom

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he met? and what is conversation but an Hamiltonian school? Every man you meet is a living lexicon and grammar—who is perpetually changing your English into French, and perpetually instructing you, in spite of yourself, in the terminations of French substantives and verbs. The analogy is still closer, if you converse with persons of whom you can ask questions, and who will be at the trouble of correcting you. What madness would it be to run away from these pleasing facilities, as too dangerously easy—to stop your ears, to double-lock the door, and to look out *chickens*, *taking a walk*, and *fine weather*, in Boyer's Dictionary—and then, by the help of Chambaud's Grammar, to construct a sentence which should signify, '*Come to my house and eat some chickens, if it is fine?*' But there is in England almost a love of difficulty and needless labor. We are so resolute and industrious in raising up impediments which ought to be overcome, that there is a sort of suspicion against the removal of those impediments, and a notion that the advantage is not fairly come by without the previous toil. If the English were in a paradise of spontaneous productions, they would continue to dig and plough, though they were never a peach nor a pine-apple the better for it.

A principal point to attend to in the Hamiltonian system, is the prodigious number of words and phrases which pass through the boy's mind, compared with those which are presented to him by the old plan. As a talkative boy learns French in France sooner than a silent boy, so a translater of books learns sooner to construe, the more he translates. An Hamiltonian makes, in six or seven lessons, three or four hundred times as many exchanges of English for French or Latin, as a grammar school boy can do; and if he loses 50 per cent. of all he hears, his progress is still, beyond all possibility of comparison, more rapid.

As for the pronunciation of living languages, we see no reason why that consideration should be introduced in this place. We are decidedly of opinion, that all living languages are best learnt in the country where they are spoken, or by living with those who come from that country; but if that cannot be, Mr. Hamilton's method is better than the grammar and dictionary method. *Cæteris paribus*, Mr. Hamilton's method, as far as French is concerned, would be better in the hands of a Frenchman, and his Italian method in the hands of an Italian; but all this has nothing to do with the system.

'Have I read through Lilly?—have I learnt by heart that most atrocious monument of absurdity, the Westminster Grammar?—have I been whipt for the substantives?—whipt for the verbs?—whipt for and with the interjections?—Have I picked the sense slowly, and word by word out of Hederick?—and shall my son Daniel be exempt from all this misery?—Shall a little unknown person in Cecil Street, Strand, No. 25, pretend to tell me that all this is unnecessary?—Was it possible that I might have been spared all this?—The whole system is nonesense, and the man an imposter. If there had been any truth in it, it must have occurred to some one else before this period.'—This is a very common style of observation upon Mr. Hamilton's system, and by no means an uncommon wish of the mouldering and decaying part of mankind, that the next generation should not enjoy any advantages from which they themselves have been precluded.—'*Aye, aye, it's all mighty well—but I went through this myself, and I am determined my children shall do the same.*'—We are convinced that a great deal of op-

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position to improvement proceeds from this principle. Crabbe might make a good picture of an unbenevolent old man, slowly retiring from this sublunary scene, and lamenting that the coming race of men would be less bumped on the roads, better lighted in the streets, and less tormented with grammars and lexicons, than in the preceding age. A great deal of compliment to the wisdom of ancestors, and a great degree of alarm at the dreadful spirit of innovation, are soluble into mere jealousy and envy.

But what is to become of a boy who has no difficulties to grapple with? How enervated that understanding will be to which every thing is made so clear, plain, and easy?—no *hills* to walk up, no chasms to step over; every thing graduated, soft, and smooth. All this, however, is an objection to the multiplication table, to Napier's bones, and to every invention for the abridgment of human labor. There is no dread of any lack of difficulties. Abridge intellectual labor by any process you please—multiply mechanical powers to any extent—there will be sufficient, and infinitely more than sufficient, of laborious occupation for the mind and body of man. Why is the boy to be idle?—By and by comes the book without a key; by and by comes a *lexicon*. They do come at last—though at a better period. But if they did not come,—if they were useless, if language could be attained without *them*, would any human being wish to retain difficulties for their own sake, which led to nothing useful, and by the annihilation of which our faculties were left to be exercised, by difficulties which *do* lead to something useful,—by mathematics, natural philosophy, and every branch of useful knowledge? Can any one be so anserous as to suppose, that the faculties of young men cannot be exercised, and their industry and activity called into proper action, because Mr. Hamilton teaches, in three or four years, what has (in a more vicious system) demanded seven or eight? Besides, even in the Hamiltonian method it is very easy for one boy to outstrip another. Why may not a clever and ambitious boy employ three hours upon his key by himself, while another has only employed one! There is plenty of corn to thrash, and of chaff to be winnowed away, in Mr. Hamilton's system; the difference is, that every blow tells, because it is properly directed. In the old way, half their force is lost in air. There is a mighty foolish apothegm of Dr. Bell's, that it is not what is done for a boy that is of importance, but what a boy does for himself. This is just as wise as to say, that it is not the breeches which are made for a boy that can cover his nakedness, but the breeches he makes for himself. All this entirely depends upon a comparison of the time saved, by shewing a boy how to do a thing, rather than by leaving him to do it for himself. Let the object be, for example, to make a pair of *shoes*. The boy will effect this object much better if you shew him how to make the shoes, than if you merely give him wax, thread, and leather, and leave him to find out all the ingenious abridgments of labor which have been discovered by experience. The object is to turn Latin into English. The scholar will do it much better and sooner if the word is found for him, than if he finds it—much better and sooner if you point out the terminations, and the nature of the syntax than if you leave him to detect them for himself. The thing is at last done *by the pupil himself*—for he reads the language—which was the thing to be done. All the help he has received has only enabled him to make a more economical use of his time, and to gain his end sooner. Never be afraid of wanting

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difficulties for your pupil; if means are rendered more easy, more will be expected. The animal will be compelled or induced to do all that he can do. M'Adam has made the roads better. Dr. Bell would have predicted, that the horses would get too fat; but the actual result is, that they are compelled to go ten miles an hour instead of eight.

'For teaching children, this too I think is to be observed, that, in most cases, where they stick, they are not to be farther puzzled, by putting them upon finding it out themselves; as by asking such questions as these, viz.—which is the nominative case in the sentence they are to construe? or demanding what "aufero" signifies, &c. when they cannot readily tell. This wastes time only, in disturbing them; for whilst they are learning, and apply themselves with attention, they are to be kept in good humor, and every thing made easy to them, and as pleasant as possible. Therefore, wherever they are at a stand, and are willing to go forwards, help them presently over the difficulty, without any rebuke or chiding; remembering that, where harsher ways are taken, they are the effect of pride and peevishness in the teacher, who expects children should instantly be masters of as much as he knows; whereas he should rather consider, that his business is to settle in them *habits*, not angrily to inculcate *rules*.'—*Locke on Education*, p. 74.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAST NUMBER OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

For many years we have been accustomed to look to Edinburgh, as the great intellectual capital and metropolis of English literature. Robertson, Blair, Beatie, Hume, Stewart, Burns, Brown, Chalmers, Scott, Jeffries, and other names of the same class, form a constellation in the galaxy of genius, talent and science, that have so culminated, one after the other, that when one has set, no night followed, but another rose with increasing brilliance. This may be considered an obvious cause, why the English world at length looks to that city for the first responses of the Delphic oracle, for the most authoritative *dicta*, touching the news in the intellectual empire, as well as for works of the highest worth and talent. But there must be concurring and unexplained causes, why Scotch works are now on *prima facie* view, estimated more talented and racy and interesting, than any other. The number of great writers, who have risen within the last century in Scotland in succession, will not alone account for the fact, or what is so reported to us, that Edinburgh is the publishing city of the British empire—that whole compact streets are appropriated to that employment—and that a work, on its first appearance, has the advantages of a better birth and parentage, to have been born in Edinburgh, than in London. It cannot be, at least we do not deem that men are born with higher intellectual endowments in Edinburgh, than in any other place. The cause of the supposed superiority of Scotch writers must be sought for in their nationality, the manner, in which they learn English as a foreign language, with the addition of their own quaint Doric, as supple-

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mental to English modes of expression, in something peculiar to their relation to history, to the English people and to the world. National character, probably, has much to do in solving the problem. Whatever the cause be, it is worth earnest investigation, where it lies; for the same causes operate the same effects every where. If the causes were well explained, if the traces, where we ought to dig for the golden mineral, were pointed out, it would give confidence and certainty to our own efforts and explorations for the same rich treasure. One thing is certain, and that is, that in the times of Thompson, it was thought a poet had no chance for coming out, and gaining patronage in Edinburgh. Dr. Johnson held *Scotchmen* and Scotch books, in contempt. It was the fashion, as any one ever so *little* conversant in literary history must know, to speak contemptuously of Scotchmen, Scotch books and things, the Scotch region, and every thing pertaining to Scotland. John Bull of London, tossed his curly front with as much contempt at the idea of talent or genius, or literary supremacy in Edinburgh, as many an Atlantic dolt does now at the supposition, that a man can think straight, read a book to profit, or express himself strongly and racily in the back woods west of the Alleghany mountains.

But all *that* error has not only passed away in reference to Scotland, but the *mind* has vibrated too far the other way, and many a lazy mind, *and prone to that* particular species of slavery, *addictus jurare in verba ullius magistri*, deems, that every thing, that is contained within the covers of the Edinburgh Review is not only true, but useful and sensible and worthy of imitation and in the highest taste. In looking it over, we see as in American reviews, lazy, careless, inconsequent, and sometimes exceedingly dull writing; writing, that one is astonished to find in a review with such a name; as prosing and leaden as we see in the most stupid of the efforts of our prosers. Indeed we have come to think, that with *all their* profound caculation, they have thought it one of policy and expediency to let their readers feel the full force of contrast, and to give alternately a very ponderous, and then a brilliant number, that the weight of the one may be felt, and the brightness of the other seen, with all the impression of opposition.

The one before us is marked with a white stone, and is the fortunate one. It fully sustains the high estimation of this journal. The profound articles are so without being heavy, and there is grace and interest even in the discussion of the expediency of importing foreign wool.

The second article is on India, as regards its freedom, trade and settlements, an article chiefly based on the journal and letters of the late bishop Heber. Men of all denominations, parties and opinions in the British empire seem to be agreed in their view and estimate of this evidently admirable man. The English episcopal clergy exultingly claim him, as a fair sample of what their church is calculated to produce; and the fiercest Scotch presbyterians allow, that this was a genuine specimen of what a dignified and opulent Christian minister ought to be. Here is a man at the very apex and pinnacle of society, who shows the unsophisticated heart, the genuine simplicity and the unadulterated taste of one uncorrupted by riches, and not intoxicated by honors. You hear him in his charming letters to his wife lamenting, that their lot was not cast in the

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more rustic, rural and simple regions of the interior, that they might lead a more simple and natural and useful life, than in the *haut ton*, the luxury, dissipation and pride and unnatural state of Calcutta. He is a man conspicuously kind, humble, tolerant and laborious in the same proportion, as he is opulent, learned and polished. You see him, viewing his honors and standing only as more efficient means of doing good; indulgent to all errors and infirmities but his own; anxious for the temporal happiness and moral improvement of his fellow creatures of every faith, tongue and compexion; liberal in the high and proper sense of the word, diffident of his own excellent judgment, regarding all men as the children of one God, and all Christians as the redeemed of one Saviour, and all Christian teachers as fellow-laborers bound to love, pray for, and help one another. Such was the admirable man, whom the episcopal church of England sent to heal the divisions, and to enlighten the darkness of the innumerable millions of British pagan and Christian subjects in India.

It is edifying and admirable, in these letters to contemplate the intercourse of this great and good man with the simple, and ignorant and oppressed heathens of this immense and populous country. You see nothing of the narrow, ignorant, positive young man, just let out from the stocks of a theological school, more anxious to teach them the *five points*, than Jesus Christ; but one more solicitous to relieve their wants, and enlighten their errors, than to mourn over them, as the slaves of satan and hell, merely because they believed not that religion, of which they had never heard. How indulgent, how kind, and courteous is he to them, and how admirably must his whole deportment have been calculated to make them think favorably of the new religion, of which he came among them, as one of its high priests!

Another thing, too, shows the difference between this man and the poor bigots, who have generally described these hundred millions either as it was important, that their statements should appear for a particular purpose in some theological magazine, to aid in getting up the funds for their conversion, or as they saw them through their own jaundiced and microscopic vision. He sees these Indians timid, superstitious, enslaved by the fooleries of their caste and their worship. He sees their barbarous and bloody rites of worship, as they are. But at the same time, he finds them, on the whole, amiable, intelligent, and with a great amount of good morals and good feeling among them. No civilized society, such for example, as that of India and China could exist for a day, if the great mass of the people were such, as we hear them every sabbath described in many of our pulpits. But their social system does exist in profound peace, from year to year, and from age to age, except when Christians invade their peaceful tribes to murder, and enslave them. If such men, as bishop Heber were missionaries, pagans would ultimately become Christians, and would see, and feel the infinite superiority, which Christians ought to show over pagans, without feeling it necessary to use the gloss of falsehood to make their previous state appear worse, than it was.

We have not read, take it altogether, a more interesting book, than that of which this article gives an account—a book, probably, more interesting and important, more graphic and faithful, because it gives the real domestic letters of this amiable man, as the sentiments come warm from his

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heart, without the care and studied caution, and book-making polish, which they would have had, if they had been intended, and prepared for publication.

Bishop Heber is known in this country, as a poet, too; and with a most favorable estimate of his verses. He has great sweetness, amenity, tenderness, and apostolic unction in his verses. He is the modern Cowper; less gifted, we think, with strength and power, but equally gentle, affectionate and evangelical. There have been various elaborate articles upon bishop Heber's posthumous writings, particularly his journal, and letters in the different reviews; but none, we think, more ample, interesting and laudatory, than this.

The next article is for archeologists. It is on the Papyri, Tachygraphy and Palimpsests of the past ages; particularly those found in Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is a treatise evincing great research and erudition. It is well known, that very little of the valuable lost writings of the ancients has yet been found. The most important of the discoveries have been some fragments of the writings of Cicero, and a treatise on music and some other writings of Philodemus, the Epicurean. But the reviewer thinks the chances greater, of recovering much more from these Palimpsests. Those ancient manuscripts are so called, from a Greek term, which implies *twice prepared* for writing. Many of the voluminous and useless works of the middle and dark ages, were written on ancient parchments, from which the ancient writing had been rubbed out by pumice stone, and completely erased. It is well known, that the ancients chiefly wrote with ink made from a preparation of charcoal, similar to the present India ink. They wrote, also, with a broad and stiff pen, which made wide and firm marks. Their ink was mixed up with a copious gum, and was rather painted, than written on the paper. But this mere charcoal painting was liable to so much fraud of easy and complete erasure, that they were obliged to use vinegar, and soon afterwards, some preparation of iron, similar to our copperas, to cause the ink to strike firmly into the paper or parchment. Hence most of these Palimpsests, although the ancient writing on them has been rubbed away, have vitriolic traces of the ancient letters remaining, which can be restored again, by rubbing the MS. with an infusion of galls, which blackens the ancient traces, and causes them to be legible to fine eye sight, sometimes assisted by a microscope. The diggings in Pompeii and Herculaneum have long been in a great measure suspended, owing to the revolutions and troubles, which have afflicted those parts of Italy. Herculaneum was covered with a thick and very hard superincumbent mass of lava, and digging into the streets and houses is expensive. Pompeii was buried under an inundation of mud. Digging into it is comparatively easy. The reviewer considers the discovery of decyphering the original writing of the Palimpsests, as a matter of paramount importance to the accessions of our knowledge of ancient literature. He considers it a source without limit to our hopes. He wishes, that all these Palimpsests may be collected, and cheaply printed, with nothing but the text. It is not improbable, that in this way the lost books of Livy, and other precious remains of antiquity may be found on parchment and papyri, in characters, which had been rubbed to give place to the stupid scribblings, and dozing devotions of lazy and ignorant monks.

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The next article is on our tariff, which it denounces from alpha to omega, as being throughout weak, rash and plunging, founded on doctrines, which the reviewer considers done away in England, and consigned to the rubbish of the schools and the dark ages. He says, that we open an asylum here not only for the poor and the oppressed of the old world, but for its superannuated and exploded mercantile errors. He affirms, that our tariff may hurt the British nation in some degree, but ourselves infinitely more. But he comforts himself, that the smuggler will set every thing to rights, and will completely redress them, however smuggling may affect us. He says, that British manufactures will find their way into the halls of congress, and the drawing rooms of Washington, in mockery of the impotent legislation, that would seek to exclude them. This is a beaten question, in which it is not our function to intermeddle. *Lis adhuc sub judice.*

The fifth article is a report on the police of the British metropolis, ordered to be printed by the house of commons, 1828. It treats of the causes and prevention of crimes. The only very interesting views, that we discovered in it, were those taken by various magistrates, who tried criminal causes, some of whom appear to have been strongly impressed, that the new and extraordinary efforts to extend all sorts of learning to the lower classes had had the tendency to increase the number of criminals and crimes. This idea the reviewer very properly reprobates, and shows, that it must have been founded on improper elements or false calculations.

The next article is on the recent polar expeditions, interesting, but long, technical and more calculated for British subjects, than American citizens. The article, that follows, advocates the free importation of wool into England, and is no way interesting to an American reader. The eighth article is the longest, and most elaborate in the volume, containing more than sixty pages. It is, moreover, one of the most witty, and pregnant with the best sly and caustic humor, in which this review is so celebrated for abounding. It is a review of a prodigious work of Jeremy Bentham's in 5 vols. This man seems to be the porcupine among British lawyers. He finds every thing in the jurisprudence and practise of British law inverted, and as bad, as possible. The whole system, according to him, is one immense magazine of fraud and lies from bottom to top. The lawyers and judges are rogues, who play into each other's hands, and he draws a grand outline of the whole with lamp black colors, and with a vengeance. Our whilom Honestus of Boston, in his crusade against the gentlemen of the green bag, preached from the same text, and, we should judge, took from Bentham the claim of originality, at least in purpose and intention. The causticity and the fine humor are so equally diffused through the whole tissue of the article, that we could no where quote an extract to the purpose. It is on the whole a delightful review, and the pleasure and the wit of it are worth the redemption of the whole number, if there were not another good article in it. They denominate the style of these books Benthamee.

The last article is on a sermon by Dr. Shuttleworth, at the festival of the sons of the clergy. This dignitary seems somewhat alarmed, lest the people were learning too much secular knowledge, and not enough re-

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ligion. The idea, that the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge among the people has any tendency to render them irreligious is combatted, and disproved by the reviewer, who finds, on the whole, that the sermon is harmless of that bigotry and denunciation of secular learning, which rumor had charged to it. He thinks, that the distinguished prelate, author of the sermon, might join, without inconsistency with the doctrines of his sermon, in any of the great efforts, which are now making in England, to bring knowledge within the reach of the common people.

We have reserved the choicest article, though the first in the review, for the last, as feeling, that it ought to follow the scripture reversal—and that any thing, after this splendid effusion, would seem bathos and anti-climax. We scarcely remember to have met with a more splendid article, in the whole course of the volumes of this review. It has that cheering, delightful, and invigorating effect of witnessing high power of any sort, and of filling the mind and the imagination, kindling great and glorious emotions, analogous to such, as must have stimulated the writer, and producing on the mind the united impression of music and eloquence of a high order, acting in union. This is an article on the life of Burns, by J. G. Lockhart, LL.B., Edinburgh, 1829. The reader would scarcely derive more pleasure from reading this glorious effort, than we should in giving it entire. Every one, to whom the Edinburgh Review is accessible, will of course repair to it, and read it. There are not many such articles appearing in one age in any country. It has one unpleasant effect in the reading it. We must read a great amount of common-place afterwards. A dwarf always looks more dwarfish, after the contrasted contemplation of a giant; and common-place writing seems more mean, stale, flat and unprofitable, after reading such an article as this, until something of the impression of contrast is worn away. Instead of comments, we shall give extracts. Speaking of the cotemporary neglect, with which Burns met, the review observes—

'We do not know whether it is not an aggravation of the injustice, that there is generally a posthumous retribution. Robert Burns, in the course of nature, might yet have been living: but his short life was spent in toil and penury; and he died in the prime of his manhood, miserable and neglected; and yet already a brave mausoleum shines over his dust, and more than one splendid monument has been reared in other places to his fame: the street where he languished in poverty is called by his name; the highest personages in our literature have been proud to appear as his commentators and admirers, and here is the *sixth* narrative of his *Life,* that has been given to the world!'

Yes, the rich cattle of his day scanned him, and talked about him, and some said, he had some smartness, and 'twas pity, he was so poor; and the little fish critics found fault, and many a small sparrow chirped about him, and the poor souls never dreamed, while the little dogs barked at him, what sort of a prophet was in the midst of them.

'A true Poet,' observes the reviewer, is, 'a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the "Eternal Melodies," is the most precious

gift that can be bestowed on a generation: we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us, and we mourn his death, as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

'Such a gift had Nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queenlike indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognised it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own was not given. Destiny—for so in our ignorance we must speak—his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit, which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature; and in her bleakest provinces, discerns a beauty and a meaning! The "Daisy" falls not unheeded under his ploughshare; nor the ruined nest of that "wee, cowering, timorous beastie," cast forth, after all its provident pains, to "thole the sleety dribble, and cranreuch cauld." The "hoar visage" of Winter delights him: he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness in these scenes of solemn desolation; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for "it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*" A true Poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling, what trustful, boundless love, what generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of Earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him: Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart: and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence, he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence, no cold, suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The peasant Poet bears himself, we might say, like a King in exile: he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth or ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in that dark eye, under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of Poetry and Manhood. And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay, throws himself into their arms; and, as it were, intreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbosoms himself, often to the unworthy; and, amid tears, strains to his glowing

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heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship. And yet he was "quick to learn;" a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his Heart. And so did our Peasant show himself among us; "a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise duties upon tallow, and guaging alebarrels! In such toils was that mighty Spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.'

We do not know, where we can find, in the same space, so much just and eloquent criticism, which approves itself to every man's consciousness, as in the following:

'After every just deduction, it seems to imply some rare excellence in these works. What is that excellence?

'To answer this question will not lead us far. The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognised: his *Sincerity*, his indisputable air of Truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow fantastic sentimentalities; no wiredrawn refinings, either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience; it is the scenes he has lived and labored amidst, that he describes: those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it, too, with such melody and modulation as he can; "in homely rustic jingle;" but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them: let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself. Horace's rule, *Si vis me flere*, is applicable in a wider sense than the literal one. To every poet, to every writer, we might say: Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition, of his own heart, and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank, or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

'This may appear a very simple principle, and one which Burns had little merit in discovering. True, the discovery is easy enough: but the practical appliance is not easy; is indeed the fundamental difficulty which all poets have to strive with, and which scarcely one in the hundred ever fairly surmounts. A head too dull to discriminate the true from the false; a heart too dull to love the one at all risks, and to hate the other in spite of all temptations, are alike fatal to a writer. With either, or, as more commonly happens, with both, of these

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deficiencies, combine a love of distinction, a wish to be original, which is seldom wanting, and we have Affectation, the bane of literature, as Cant, its elder brother, is of morals. How often does the one and the other front us, in poetry, as in life! Great poets themselves are not always free of this vice; nay, it is precisely on a certain sort and degree of greatness that it is most commonly ingrafted. A strong effort after excellence will sometimes solace itself with a mere shadow of success, and he who has much to unfold, will sometimes unfold it imperfectly. Byron, for instance, was no common man: yet if we examine his poetry with this view, we shall find it far enough from faultless. Generally speaking, we should say that it is not true. He refreshes us, not with the divine fountain, but too often with vulgar strong waters, stimulating indeed to the taste, but soon ending in dislike, or even nausea. Are his Harolds and Giaours, we would ask, real men, we mean, poetically consistent and conceivable men? Do not these characters, does not the character of their author, which more or less shines through them all, rather appear a thing put on for the occasion; no natural or possible mode of being, but something intended to look much grander than nature? Surely, all these stormful agonies, this volcanic heroism, superhuman contempt, and moody desperation, with so much scowling, and teeth-gnashing, and other sulphurous humors, is more like the brawling of a player in some paltry tragedy, which is to last three hours, than the bearing of a man in the business of life, which is to last three score and ten years. To our minds, there is a taint of this sort, something which we should call theatrical, false, and affected, in every one of these otherwise powerful pieces. Perhaps *Don Juan*, especially the latter parts of it, is the only thing approaching to a *sincere* work, he ever wrote; the only work where he showed himself, in any measure, as he was; and seemed so intent on his subject as, for moments, to forget himself. Yet Byron hated this vice; we believe, heartily detested it; nay, he had declared formal war against it in words. So difficult is it even for the strongest to make this primary attainment, which might seem the simplest of all: to *read its own consciousness without mistakes*, without errors involuntary or wilful! We recollect no poet of Burns's susceptibility who comes before us from the first, and abides with us to the last, with such a total want of affectation. He is an honest man, and an honest writer. In his successes and his failures, in his greatness and his littleness, he is ever clear, simple, true; and glitters with no lustre but his own. We reckon this to be a great virtue; to be, in fact, the root of most other virtues, literary as well as moral.'

His letters, though witty and showing a racy and vigorous mind, are stiff, strained, twisted, inflated, 'the stilting emphasis of which contrasts ill with the firmness and simplicity of even his poorest verses.' The reviewer thinks, as we have so often attempted, in our manner, to say and sing, that a true, real and gifted writer needs not go abroad after lords and knights and spectres and virgins of the sun, to distant and foreign lands, to find a far-fetched and dear bought present for ladies. Human nature is to him every where the same material of inexhaustible and bottomless interest. The men, that surround us, and with whom we have daily intercourse, the men of our towns, fields and rivers, are subjects of interest, as highly, and as richly worthy of the poet's and the painter's pen, as the

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mountaineers of Scotland, as the *robbers* of Schiller. Wherever there is a Theocritus, there is the sweet pastoral. Wherever there is a Burns, his pencil gives greatness and immortality to the subject, wherever and whatever *it* be.

He had an intellect of singularly vigorous perception, and an enthusiastic and impassioned predilection for poetry. The grand distinction of his nature was a fervid affection, an all-embracing love, an overwhelming energy of high and strong feeling.

'Not man only, but all that environs man in the material and moral univere is *lovely in his sight*: "the hoary hawthorn," the "troop of grey plover," the "solitary curlew," all are dear to him; all live in this Earth along with him, and to all he is knit as in mysterious brotherhood. How touching is it, for instance, that amidst the gloom of personal misery, brooding over the wintry desolation without him and within him, he thinks of the "ourie cattle" and "silly sheep," and their sufferings in the pitiless storm!'

"*I* thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' wintry war;
Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scaur.

"Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
And close thy ee?"

The tenant of the mean hut, with its "ragged roof and chinky wall," has a heart to pity even these' This, is worth several homilies on Mercy: for it is the voice of Mercy herself. Burns, indeed, lives in sympathy; his soul rushes forth into all realms of being; nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him The very Devil, he cannot hate with right orthodoxy!

"But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben;
O wad ye tak a thought and men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake!"

He did not know, probably, that Sterne had been beforehand with him. "He is the father of curses and lies," said Dr. Slop; "and is cursed and damned already."—"I am sorry for it," quoth my uncle Toby!—"A poet without Love, were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."

'Why should we speak of *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;* since all know it, from the king to the meanest of his subjects? This dithyrambic was composed

on horseback; in riding in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forbore to speak,—judiciously enough—for a man composing *Bruce's Address* might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns: but to the external ear, it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode, the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen.

'Another wild stormful song, that dwells in our ear and mind with a strange tenacity, is *Macpherson's Farewell*. Perhaps there is something in the tradition itself that co-operates. For was not this grim Celt, this shaggy Northland Cacus, that "lived a life of strut and strife, and died by treacherie," was not he too one of the Nimrods and Napoleons of the earth, in the arena of his own remote misty glens, for want of a clearer and wider one? Nay, was there not a touch of grace given him? A fibre of love and softness, of poetry itself, must have lived in his savage heart; for he composed that air the night before his execution; on the wings of that poor melody, his better soul would soar away above oblivion, pain, and all the ignominy and despair, which, like an avalanche, was hurling him to the abyss! Here also, as at Thebes, and in Pelops' line, was material Fate matched against man's Free-will; matched in bitterest though obscure duel; and the ethereal soul sunk not, even in its blindness, without a cry which has survived it. But who, except Burns, could have given words to such a soul; words that we never listen to without a strange half-barbarous, half-poetic fellow-feeling?'

> "*Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,*
> *Sae dauntingly gaed he;*
> *He play'd a spring, and danced it round,*
> *Below the gallows tree.*"

'Tam o' Shanter' is in the highest favor of Burn's verses, with common readers. The reviewer thinks, that, as a composition of art, 'The Jolly Beggars,' which does not appear in the common editions, is his finest piece. By far the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns are without disguise, to be found among his songs. The reviewer thinks so highly of his intellectual vigor and power, that he deems, if Burns had had the advantage of a complete and finished early education, he would have produced an entire revolution and new moulding of English literature. He was a most enthusiastic lover of old Scotland, and his glorious visions in the midst of poverty and toil, while following his plowtail, upon the rugged sides of his mountains, were to be able to sing songs, that would reflect honor upon his 'aine dear country.' But he was poor even beyond the cheapest common education.

'Burns remained a hard-worked plough-boy, and British literature took its own course. Nevertheless, even in this rugged scene, there is much to nourish him. If he drudges, it is with his brother, and for his father and mother, whom he loves, and would fain shield from want. Wisdom is not banished from their poor hearth, nor the balm of natural feeling: the solemn words, *Let us worship God*,

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are heard there from a "priest-like father;" if threatenings of unjust men throw mother and children into tears, these are tears not of grief only, but of holiest affection; every heart in that humble group feels itself the closer knit to every other; in their hard warfare they are together, a "little band of brethren." Neither are such tears, and the deep beauty that dwells in them, their only portion. Light visits the hearts as it does the eyes of all living: there is a force, too, in this youth, that enables him to trample on misfortune; nay, to bind it under his feet to make him sport. For a bold, warm, buoyant humor of character has been given him; and so the thick-coming shapes of evil are welcomed with a gay, friendly irony, and in their closest pressure, he bates no jot of heart or hope. Vague yearnings of ambition fail not, as he grows up; dreamy fancies hang like cloud-cities around him; the curtain of Existence is slowly rising, in many-colored splendor and gloom: and the auroral light of first love is gilding his horizon, and the music of song is on his path; and so he walks

> ———"in glory and in joy,
> Behind his plough, upon the mountain side!"

'We know, from the best evidence, that up to this date, Burns was happy; nay, that he was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be *found in the world*; more so even that he ever afterwards appeared. But now, *at this early age*, he quits the paternal roof; goes forth into looser, louder, more exciting society; and becomes initiated in those dissipations, those vices, which a certain class of philosophers have asserted to be a natural preparative for entering on active life; a kind of mud-bath, in which the youth is, as it were, necessitated to steep, and, we suppose, cleanse himself, before the real toga of Manhood can he laid on him. We shall not dispute much with this class of philosophers; we hope they are mistaken; for Sin and Remorse so easily beset us at all stages of life, and are always such indifferent company, that it seems hard we should, at any stage, be forced and fated not only to meet, but to yield to them; and even serve for a term in their leprous armada. We hope it is not so. Clear we are, at all events, it cannot be the training one receives in this service, but only our determining to desert from it, that fits us for true manly Action. We become men, not after we have been dissipated, and disappointed in the chase of false pleasure; but after we have ascertained in any way, what impassable barriers hem us in through this life; how mad it is to hope for contentment to our infinite soul from the *gifts* of this extremely finite world; that a man must be sufficient for himself; and that "for suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing." Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with Necessity; begins, at all events, when we have surrendered to Necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have *reconciled* ourseleves to Necessity; and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt that in Necessity, we are free. Surely, such lessons as this last, which, in one shape or other, is the grand lesson for every mortal man, are better learned from the lips of a devout mother, in the looks and actions of a devout father, while the heart is yet soft and pliant, than in collision with the sharp adamant of Fate, attracting us to shipwreck us, when the heart is grown hard, and may be broken, before it will become contrite! Had Burns continued to learn this, as he was already learning it, in his father's cottage, he would have learned it fully,

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which he never did—and been saved many a lasting aberration, many a bitter hour and year of remorseful sorrow.'

Circumstances of gloom and of fatal import to his peace continued to thicken round him. 'While the gloomy night is gathering fast, in mental storm and solitude, as well as physical, he sings his wild farewell to Scotland:'

> "Farewell, my friends, farewell, my foes!
> My peace with these, my love with those:
> The bursting tears my heart declare;
> Adieu, my native banks of Ayr!"

Light flashed upon him for a moment in floods. He was invited to Edinburgh, and a more interesting narrative cannot well be given, than that of his reception there. Amidst the intellectual giants, amidst the opulent and polished and titled and high bred of that city, the Scottish peasant appeared calm, simple, unabashed, unflattering, independent, and yet modest and showing in his whole manner, that fortune had for a moment restored him to the society of his equals. Most of our readers have met with Lockhart's, and Walter Scott's account of this matter, and it would be superfluous to repeat it here.

The literary patrons of that day talked of the meanness of former ages to literary men, and from their conversations, went away to enact the same meanness in reference to Burns. At length they made him a guager!!! He proved, that his heart was warm on the left side of his bosom, for he settled immediately a part of his pittance on his poor mother, then a widow. They dinnered him, too, and flattered him, and made a show of him, and let in the deceitful glare of opulence for a moment only to increase the gloom and despair, that ensued. A very affecting anecdote is here given, which is too long for insertion. It relates in brief, that Burns in the days of his darkness and decline, was shunned, *cut*, we believe, the cant phrase is, by the aristocracy of Dumfries, the rich and distinguished representatives of the Grocerdom and Grazierdom of that vicinity. All the fashion and beauty, as we say here, of the surrounding country was at a country ball in Dumfries, of a fine summer evening. One side of the street was all gay with groups of these mirrors of knighthood and beauty, apparently shunning Burns, who walked, sorrowful and alone, on the opposite side. A friend proposed to him to cross over, and join the gay show. 'Nay, nay, my young friend,' said he, 'that's all over now;' and immediately quoted some beautiful verses of lady Grizzel Baillie's ballad, which imply, that all that would have been right formerly, when he was young and gay; and it ends thus: 'And were na my heart light I wad die.'

We give the following beautiful extract with its inimitable close entire:

'Alas! when we think that Burns now sleeps "where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart,"* and that most of those fair dames and frizzled gentlemen already lie at his side, where the breastwork of Gentility is quite

* *Ubi sæva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit.*—Swift's Epitaph.

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thrown down—who would not sigh over the thin delusions and foolish toys that divide heart from heart, and make man unmerciful to his brother!

'It was not now to be hoped that the genius of Burns would ever reach maturity, or accomplish aught worthy of itself. His spirit was jarred in its melody; not the soft breath of natural feeling, but the rude hand of Fate, was now sweeping over the strings. And yet what harmony was in him, what music even in discords! How the wild tones had a charm for the simplest and the wisest; and all men felt and knew that here also was one of the Gifted! "If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and *all his guests* were assembled!" Some brief, pure moments of poetic life were yet appointed him, in the composition of his Songs. We can understand how he grasped at this employment; and how, too, he spurned all other reward for it but what the labor itself brought him. For the soul of Burns, though scathed and marred, was yet living in its full moral strength, though sharply conscious of its errors and abasement; and here, in his destitution and degradation, was one act of seeming nobleness and self-devotedness left even for him to perform. He felt, too, that with all the "thoughtless follies that had laid him low," the world was unjust and cruel to him; and he silently appealed to another and calmer time. Not as a hired soldier, but as a patriot, would he strive for the glory of his country: so he cast from him the poor sixpence a-day, and served zealously as a volunteer. Let us not grudge him this last luxury of his existence; let him not have appealed to us in vain! The money was not necessary to him; he struggled through without it: long since, these guineas would have been gone, and now the high-mindedness of refusing them, will plead for him in all hearts for ever.

'We are here arrived at the crisis of Burns's life; for matters had now taken such a shape with him as could not long continue. If improvement was not to be looked for, Nature could only for a limited time maintain this dark and maddening warfare against the world and itself. We are not medically informed whether any continuance of years was, at this period, probable for Burns; whether his death is to be looked on as in some sense an accidental event, or only as the natural consequence of the long series of events that had preceded. The latter seems to be the likelier opinion; and yet it is by no means a certain one. At all events, as we have said, *some* change could not be very distant. Three gates of deliverance, it seems to us, were open for Burns: clear poetical activity; madness; or death. The first, with longer life, was still possible, though not probable; for physical causes were beginning to be concerned in it; and yet Burns had an iron resolution; could he but have seen and felt, that not only his highest glory, but his first duty, and the true medicine for all his woes, lay here. The second was still less probable; for his mind was ever among the clearest and firmest. So the milder third gate was opened for him: and he passed, not softly, yet speedily, into that still country, where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load!

A number of just reflections, perhaps equally eloquent with what we have quoted, follow. We have only space for two or three of the leading ideas. Literary men have in all ages suffered in this way. Money alone will not relieve their case. There are very few patrons, who can give

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money, or men of genius receive it, without the insolence of patronage on the one part, or the abjectness of flattery and dependence on the other. Burns, brought up among a race of stern bigots, was inclined to vibrate too wide in faith from their revolting creed, and gave himself up to the restlessness and gloom of free thinking. He wanted an understanding of his proper gift and function, and directness of purpose. We cannot avoid one quotation more.

'Doubtless there was a remedy for this perverseness; but not in others; only in himself; least of all in simple increase of wealth and worldly "respectability." We hope we have now heard enough about the efficacy of wealth for poetry, and to make poets happy. Nay, have we not seen another instance of it in these very days? Byron, a man of an endowment considerably less ethereal than that of Burns, is born in the rank not of a Scottish ploughman, but of an English peer: the highest worldly honors, the fairest worldly career, are his by inheritance; the richest harvest of fame he soon reaps, in another province, by his own hand. And what does all this avail him? Is he happy, is he good, is he true? Alas, he has a poet's soul, and strives towards the Infinite and the Eternal; and soon feels that all this is but mounting to the house-top to reach the stars! Like Burns, he is only a proud man; might like him have "purchased a pocket-copy of Milton to study the character of Satan;" for Satan also is Byron's grand exemplar, the hero of his poetry, and the model apparently of his conduct. As in Burns's case too, the celestial element will not mingle with the clay of earth; both poet and man of the world he must not be; vulgar Ambition will not live kindly with poet Adoration; he *cannot* serve God and Mammon. Byron, like Burns, is not happy; nay, he is the most wretched of all men. His life is falsely arranged: the fire that is in him is not a strong, still, central fire, warming into beauty the product of a world; but it is the mad fire of a volcano; and now—we look sadly into the ashes of a crater, which, erelong, will fill itself with snow!

'Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher Doctrine, a purer Truth: they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain, this divine behest lay smouldering within them; for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the Unconverted. Yet not as high messengers of rigorous though benignant truth, but as soft flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship will they live there: they are at first adulated, then persecuted; they accomplish little for others; they find no peace for themselves, but only death and the peace of the grave. We confess, it is not without a certain mournful awe that we view the fate of these noble souls, so richly gifted, yet ruined to so little purpose with all their gifts. It seems to us there is a stern moral taught in this piece of history,—*twice* told us in our own time! Surely to men of like genius, if there be any such, it carries with it a lesson of deep impressive significance. Surely it would become such a man, furnished for the highest of all enterprises, that of being the Poet of his Age, to consider well what it is that he attempts, and in what spirit he attempts it. For the words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems, must make his whole life a heroic poem."'

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'With our readers in general, with men of right feeling any where, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration, he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakspeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves; this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye: For this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!'

We remark, in conclusion, of this most splendid composition, from which we have so liberally quoted, that the writer, in the spirit and fire of his Pegasus, has trespassed two or three false and redundant and over-glaring paragraphs, which are spots in this review. Of this the last paragraph, but one, is a striking example.

ROBERT OWEN's *Opening Speech, and his reply to the Rev.* ALEXANDER CAMPBELL *in the recent public discussion in Cincinnati, to prove, that the principles of all religion are erroneous, &c. establishing a new political and moral system of government, founded on the laws of nature.* Cincinnati. Published for Robert Owen. 1829. pp 226.

THE general intentions of this book may be gathered from the title. Its avowed objects will be best explained by the dedication.

'Dedicated to the Governments who desire to relieve the governed from the evils proceeding from the misdirection of mechanical inventions;—by forming arrangements to give the rising generation a superior character from birth, and to render them, by a right direction of their physical and mental capacities, secure, without national or individual contest, in the enjoyment of the necessaries and luxuries of life, requisite for their progressive improvement and happiness.'

It is our painful duty to feel compelled to review this book; we say painful, because the calm decision of reason, philosophy, and impartial justice will not satisfy that large and very powerful portion of the community—self called orthodox, who denounce this book and its author, not because they know any thing about the system, except from mere vulgar rumor, but because it is their function to denounce and condemn, in toto, and by the whole sale, not remembering, or if remembering, not allowing, that truth is simple, incorruptible, eternal—that a truth found in Mr. Owen's book is not the less a truth, because in company with dangerous and fatal errors—and that the purity and incorruptibility and importance of the truth is no way stained, or diminished, or deprived of its value and natural tendency by the company in which it is found. It is far the more painful, because truth and duty compel us to enter our strongest and most solemn protest against the leading principles of the book, while the same

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obligation and independence equally compel us to declare that there are in our view, many important and useful thoughts incidentally brought to light in the 'social system,' which Christians would do well to ponder and learn from an enemy, and which are neither the less true, nor the less important, because they are advocated by an atheist. It is still further painful, because 'circumstances' as Mr. Owen would say, have compelled us to an acquaintance of intimacy with the author; and while the highest obligations, by which a man is bound to his country and his kind, compel us to hold up to the strongest light the desolating and horrible results, which, we are clear, would flow from the adoption of the system, we owe it to all our feelings to declare that so far as regarded his intercourse with us, we were never acquainted with a more amiable man, than Mr. Owen, the atheist and author of this book. We leave it to others to explain how this can be. No one will need to be informed, how uniformly painful it is to a virtuous mind, to feel a paramount obligation to expose the folly, weakness and fatal tendency of a system, while we entertain personal feelings of kindness and good will to the author. Under these circumstances we are placed, in reference to the book before us, and its author. Disregarding every other consideration, than our most matured and deepest impressions of duty, that have arisen in our mind from a very attentive reading of the book, we shall present those impressions faithfully, and shall allow the consequences of so speaking to take care of themselves. We have heard so many opinions, touching the book and the author, and withal so entirely variant and contradictory, that we should be obliged after all, thus to speak; because we challenge any one, who has heard, and read, and seen, as we have, in reference to this thing, to make up any judgment founded on the testimony and opinions of others. Some Europeans, recently from the other side of the water, will tell you, that the system is gaining ground in Europe, and that the author has a high and growing estimation; and others, that the system and the author have so totally ceased to interest the great community, that they think not enough upon the subject to make it matter of interest, conversation, refutation, contempt or even ridicule. Equally opposite views are taken of the sincerity, good sense, and even veracity of the author. Not to go over the sea for proofs of this diametrically opposite portrait of the same man, you may obtain alternately the one and the other, in almost every two persons, who shall visit you from New Harmony.

In like manner they will pronounce him a profound philosopher, or a man of mere common endowment, a man of most agreeable person and manners, or odious and disagreeable, just as their opinions of the system happen to be. For us, circumstances, which took place during the discussion, left no doubt on our mind, that his intellect was originally one of great natural shrewdness and power. It is true, he professed not to be ready at extemporaneous speaking and discussion, always claiming the privilege of reading from his notes, and frequently stating, that his ideas were slow in flowing, that he had not been trained, like his antagonist, to readiness and fluency. The happiest of his sallies during the debate, appeared to have been shook out of him by the unceremonious handling of his adversary; and we consider him one of those men, who would have said more good things, during the debate, if not a word had been premeditated, and he had had the

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plenary confidence of his antagonist, to talk on, according, as the sparks were struck out of him by the collision of his adversary. Infinitely the most felicitous thing which was said, during the debate, and with which the public is sufficiently acquainted, was his admirable retort, when charged with having publicly declared, that Cincinnati would be unpeopled in three years.

We consider him to have possessed, originally, talents of superior endowment, of quickness and keenness of penetration, and more than all, an admirable grasp of tact to measure the intellect, temperament and character of the persons, with whom he is brought in contact. In other words, we consider him to have quick and profound views of character, or knowledge of human nature, not as it is in the mass, but as it is in the persons with whom he is brought in contact. He acknowledges, what every reader of disernment will see in this book, that he is no trained scholar, that he is unacquainted with the scholastic mysteries, and even with any other grammatical knowledge of his own language, than what results from having read, and conversed much; mixing much in the best society, and having been brought of necessity in contact with the most powerful minds.

With this knowledge of him, every judicious reader, instead of being offended with the uncouth moulding of many of his sentences, and the half formed and out of the way mode of his expressing many of his thoughts, will rather be astonished, that a man, so trained, could express them so well; that he so seldom commits grammatical or rhetorical errors, and that he generally writes English with so much simplicity and purity. He has a quaint and original way of expressing himself, which pleases from its freshness and artlessness. Occasionally he expresses a thought with singular brevity and force, and we shall have occasion to remark, in his journal of his voyage to Mexico, that two or three times, he evidences, that he possesses a mind keenly susceptible of feelings of sublimity and pleasure from the grandeur and beauty of nature. It is true, his mind is so thoroughly imbued with his system, he has said, travelled, done and suffered so much for it, and has fostered it so long with his money, and has dandled this dear infant so long at his bosom and on his knees, and notwithstanding all his philosophic disclaimers of expectation or desire of posthumous fame, so earnestly, and perhaps, unconsciously expects to leave this heir behind him, as a perpetual memorial of the founder of the social system, that he dwells upon the subject to repetition. Like the far famed individual, my Lord Timothy Dexter, who in his original book, the 'pickle for knowing ones,' signed his name at the bottom of every page, through fear, that the reader would lose sight of the remembrance and the glory of the writer, if it were not thus frequently forced before his eye, Mr. Owen cannot long refuse his reader the repetition of the luxury of the twelve fundamental laws. Of course, they are repeated twice in this book, and are served up to you, after the fashion of the variations of a tune on the piano, many times more. It is the more unnecessary, therefore, for us to repeat them—as one, or two of them involve all the rest, which flow from the admission of these first principles necessarily, and too obviously and easily, to require, that they should be made out, as distinct laws. The superstructure of the social system rests, as it seems to us, in Mr. Owen's view of it, upon two points. 1st. What has been called fatalism—the doctrine

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of pure philosophical necessity, or, as he has chosen to present it, the necessity of 'circumstances.' 2d. Pure, simple, unqualified atheism. Perhaps we ought to class with these two, a third dogma, which requires sensible, or mathematical evidence, or a certainty near to these, in order to produce those convictions, which ought to regulate our conduct. It will be seen, that this maxim goes almost to the demolition of what is called moral, or historical evidence, or testimony. When any fact is declared in history, or on testimony, that cannot be demonstrated to be true, it will be manifest, that on this system, it will be found to be contradicted by some one of the twelve fundamental laws, and will be therefore discarded. The *git*—the grand point of this whole school seems to be, to insist most rigidly upon such evidence for all matters of belief, as will exclude the possibility of doubt, or of entertaining more than one opinion. Such, the reader will remember, is the grand argument of Volney against Christianity in his 'Ruins.'

As to his first point, *fatalism*, in which all his twelve fundamental laws are virtually included, we do not propose at all to discuss the question of its truth or falsehood. The reader knows, it is one of the most beaten subjects, that ever was handled; and being a subject of dispute, involving only words without ideas, not only never can be settled, but if it could be, would not have the slightest conceivable bearing upon human interest or conduct. The only fruit, that has resulted from the argument is a general concession on all hands, that men must continue to act, under the admission of the doctrine of fatalism, just as they do under that of free will. The reader will go back, in recollecting the disputants upon this question, to the times of Zeno, who held to the doctrine of a pure, simple fate, in fact the controlling principle of the universe. In the Christian school it has been the grand doctrine of the advocates of *decrees*, or the principle, that the divine fore knowledge excludes contingency. Calvin has been the most renowned advocate of this system in modern times; and in America, Edwards is unquestionably the most acute author upon the subject, that ever has written. Emmons and Hopkins have produced a new school on the same general basis of fate; and very many learned American divines have hammered hard upon the cushion to work this unmalleable substance into the form and comeliness of edifying sermons. Many a good Christian has had most profound and refreshing sleep, while the pithy point was in discussion from the pulpit, how man could be free to act, when every action was unchangeably fixed from all eternity—the wit of this most sapient logic, generally consisting in the ultimate assertion, that so long as men feel not this invincible necessity of the divine decrees operating upon their motives, so long it was to them, as though it had not been.—Strange, that these same men should be the first to regard Mr. Owen's general tenets with so much horror, when the prominent tenet of his sect and theirs amounts precisely to the same thing, the whole difference being in terms. Mr. Owen's fatalism is that of 'circumstances.' The mind, according to it, has no free will, but receives all its impulses from abroad; having no more of self-motion than matter. The supreme power, which it will be observed in his book, he denominates *it*, instead of He, is anterior to this chain of circumstances, which controls every thing in our world. He has at length been made to see the folly of travelling up and

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down the earth, and to and fro in it, like another system maker, to inculcate on men the necessity of exerting their moral power and free will to change *unchangeable* circumstances. The first principle in his system goes to prove, that believers in free will must necessarily remain so, till circumstances produced conviction. With some degree of ingenuity, he has now met that difficulty by saying, that the doctrines of his system become a new chain of circumstances to alter the ancient convictions of free will. He cannot be made to see, that the same circumstances, which, according to his system, operate on him to preach this doctrine, operate upon the hearers to retain their old opinions. It is absolutely impossible for men to act on any other presumption, than that the mind is a self moving power, originating its own volitions within itself. The Turks are said to be most unshaken believers in absolute predestination. Yet they act precisely, as do the nations that believe in free will. 'It is written on my forehead,' says the Bashaw, as he leads his troops to battle. Yet he is found making the same arrangements for securing victory, as if he believed it a mere matter of calculation and judicious arrangement. 'It is written,' says the Calvinists. All things are foreordained, whatsoever comes to pass; of consequence his faith in predestination, and mine in free will; but yet he is soon angry, and ready to denounce his antagonist to destruction for holding an opinion, which according to his own showing, he is obliged to hold, by the decree of the omnipotent. The whole business of the discussion is mere foolery, utterly unworthy of men of reason and common sense. The Calvinist tells you, that every thing is unchangeable, and yet is angry with you, that you do not change, and come over to his opinions. The Turk believes, that every one's last hour is written on his forehead by the Eternal; and yet when the plague comes near him, he interdicts all communication between his house and that of the infected. Mr. Owen talks about the fatalism of circumstances; and yet he is travelling over the globe, to pursue a course of conduct, which can only be predicated on the supposition, that men can take this course or that, as they choose. The truth is, that persuasion, that the mind has a self moving power, or in other words, capacity to originate volition, is matter not of speculation, but of *feeling and consciousness*. You may as easily convince a man, that he has not the head ache, or the gout, when he feels them, as that he has no power to begin, or forbear a course of action. Every man looks back upon some parts of his conduct with approbation, and upon others with regret; and this is the testimony of our own consciousness, that we could have done otherwise. To dispute with any man against his moral freedom, is precisely the same degree of wisdom as to attempt to argue him out of his feelings or consciousness. If belief in fatalism could have any bearing upon our conduct, it would be, to make us perfectly passive. Nor can we perceive, upon what principle a firm believer in fatalism could ever perform one act, which we commonly denominate voluntary.

But upon this grand point, every thing turns in Mr. Owen's system.—This *mischievous* belief in free will is, according to him, the Pandemonium, the source of all the evils and miseries, which so abound in the earth. All this he charges to the account of Christianity—as though that system originated the dispute about free will, when not a word, we believe is said about the doctrine, from the commencement to the close of the bible, ex-

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cept, perhaps, to speak of the dispute as the babbling of some philosophers, who know not what they speak, nor whereof they affirm. Nor does he remember, that whole schools of Christian believers, and as they affirm, the great body of Christians in all ages virtually deny the system of free will still more strongly than Mr. Owen himself.

Man being, according to him, a passive creature of circumstances, he is properly under no accountability, and cannot be justly subject to a law, as such. No praise or blame ought to be predicated of his conduct; and of course, every thing in the present order of society turning upon praise and blame, reward and punishment as their grand hinge, every thing is therefore radically wrong. To alter all this, schools of infants must be established, and every human being must be surrounded from his birth by circumstances, which will as necessarily make him good and happy, as they have heretofore made him wicked and miserable. That he is able to do this, is his own naked assertion. That he has done it, would go farther to produce conviction, than a thousand volumes of arguments. He asserts, that he has, and refers to his grand experiment at New Lanark in proof.—We are after all, obliged to take his word for it; and unhappily for the system, there are many, who have seen the children there, who represent the fact diametrically opposite.

It is most ridiculously absurd, to suppose that not only that part of the character, that is generally held to be influenced by reason, can be changed, but even that part, which is deemed matter of physical and animal endowment. We know, that some are naturally vicious, and others naturally amiable. He is sure, that he can alter all this by the moulding power of his system. When we referred him to the unchangeable differences of the lower animals, the cunning and the love of poultry of the fox—the natural impulse to move into the water of the web-footed animals, &c.—he replies by a sagacious look and an intimation that animals have been badly reared, and may be in a great measure trained out of their instincts. But when cats change nature with rabbits, and foxes with sloths, when barn fowls instinctively swim, and ducks avoid the water, then we will believe, that any system of education, however early and efficient, will new mould human nature, so as to form all beings, that are born with all their differences of temperament, so that they can live together in love and peace, without law or restraint.

It is necessary to take but a small and birds eye view of a section of this grand scheme, that is thus to new mould the world, to see the folly and futility of it. Men are to be thrown together over the whole earth in small communities of not less than three hundred, and not more than two thousand. The most delightful and romantic picture is given of these parallelogram communities. They are to push their gardens, as they lengthen their cords, till community touches community in a space of the most perfect cultivation, and the most delightful scenic landscape gardening, and in the most ample abundance of 'the best of every thing for human nature.' These parallelograms are to be refrigerated in summer and warmed in winter to the requisite temperature for the different habits of the occupants. An idea of Mr. Owen's, somewhat original, as far as we know, is this, that much of the strong liking and disliking, the loves and antipathies, that have been differently attempted to be explained, by some

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on the principle of animal magnetism, are really in a great measure caused by the parties being placed in a temperature conformable or not conformable to their requisite temperament and habit of body. All this is to be in this way mechanically remedied; and love and good feeling to receive infinite physical aid by housing in similar temperatures, males and females that require to be so disposed in order to like each other. It is absolutely wonderful and refreshing, to think how happy the whole world is thus to become under the operation of these sagacious contrivances.

There is to be no legal marriage of course; marriage being really the union of the opposite sexes from liking each other. It can, therefore, last no longer, than while that liking lasts. When it is gravely proposed to the philosopher, whether he does not think, there will be a good number of divorces in the course of each month, he answers, no; that he deems, that the parties being strongly cemented by similarity of temperament and temperature, and having chosen by the principle of elective attraction in full operation, will cling together like pitch, and will require the operation of force, at least the concussion of a new and stronger impulse to shake them apart.

In the present order of society, it is deemed infinitely important, that the child should be wise enough to know its own parents. Whether this would be more difficult or not, or a better test of the child's discernment, under the social system, is a matter of no importance, since all children are part of the common stock of the community, and are to be taken from the actual parents, and put into the hands of these numerous Godfathers soon after their birth. Travelling in this order of things is to be infinitely pleasant—as in fact it always has been. But it is in the new order of affairs to be wholly without expense—a most manifest and manifold improvement. In short—for it would be useless to prolong the detail, the universe is to be converted into one grand heaven—every body is to become rational, and at the same time keenly sensitive. Every contrivance that can be imagined, is to be got up in a stile far surpassing the most luxurious dreams of Mahomet's paradise, and all this mighty preluding—all this machinery—all this scaffolding—all this wonderful movement—all this renovation of man—all this hope of an earthly heaven, is to be prepared with so much philosophy for two-legged tad-poles, who are to live together at farthest seventy or eighty years; to be then blasted with the frost of eternal annihilation—leaving no issue of these 'thoughts that wander through eternity,' but maggots, grub-worms, cabbages, and weeds. These are thy Gods, O Israel!

Some affect to consider this atheism of Mr. Owen as harmless, and without probable result. We do not so consider it. Most of the former atheists have been men of violent passions, or bad character. Mr. Owen has that same invincible and imperturbable mildness, which Chrtstianity ought to inspire and foster and so seldom does produce. He has nothing of the fierce reasoning and windy declamation of former atheists. He is so calm, cool, self possessed, and apparently so deep in his convictions of the truth and utility of his doctrine, that his positive assertions upon the subject have very different influences from the flippant and angry reasoning of the common herd of atheists. He talks, too, of a power of sufficient energy and wisdom to have produced this visible universe with its unchanging

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order. But, whether that power is wise and good in the abstract, whether it be intellectual and self moving, or the brute *nature* and the blind *chance* of the ancients, he declares, there are no *data* or facts to determine. Hence this power, in the book before us, and in his conversations upon the subject, he uniformly denominates *it*, and when asked, why he used that term, he replied that it was done of design. We think the imposing and philosophic calmness, the mischievous simplicity, and the undoubting positiveness of his system calculated to exercise a very dangerous influence upon the numerous minds, inclined by temperament to be wrought upon by such a combination.

There can be no doubt, that man is constituted by his maker, a religious animal by the unchanging organization of his physical as well as moral nature, as much so as web-footed fowls are formed for swimming in the water. Atheists, therefore, are monsters in the rational universe. Instead of attributing the universal propensity of man in every country, clime and age to manifest this instinctive impulse of his organization in some form of homage to a first cause, they usually impute it to such a limited and partial cause, as priestcraft. Man has been found without priests or altars; but we affirm, no where on our globe without some demonstration of the sentiment of a divinity.

We do not say, that an atheist ought to be persecuted, or in any way molested. Neither do we say, that a man may not be so defectively or monstrously constituted, as to be honest in his convictions of atheism. But we do say, that an atheist is to be pitied, deeply and sincerely pitied. What, rob the wide system of nature of its maker?—rob the infinite space of its vivifying, pervading, cheering, and if we may so say, socializing principle?—rob the firmament of its cerulean, the stars of their lustre, the natural universe of its order and design, the intellectual universe of wisdom, goodness and mercy—our beautiful world of its beauty—the imagination of its glorious forms, the heart of friendship and hope? Suppose God absent from his universe and what have we left? If any thing in our opinion ought to inspire indignation, surely it ought to be, to hear bipeds lecturing us to assume our true dignity, by attempting to dethrone God—forswear consanguinity with another existence, and a higher order of beings—proving our dignity, by proving that we are worms, and no more, and that they are really, and in truth, our brother and our sister—exalting us to our rational nature, by proving to us, that all we can hope must be snatched between the cradle and the grave—that our consciousness shall there terminate, as though we had not been; that all thoughts, hopes, fears, all the ardent aspirations of minds cemented by the ties and friendships of this life must be then and there for ever severed. Such is the dignity and rationality, and better hopes, and higher thoughts, and more intellectual character, to which the social system would raise us. Such are the motives, under which the future Curtii are to leap down the gulf, the future Washingtons to become emancipators and the future Milton's to sing. Shall we be told, that these are the poor attempts to flay the Marsyas, that had been flayed already? Shall we be told, that no one thinks of the system, except in ridicule, that the very self same great men, whom Mr. Owen counts as his converts, shrug their shoulders, and ridicule him the moment he has passed the threshold? All this may be.

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But the man, so calm, so self possessed, so mild, so capable of meeting every form of hatred, ridicule, contempt and vilification, without the excitement of apparent ill will or disposition to vilify and ridicule in retaliation is not a man whose influence is to be slighted. Look at the extent, to which the papers, that inculcate these sentiments, circulate. Look at the eagerness to read this very book before us, and see if the doctrines contained in it, are harmless, carrying their own refutation with them. We say again, let us be taught by an enemy. Let us be led by his bold and bitter exposition of the facts, as we have them in the book before us, to look into that *miserable* war of bigotry, and denunciation, which the thousand *Christian* sects are waging in the blindness of their ignorance, and the positiveness, *pride* and cruelty of their unsanctified natures against each other, reminding us of the horrible and murderous factions in the holy city, while the strength and power of the Roman legions were driving their battering rams against the tottering walls with without.

We remark a curious inconsistency in the book before us, and which we have more strongly remarked in the conversations of its author upon the subject. All the evils, and all the miseries of that depraved and vicious state of society, which we have too much reason to admit, exists in the present order of things, he attributes to Christianity and the free-will systems, and sometimes to religion in general—giving this principle an efficiency for evil which, unhappily, it has not either for evil or good. Perhaps in the very next paragraph, or conversation, he informs you, that the present system of religion and society is worn out—that ministers are every where ceasing to be of any account—that polite and well informed people never talk religion—that it is a system falling of itself, and of its own age—weakness and imbecility. One, or the other of these views of things must be false. Religion cannot be the main-spring of society, the *omnipotent* manichean principle of evil, and at the same time a weak, *inefficient*, worn out and exploded error.

There is at least originality and amusement in hearing a man discussing with apparent and philosophic calmness, and conviction, the possibility of so training children, that they shall have no irascibility, no selfishness, no sense of *meum* and *tuum;* no ambition, no rivalry—and in fact, nothing about them, physically or morally, ugly or vicious. According to him, the children born under the social system, should have nothing of the internal or external structure of the existing race, but merely the same organs; being as unlike them, as angels are to Yahoos. All this change is to be the result of new circumstances placed about them, which are to blot out all bad passions, erase all ambition and selfishness, and make them rational, handsome and amiable universally. One would think, that these dear, beautiful and angelic worms, thus divested of all internal causes of whirlwind and volcanic explosion, would become quietists—singing an eternal lullaby on their beds of roses, and requiring flappers to arouse them to eat and drink even 'the best of every thing for human nature,' and with scarcely enough of the dreggy influence of the old system in them, to bethink themselves of the necessity of perpetuating the future generations of these happy entities. No such a thing. While the dreamy influence of the social system is upon them, instead of reducing them to slothful quietists, they are to become the most vigorous, warm-hearted,

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Epicureans imaginable. They are only to be passive and quietists to evil—but ardent, energetic and ever active to good and love and happiness. And is it for the advocates of this system to charge us, while we give these views of their doctrine, with drawing from our own imagination, and distorting or miscoloring facts? What age or country ever invented such a monstrous romance, as the social system? Mr. Owen declaims against cultivating the imagination; and we hold the history of the seven sleepers, Cinderilla, or any tale in the Arabian Nights to be mathematics, and sobriety itself, compared with Mr. Owen's inhabitants of his parallelograms, compared with the beautiful men and women, who will swear contancy, till death, without legal mariage or alimony, and who will have neither lust nor inconstancy, when they woo and wed after the fashion of the vernal robins and sparrows. What shall we predicate of a system, which proposes to govern the world by a code of laws, which can be comprised in about a hundred lines? (Vide pp. 49, 50, 51, 52.)

Sure enough, there is no imagination in burning the Alexandrian library and the pandects and rescripts and the tomes of common law, and civil law, and 'crown quest law,' and the five hundred folios of the abridgement of the abridged cases and reports, of the codes of the Grecian legislatiors, and the Roman legislators, and the Lockes and Moutesquieus even in our present congress; like them of the Grecian fable, sowing dragon's teeth, and seeing a generation forthwith springing up from the seed, at once quietists, and as active as flame, fed full with the 'best of every thing for human nature,' and having no labor, but what is made a pleasure, nothing in fact to do, but to sing, love, dance and promenade, and who yet, without a God, without religion, restraint, praise or blame, reward or punishment, can be kept in the most harmonious and angelic order, by a code of laws comprised by Mr. Philosopher Owen, in a hundred lines! Surely there is no imagination, no poetry, no fiction, no loans from the fancy in all this. We have Mr. Owen's word for it—that all this can be done—is just on the eve of being done, and will assuredly be done. When it is done—and there is actually such a sight—'may I be there to see.' But till that time, we throw back the charge of drawing from the imagination, upon the founder of this system. But we have already exceeded our limits in the present number, and shall reserve further remarks upon the social system for another opportunity.

LAST NUMBER OF THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The articles in this number are generally amusing and instructive. The first, occupying forty pages, is on the modern discoveries in central Africa, recently a very beaten subject. This article, however, is so treated, and contains so much interesting matter, that it chains the reader's attention from the commencement to the close.

The second is a short one on a translation from the Latin of Milton's Familiar Letters, by John Hall, pp. 120. Every thing, connected with the name of that great man, has in itself excitement and interest.

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The third article gives a very learned analysis of the *Mechanique Celeste* of Laplace, and presents as full a view of the propositions, demonstrations and inventions of that wonderful man, as could well be compressed into so narrow a compass. Amateur mathematicians, who wish to see of what that great work treats, and in what manner the subject is treated, will read this learned article with equal interest and profit. The article upon chancery law is, probably, a useful one for students; but we found it unreadable. The article upon Horne Tooke, treats Mr. Graham's book, upon which it purports to be based, with a broad and full measure of what Madam Slipslop calls *ironing*. This gentleman writes in New York, and imagines, that he has settled in this book the much vexed question, who is Junius? With him the person is no other than parson Tooke. As a specimen of the manner, in which Mr. Graham's theory is despatched, in a page and a half, we quote the following from the reviewer:—'We are far from intending to disprove the hypothesis, thus asserted. But we owe it to the world and to ourselves to state, that we have one, which we claim to be our own. In a word, we have our reasons for believing, that his late Majesty, George the III., was the sole author of Junius, and, probably, the sole depository of his own secret. This discovery we freely bequeath to the doctor, because we think his proofs are rather stronger, in making out our case, than in establishing his own.'

The remainder of the article is a condensed and very instructive sketch of the biography of Horne Tooke. We found the next article, on Gordon's history of Pennsylvania, full of interest and instruction. When these laborious annals of the settlement and progress of such a great and interesting state become tedious and unread, we shall afterwards be unworthy to have any thing said, sung or written about us.

But by far the most interesting article in the book is, that upon female biography, into which a prodigious amount of most instructive information upon the subject is condensed. We had intended to have found space, still further to have abridged this article, and to have presented an epitome of it to our renders. But we find not the requisite space for it. One thing we may remark from the article, that the *blues* of this day may understand, that female authorship is not, as some suppose, a recent, or modern invention. In 1675, the Abbe Gallois had collected 475 female works. In the sixteenth century, a book was expressly written, by a learned lady, to prove the superiority of the female over the male intellect.

He dwells at some length on the biography of Madame Dacier, Madeleine Scudery, the Swedish queen, Christina, Miss Carter, the Duchess de Montespan, Madame de Maintenon, the admirable Madame Roland, and last in order, as highest in the roll of fame, the wonderful Madame de Stael. Hosack's Memoir of De Witt Clinton, gets much, and from a hasty perusal we judge, deserved praise. The last article is on Russia, a brief, but very amusing one, based on a portion of Malte Brun's system of Geography. The writer of the article is clearly an anti-Mahometan. The reader will perceive, that we have passed by an article on Flint's Geography and History of the Western States, for reasons, which he will readily divine.

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Anniversary Address of the Cincinnati Miami Bible Society. By DAVID K. ESTE, Esq. Cincinnati, Looker & Reynolds.

WE have read many similar addresses with higher pretensions, and set to a higher key note; but it is not often our lot to peruse one of these very difficult, because hackneyed and beaten orations, more fit, more appropriate, and better adapted at once to the occasion, and to inspire just views in relation to the bible and the charity in question. It displays the very desirable union of a serious mind with a liberal and tolerant spirit. The orator traces civil liberty to the influence of the bible, and declares it to be the only charter of freedom. He notes the violation of this charter in the synods and councils of the second century, in the gradual encroachment of the bishops of Rome, until they become the arbiters of empires and nations. He animadverts with the right temper upon the consequent withholding of the bible from the people, and retaining it, as a book sealed up, and only for the use of the clergy. He touches, in passing, upon the frenzied bigotry of the crusaders; and hails the dawn of the reformation, in which the bible was once more given to all protestant people, and shows the intimate connection between this great magna charta of human rights, both of conscience and of civil liberty, and the universal equality of civil and religious liberty, upon which, as the corner stone, our national and state governments are all based.

No sentiments can be more true, or important, than those contained in the following:

'Even here, in our own favored land, the spirit of intolerance still exists, and daily evinces the disposition to exercise authority over the conscience. And, to a much greater extent than might readily be imagined, has this been done. The free spirit of inquiry has found itself restrained, not by the oracles of divine truth, but by the inventions of men. Interest, ambition and bigotry have assumed various artifices to impeach the motives, sully the characters, curtail the influence, and destroy the usefulness of enlightened, candid and conscientious inquirers after truth. Sectarian views and feelings have circumscribed charity, dried up the fountains of general ben volence, poisoned social intercourse, and led to intolerance, oppression and persecution. Depend upon it, no ordinary degree of intelligence, honesty of heart, strength of conviction, firmness of purpose, and moral courage is wanting to resist this spirit. Yet it must not only be resisted, but it must cease to have influence, before men can be said to be free.

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides."

'The time must arrive when no man will presume to dictate to another, and when God alone will be recognized as lord of the conscience. This will be the accomplishment of that liberty intended by the word of God; the *effect* of its being universally read and understood. Then shall the road to happiness be found, that road for which, from the cradle to the grave, all unceasingly strive.'

He very properly adverts to the great triumph over the spirit of intolerance in the British nation, in the recent act of Catholic Emancipation;

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and he closes by an urgent and eloquent appeal in favor of the charity, and of giving this divine book, the bond of our immortal hopes, and the charter of our civil and religious liberties, as far as in us lies, to all people.

Annual Address before the Agricultural Society of Hamilton County. By David K. Este.

Of this address, also, we are pleased to be able to speak in terms of unmingled satisfaction and praise. A good agricultural address is a good thing in itself. The occasion, that assembles such an audience, is one of unquestioned utility and importance. The place, where this society assembles, in the midst of green fields, and rich and varied scenery, is one of great beauty. The address of last year and of this reached a high mark; and, we cannot but hope, will be useful, in calling the attention of the people of our great state to the development of their chief and grand resource, their agriculture.

This address derives its chief interest from the only adequate source of interest in such an effort, a succinct, but animated sketch of the great modern efforts to advance agriculture, as a science, as well as an art. It notices a communication from E. A. Brown, Esq. *on the preparation of hemp*, one from N. Longworth, Esq. *on the making of wine*, and a report and letter of Mr. Jonathan Atherstone, *on the cultivation of woad*. The most gratifying intelligence is imparted, in experimental demonstration of our capability of silk raising. Beautiful specimens of silk were offered, particularly those of Miss Frances Hale, with a letter from the same hand upon the subject. Rolls of fine and white linen were unfolded, the growth and manufacture of our own state. The most splendid cut glass decanters of Mr. Murphy sparkled in view; and all gave proof, that we need send neither to France for our wine, to Ireland for our fine linen, or to England for the richest samples of cut glass.

The orator gives a general history of the progress of agriculture in different ages and countries, and traces the first incipient efforts at improvement in the science in the United States, in the great example of Washington, and in the subsequent formation of agricultural societies in different periods and portions of our country.

But the chief hinge, on which the address turns, is an earnest recommendation to form an agricultural school in Ohio. We have schools and professorships for teaching every other science, but not one, it appears, in our whole wide country for the most important of all sciences, that of agriculture. He adverts to the agricultural school of Fellenburg at Hoffwyle; one founded by the Russian emperor Alexander, near Moscow—that of Von Thaer in Prussia—one in Bavaria,—a professorship of agriculture in Dublin college, and numerous agricultural associations, that operate in England, results similar to those of agricultural schools. He enumerates the more noted agricultural societies and publications in the United States. He notices the splendid and productive botanic garden

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at Flushing near New York. He proceeds to discuss the practicability and the utility of an agricultural school in Ohio. For ourselves, we have no doubt upon the subject. We are as nearly central to the union as any other state in it. We have a rich and a virgin soil; and, probably, for the same extent of territory, the smallest proportion of surface, physically doomed to sterility and incapable of cultivation of any of the states. We are, furthermore, more unique in our pursuits, and, we imagine, more purely agricultural in our character and resources; though we shall not be able so to say, perhaps, when Indiana shall have attained the point of advancing beyond the first efforts of breaking in upon the wilderness, and shall have become a producing state like ours.

There seems, then, to be a peculiar propriety in commencing such an experiment here, which, we should hope, would soon be followed by our sister states. If it should be an objection, that such an experiment ought first to be made by opulent farmers, as those about Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, who are already able to farm for amusement, and on experiment, for the high and liberal pleasure of seeing nature beautify, and grow more beneficent and indulgent under their eye and care, we reply, that it seems to us, that these are the points, where those experiments ought to be made, which opulent men of science and leisure can alone afford; and that a school for the elementary, fundamental and universal principles of agriculture would be best commenced amidst a more simple people, a nation of farmers, necessarily and intrinsically so.

Be this as it may, the orator has adverted to one inducement to do it, which we are glad to see touched, though only incidentally. The accumulation of competitors, in what are called the learned professions, will soon be a theme of alarm, that will be sounded in the obtusest organs of hearing. Where can you go, where there are not at least twice as many aspirants for the practise of law and medicine, as can find honorable subsistence and employment in those professions? What must be the occupation of these supernumeraries unable to dig, ashamed to beg, and with minds sharpened by cultivation, study, pride and ambition, and looking upon laws, as man traps, and society as fair game? It is out of the question, that there is a ruinous propensity in the great mass of our people to train their children to live by their wits, instead of their industry. We know not how others regard this unhappy inclination. To us it is one of the most fearful omens of our day. True, it must ultimately correct itself. But what formidable armies of scheming dandies, and of wordy and bustling demagogues, and reckless editors will be forced upon the community, born to eat up the corn, and compelled to raise the wind, that, as moon cursers and wreckers, they may profit by the confusion! Mr. Este recommends, that the pursuit of agriculture, by being rendered scientific, and of consequence lucrative and honorable, may swallow up these supernumeraries, who, instead of making harangues and stump speeches, and energizing king caucus, may be more usefully employed in learning to make two blades of wheat grow, where only one grew before.

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[Our friend in the following offers the commencement, of what seems to us a program, or kind of prophetic history of the Social System, which, we are told, is shortly to go into operation in Texas. We could not divine his object. But he seemed to us innocent, and not mischievous in intention. If he produces, as he promises, continued sketches of the progress of this system, as scanned by his prophetic eye, that are, like the following, harmless, and that may tend to raise a good natured smile in the reader, or deter a doubting personage, halting between the old and new systems, from embarking in the latter, we shall continue to present them to the reader, when more important matter offers not.]—Ed.

THE SOCIAL SYSTEM, OR THE MARCH OF MIND.

This is a mighty theme, and I mean to treat it in might. I shall say, or sing upon the subject, and when it suits me, mount upon the stilts of prose run mad. I disdain all the shackles of prescription, and cast them from me, as Hercules did the fatal present of the jealous Dejanira, the poisoned shirt. Reckless of critics—the gods avert them!—I intend to walk, or creep, soar, swim or fly, as the rudder of my pen steers my subject. I mean no offence to those, who continue to woo the gentle nine. I, too, have paid my suit with hands and eyes uplifted, and on my bended knees. But with nought, that bore the attribute *she*, ever made I progress. I have seen the muses, in mortal phrase, shower fame and money on poor, soft heads, as I deemed. But their cornucopia in eternal equipoise, never tilted, to dribble, for me either reputation from the one end, or wealth from the other. I abjure allegiance, and hold them at utter defiance. If I paddle my canoe into port, my own right hand shall do it, though nothing loth to spread every rag of canvass to the breeze, when it favors. Towards my haven, my 'light house in the sky,' a second edition, I steer my little bark with stedfast and trembling earnestness. If I could covet extrinsic aid, it were the mantle of Madam Royall. But alas! she hath not yet passed away in light, leaving this precious gift, in a luminous track behind her. I may not, therefore, rely upon the healing unction, or the caustic acid of *black books*, to flow from the nib of my quill. My resources are before the reader. Now to my theme.

After the Social System was irretrievably wrecked in New Harmony, a throng of fugitives from the city of Mental Independence, like that of ancient days assembled at Tenedos from the smoking ruins of Troy, encamped on the silver Wabash. They awaited the patriarch of the Social System, who had promised to come with two steam boats, to carry them to lands far to the west, and in poetic phrase, lying under another sun; and in the terms of common mortals, to the ever-verdant prairies of the Rio del Norte. Here were men of more wit than money, and more pretension than either, men of schemes of fourteen golden bubbles burst, philosophers, free-thinkers, skeptics, literates, idlers, moon-gazers, priest-haters, and searchers after the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life, inventors of perpetual motion, thrice foiled patentees, sentimental epicureans of either sex, philosophic cynics, reluctant ancient maidens, and young ones, in whose veins ran the blood of nimbleness and impatience at the law's and matrimony's delay, blue stockings with blue lips, and would-be-blues

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with red—a host, like morning dew drops for number, and like the migrating flocks of sea fowls, gathering to mount the storms for their autumnal flight. On the verge of a wide prairie tinted with gay flowers, they sat in the shade, impatiently looking down the stream for the arrival of the steam boats, that were to convey them to the land of promise.

Hunger, with its stomach gnawing lobster claws, will descend into the interior of both philosophers and fair maidens. This piteous throng were most unphilosophically hungry. Through the green branches in the distance, might be dimly descried the white columns of *Social Hall*, and New Harmony, which they had found any thing, rather than harmonious. Alas! that place had returned under the iron sceptre of *meum* and *tuum;* and, renouncing the speech of the gods, again used the barbarous dialect of John o' Nokes and Tom o' Stiles. Shame forbade their return, on errand so degrading, as to beg a dinner. But much more keenly than of the gone-by hours of dancing, mirth, love and song did they now bethink them of the savory steams of roasting coffee, the harmonious tones of the grilling fry of bacon, as it sent up its heart-cheering incense. The sound of tambourine and drum, French horn and clarionett was found no adequate substitute. Even the joys of love and liberty were less redolent of rapture, than the remembrance of the ham and corn cakes of the long and well stored table of Social Hall. If they talked of the fair Virginia, called from the dainty thrumming of the piano, to 'pail' the cows, it only reminded them of the steaming nectar of the just drawn milk. If they recurred to the recent visit of the square and princely duke, it was not to remember his sapient conversation, and the honors of his intercourse, but the pork, sour crout and greens, in which he delighted. The wide prairie, though prodigal of grass, flowers and beauty, mocked them not the less with its hungry desolation.

The sun had already passed the meridian, and many a relenting subject had proposed returning, as supplicants, for the bread and bacon of old society. But the voice of the proud and persevering hearts prevailed. Some muttered half formed prophecies, that the patriarch would leave them to expire of hunger. Others muttered deep curses on the social system, and the day, in which they had wandered away from the regular supplies, and the hum-drum uniformity of old society. No niggard amount of maledictions was heaped on the teeming brain, which had hatched these philanthropic schemes, that had enticed them away from leeks, onions and flesh pots, to perish in the flowering plains, without entering the elysium of a parallelogram.

As was the hunger and the grief, so was the general acclaim and burst of joy, when through the green wood shade, and far down the meanders of the Wabash was heard the burst of a cannon, and soon after, the well known croaking tubes of the steam boats, coming to their deliverance. The two steamers soon hove in sight, and like two stately swans, rounded gracefully to the shore. They moored to the grassy bank. Forth sprang the patriarch, in a moment known to all, by the joyous and prominent gnomon of his happy face; and forth moved in dignity and height, as it were, Juno on the western waters, the fair oratress of mental independence, owner and lecturer of the hall of science.

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Had I even the communion, favor and aid of the whole nine, I could not worthily describe the scene of congratulations, embraces, kisses and tears, that ensued. They were come! They were come! Now the means were furnished to leave old society in good earnest. Now they had the ability of travelling beyond priests, rats and the sabbath. Now they could make faces at the barbarous law and the odious marriage contracts of the individual system. Now they were bound to a fair country, invoking social squares, and the twelve fundamental laws, and their imaginations ran riot, in anticipating the delights of love, freedom, and the novelty of gratified curiosity of the long journey before them.

But a grievous sharp feeling warned them, that they were not yet weaned from the individual system. Drum, tambourine or fiddle celebrated not the joyous rites of this happy union. But, tell it not among sentimental and ethereal spirits, it was music in their ears sweeter than the inaudible melodies of the spheres, the delicious tones of bacon frying in the griddle pans. Generous corn-pones of mammoth dimension, French rolls, potatoes and coffee soon smoked in tin pans and cups. One certain reach of improvement, beyond old society, they proved, they had already attained. For the fairest and softest spoken damsel of the whole drew off the dainty kid gloves, and applied to these substantial matters, and that with right earnest and unwincing gesture, Adam's and Eve's knives and forks. Philosophers, and they that were none, knew full well, that appetite is won by abstinence, and that ravening hunger has more skill in sauces, than a French cook.

It were both long and bootless, to relate, how merry, how garrulous, how prophetic of future good things was this Wabash social system repast. My theme demands dispatch, and I hurry into the midst of the voyage, and its events. Before the shadows of evening descended upon field, river and wood, the social systemists were embarked, and gliding down the fair Wabash. The two watchful pilots sat at their windlass, as the hinder boat wound after her consort along the curves of the stream. Sometimes the branches alone were darkly painted in the water, and sometimes the stars twinkled between the ripples, as the steamers glided rapidly onward.

It both transcends my scope, and is a thing impossible to tell, how the multitudes on these steamers bestowed themselves, as they might, in births, on settees, in singles, and in pairs, as comported with their convenience and liking; how many snored thorough bass, how many sat apart on the guards, and gazed alternately at the stars and the water, and made assignations, and looked unutterable things. The reader must imagine all. The morning found them tracing their downward path in foam, between the hundred woods of the Ohio. Those, who had never descended the beautiful stream, cried charming! pleasant! beautiful! and whipped their invention for new variety of attributes and comparisons. Every bend of the river furnished fresh matter for admiration. All was new and full of food for curiosity. Nor had they aught, on the long course, of which to complain, save inglorious contests with those vile little annoyers of the Western swamp, the winged surgeons, that let blood without fee, or reward, hight musquitoes and gallinippers.

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It must come, moreover, to the day, that the breaking off old ties, and weaving the voluntary chain of new loves was a most perplexing business to manage, on board cramped and confined steam boats, with a hundred eyes to inspect every movement. In the combinations and changes, there were also some unseemly squabbles between husbands, wives and lovers, before the period of Saint Valentine had elapsed, and like had clung by elective attraction to like. Ye gods avert the omen! Fair hands and taper nails were sometimes used, as blood-spillers, and disfigurers of fair faces. All the forbearance, eloquence and resources of the patriarch and the priestess were put in requisition, to settle points of female precedence, and the plaints of jealous damsels, robbed of their swains, and a hundred bitter fruits of old society, and results of the eloquent and nimble silver-tipped tongue of scandal. To settle these difficulties, was like the eternal trundle of the stone of Sysyphus, a thing finished, only to be renewed. 'Curse on the fools,' inwardly ejaculated the patriarch. They are blinder than moles, more stubborn, than asses. The twelve divine fundamental laws are thrown away upon them. Would I had never left the oat-cakes and the cotton machinery of 'Auld Reekie,' to manage cosmopolites—a task more difficult, than the proverbial one of turning out to grass the sack of fleas, and penning them nightly in their fold.

But to counterbalance these dreggy and pregnant mischiefs, the feculent remnants of the individual system, there were lectures, yes gratis, and in excess to fault. Each one would fain convince his listener, (listeners were an article in demand) that wisdom lived, if it would not die with him. Reasonings were put forth, and systems broached, that have not been dreamed of in the degenerate and limping philosophy of old society. The patriarch and priestess, when they sat apart in high discussion and legislative conclave, talked of these pains and pleasures, as belonging to an order of things between hawk and buzzard, on the verge of the old system, and scarcely yet having felt the mollifying dews of the new. They cheered each other, in confident prediction, that, when once on the fair prairies of Texas, and under the divine guidance of the twelve fundamental laws, all these evils would possess a self-moving power to right themselves.

Away floated they, glorious to behold, down the dark forests, and over the turbid whirls of the Father of waters, and by the fair city of Orleans, where a new accession of social systemites offered themselves, as aspirants, and desirous of a passage to the country of parallelograms. But so crowded were the two steamers already, that no more live stock could possibly be admitted. With sadness of heart, therefore, were these brethren of mental communion left behind, to rejoin their kindred spirits by some more convenient opportunity.

I keenly feel, that the inspiration of a muse, or the aid of Apollo would match my case, as groove does screw, to help me out with an adequate account of matters and things, when the two steamers first touched the heaving brine of the gulf. A brisk north breeze floated them over the Balize into a sea, most vexatiously rough and choppy. The season was sultry, and notwithstanding the mental purification of the social system, the emigrants were of a habit most perniciously bilious. Then ceased loves and

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eating. Then ceased sentimental talks. Then ceased moon-castle building on the plains of the Rio del Norte. The lecturer broke off his sapient discussion in the midst. The blue of the blue stocking was transferred to her countanance. Heedless of evils, and all that the Swedenborgians call *falses*, the fair reeled to the first position, that offered for reclining. A scene ensued, most unpleasant to witness, still more so to endure. Virgil, with all the aid of inspiration, passed it over undescribed, as a dangerous rock, between the sublime, the terrible, and affecting; well may I wash my hands of it. I only say in plainest prose, that the social systemites were almost every mother's child of them, fearfully sea sick. The crowded steam boats, with their hot vapors increased the difficulty, and there was frequent and most reckless travelling to the sides of the boats; though many travelled not; but sullenly laid them down *hors du combat*, in utter supineness. No one heeded aught the condition of his friend—and the most benevolent and social beings became at once most opprobriously selfish. A few robustious tars saw all with grinning faces. The patriarch and priestess, too, seemed to have no bowels of compassion, comforting the mourners, in phrase naughtily pilfered from the good book, that though emetic for the present was not joyous, but grievous, it would operate fine results for the first trial of a new climate and a parallelogram.

Every thing, joy, sorrow, sea sickness, and even sea voyages are transitory. Porpoises, dolphins, flying fish, phosphoric brightness of the midnight wave, were all passed unheeded by people, who had far other occupation, than to observe them.

The steamers safely entered the still and sweet waters, and moored beside the green shores of the Rio del Norte. The new songs of strange birds of glittering plumage cheered them. Level and green shores, studded here and there by the ebony and the palm, were bounded in the distance by rugged hills. Innumerable flocks and herds either grazed, or ruminated in the shade. The skipping of wild deer, and the curvetting of horses made a conspicuous part of the show. Forthwith, joy and confidence returned to faces, recently long, bilious and forlorn. Loves and lectures had been renewed, had it not been, that a new difficulty, demanding urgent cure, arose. Most sharp and devouring hunger came again—hunger unscrupulous of quality, and recking only quantity. They, who but a few hours before, had been dictating their wills, sprung elastic on their feet and were clamorous for a quick supply of bread and bacon.

What befel, in ascending the fair stream, and what in laying the foundation rudiments, and the corner stone of the first parallelogram, we delay for a better opportunity, and a higher flight.

The Trinitarian Controversy. By Charles Lowell, D. D.: pp. 48. *2d Edition.* E. H. Flint: Cincinnati.

On a former occasion we expressed our convictions, respecting this excellent sermon. We are glad to see it republished. Whatever be the prevalent impression, in regard to the utility of religious controversy, there can

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be none, we should think, respecting the uselessness of disputation upon points, which ever have been, and ever will be, while man is in the flesh, utterly inscrutable. To dispute about things, touching which the disputants have no ideas, and know nothing, has a peculiar tendency to harden the heart, sear the conscience, and in every way to inspire bigotry and bad feeling. To prevent these results is the object of this sermon, and to direct religious exertion to those plain and solemn doctrines and points of morals, about which there can be no dispute. Some of the last paragraphs strike us, as being peculiarly eloquent and impressive, and we can refer to no publication, in which, in so small a compass, is compressed so much information, in relation to the opinions of distinguished Christians in the early periods of the church, as in the notes appended to this sermon. We earnestly hope, that all those, who do not wish to see religion confined to a name, to a sect, and a self assumed orthodoxy, will read this discourse, and ponder the observations of the writer.

We have just seen new editions of the *Primer, Child's first Lessons, Juvenile spelling book, and Juvenile Mentor* of the Messrs. Pickets. There are many obvious improvements in these over former editions. In the spelling book, new and important tables are added, two or three of which are at once novel and very useful. We regard the *bible lessons* at the close of the Mentor, as admirably selected, and among the very best and happiest of the kind, that we have seen. Indeed, from the commencement of the career of these gentlemen, in making school books, the most striking trait, that has marked all their works, is a quick and discriminating judgment in their selections; and this, though deemed a very common attribute, is, as we think, one of the most rare. There are very few extracts, in the whole series of their school books, to which the heart of the young pupil does not respond. Most of the pieces will be found to be striking, from the best authors and the best selections from those authors.

We understand, they have it in contemplation to remodel, and give a new edition of their Juvenile Expositor, than which we scarcely know a better collection of lessons for reading and speaking. We place it in the same class with the *National Reader*, both admirable works of their kind. We earnestly hope, that these gentlemen, who have labored so long, and with such exemplary patience and assiduity, in furnishing a series of school books adapted to every advancing stage of the mind, from the first dawn of capacity for instruction to that of children on the highest forms of our schools, will be duly estimated and rewarded by the public. They were the first to commence the scale of improvement in these important rudiments of general education. They have been copied, plagiarized, imitated, traduced, and in various ways deprived of the fair fruits of their exertions. After Webster's, their school books have had, decidedly the most extensive circulation of any in the country. Yet, we believe, they have been by no means the most amply remunerated, either in pecuniary compensation or gratitude.

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On the western people these western editions of school books have peculiar claims. The amount of these elementary works, distributed among us, is inconceivable. The freight and commissions on an article of such immense sale, and requiring to be so often reproduced, is no mean item in the cost of these cheap works. It is important, that we should encourage the exercise of this most honorable and useful industry among us. The obligation is still more imperative, when the books appear to be the cheapest and best of their kind extant.

Exposition of the System of Instruction and Discipline pursued in the University of Vermont. By the Faculty.

This is a pamphlet, containing an expose of the changes, which have been introduced into the University of Vermont, by which its rules, its discipline, and course of studies are made materially to differ from those of most other colleges. We intended to have given place to an abstract of those changes. What space we have, will best be occupied in making the following extract from the pamphlet.

'The yearly terms for study in the University of Vermont are two. The first begins four weeks after commencement, which occurs on the first Wednesday in August; the second, eight weeks after the first Wednesday in January, the two intervals being occupied with vacation.

'The principal subjects and authors studied in the University are arranged below, under the several departments. Classes will be occupied with the principal subjects of each department in both terms, with a few exceptions. In some subjects no text books are named, because in some instances none will be used, and in others those in use are not expected to remain so long. In all cases we expect to make changes in text-books whenever better ones can be obtained than those in use. In the languages we prefer entire books and treatises, chiefly without notes, to the compilations of extracts which are frequently used.

'For admission to pursue the studies of all the departments, there is required a knowledge of common Arithmetic, Elements of Algebra—Ancient and Modern Geography—English Grammar—Greek and Latin Grammar—an ability to translate with facility Jacob's Greek Reader and six books of Homer's Illiad—Jacob's Latin Reader, Sallust or Cæsar's Commentaries, Cicero's Select Orations and Virgil, or an equivalent amount of other authors —Students not intending to study the Languages, are not required to exhibit the above named acquisitions in them. Satisfactory evidence of good character, and a bond to secure the payment of the term bills unless payment be made in advance, are required. No person is admitted to become a member for less than one year's tuition.

'First Department. Structure and history of the English Language—history of English Literature—Rhetoric—General History.—*Text-Books.* Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric, portions of the rhetorical works of Cicero and Quintilian, Heeren's Elements of History.—*Lectures* will be given on all these

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subjects, particularly on the first two.—*Exercises.* English Composition, Declamations and Forensic disputations, both written and extemporaneous in public, and exercises in reading and criticism in private.

'SECOND DEPARTMENT. Grecian and Roman Antiquities—Greek, Latin and French Languages.—*Text-Books.* Adam, Herodotus, Homer, Plato, Theophrastus, Æschylus, Lysias, Demosthenes ;—Livy, Tacitus, Cicero de Oratore, Horace, Cicero de Officiis, Terence, Telemaque, Vertot, Racine. Other authors in addition to these are read by those so disposed, and instructions given in them. Classes are formed when wished, in Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, and German.—*Lectures* on Greek, Latin, and French Languages and Literature.

'THIRD DEPARTMENT. Geography, Algebra, Geometry, plane, solid and spherical, Trigonometry, plane and spherical, and their applications to Surveying, Navigation, Levelling and Projections, Conic Sections, Elements of Differential and Integral Calculus—Mechanical Philosophy, Electricity, Magnetism, Electro-Magnetism, Optics, Astronomy, Anatomy and Physiology.—*Text-Books* in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Translations from different French authors by Professor Farrar. *Lectures* on Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology in the first term,—on the different branches of Natural Philosophy with experimental illustrations as the subjects receive attention, in both terms. Classes are formed when wished in Natural History.

'FOURTH DEPARTMENT. Logic, Political Economy, Politics and Constitutional Law, Laws of Nature and of Nations, Ethics, Metaphysics, Natural and Revealed Religion.—*Text-Books.* Say, Constitution of the United States, Kent's Lectures, Cicero de Legibus—Cicero de Officiis, Stewart, Locke, Paley, Old and New Testament.—*Lectures* on most of these subjects.

'The necessary expenses of a residence in this institution are somewhat variable, according to the wishes of students. The average expenses for all charges at the Treasury, and for forty week's board, washing, fuel and light, are about $90. In some cases during the past year it has been $100, in many others not over $75, and will probably continue within these limits.'

'*The Federal Calculator,' a Concise System of Practical Arithmetic.* By WILLIAM SLOCOMB. Wheeling, J. Curtis. pp. 148.

IT can hardly be hoped, that any thing new can be offered in the construction of a school arithmetic. This comes recommended to schools by the authority of a number of names of high respectability. We have given it a cursory perusal, and consider it, as possessing some of the highest requisites in such works, great clearness and simplicity. It seems, also, to be full, without being redundant, and to be concise, without being deficient. It adds to the list of respectable school books, which the West is beginning to furnish for itself.

OUR next number will contain an article on Mr. BOLMAR's system of teaching languages, as distinct from that of Mr. Hamilton.

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THE

WESTERN

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'BENEDICERE HAUD MALEDICERE.'

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(Continued on 3d page of Cover.)

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THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1829.

ATTACK OF BRYANT'S STATION.

I know of no place nearer, than the sources of the Mississippi, or the Rocky Mountains, where the refuge of a 'Station' is now necessary. The last one in the west will soon have mouldered; and history and the lexicon will be the only depositories of the knowledge, what the term imports. Of the million readers in the United States, it is, probably, a large allowance, that five thousand of the first settlers of the west, or as we call them, the 'old residenters,' have a distinct idea in their minds of the aspect and intent of the establishment. I have been in a number, that were erected on our north-western and southern frontiers, during the late war with Great Britain. I will endeavor to transfer to my readers the distinct picture, which was thus impressed upon my own mind.

The first immigrants, that fixed themselves in the fair valleys of Kentucky and Tennessee, came in companies and societies. A hundred neighbors, friends, connexions, old and young, mother and daughter, sire and infant, the house dog and the domestic animals, all set forth on the patriarchal wilderness trooping, as on a frolic. No disruption of the tender natal and moral ties, no revulsion of the reciprocities of kindness, friendship and love took place. The cement and the panoply of reciprocal affection and good will was in their hearts, and on their breasts, as they came over the mountains to the wide domain of the red men, and the wild howlers of the desert. Like the gregarious tribes, and the vernal emigrations of the sea-fowl to the interior lakes, they brought all their charities, their true home with them. Their state of isolation concentered these kindly feelings. It has been found, that the current of human affections flows more full and strong, in proportion, as it is less divided, and diverted into numerous channels. This community, coming to survey new aspects of a nature, measured only by the imagination, new dangers, a new world, and in some sense a new existence, were bound to each other by a sacrament, as old as the human heart. I have a hundred times heard the remains of this race of the golden age deplore the distance and coldness of the measured, jealous and proud intercourse of the present genera-

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tion, in comparison of the simple kindness, the frank and domestic relations of those primeval days, reminding me of the affecting accounts of the mutual love of Christians in the early periods of the church.

Another circumstance of the picture ought to be redeemed from oblivion. I suspect, that the general impression of fine ladies and gentlemen of the present day is, that the puritans of Plymouth, the episcopalians of Jamestown and the back-woodsmen of Kentucky and Tennessee were persons of an aspect, garb, beard, address, and *toute ensemble*, very little tending to tempt unregulated movements of the heart; in other words, precise, ugly, and natural dampers of love. Truth is, they were just the reverse of all this. Only mark, how careful the ruling elders and godly men of New England were, that the women should veil, and conceal their charms. It is notorious, that a woman was churched there, for cutting off the ends of the fingers of her gloves, and exposing the tips of her dainty and delicate fingers to the manifest annoyance and disruption of the spiritual chain of thoughts in the bosom of the worshipping beholders. What other fact in all history bears, I had almost said, such sublime testimony to the charms of the charmers of that day? It stands, in fact, in the history of the triumphs of beauty, like the famed text quoted by Longinus in relation to sublimity. What fine fellows the Virginians must have been, to have melted down the stern hearts of the red women at the first glance, as in the case of Pocahontos!

However it may have been with the Atlantic progenitors, I have no doubt that the first settlers of Kentucky and Tennessee were a race of a beauty as rare, as their courage and virtues. I have conversed with some hundreds of these people; and they are the finest looking ancients, male and female, that I have seen, noble, square forms, open chests, bright, clear and truth telling eyes. The ladies, I admit, had a little more of the amazonian, than comports with our modern notions of a pretty, square-rigged insect, made pale by strong tea, late hours, dissipation, brag, vinegar and chalk. But I can easily believe, what these venerable patriarchs affirm, that these people were, for the most part, perfect Apollos and Venuses. I have seen their sons and daughters; and I believe, that children are apt to inherit the physical and mental likeness of their parents; and it is my clear conviction, that there is, no where on our globe, a finer looking race of young men and women, than in these states. Nevertheless, love has softened down, even there, to a malady of slight fevers and chills, compared with the continued and ardent fever, which rioted in the veins of their fathers and mothers.

As I said, these emigrant societies brought all their charities with them. These feelings received even an accession of energy and intenseness from those peculiar circumstances, which render a similar sojourn in an Indian wilderness the strongest cement of neighborly affections. The air, before the forests were levelled, was generally remarkable for its salubrity. The chase yielded the most salutary viands, and immeasurable appetite and digestion corresponding. To these denizens of the flowering wilderness life was the sensation of high health, Herculean vigor and redundant joy. It was invigorating to bear the exhalatory interjection, the safety-valve respiration, as they struck their well tempered axe into the enormous trunk of the tree, they were about to fall. These were the men, who were parents

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of the pionies and roses, that now bloom there; and of the men of square form, unblenching cheek, and sure rifle shot; the players with thunder-bolts, the swimmers of the Mississippi, and the challengers of battle with a whole menagerie of panthers and wild-cats, with a supernumerary zebra to kick withal.

When the social band had planted their feet on the virgin soil, the first object was, to fix on a spot central to one of the most extensive upland alluvions of gentle swell and declivity, where pawpaw, cane and wild clover marked exuberant fertility; and where the woods were so open, that the hunter could ride in any direction at half speed. The curse of party feuds, and political asperity had not yet smitten the soil with sterility; and it yielded, almost without other cultivation, than planting, from eighty to a hundred bushels of maize to the acre; and all other desirable products in proportion. Game was so abundant, that two hunters would often kill enough in two days, to last a station of a hundred souls a month; and these *robustious* young swains and damsels were not of your rice cake and wafer eaters neither. They walked, played, danced, hunted and loved in strength and gladness; and their consumption of tender venison was in proportion.

The next thing, after finding the central point of this hunter's paradise, was to build a 'Station,' which now remains to be described. It was desirable, that it should be near a flush limestone spring; and if a salt lick and prodigious sugar maple orchard were close at hand, so much the better. The next preliminary step was, to clear a considerable area, so as that nothing should be left to screen an enemy from view and a shot. If a spring could be enclosed, or a good well dug in the enclosure, they were considered important elements; but as an Indian siege seldom extended beyond one or two days, and as water enough, to last through the emergency, could always be stored in a reservoir; it was deemed still more important, that the position should be on a rising ground, as much as possible overlooking the adjoining forest. The form was a perfect parallelogram, including from a half to a full acre. A trench was then dug, four or five feet deep, and contiguous pickets planted in it, so as to form a compact wall ten or twelve feet above the ground. The pickets were of hard and durable timber, nearly a foot in diameter; and formed a rampart beyond the power of man either to leap, or overthrow, by the exercise of individual and unaided physical power. At the angles were small projecting squares, of still stronger material and planting, technically called flankers, with oblique port holes; so that the sentinel within could rake the external front of the station without being exposed to a shot without. Two folding gates, in the front and rear, swinging on prodigious wooden hinges, gave ingress and egress to the men and teams in time of security. At other times, a trusty sentinel on the roof of an interior building, was stationed so as to be able to descry at a distance every suspicious object. The gates were always firmly barred by night; and sentinels through its silent watches relieved each other in turn. Nothing can be imagined more effectual for its purposes, than this simple contrivance in the line of fortification. True these walls would not have stood against the battering ram of Josephus, or the balls of a six pounder. But they were proof against Indian strength and patience and rifle shot. The only expedient

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was, to undermine them; or destroy them with fire; and this could not be easily done, without exposing them to the rifle of the flankers. Of course there are few recorded instances, where they were taken, when skilfully and resolutely defended. Their regular forms, in the central wilderness, their aspect of security, their social city show rendered them delightful objects to an immigrant, who had come two hundred leagues, without seeing a human habitation. Around the interior of these walls, the buildings of the little community arose, with a central clean esplanade for dancing and wrestling, and the other primeval amusements of the oldeñ days. It is questionable, if heartier and happier eating and sleeping, wrestling and dancing, loving and marrying fall to the lot of their descendants, who ride in coaches, and dwell in spacious mansions. Venison and wild turkeys, sweet potatoes and pies smoaked on the table; and persimon and maple beer quaffed as well, at least for health, as Madeira or nectar. The community spent their merry evenings together; and while their fires blazed bright within the little and secure square, the far howl of wolves, or even the solitary war-whoop of an Indian sounded in the ear of the happy and reckless indwellers, like the driving storm, pouring on the sheltering roof above the head of the traveller, safely nested in his clean and quiet bed; that is, brought the contrast of comfort and security in more home felt emphasis to the bosom.

Such a Station was Bryant's in 1782. It was the nucleus of the settlements of that delightful and rich country, of which Lexington is the present centre. There were at this time but two others north of the Kentucky river. It was more open to attack than any other in the country. The Miami on the north, and the Licking on the south of the Ohio, were long canals, which led from the northern hive of the savages between the lakes and the Ohio directly to it. In the summer of this year, a grand assemblage convened at Chilicothe. The Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Pottowattomics, and most of the tribes bordering on the lakes were represented in it. Besides their chiefs, and some Canadians, they were aided by the counsels of the two Girtys and M'Kee, renegado whites. I have made diligent enquiry, touching the biography of these men, particularly Simon Girty, a wretch, whose name is of more notoriety in the instigation of the wars and massacres of these Indians, than any other in our records. No tortured captive escaped from them in those times, who could not tell the share, which Simon Girty had in his sufferings; no burnings and murders, in which he assisted not either with his presence or his counsels. I have gained no specific information, except, that they were supposed to be refugees from Pennsylvania. They added the calculating and combining powers of the whites to the instinctive cunning and ferocity of the savages. They had their warlike propensities, without their magnanimity; and their appetite for blood without their active or passive courage. They had the bad properties of the whites and Indians, unmixed with the good of either. The cruelty of the Indians had some show of palliating circumstances. But theirs was gratuitous, cold-blooded, and without visible motive. Yet Simon Girty, like the people, among whom he dwelt, sometimes took the freak of kindness, no reason could be assigned wherefore; and once or twice saved an unhappy victim from being roasted alive. This renegado lived in plenty; and smoked his pipe, and

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drank off his whiskey in his log palace, consulted by the Indians, as an oracle. He was seen clad in a ruffled shirt a soldier's coat, pantaloons and gaiters, belted with pistols and dirks; and wore a watch with an enormous length of chain and tassel of ornaments; all, probably, the spoils of murder; and as he had a strong affectation of wisdom, there is no doubt, but in these days he would have worn green spectacles. So habited, he swelled in the view of the unhappy Indian captives, like the peacock spreading his morning plumage. There is little doubt, that those saved by his interposition, were spared, that he might have white admirers, and display to them his grandeur and the extent of his influence among the Indians.

The great assemblage to which I have referred, gathered round the shrine of Simon Girty for counsel, touching the point, which it was expedient to assail. He painted to them the delights of the land of cane, clover, deer, and buffaloes; and the fair vallies of the Kantuckee, for which so much blood had been shed. He described the gradual encroachments of the whites; and the necessity of a determined effort, if they would ever regain possession of their rich and rightful domain. He warned them, if the present order of things continued, that the whites would soon leave them no hunting grounds worth retaining; and no means of procuring rum, with which to warm and cheer their desolate hearts, or blankets to clothe their naked backs. They were advised to descend the Miami, cross the Ohio, ascend the Licking and paddle their canoes to the very contiguity of Bryant's Station. The speech was received with yells of enthusiastic applause.

Away marched this cohort of biped wolves, howling through the forest to their canoes on the Miami. Girty, in his ruffled shirt and soldier coat, stalked at their head, silently feeding upon his own grandeur. The Station, against which they were destined, enclosed forty cabins. They arrived before it, August 15, 1782, in the night. In the morning the inhabitants were warned of their presence, by being fired upon, as they opened their doors. The time of their arrival was providential. In two hours most of the efficient males of the Station were to have marched to the two other Stations, which were reported to have been attacked. The place would thus have been left completely defenceless. The garrison found means to dispatch one of their number to Lexington, to announce the assault, and crave aid. Sixteen mounted men and thirty one on foot were immediately marched off to their aid.

The number of the assailants amounted to at least six hundred. In conformity to the common modes of Indian warfare, they attempted to gain the place by stratagem. The great body concealed themselves among high weeds upon the opposite side of the Station, within pistol shot of the spring, from which it was supplied with water. With a detachment of a hundred, they commenced a false attack upon the southeast angle, with a view to draw the attention of the garrison to that point. This stratagem was predicated on the belief, that the inhabitants would all crowd to the point of assault, and leave the opposite one defenceless. But here they reckoned without their host.. The people instantly penetrated their purpose; and instead of returning their fire, commenced, what ought to have been completed before, repairing the palisades, and putting the Station in a condition of defence. The high and luxuriant Jamestown weeds near the

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spring instructed these experienced backwoodsmen, that a host of the foe lurked beneath their sheltering foliage, there to await the coming forth of the men, to draw water for the supply of the garrison. Let modern wives, who hesitate to follow their husbands to this place, because it is deemed unhealthy; or to that, because it will remove them from the scene of their accustomed pleasures, hear and prepend! These noble wives, mothers, daughters and sweet hearts, I dare affirm, handsomer, than ever either Juno or Venus or Minerva, or any of the graces, and the nymphs to boot, appeared on Mount Olympus, informed the men, that there was little probability, that the Indians would fire upon them, as their game undoubtedly was the men; and that even if they did shoot down a few of them, it would in no way diminish the resources of the garrison. The illustrious heroines armed themselves with buckets, and marched down to the spring, espying here and there a painted face, and an Indian body crouching under the thick foliage. Whether the Indians were fascinated with their beauty or their courage does not appear. But so it was, that they fired not, and these fair and generous ones came and went, until the reservoir was sufficiently supplied with water. I depend upon traditionary rather than written documents for the fact, that a round number of kisses were exchanged with these heroic ladies, who had so nobly jeoparded themselves, and proved that the disinterested daring of affection, is not a mere poet's fiction.

After such an example, it was no ways difficult to procure young volunteers, ready to try the Indians in the same way. As they deemed, they had scarcely advanced from the station, before a hundred Indians fired upon them. They retreated within the palisade; and the whole Indian force rose, yelling, and rushed upon the enclosure. They howled with mere disappointment and rage, when they found every thing prepared for their reception. A well directed fire, drove them to a more cautious distance. Some of the more desperate of their number, however, ventured on the least exposed point so near, as to be able to discharge burning arrows upon the roofs of the houses. Some of them were fired, and burnt. But an easterly wind providentially arose at the moment, and secured the mass of the buildings from the spreading of the flames; and the remnant they could not reach with their arrows.

The enemy lurked back to their covert in the weeds; waiting, pantherlike, for safer game. They had been informed, or they had divined it, that aid was expected from Lexington; and they arranged an ambuscade, to intercept it, on its approach to the garrison. When the reinforcement, consisting of forty-six persons, came in sight, the firing had ceased. The enemy were all invisible; and they came on in reckless confidence, under the impression, that they had marched on a false alarm. A lane opened an avenue to the station, through a thick corn field. This lane was ambuscaded on either side by the Indians, for a hundred yards. Fortunately, as it was dry and mid summer, the horsemen raised such a cloud of dust, that they sustained the close fire of the Indians, without losing a man, or even a horse. The footmen were less fortunate. They dispersed in the corn field, in hopes to reach the garrison unobserved. But masses of savages, constantly increasing between them and the station, intercepted them. Hard fighting ensued, and two of them were killed, and four

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wounded. Soon after the detachment had joined their friends, and the Indians were lying close in their covert again, the numerous flocks and herds of the station came in quietly, ruminating, as they made their way towards their night pens. Upon these harmless animals the Indians had unmolested sport; and they made a complete destruction of them.

A little after sunset, the famous Girty covertly approached the garrison, mounted a stump, whence he could be heard by the people within; and demanded a parley, and the surrender of the place. He managed his proposals with no small degree of art, assigning, in imitation of the commanders of numerous armies, that they were dictated by his humanity; that he wished to spare the effusion of human blood; that, in case of a surrender, he could answer for the security of the prisoners; but that, in the event of taking the garrison by storm, he could not; that cannon were approaching with a reinforcement, in which case they must be aware, that the palisades could no longer avail, to secure them from the numerous and incensed foe. His imposing manner had the more effect, in producing consternation, as the garrison knew, that the same foes had used cannon in the attack of Ruddle's and Martin's stations. Some faces blenched. Two had been already slain, and the four wounded were groaning among them. Some of the more considerate, apprised of the folly of allowing such a negociator in such a way, to intimidate the garrison, called out to shoot the rascal, adding to his name the customary Kentucky epithet. Girty insisted upon his promised security, as a flag of truce, while this negociation lasted; and demanded with great assumed dignity, if they knew, who it was, who thus addressed them. A spirited young man, of whom the most honorable mention is made in the subsequent annals of Indian warfare, was deputed to answer the renegade negociator. His object was to do away the depression of the garrison; and perhaps to gain a reputation for waggery, as he already had for hard fighting. 'Yes,' replied Reynolds, 'we know you well. You are one of those cowardly villains, who love to murder women and children; especially those of your own people. Know Simon Girty! Yes; his father was a panther, and his dam a wolf. I have a worthless dog, that kills lambs. Instead of shooting him, I have called him Simon Girty. You expect reinforcements and cannon, do you? We expect reinforcements, too; and in numbers to give short reckoning to your cowardly wretches. Cannon! you would not dare touch them off, if you had them. Even if you could batter down our pickets, I for one, hold your people in too much contempt to honor them by discharging fire arms upon them. Should you take the trouble to enter our fort, I have been roasting a great number of hickory switches, with which we mean to whip your naked rascals out of the country.'

'Now you be d——d,' says Simon, apparently no ways edified, or flattered by the reply. Affecting to deplore the obstinacy and infatuation of the garrison, the man of ruffled shirt, and soldier coat returned; and the firing commenced again. The besieged gave a good account of every one, who came near enough to take a fair shot. But before morning, the main body marched away to the lower Blue Licks, where they obtained a signally fatal and bloody triumph. The Indians and Canadians are said to have

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exceeded six hundred; and the besieged numbered forty-two rifle-men, before their reinforcement.

The following appendix to the above real history, we frankly confess, seems rather apochryphal, and is not unlikely to have been foisted into the Kentucky annals by some wag. Though there are not wanting commentators, who discover intrinsic evidence of its fidelity in the narrative. We leave the reader to settle the question for himself. We give, as we have received. It seems to us to be a spirited sketch of the energetic and somewhat wild manners of the brave and free spirits of the former generation in that state.

The Kentuckians of those days, carrying their lives in their hand, were faithful in obedience to the precept, to 'take no thought for the morrow.' While gloom was retiring from their forehead, joy shone again on their cheeks. As soon as they were aware, that the merciless prowlers had left the vicinity for good, they paid due honors to the dead, who had fallen, while coming to their aid. The wounded were nursed with the tenderest assiduity. These duties of humanity duly performed, the subsequent afternoon and evening were devoted to the joy and hilarity of a kind of triumphal jubilee. The tables groaned with good cheer; and, as there were then no temperance societies, a reasonable proportion of 'Old Monongahela rye whiskey,' which even in those early days was deemed a drink of most salutary beatification, was added to the persimon and maple beer. All, not excepting even those, who had been most zealous for treating with Simon Girty, overwhelmed Reynolds with well-earned compliments, and admiration of his spirit and oratory. The gentlemen were scarcely more hearty in expressions of this sort, than the ladies; among whom, being handsome, and of a brave and free spirit, he had been a favorite before. There was something particular in the wistfulness, with which Sarah McCracken contemplated him this evening. Sarah was Irish, six feet and an inch; her limbs admirably turned, and her frame as square, and proportioned, as an Italian statuary would have desired for a model. Her hair was fair, and inclining to yellow; and in her face piony red was sprinkled on a ground of lily white; and withal she carried a hook nose, an abundant vocabulary of Kentucky repartee, and a termagant spirit curiously compounded of frolic and mischief. Sarah had been wooed to no purpose by every young man of any pretensions in the vicinity. It was clearly understood, that no lover would be favored, until he should be able publicly to give her a fair fall, and noose her, as they were in the habit of managing a wild, or, as the phrase was, a 'severe' colt. More than one had struggled for the prize. But they fared like the Philistine upon Sampson; or as Tabitha Grumbo managed with her tiny suitor, young Mr. Thumb. Reynolds had sighed among the rest; and had surveyed the premises with feelings, not unlike those, with which a hostile man of war regards the rock of Gibraltar. When questioned by the young men, why he had not attempted to noose this pretty and 'severe' colt, he discussed the value of the prize, much as the fox did the grapes.

In the triumph and expansion of heart of that evening of deliverance, two or three fine young girls had been noosed; and, to their credit be it

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recorded, they were ever after as gentle and docile, as they had been wild and unmanageable before. Whether Reynolds felt stronger, after the ample honors and praises, he had won, or whether there was a consenting languor in Sarah McCracken's eye, doth not appear. The fact is submitted without any explanatory conjectures. Reynolds, with a neat cord of buffalo hair, made up to Sarah, evincing a show of the requisite hardihood, of purposing a trial to noose her. 'Come on,' said Sarah. 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Jigs, reels, sports, frolics, rifle-shooting, every other excitement was instantly absorbed in the keener interest of witnessing the trial at noosing. It commenced with an energy, for which I have no comparisons. The contest of the stranger with the Giant of Gauntly, or even that between Æneas and Turnus, for the hand and kingdom of Lavinia, afford no adequate parallel of illustration. Tears of laughter streamed from the eyes of the spectators; and it actually made them pant, that sultry August evening, to see the exertion of athletic power, the intertwining of hands, the bending of arms, and the dishevelling of locks. Sometimes her fine form seemed to bend to the muscular powers of the young warrior; at other times, to avail of the Kentucky phrase, she 'flirted' him, as though she had been playing pitch-penny. Sometimes one scale preponderated with the chances of victory, and sometimes the other. But no *golden* sign was hung out in the sky. Reynolds began to show laborious respiration; and the ladies to cheer, and the gentlemen to despond. But at the very moment, when his powers seemed to be sinking under the prowess of the fair and blowzed female Hercules, the destinies threw a heavy weight into his scale, and hers instantly kicked the beam, for lo! an almost imperceptible trip of the ancle bestowed her at her length on the white clover. While the woods rung with united acclamations, the lover followed up his conquest. The 'severe' colt was noosed, as meekly as a lamb.

There were not wanting sly girls, inmates of the station, who used in private to insinuate to her, that the slip was intentional. Sarah always assumed a knowing look on the occasion; and insisted, that she had found no cause to repent the fall. Reynolds, it is well known, behaved nobly afterwards at the battle of the Blue Licks. He it was, who, being in after days a little in the habit of 'striking the post,' as the Indians have it, or, in our phrase, blowing his own trumpet—started the proverbial Kentucky boast—'I have the handsomest horse, dog, rifle and wife in all Kentucky.'

HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

Extract from the Edinburgh Review, for June, 1826.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Suppose the first five books of Herodotus to be acquired by a key, or literal translation after the method of Hamilton, so that the pupil could construe them with the greatest accuracy;—we do not pretend, because the pupil could construe this book, that he could construe any other book equally easy; we merely

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say, that the pupil has acquired by these means, a certain *copia verborum*, and a certain practical knowledge of grammar, which must materially diminish the difficulty of reading the next book; that his difficulties diminish in a compound ratio with every fresh book he reads with a key—till at last he reads any common book without a key—and that he attains this last point of perfection in a time incomparably less, and with difficulties incomparably smaller, than in the old method.

There are a certain number of French books, which, when a boy can construe accurately, he may be said, for all purposes of reading, to be master of the French language. No matter how he has attained this power of construing the books. If you try him thoroughly, and are persuaded he is perfectly master of the books—then he possesses the power in question—he understands the language. Let these books, for the sake of the question, be Telemachus, the history of Louis XIV. the Henriade, the Plays of Racine, and the Revolutions of Vertot. We would have Hamiltonian keys to all these books, and the Lancasterian method of instruction. We believe these books would be mastered in one sixth part of the time, by these means, that they would be by the old method, of looking out the words in the dictionary, and then coming to say the lesson to the master; and we believe that the boys, long before they came to the end of this series of books, would be able to do without their keys,—to fling away their cork-jackets, and to swim alone. But boys who learn a language in four or five months, it is said, are apt to forget it again. Why, then, does not a young person, who has been five or six months in Paris, forget his French four or five years afterwards? It has been obtained without any of that labor, which the objectors to the Hamiltonian system deem to be so essential to memory. It has been obtained in the midst of tea and bread and butter, and yet is in a great measure retained for a whole life. In the same manner, the pupils of this new school use a colloquial living dictionary, and, from every principle of youthful emulation, contend with each other in catching the interpretation, and in applying to the lesson before them.

'If you wish to remember any language, make the acquisition of it very tedious and disgusting.' This seems to be an odd rule: But if it is good for language, it must be good also for every species of knowledge—music, mathematics, navigation, architecture. In all these sciences aversion should be the parent of memory—impediment the cause of perfection. If difficulty is the sauce of memory, the boy who learns with the greatest difficulty will remember with the greatest tenacity;—in other words, the acquisitions of a dunce will be greater and more important than those of a clever boy. Where is the love of difficulty to end? Why not leave a boy to compose his own dictionary and grammar? It is not what is done for a boy, but what he does for himself, that is of any importance. Are there difficulties enough in the old method of acquiring languages? Would it be better if the difficulties were doubled, and thirty years given to languages, instead of fifteen? All these arguments presume the difficulty to be got over, and then the memory to be improved. But what if the difficulty is shrunk from? What if it puts an end to power, instead of increasing it; and extinguishes, instead of exciting, application? And when these effects are produced, you not only preclude all hopes of learning or language, but you put an end for ever to all literary habits, and to all improvements from study. The boy

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who is lexicon-struck in early youth, looks upon all books afterwards with horror, and goes over to the blockheads. Every boy would be pleased with books, and pleased with school, and be glad to forward the views of his parents, and obtain the praise of his master, if he found it possible to make tolerably easy progress; but he is driven to absolute despair by gerunds, and wishes himself dead! Progress is pleasure—activity is pleasure. It is impossible for a boy not to make progress, and not to be active in the Hamiltonian method; and this pleasing state of mind we contend to be more favorable to memory, than the languid jaded spirit which much commerce with lexicons never fails to produce.

Translations are objected to in schools justly enough, when they are paraphrases, and not translations. It is impossible, from a paraphrase or very loose translation, to make any useful progress—they retard rather than accelerate a knowledge of the language to be acquired, and are the principal causes of the discredit into which translations have been brought, as instruments of education.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Regina, *jubes* renovare dolorem infandum.

Oh! Queen, thou orderest to renew grief not to be spoken of.

'Oh, Queen, in pursuance of your commands, I enter upon the narrative of misfortunes almost too great for utterance.'

The first of these translations leads us directly to the explication of a foreign language, as the latter ensures a perfect ignorance of it.

It is difficult enough to introduce any useful novelty in education, without enhancing its perils by needless and untenable paradox. Mr. Hamilton has made an assertion in his Preface to the key of the Italian Gospel, which has no kind of foundation in fact, and which has afforded a conspicuous mark for the aim of his antagonists.

'I have said that each word is translated by its *one sole* undeviating meaning, assuming as an incontrovertible principle in all languages that, with very few exceptions, each word has one meaning only, and can usually be rendered correctly into another by one word only, which one word should serve for its representative at all times and on all occasions.'

Now, it is probable that each word had one meaning only in its origin; but metaphor and association are so busy with human speech, that the same word comes to serve in a vast variety of senses, and continues to do so long after the metaphors and associations which called it into this state of activity, are buried in oblivion. Why may not *jubeo* be translated *order* as well as *command*, or *dolorem* rendered *grief* as well as *sorrow*? Mr. Hamilton has expressed himself loosely; but he perhaps means no more than to say, that in school translations, the metaphysical meaning should never be adopted, when the word can be rendered by its primary signification. We shall allow Mr. Hamilton to detail his own method of making the translation in question.

'Translations on the Hamiltonian system, according to which this book is translated, must not be confounded with translations made according to Locke, Clarke, Sterling, or even according to Dumarsais, Fremont, and a number of other Frenchmen, who have made what have been, and are yet sometimes called, *literal* and interlineal translations. The latter are indeed *interlineal*, but no

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literal translation had ever appeared in any language before those called Hamiltonian, that is before my Gospel of St. John from the French, the Greek and Latin Gospels published in London, and L'Hommond's Epitome of the Historia Sacra. These and these only were and are truly literal; that is to say, that every word is rendered in English by a corresponding part of speech; that the grammatical analysis of the phrase is never departed from: that the case of every noun, pronoun, adjective or participle, and the mood, tense or person of every verb are accurately pointed out by appropriate and unchanging signs, so that a grammarian not understanding one word of Italian, would, on reading any part of the translation here given, be instantly able to parse it. In the translations above alluded to, an attempt is made to preserve the correctness of the language into which the different works are translated, but the wish to conciliate this correctness with a literal translation, has only produced a barbarous and uncouth idiom, while it has in every case deceived the unlearned pupil by a translation altogether false and incorrect. Such translations may indeed give an idea of what is contained in the book translated, but they will not assist, or at least very little, in enabling the pupil to make out the exact meaning of each word, which is the principal object of Hamiltonian translations. The reader will understand this better by an illustration: A gentleman has lately given a translation of Juvenal according to the plan of the above-mentioned authors, beginning with the words *semper ego*, which he joins and translates, "shall I always be"—if his intention were to teach Latin words, he might as well have said, "shall I always eat beef-steaks?"—True, there is nothing about beef-steaks in *semper ego*, but neither is there about "shall be;" the whole translation is on the same plan, that is to say, that there is not one line of it correct, I had almost said one word, on which the pupil can rely, as the exact equivalent in English of the Latin word above it.—Not so the translation here given.

'As the object of the author has been that the pupil should know every word as well as he knows it himself, he has uniformly given it the one sole, precise, meaning which it has in our language, sacrificing every where the beauty, the idiom and the correctness of the English language to the original, in order to shew the perfect idiom, phraseology, and picture of that original as in a glass. So far is this carried, that where the English language can express the precise meaning of the Italian phrase only by a barbarism, this barbarism is employed without scruple—as thus:—"e le tenebre non l'hanno ammessa."—Here the word *tenebre* being plural, if you translate it darkness, you not only give a false translation of the word itself, which is used by the Italians in the plural number, but what is much more important, you lead the pupil into an error about its government, it being the nominative case to *hanno*, which is the third person plural; it is therefore translated not darkness but *darknesses*.'

To make these keys perfect, we rather think there should be a free translation added to the literal one. Not a paraphrase, but only so free as to avoid any awkward or barbarous expression. The comparison between the free and the literal translation would immediately shew to young people the peculiarities of the language in which they were engaged.

Literal translation or key—*Oh! Queen, thou orderest me to renew grief not to be spoken of.*

Free—'Oh! Queen, thou orderest me to renew my grief, too great for utterance.'

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The want of this accompanying free translation is not felt in keys of the Scriptures, because, in fact, the English Bible is a free translation, great part of which the scholar remembers. But in a work entirely unknown, of which a key was given, as full of awkward and barbarous expressions as a key certainly ought to be, a scholar might be sometimes puzzled to arrive at the real sense. We say as full of awkward and barbarous expressions as it ought to be, because we thoroughly approve of Mr. Hamilton's plan, of always sacrificing English and elegance to sense, when they cannot be united in the key. We are rather sorry Mr. Hamilton's first essay has been in a translation of the Scriptures, because every child is so familiar with them, that it may be difficult to determine whether the apparent progress is ancient or recent attainment; and because the Scriptures are so full of Hebraisms and Syriacisms, and the language so different from that of Greek authors, that it does not secure a knowledge of the language, equivalent to the time employed upon it

The Keys hitherto published by Mr. Hamilton are the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German Keys to the Gospel of St. John, Perrin's Fables, Latin Historia Sacra, Latin, French, and Italian Grammar, and Studia Metrica.* One of the difficulties under which the system is laboring, is a want of more Keys. Some of the best Greek and Roman classics should be immediately published, with Keys, and by very good scholars. We shall now lay before our readers an extract from one of the public papers respecting the progress made in the Hamiltonian schools.

'*Extract from the Morning Chronicle of Wednesday, November 16th*, 1825.— Hamiltonian System.—We yesterday were present at an examination of eight lads who have been under Mr. Hamilton since some time in the month of May last, with a view to ascertain the efficacy of his system in communicating a knowledge of languages. These eight lads, all of them between the ages of twelve and fourteen, are the children of poor people, who, when they were first placed under Mr. Hamilton, possessed no other instruction than common reading and writing. They were obtained from a common country school, through the in-

* The interest created by this Review of the Hamiltonian System, has so completely exhausted Mr. Hamilton's publications, that New Editions have become necessary, and have been generally executed, with important augmentations and improvements, within the last three months. The Greek Gospel of St. John is thus rendered a new book. Without deviating from the principles of the Hamiltonian System, an expedient has been found to avoid barbarisms, and to render the sense every where perfectly intelligible, so that the most unlearned can now instantaneously read and understand the original Scripture, as far as this Gospel goes, and even acquire the knowledge of every word of it, in a shorter time than it has heretofore cost to learn to read it. St. Matthew's Gospel, in Greek, has just been published, *price* 7*s*. 6*d*.; also Recueil Choisi in French, a beautiful book of above 500 pages, 7*s*. 6*d*.; Cornelius Nepos in Latin, 6*s*. 6*d*.; and, Robinson Crusoe in German, 2 vols. 10*s*. Several other Latin, Greek, Italian, and French books are in preparation, so as to complete perfect sets for all the Languages. Each book contains full instructions for the use of it.—The whole to be had at Mr. Hamilton's Establishment, 25, Cecil Street, Strand; at Messrs. Boosey & Sons, Old Broad Street, London; and in most other Cities in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

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terposition of a Member of Parliament, who takes an active part in promoting charity schools throughout the country; and the choice was determined by the consent of the parents, and not by the cleverness of the boys.

'They have been employed in learning Latin, French, and latterly Italian; and yesterday they were examined by several distinguished individuals, among whom we recognized, John Smith, Esq. M. P.; G. Smith, Esq. M. P.; Mr. J. Mill, the historian of British India; Major Camac; Major Thompson; Mr. Cowell, &c. &c. They first read different portions of the Gospel of St. John, in Latin, and of Cæsar's Commentaries, selected by the visitors. The translation was executed with an ease which it would be in vain to expect in any of the boys who attend our common schools, even in their third or fourth year; and proved, that the principle of exciting the attention of boys to the utmost, during the process by which the meaning of words is fixed in their memory, had given them a great familiarity with so much of the language as is contained in the books above alluded to. Their knowledge of the parts of speech was respectable, but not so remarkable; as the Hamiltonian System follows the natural mode of acquiring language, and only employs the boys in analysing, when they have already attained a certain familiarity with any language.

'The same experiments were repeated in French and Italian with the same success; and, upon the whole, we cannot but think the success has been complete. It is impossible to conceive a more impartial mode of putting any system to the test, than to make such an experiment on the children of our peasantry.'

Into the truth of this statement we have personally inquired, and it seems to us to have fallen short of the facts, from the laudable fear of over-stating them. The lads selected for the experiment were parish boys of the most ordinary description, reading English worse than Cumberland curates, and totally ignorant of the rudiments of any other language. They were purposely selected by a gentleman who defrayed its expense, and who had the strongest desire to put strictly to the test the efficacy of the Hamiltonian system. The experiment was begun the middle of May, 1825, and concluded on the day of November in the same year mentioned in the extract, exactly six months after. The Latin books set before them were the Gospel of St. John, and parts of Cæsar's Commentaries. Some Italian book or books (what we know not), and a selection of French histories. The visitors put the boys on where they pleased, and the translation was (as the reporter says) executed with an ease which it would be in vain to expect in any of the boys who attend our common schools, even in their third or fourth year.*

From experiments and observations which have fallen under our own notice, we do not scruple to make the following assertions. If there were Keys to the four Gospels, as there is to that of St. John, any boy or girl of thirteen years of age, and of moderate capacity, studying four hours a day, and beginning with an utter ignorance even of the Greek character, would learn to construe the four Gospels, with the most perfect and scrupulous accuracy, in six weeks. Some children, utterly ignorant of French or Italian, would learn to construe the

* We have left with the bookseller the names of two gentlemen who have verified this account to us, and who were present at the experiment. Their names will at once put an end to all scepticism as to the fact. Two more candid and enlightened judges could not be found.

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four Gospels, in either of these languages, in three weeks; the Latin in four weeks; the German in five weeks. We believe they would do it in a class: but, not to run any risks, we will presume a master to attend upon one student alone for these periods. We assign a master principally, because the application of a solitary boy at that age could not be depended upon; but if the sedulity of the child were certain, he would do it nearly as well alone. A greater time is allowed for German and Greek, on account of the novelty of the character. A person of mature habits, eager and energetic in his pursuits, and reading seven or eight hours per day, might, though utterly ignorant of a letter of Greek, learn to construe the four Gospels, with the most punctilious accuracy, in three weeks, *by the Key alone*. These assertions we make, not of the Gospels alone, but of any tolerably easy book of the same extent. We mean to be very accurate; but suppose we are wrong—add 10, 20, 30 per cent. to the time, an average boy of thirteen, in an average school, cannot construe the Gospels in two years from the time of his beginning the language.

All persons would be glad to read a foreign language, but all persons do not want the same scrupulous and comprehensive knowledge of grammar which a great Latin scholar possesses. Many persons may, and do derive great pleasure and instruction from French, German, and Italian books, who can neither speak nor write these languages—who know that certain terminations, when they see them, signify present or past, but who, if they wished to signify present or past time, could not recal these terminations. For many purposes and objects, therefore, very little grammar is wanting.

'The Hamiltonian method begins with what all persons want, a facility of construing, and leaves every scholar to become afterwards as profound in grammar as he (or those who educate him) may choose; whereas the old method aims at making all more profound grammarians than three-fourths wish to be, or than nineteen-twentieths *can be*. One of the enormous follies of the enormously foolish education in England, is, that all young men—dukes, fox-hunters, and merchants—are educated as if they were to keep a school, and serve a curacy; while scarcely an hour in the Hamiltonian education is lost for any variety of life. A grocer may learn enough of Latin to taste the sweets of Virgil; a cavalry officer may read and understand Homer, without knowing that *hiemi* comes from *eo* with a smooth breathing, and that it is formed by an improper reduplication. In the meantime, there is nothing in that education which prevents a scholar from knowing (if he wishes to know) what Greek compounds draw back their accents. He may trace verbs in *kimi*, from polysyllables in *hio*, or derive endless glory from marking down derivatives in *pto*, changing the *c* of their primitives into iota.

'Thus, in the Hamiltonian method, a great deal of grammar necessarily impresses itself upon the mind (*chemin faisant*,) as it does in the vernacular tongue, without any rule at all, and merely by habit. How is it possible to read many Latin Keys, for instance, without remarking, willingly or unwillingly, that the first person of verbs end in *o*, the second in *s*, the third in *t*? that the same adjective ends in *us* or *a*, accordingly, as the connected substantive is masculine or feminine, and other such gross and common rules? An Englishman who means to say, *I will go to London*, does not say, *I could go to London*. He never read a word of grammar in his life; but he has learnt by habit, that the word *go*, sig-

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nifies to proceed or set forth, by the same habit, he learns that future intentions are expressed by *I will;* and by the same habit the Hamiltonian pupil, reading over, and comprehending twenty times more words and phrases than the pupil of the ancient system, insensibly but infallibly fixes upon his mind many rules of grammar. We are far from meaning to say, that the grammar thus acquired will be sufficiently accurate for a first-rate Latin and Greek scholar; but there is no reason why a young person arriving at this distinction, and educated in the Hamiltonian system, may not carry the study of grammar to any degree of minuteness and accuracy. The only difference is, that he begins grammar as a study, after he has made a considerable progress in the language, and not before—a very important feature in the Hamiltonian system, and a very great improvement in the education of children.

'The imperfections of the old system proceed in a great measure from a bad and improvident accumulation of difficulties, which must all perhaps, though in a less degree, at one time or another be encountered, but which may be, and in the Hamiltonian system are, much more wisely distributed. A boy who sits down to Greek with lexicon and grammar, has to master an unknown character of an unknown language—to look out words in a lexicon, in the use of which he is inexpert—to guess, by many trials, in which of the numerous senses detailed in the lexicon he is to use the word—to attend to the inflexions of cases and tense—to become acquainted with the syntax of the language—and to become acquainted with these inflexions and this syntax from books written in foreign languages, and full of the most absurd and barbarous terms, and this at the tender age, when the mind is utterly unfit to grapple with any great difficulty; and the boy, who revolts at this folly and absurdity, is set down for a dunce, and must go into a marching regiment, or on board a man of war! The Hamiltonian pupil has his word looked out for him, its proper sense ascertained, the case of the substantive, the inflexions of the verb pointed out, and the syntaxical arrangement placed before his eyes. Where, then, is he to encounter these difficulties? Certainly not, if it is his purpose to become a great scholar; but he will enter upon them when the character is familiar to his eye—when a great number of Greek words are familiar to his eye and ear—when he has practically mastered a great deal of grammar—when the terminations of verbs convey to him different modifications of time, the terminations of substantives different varieties of circumstance—when the rules of grammar in short are a confirmation of previous observation, not an irksome multitude of directions, heaped up without any opportunity of immediate application.

The real way of learning a dead language, is to imitate as much as possible the method in which a living language is naturally learnt. When do we ever find a well educated Englishman or Frenchman embarrassed by an ignorance of the grammar of their respective languages? They first learn it practically and unerringly; and then, if they choose to look back, and smile at the idea of having proceeded by a number of rules without knowing one of them by heart, or being conscious that they had any rule at all, this is a philosophical amusement: But who ever thinks of learning the grammar of their own tongue before they are very good grammarians? Let us hear what Mr. Locke says upon this subject:—If grammar ought to be taught at any time, it must be 'to one that can speak the

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'language already; how else can he be taught the grammar of it? This at least 'is evident, from the practice of the wise and learned nations amongst the 'ancients. They made it a part of education to cultivate their own, not foreign 'languages. The Greeks counted all other nations barbarous, and had a con- 'tempt for their languages. And though the Greek learning grew in credit 'amongst the Romans towards the end of their commonwealth, yet it was the 'Roman tongue that was the study of their youth; their own language they were 'to make use of, and therefore it was their own language they were instructed 'and exercised in.

'But, more particularly, to determine the proper season for grammar, I do 'not see how it can reasonably be made any one's study, but as an introduction to 'rhetoric. When it is thought time to put any one upon the care of polishing 'his tongue, and of speaking better than the illiterate, then is the time for him to 'be instructed in the rules of grammar, and not before. For grammar being to 'teach men, not to speak, but to speak correctly, and according to the exact 'rules of the tongue, which is one part of elegancy, there is little use of the one 'to him that has no need of the other. Where rhetoric is not necessary, gram- 'mar may be spared. I know not why one should waste his time, and beat his 'head about the Latin grammar, who does not intend to be a critic, or make 'speeches, and write despatches in it. When any one finds in himself a necessi- 'ty or disposition to study any foreign language to the bottom, and to be nicely 'exact in the knowledge of it, it will be time enough to take a grammatical sur- 'vey of it. If his use of it be only to understand some books writ in it, without 'a critical knowledge of the tongue itself, reading alone, as I have said, will at- 'tain that end, without charging the mind with the multiplied rules and intrica- 'cies of grammar.'—*Locke on Education* p. 78, folio.

In the Eaton Grammar, the following very plain and elementary information is conveyed to young gentlemen utterly ignorant of every syllable of the language.

'Nomina anomala quæ contrahuntur sunt, *holopathe* quæ contrahuntur in omnibus, ut *goos*, *gous*, &c. *Oligopathe*, quæ in paucioribus casibus contrahunter, ut substantiva Barytonia in *hur* Imparyllatria in *our*, &c. &c.

From the Westminister Grammar we make the following extract—and some thousand rules, conveyed in poetry of equal merit, must be fixed upon the mind of the youthful Grecian, before he advances into the interior of the language.

'*o* finis thematis finis utriusque futuri est
'Post liquidam in primo, vel in unoquoque secundo,
'*o* circumflexum est. Ante *o* finale character
'Explicitus *se* primi est implicitusque futuri
'*o* itaque in quo *s* quasi plexum est solitu in *so*.'

Westminister Greek Grammar, 1814.

Such are the easy initiations of our present methods of teaching. The Hamiltonian system, on the other hand, 1. teaches an unknown tongue by the closest interlinear translation, instead of leaving a boy to explore his way by the lexicon or dictionary. 2. It postpones the study of grammar till a considerable progress has been made in the language, and a great degree of practical grammar has been acquired. 3. It substitutes the cheerfulness and competition of the Lancas-

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terian system for the dull solitude of the dictionary. By these means, a boy finds he is making a progress, and learning something from the very beginning. He is not overwhelmed with the first appearance of insuperable difficulties; he receives some little pay from the first moment of his apprenticeship, and is not compelled to wait for remuneration till he is out of his time. The student having acquired the great art of understanding the sense of what is written in another tongue, may go into the study of the language as deeply and extensively as he pleases. The old system aims at beginning with a depth and accuracy which many men never will want, which disgusts many from arriving even at moderate attainments, and is a less easy, and not more certain road to a profound skill in languages, than if attention to grammar had been deferred to a later period.

In fine, we are strongly persuaded, that the time being given, this system will make better scholars; and the degree of scholarship being given, a much shorter time will be needed. If there is any truth in this, it will make Mr. Hamilton one of the most useful men of his age; for if there is any thing which fills reflecting men with melancholy and regret, it is the waste of mortal time, parental money, and puerile happiness, in the present method of pursuing Latin and Greek.

HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Sir,—The last number of the Edinburgh Review contains so able a defence of this system, that, as its author, I think I cannot with propriety delay the public expression of my gratitude, to the eloquent writer of it. In doing this, my intention is not to add any thing to what he has said in recommendation of the system, but rather to reply to those criticisms, which a spirit of candour and impartiality has induced him to make. I regret that I had not an opportunity of conversing with him, it would have been so easy to prove to his satisfaction, that the few points on which he supposes it deficient or vulnerable, are, in fact, abundantly guarded from the inconveniencies he fears. And first, as to the manner in which this system has been brought before the public by ADVERTISING; this has been often attacked by my opposers, and sometimes condemned by my friends. My advocate in the Review thinks this circumstance "*unfortunate;*" and I would certainly coincide with him in opinion, for it has cost me above one thousand pounds, provided he or any other person will point out to me any *other* way under Heaven in which I could have brought it forward with the slightest hope of success. Unfortunate, indeed, and painful has it often been to me to pass for one hour for a puffer or boaster; but if a faithful and simple representation of my system, if a fair exposition of its results appear incredible or impossible, as they are in truth on the common plan, the fault is not in me, but in the general ignorance in society of what a right system of teaching ought to produce. No doubt, if this appearance of puffing could have been avoided, it would be desirable; but the mode of avoiding it, without abandoning my profession, neither friends or enemies have yet pointed out. Those who think it was only necessary to demonstrate its effects to the heads of colleges or schools, to statesmen, clergymen, edi-

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tors, or men of learning generally, in order to have my system ushered to the notice of mankind, with all the honours which attended inoculation or the vaccine, knew little of the world or of the classes of men they speak of; they know not the prejudices of education, the force of mental habits, of preconceived opinions, of private interests, or scholastic pride. If I had not advertised, I should never have had a pupil; and if I had not in my advertisements told the infallible result of my lessons, instead of being able to count 10,000 pupils formed in 10 years, I should probably find myself with 30 or 40 children in some obscure village of the United States. They are, besides, widely mistaken, who suppose a system of teaching can be formed in one day, and proposed to society in a perfect state the next; practice, publicity, experience, opposition, rivality, jealousy, discussion, are necessary, absolutely necessary to perfect it, and of those the Hamiltonian system has had its full share. When I entered my scholastic career, I had one single principle of what has since, by the re-union of other principles, become a system. I TAUGHT instead of *ordering to learn;* and by the application of this one mighty lever which had lain rusty for centuries, I effected wonders, "I raised a world." This is yet, and ever will be the basis of the Hamiltonian system; analytical translation, repetition, and the other principles which now compose it, being but the hand-maids of this one mighty but universally neglected principle. By the use of this one principle, I say, I effected a progress, believed, and truly believed impossible on the usual plan, and I published this progress; but, in doing so, I said the truth only; I appealed continually to facts; I gave not the names of my patrons, but the names of my pupils, and at every step invited inquiry, and defied investigation; is this, I ask, puffing or quackery? If it be, tell me what truth and simplicity are, for I know them not. But there is another and very simple argument for advertising, which is not always taken into account by my friends, when they affect to condemn it as unworthy the author of an useful discovery; I had to live by it: it has afforded me and my family an honorable support for the last ten years, and I would ask, are there any other terms on which society could justly require of me to devote my life to the purpose of diffusing the knowledge and the benefits of it?

The second objection made by the eloquent advocate of my system is, that emulation is discarded from it; "there is," he says, "no changing of seats." This would be below the dignity of the rank and age of my pupils generally, and with boys the loss of time would be enormous; besides, that it has been found unnecessary, the delight and surprise of the pupil at the perception of his progress at every step, produces all the effects of emulation or jealousy in other systems. I have known parents, nay, grandfathers and grandmothers, enter my classes, expressly stipulating not to be called on to recite, before the end of three lessons, become the most lively members of the class, and the most zealous cooperators in its exercises.

The third objection is, that I ascribe to one word one meaning only. This is a vital principle, absolutely necessary in all analytical translation. I do not contend for it as a theoretic invariable truth, but as an operative and practical principle. I know it has many exceptions, though infinitely fewer than is generally supposed, but the principle itself must never be lost sight of; it would instantly replunge the unhappy pupil into the chaotic confusion and uncertainties of dictionaries, from which it is the object of the Hamiltonian system to rescue him. *Jubeo et dolor* do not form exceptions to this principle; to command

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or to order are not *two* meanings but *one*. *Grief* and *sorrow* the same: but if the reviewer will look into Ainsworth, he will find for *jubeo* and *dolor* a number of other forced, figurative, or implied meanings for each of these words, which on the principle of my translations must be utterly rejected.

The fourth objection, "I guarantee the progress of my pupils." This objection has been made for want of accurate information relative to the nature of it. The Reviewer, "from experiments and observations which have fallen under his own notice," ASSERTS, that a boy of common capacity, and studying four hours a-day, might, on this System, be taught the four Gospels in Greek in six weeks; in Italian or French in three; in German in five. His conviction of this is full and perfect; why then not GUARANTEE it to the timid or cautious father, who pays for his acquirement in advance, or to the modest pupil who fears such a progress to be beyond his power,—But what if he does not attend? What if he be sick? or idle? or stupid? Here is precisely the use of the guarantee,—give him his lessons over again; this is all I mean.

The triumph of the Hamiltonian system is, that, with the utmost moral certainty, you can predict the day, nay, the very hour when a pupil, utterly ignorant of a language, shall be able to translate any given easy books in it, with a correctness of pronunciation, and an accuracy of translation and grammatical analysis which an adept in language may equal but not surpass, and that this day or hour may not be at the distance of one year, as would be usually required on the common plan, but with the slightest exertion on the part of the pupil and teacher at the end of one month! and that such is the certainty with which the teacher undertakes the task, that he is willing to stake all he possesses, his reputation on the result; that, in short, he can GUARANTEE it.

I am, with respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES HAMILTON.

Edinburgh, 15*th August*, 1826.

REVIEW OF ROBERT OWEN'S CONCLUDING SPEECH.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

WE found it wholly superfluous and useless, to attempt any thing, like a general analysis of this book. He would expect, that a reviewer would take up his *twelve fundamental laws*, one by one; and then his *nine conditions* necessary to human happiness; and then the twenty eight sections of his *universal code* of laws; and then his declamation against old society, its irrationality, priestcraft and ignorance. In short, his notion of a review of this book would be, to follow the chain of his observations, through all its repetitions and verbiage; and meet, and combat his propositions one by one! He will resolutely insist, that we find his system invincible, and unassailable, because we do not so attack it. We have remarked, that all the doctrinal part of the system is contained in a few sim-

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ple propositions, which have nothing of novelty, not even the form. They are just as old, as is the faculty of the human mind, to raise quibbles from words, and the disposition of the human heart to dispute. His doctrine of 'circumstances' is precisely that of the ancient fatalists. His atheism is simply that of the ancients. His insisting upon facts and demonstrations is the very doctrine of Volney's 'Ruins,' and a hundred other irreligious books. His earnest insisting upon the teaching of observation and experience is Bacon's inductive philosophy. His dubitative spirit upon all, that is not matter of sensible or demonstrable evidence, is the doctrine of David Hume and the sceptics. His railing against priestcraft is surely *nothing original.* His doctrine of marriages was inculcated in the first century of the Christian church by Nicholas the Damascene. We believe, that the modern form of this doctrine is claimed, at least in copartnership of discovery, by a hundred male and female philosophers, as well as Miss Fanny Wright. The inculcation of the art of improving the breed of the human stock is so far from being new, that a book was written, we believe more than a century ago, at Oxford, if we mistake not, with a Greek title, 'Kalliopaidia;' and the object of it was to reduce the art of causing, that none, but beautiful children should be born, to a system. To attack the doctrine of fatalism would be like attempting to dilapidate a black and mouldering pyramid that had fallen in ruins of its own weight. To attempt to add any thing, to what has been said upon any of these points, would be, like lading from a cistern, to swell the mass of the sea. Well may Mr. Owen declare his system unassailable, if he can meet with no metaphysical opponent, who will go heartily into metaphysical cut and thrust upon the beaten question of necessity or free will. Who will dispute with him about the amount of priestcraft, that there is now, or has been in the world? Who will question with him, that there are many evils in society, that ought to be reformed? On what point will the question turn, whether the old forms of marriages, or those proposed under the social system, are most beneficial? We have his assertion, that marriage would be the happiest circumstance after his fashion; and we may remark, that nine-tenths of the positions in his book are of the same class, mere naked positive assertions on his single *ipse dixit;* and to counterbalance them, we have the innumerable assertions of the friends and subjects of 'old society' in contradiction. Where were the use of commencing an argument, *de novo*, upon these hackneyed and beaten and settled topics, as far as words can settle them? It would be useless, too, and supererrogation to declaim against the tendency of this sweeping system of atheism and infidelity. It has been the theme of ten thousand pulpits for almost two thousand years. It is a theme, which can never wear out, aud is appropriate to the pulpit. The only legitimate question, as it seemed to us, to have been discussed in the late public disputation was this, whether the Christian religion, on the whole, had been productive of good, or evil effects to society? This was the hinge, on which we expected the question would have turned. We have not a doubt for ourselves upon the subject. Taking into the account all the wars, all the persecutions, sects, heresies, divisions, tyranny, bigotry, cruelty and blood, all the burnings of the inquisition, and all the horrors of all the *Saint Bartholomews*, that ever were enacted, and putting them, as infidels very unjustly do, to the

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account of religion, and we have no doubt, that the balance of happiness would still be infinitely in favor of the influences of religion. We would rather see the world under the influence of Calvin, that caused Servetus to be burned, or St. Dominic, that invented the inquisition, than see it consigned to the desolation of atheism, and the belief of the complete annihilation of our conscious existence in death. But one Servetus would be sacrificed for a million. But one *auto da fe* would occur, perhaps, in a state for a month; while the silent, peace and joy-inspiring influences of even a dark and bigotted creed would be shed, and fall unseen, like the rain, the dew, the sunbeams, and the ambient air upon the undistinguished millions. Of these influences, none but He, who sees the heart, would take notice, while the acts of persecution and blood would stand recorded, as moral earthquakes and thunder storms of a few hours, in relation to the calm and unremembered sunshine of whole seasons.

We might, too, most decisively distinguish between what religion has produced of these evils and all the mischief which Mr. Owen charges to it, and the want of this very religion, which he affirms is the guilty cause of all, and which want, and not the thing itself, we declare, has originated the whole. But these discussions would necessarily carry us beyond our limits; and would only be adding to the immeasurable amount of common place, which has been produced upon the subject already.

We shall therefore, in our remaining remarks glance at some things, in which, it seems to us, Mr. Owen has claims of originality—and some hints, which we deem to be true, useful and important, in his system.

We judge, that Mr. Owen has fair claims to be called the philosopher of 'circumstances' *par eminence.* Thousands before him have perceived, that we are to a great extent, but not as he affirms, entirely the creatures of the circumstances, in which we are placed. The most hardy fatalist has never before, to our knowledge, carried the doctrine of the absolute passiveness of the human mind, in receiving impressions, into a practical and operative system. He has dilated upon it, and traced his supposed chain in its bearings and influences with so much zeal and detail, that he ought to have the merit of being considered the father and the apostle of the system, that you may form an infant, precisely as you choose, by placing round it the proper chain of circumstances. This, to a certain extent, is true. But not at all to the extent, in which he affirms it. It is true, he admits, as an element into the calculation, the different temperament and organization of different individuals. But he would find by the experiment, and whoever undertakes to make it, will find, that the children, in training, will mock at this system—and that some will be this thing, and some that, and some will believe this thing, and some that, in spite of all the chains of circumstances, that Mr. Philosopher Owen, and any other philosopher ever did, or can place about a human mind. But although his doctrine is not true, in the complete and absolute sense, in which he affirms it, nor true in such a sense, as to exclude freedom of moral action, it is true and important, in such a sense, and to such an extent, as to impose a most fearful responsibility upon parents, and all, who are in any way concerned in forming the minds of children, to see that no circumstances are placed about them, but such as tend to form them to right notions, to truth, honor and virtue.

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No man has ever more fully discussed, and disclosed the grounds of the certain fact, that men are not in fault for their honest opinions. By *honest* we mean such, as are the result of their deliberate convictions. How it is, that men are free, voluntary agents, properly the subjects of praise and blame, reward and punishment, under the Divine, and under human laws, while yet the mind is passive in receiving its notions or ideas, we pretend not to know. It is one of those mysteries, lying in words, which the subtilty of the human understanding cannot reach. And yet both are true. Both are felt to be true, by a consciousness, antecedent to all reasonings. Mr. Owen, we do not question, blushes at his own mistakes at times, and instantly determines in his own mind not to repeat them. This is his own testimony against himself, that he felt conscious of wrong action, and of ability to retrieve it in future. Happily for men, the greater portion of our conduct is fixed by these internal consciousnesses, which reason has no more power to shake, or change, than it has to convince a man laboring with the headache, that he is free from it. Man is free and accountable, and he feels himself so, and that is all, that need be said about it. Mr. Owen might as well preach, that men will not grow old in his system, as deny it.

Again, we are not in fault for opinions. The only unalienable property we possess, in fact, is our opinions; and we could as easily and as rightly surrender our consciences, as forego them, except upon changed convictions; and we could as easily change our being, as believe against evidence. It is the unchangeable and eternal law of our existence, that the greatest weight of evidence produces our conviction. Neither will the power of deliberating and suspending our opinion, in which Locke supposes our moral freedom to consist, account for that freedom. The power to suspend, to deliberate, to balance, is a previous link in the same chain, formed by the same motives, as the subsequent one. It is true, therefore, and a most important truth, that no man is in fault for his opinions. No true toleration ever did, or ever can exist, until men receive this truth in its fullest extent. Millions of men are in error, and therefore subjects of pity, and efforts to enlighten them, but not one of them for his mere opinions is in fault. This great truth Penn taught in a dark and persecuting age. This truth we ought to be willing to learn even of Mr. Owen. This great truth it is all-important, that we should practically learn. For we verily believe, that there is not at this moment one person in a million, who does not feel some degree of temper and intolerance towards all those about him, whose opinions are not like his. Let every person, then, who feels temper arising in his bosom, as he hears sentiments advanced adverse to his own, feel, that that temper is intolerance, that greater measures of it, and stronger inducements would cause him to kindle the fires of an *Auto da Fe*. The doctrine of the unalienable right of freedom of opinion has been taught, indeed, before Mr. Owen. But let every one, who feels temper, as he hears the opposite opinion of another, remember, that he is not a true convert to this doctrine, and that he has within him a leaven of the spirit of persecution.

Mr. Owen brings an important point of political economy distinctly to view, or it is a fair inference from his system. There is in society a producing power, beyond the wants, or the capacity of consumption of all its

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members. This is a well known axiom. In fact, in every regulated society, in the most sterile parts of the world, except in the partial cases of seasons of famine from drought, or suspension of the common operations of nature, more is produced, than is consumed. One of the most beaten themes of complaint by modern economists is, the evils of the excess of production. Now the present constitution of society is such, that both the evils of excess and of famine can exist, and do continually exist contemporaneously. People starve in the midst of abundance. Some children wail for bread, we fear, even in a country so fruitful and cheap, as this, where we write. This is a great and a manifold evil. There ought to be no want, where more is produced, than is consumed. The advocates of the old system will tell you, that in remedying hunger by violating the common rights of the tenure of property, you would create more evil, than you would redress; and that, therefore, the hunger should be permitted, rather than the greater evil of any supply, that would infringe the rights of property. But this is a tacit admission of the evil, and is allowing in other words, that the present order of society is so unjust, and unequal—that an excess of production, and want and famine, must often coexist in the same society, through inability of the laws to remedy it without working a greater evil. If Mr. Owen's system should have the effect to put legislators upon the track of providing, that no absolute suffering of want should arise in a society, where there was an excess of production, he would merit well of mankind, at least for advocating that immense amelioration of the human condition.

Again, it is perfectly true, that society suffers inconceivably, from what he calls *competition*, the undue crowding of numbers into each calling and profession. There are few places, where half of the members of every calling, except, perhaps, that of agriculture, are not only supernumeraries, but can only subsist by thwarting, circumventing, attempting to anticipate, undersell, undermine, and injure the rest. All these men not only make nothing for the good of society, but can only subsist by operating against, and neutralizing the exertions of others. If, according to Mr. Owen's system, there could be concurrence, instead of opposition and competition, there would certainly be an immense amount of useful labor, gained to the good of society instead of being employed in defeating its best interests.

Again, more than half of the ordinary amount of human labor is probably, thrown away, by being misdirected, misapplied, or unskilfully laid out upon proper pursuits. There can be no doubt, that if the wisdom and experience of a community of three hundred, or two thousand were brought to bear upon every pursuit to be achieved in its concerns, an immensely greater amount of production and comfort would be obtained, than in the ordinary way of allowing each member of the community to labor, according to his own reasonings and in his own way. Every community, that we have ever seen, verifies this fact. The Harmonites, the Economites, the Shakers, the Moravians are proofs in point, that every one has observed. We may add, that the large Southern planters are equally striking proofs. A slave individually is worth but about half as much for labor, as a free man. Yet a planter with a hundred slaves will make a much greater amount of any article of cultivation, than a hundred

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free men, each cultivating at his own discretion. But still we have no doubt, that the sense of independence and liberty, and the power of self-control are an infinitely preponderating weight in favor of individual and free competition. The cotter in his log house, but freely, and fully at his disposal, is very much happier, than the slave of the Economy system, who drinks Rhenish wine, and sleeps in a good bed and a painted house, which, however, are none of them his own, or at his own disposal.

In fact, such are the fruits of almost all reforming schemes. The most common novice can point out the evil. Unhappily the same person will imagine, he can find the remedy. But men of wisdom and experience perceive, that in most attempted innovations to remedy existing evils, the remedy is worse, than the disease; and in the reform a lesser evil is changed for a great one. Reformers ought not only to make clear work in proving the evils, they would remedy; but they ought to be very certain, that the change and derangement of their remedy will not operate a greater mischief, than that, it was intended to redress.

In regard to a community, that could be so far cured by Mr. Owen's system, or any other influence, of the inborn selfishness, pride, envy and jealousy of human nature, which we conceive to be as uneradicable a part of it, as that man should be born an unfeathered and biped animal, we say, if men could live in a community in real and affectionate concurrence, such, for example, as sincere Christians would show to each other, there can be no doubt, that, by acting with the concurrent wisdom to a given purpose, and with all the aid and improvements of machinery, enough might be produced for all the wants of human nature, by so little labor, as that, when equally shared among the members, it would amount to no more, than would conduce at once to health and pleasure. But this will never be on this earth, until man ceases to be man; and the Creator has seen fit to form him, as he is, no doubt, because He saw, on the whole, a balance of good in his present organization.

The book before us to p. 174, is occupied, 1 by a preface; 2 by the opening speech, in which are contained the famous twelve fundamental laws, which, that the reader may see, we here quote:

I.

'That man, at his birth, is ignorant of every thing relative to his own organization; and that he has not created the slightest part of any of his natural propensities, faculties, or qualities, physical or mental.

II.

'That no two infants, at birth, have yet been known to possess precisely the same organization; while the physical, mental and moral differences, between all infants, are formed without their knowledge or consent.

III.

'That each individual is placed, at birth, without his knowledge or consent, within circumstances, which, acting upon his peculiar organization, impress the general character of those circumstances upon the infant, child and man. Yet that the influence of those circumstances is to a certain degree, modified by the peculiar natural organization of each individual.

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IV.

'That no infant has the power of deciding at what point of time, or in what part of the world, he shall come into existence; of whom he shall be born; in what particular religion he shall be trained to believe; or by what other circumstances he shall be surrounded from birth to death.

V.

'That each individual is so created, that, when young, he may be made to receive impressions, to produce either true ideas or false notions, or beneficial or injurious habits, and to retain them with great tenacity.

VI.

'That each individual is so created, that he must believe according to the strongest conviction that can be made on his mind, while his belief in no case depends upon his own will; but on the contrary, his will is generally formed by his belief.

VII.

'That each individual is so created, that he must like that which is pleasant to him, or that which produces agreeable sensations on his individual organization; and he must dislike that which creates in him unpleasant or disagreeable sensations; while he cannot discover, previous to experience, what those sensations shall be.

VIII.

'That each individual is so created, that the sensations made upon his organization, although pleasant and delightful at their commencement, and for some duration, generally become, when continued beyond a certain period without change, disagreeable and painful. When a too rapid change of sensations is made on his organization, it dissipates, weakens and otherwise injures his physical, intellectual and moral powers and enjoyments.

IX.

'That the highest health, the greatest progressive improvements, and the most permanent happiness of each individual, depend, in a great degree, upon the proper cultivation of all his physical, intellectual and moral faculties and powers from infancy to maturity, and upon all these parts of his nature being duly called into action, at their proper period, and temperately exercised, according to the strength and capacity of the individual.

X.

'That the individual is made to possess the *worst* character, when his organization, at birth, has been compounded of the most inferior propensities, faculties and qualities of our common nature; and when so organized, he has been placed from birth to death, amidst the most vicious or worst circumstances.

XI.

'That the individual is made to possess and to acquire a medium character, when his organization is created *superior*, and when the circumstances which surround him, from birth to death, produce continued *vicious* or *unfavorable*, impressions. Or when his organization has been formed of *inferior* materials, and the circumstances in which he has been placed, from birth to death, are of a character to produce *superior* impressions only. Or when there has been some mixture of *superior* and *inferior* qualities in the original organization, and when

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it has also been placed, through life, in varied circumstances of *good* and *evil.* This last compound has been hitherto the common lot of mankind.

XII.

'That the individual is made the most superior of his species, when his original organization has been compounded of the best proportions, of the best ingredients of which human nature is formed, and when the circumstances which surround him, from birth to death, are of a character to produce only superior impressions; or in other words, when the circumstances, or laws, institutions and customs, in which he is placed, are all in unison with his nature.'

These laws are then expounded, and defended. Homer, it is well known, is famous for repeating a good thing. On p. 31, we have these identical twelve laws again, *verbatim et literatim!!* On p. 35, and onwards, *religion* is despatched. All the *artificial laws* of *old society* are abrogated on p. 37. *Private property*, *war*, *marriage*, *commerce*, *travelling*, *education*, and governments are done up in a few pages in short metre. The *nine laws* necessary to human happiness are the following:

OF A NATURAL GOVERNMENT,

OR OF ONE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE.

'A government founded on these principles will attend solely to the improvement and happiness of the governed.

'Its first inquiries will be, to ascertain what human nature is? what are the laws of its organization, and of its existence, from birth to death?

'The second—What is necessary for the happiness of a being so formed and matured.

'And third—What are the best means by which to obtain those requisites, and to secure them permanently for all the governed.

'We have developed the divine laws of human nature in sufficient detail for the present purpose.

'Those things which are necessary for the happiness of a being so formed and matured, are comprised, perhaps, in the following enumeration of

THINGS NECESSARY FOR HUMAN HAPPINESS.

'I.—The possession of a good organization, physical, mental and moral.

'II.—Having the power to procure, at pleasure, whatever is necessary to keep the organization in the best state of health.

'III.—An education which shall cultivate, in the best manner, from infancy to maturity, the physical, intellectual and moral powers of all the population.

'IV.—The means and inclination to promote the happiness of our fellow beings.

'V.—The means and inclination to increase continually our stock of knowledge.

'VI.—The means of enjoying the best society we know; and more particularly the power of associating, at pleasure, with those, for whom we cannot avoid feeling the most regard and the greatest affection.

'VII.—The means of travelling at pleasure.

'VIII.—A release from superstition, from supernatural fears, and from the fear of death.

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'IX.—To live in a society, in which all its laws, institutions and arrangements shall be in accordance with the divine laws of human nature, well organized and well governed.'

The following is the *universal code* of laws:

'I.—Every one shall be equally provided, through life, with the best of every thing for human nature, by public arrangements, which shall give the best known direction to the industry and talents of every individual.

'II.—All shall have equal opportunities of being educated by the public, from infancy to maturity, in the best manner known at the time.

'III.—All shall pass through the same general routine of education, and domestic teaching and employment.

'IV.—All children, from their birth, shall be under the especial care of the society in which they are born; but their parents shall have free access to them at all times.

'V.—The children of all parents shall be trained and educated together, by the society, as children of the same family; and all of them shall be early taught a knowledge of the laws of their nature.

'VI.—All shall have equal and full liberty of conscience.

'VII.—None shall have any other power or right, than fair argument, to control the belief or opinions of any one.

'VIII.—No merit or demerit, no reward or punishment, shall be awarded to any one, for any faith whatever.

'IX.—All shall have an equal right to express their opinion of the existence of a First Cause; and to worship it under any form, or in any manner most agreeable to their consciences, not interfering with equal rights in others.

'X.—None shall be responsible for their physical, intellectual or moral organization.

'XI.—None shall be considered responsible for the sensations made on their organization by external circumstances.

'XII.—All shall be encouraged to express these sensations only,—or, in other words, to speak only the truth upon all occasions.

'XIII.—No promises shall be asked or given for future affection, because it is not under the control of the will.

'XIV.—There shall be no useless private property, in this new state of existence, after the children shall be trained to render it unnecessary, by acquiring new habits and new feelings, derived from the laws of human nature.

'XV.—Society shall consist, not of single families, but of associations of men, women and children in the usual proportions, from three hundred to two thousand, according as local circumstances may determine.

'XVI.—That as these associations increase in number, a union of them shall be formed for local and general purposes, to consist of tens, hundreds, thousands, and millions, according to the less or more extended objects and interests which shall require their consideration and direction.

'XVII.—Each of these associations shall possess, around it, land sufficient for the ample support of all its members, when it shall contain the maximum in number.

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'XVIII.—Each of these communities shall be arranged to give, as nearly as possible, the same advantages to all the members in each of them; and to afford the most easy communication with each other.

'XIX.—Each community shall be governed by a general council, composed of all its members between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five. And each department shall be under the immediate direction of a committee formed of the members of this general council. And these latter members shall be chosen in the order to be determined upon by the general council.

'XX.—After the period when all the members in the committee shall be trained to be capable of taking their full share of the duties in the general council of government, at the age fixed upon, there shall be no selection or election of any individuals to office.

'XXI.—That at thirty-five years of age, all the members, who shall have been trained from infancy in the communities, shall be officially called upon, to undertake their full share of the duties of management; and at forty-five, they shall be excused from officially performing them.

'XXII.—The business of the general council shall be, to govern all the circumstances within the boundaries of its own community; to endeavor to improve them, by removing continually the most unfavorable to happiness, and by replacing them by the best that can be devised among themselves, or of which they can obtain a knowledge from all the other communities; and also to send a delegate to the first circles of communities to which they shall be attached.

'XXIII.—The general council shall have full power of government, *in all things appertaining to the association under its direction*, as long as it shall not act contrary to the divine laws of human nature. These laws shall be their sole guide upon all occasions.

'XXIV.—If, however, which is deemed scarcely possible, the general council shall ever attempt to contravene the laws of human nature, the elders of the community, who have passed the council, shall call a general meeting of all the members of the association, above sixteen years of age, who have been trained from infancy within the communities. At this meeting, the conduct of the general council shall be calmly and patiently investigated; and if a majority of its members shall afterwards determine, that *the council has acted, or attempted to act, in opposition to those divine laws*, the general government shall devolve upon the members of the community, who have passed the council, and who are under fifty years of age, united with those members of the association, who have not entered the council, who shall be above thirty years of age.

'XXV.—All other differences, of every description, if indeed it be possible for any to exist in such communities, shall be immediately determined, and amicably adjusted between the parties, by the decision of a majority of the oldest members of the council; except when the difference shall exist between members of the council,—when it shall be, in like manner, decided by the three members who have last passed through the council.

'XXVI.—As soon as the members of these communities shall be educated from infancy in a knowledge of the divine laws of their nature; trained to act in obedience to them; and surrounded by circumstances all in unison with those laws, there shall be no individual punishment or reward.

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XXVII.—All thus trained, educated and placed, must, of necessity, at all times, think and act rationally, except they shall become physically, intellectually or morally diseased; the council shall, in such case, direct to the best mode of cure, by removing them into the hospital for bodily or mental invalids, until they shall be recovered by the mildest treatment that can effect their cure.

XXVIII.—The council, whenever it shall be necessary, shall call to its aid the practical abilities of any of the members under thirty-five years of age, and the advice of any of the members who shall have passed the council.'

A tolerable long and rather tedious exposition of the 'nine conditions' is then given. Thence onward, the book is occupied in desultory remarks upon the debate, with a good humored touch, at the close, upon Mr. Campbell's test, to wit, the vote of the people upon the argument, expressed by their rising from their seats in favor of the one system, or the other. From p. 145 to p. 174, is another birth of general observations, which seem to us to be born out of due time, and tending to little other purpose, but to eke out the book.

The fourth part is much more interesting, and contains a 'short narrative of the author's voyage to Mexico.' He seems to have been a great favorite with the captains of the British vessels of war on the West India station. After passing in view of a number of these islands, he landed at Hayti, or St. Domingo, on which island and the condition of the colored people, he makes a number of rather interesting observations. At Jamaica he appears to have been received with great hospitality and attention. He insists, in passing, that the slaves of the West Indies are happier and more comfortable, than common laborers in England. We quote the following short paragraph in proof, that Mr. Owen is susceptible of the love and admiration of nature, and knows how to express it in that simple and unaffected manner, that produces upon us more impression, than the most labored efforts of eloquence, rhetoric and art.

'In the evening of this day, we saw the celebrated Orizaba, 17,375 feet high, towering at first like a cloud over the ocean; and for some time it was viewed as such by the officers of the ship. The next morning, however, opened with a beautiful sunrise upon it, and soon after upon Perote, presenting the most magnificent mountain view from the sea I had ever witnessed. These two mountains offer landmarks to the sailor, which he cannot mistake.'

There is much interesting matter in his brief account of his visit to Mexico. He saw all the distinguished people, natives and foreign functionaries there. They dinnered him, and conveyed him in their carriages from one point to another. He enjoyed, in this delightful excursion to the city of Montezuma, what we should consider the highest natural treat, that our earth could present us; a residence amidst grand mountains, in a serene sky of the upper regions, where a perpetual spring prevails, where the traveller is surrounded with a most magnificent and beautiful nature—noble ruins of a perished race of the most melancholy and impressive character, and where every thing is in harmony with sublime emotions, meditations, and physical enjoyment, but the ignorant, factious, bigoted and versatile inhabitants, who seem as little fitted to enjoy that liberty, for

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which they are struggling through revolutions, as the slaves of our southern country would be, if they were at once emancipated.

The only thing very remarkable in this narrative is, that Mr. Owen finds all the distinguished people, with whom he conversed, ripe for the social system, and ready to throw off the dress of old society, and deck themselves in this new costume. It is not so surprising, that Gen. Santa Anna, a fighting character, and the military star of the ascendant, should so converse with him, as that, he should set the General down, as a staunch, well-bottomed, and thorough-going social systemite. But it is quite amusing to find, that he as sanguinely calculates on the only remaining catholic bishop in Mexico, as one, on whom he places dependence, to concur with him in bringing about the adoption of the social system.

He finds Mr. Packenham, the British minister, and Mr. Poinsett, the minister from our country, cool, and jealous of each other, concurring in nothing. He considers the latter, as the most influential man in the country, and as having been the chief instrument, in bringing about the late revolution. He is exceedingly ample in his eulogy of this gentleman's information, political knowledge, and capacity to manage that ignorant and fickle people. How Mr. Poinsett will admire the manner in which Mr. Owen makes him figure in their dialogue, we undertake not to say. Perhaps the book may never meet his eye. But should it, the American minister cannot but stand placed in a singular position in this dialogue, where, after reading the manuscript of the book before us, he is made to say—'for the establishment of principles and practice, as they are explained in the manuscript, I will make any sacrifices, and go hand and heart with you in every measure, that is calculated to produce so much good to the human race.' The fact is, that Mr. Owen is one of those rare men, who are born with an apostle's bump. Their system gets into their heads. It there exclusively fills every department of thought in the brain. It produces a most exhilarating inspiration, *quoad hoc*. If their books sell, it is a symptom for good. If nobody will buy them, it is better. Praise and concurrence they hold not to be slighted; and persecution, hatred and avoidance are admirable omens of success. The more selfish the world grows, the nearer it is to the unbounded benevolence of the social system. If the policy of all states is travelling, comet-like, into the infinite space of intrigue and selfishness, it will shortly turn short about, and circle back almost in a right line, and like an electric spark, to the sun of the social system. Never was there a period in the history of human existence, in which, according to common optics, men were so remote from Mr. Owen's notions, as at this moment. Yet every event, however adverse in our view of things, in his, is a harbinger of the speedy and certain adoption of the social system.

It is altogether probable, that men, like Mr. Poinsett, pleased with the infinite suavity, the imperturbable good temper and serenity, the inexhaustible cheerfulness, the illimitable confidence, and the undoubting prophetic conviction of Mr. Owen, that the whole world is just poised on its axis, and ready, at the next movement, to rush to the centre of the social system, should express, while conversing with him, vague wishes for his success, in those cold, common-place, unmeaning terms of compliment, which impart little in ordinary conversation, and nothing at all, when uttered by

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politicians. The moment the apostle is out of sight, the meaning shrug passes between the politician and the witnesses. But the apostle, with that devouring confidence that swallows every thing, assimilates it, and converts it to strong chyle to nourish the social system, goes his way, and immediately puts down even in print, such men as Mr. Poinsett, as unalterably pledged to the social system.

In the dialogue between Mr. Owen and Mr. Poinsett, there are some most amusing paragraphs, from p. 204 and onwards. Mr. Owen assures Mr. Poinsett, that if but a very few men would take heartily hold of the crank of the world, they would turn up the social system, to the face of day, with the greatest ease. Never was there a neater and more full grown joke, than the grouping of these omnipotent personages. They are the late and present Presidents, the late and present Secretaries of State, taking turns at the social grind stone, and then reposing in the shade, cooing and billing the while like turtles! Besides these—Mr. Owen continues—'there are Mr. R. Rush, and yourself, (Poinsett). In Great Britain the King! the duke of Wellington!! Mr. Peel!!! and Mr. Brougham!' In fact, he thinks, Mr. Brougham could play at the crank, till he had done the whole business himself, if he were not rather lazy, sheepish, and a little lacking in moral courage.

'Here are eleven individuals now living, placed by the circumstances of their birth and other circumstances in a situation to withdraw the cause of future ignorance and poverty, and to insure progressive improvement to every child that may hereafter come into existence. Of course to put an end to war—to religious animosities—to commercial rivalries between nations, competition between individuals, and by the regular advance of knowledge, to produce "peace on earth and good will to men.' "

We never saw such an inimitable parody of the proposition of the famous captain, who would risk his poor body to annihilate all the armies opposed to his sovereign, by attacking them, and killing them in detail, in single combat.

We quote the following, as a model of the squares in the social system:

'As I was upon my return home, I stepped the length and breadth of the grand square, and found it to be about 1070 by 870 feet. The squares for the residence of the population of all countries under the proposed new arrangements, are intended to be 1,000 feet each side, according to a model which I presented to the United States some years ago. Of course, there will be no street, lane, court or alley in the new state of existence; these form vicious and unfavorable circumstances, too prejudicial to happiness to be admitted into an improved state of society.'

As the most impressive proof of the immensely increased facilities of intercourse between distant countries, we quote the following:

'I had a voyage up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers of 12 days to New Harmony, where I remained five days with my three younger sons, and proceeded again up the Ohio, and landed at Cincinnati on the 10th April, where I found Mr. Alexander Campbell had arrived three hours before, and our public discussion commenced on the 13th.

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'It is somewhat remarkable, that in voyages and journeys so extensive and uncertain as those I have made from Falmouth to Mexico and Cincinnati, I arrived at and departed from the principal places, in which I had important engagements to fulfil, within a day or two of the time I had anticipated before leaving London.'

Mr. Owen makes an engagement personally with Mr. Campbell, in Western Virginia, not far from the Ohio, to meet him for the great logomachy at Cincinnati, not a year subsequent to the time of the challenge. He proceeds over the mountains, by the way of Baltimore and New York. He crosses the Atlantic, traverses England, Scotland, &c., recrosses the Atlantic, visits Jamaica and St. Domingo, sails to Vera Cruz, stops at Jalapa, visits Mexico, sees every body, goes by invitation to the theatres, balls, and processions, visits the ancient temples and the prodigious cypresses, converts the only bishop of Mexico, General Santa Anna, and various other distinguished Mexicans to the social system, and, more than all, Mr. Poinsett; meets his quondam collaborator, Mr. McClure, going to Jalapa—sees the escort of those departing Spaniards, who carried off such great sums of specie, and some of whom, we believe, are now sojourning with us—sails from Vera Cruz to New Orleans, and thence to New Harmony, and thence to Cincinnati; and accomplishes all these wanderings, *terraque, marique*, within a day or two of his appointments and calculations, made a few months before.

Italy, during the Consulate of Napoleon Buonaparte. Translated from the Italian of Carlo Botta, by the author of 'the Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples.' 2 vols. in one: pp. 392. Philadelphia: Tower & Hogan: 1829.

This distinguished historian has pre-eminent claims upon the interest of American readers, apart from the intrinsic worth of his talents, as a writer. It seems to be generally conceded, that the most connected, fair and impartial history of the American revolutionary war has been written by this author in his native language of music. We shall, therefore, deem apology unnecessary for introducing a brief sketch of the life of this extraordinary living author.

Carlo Botta was born, 1766, in the town of San Giorgio in Piedmont, and graduated as a physician at the university of Turin. In 1792, he was arrested for promulgating republican principles. The charge against him not being proved, he was liberated, after a short imprisonment. In 1794 he identified his fortunes with those of the French republic. The king of Sardinia was deposed in 1798, and he was appointed a member of the provisional government. The country was unfortunately managed by this commission, which had the fortune to become odious both to the French and Piedmontese. The terrible Suwarrow overthrew the French government in Piedmont, and Botta was obliged to fly to France. The battle of Marengo once more restored the French ascendency in Piedmont,

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and Botta with Carlo Bossi, an advocate, and Carlo Gicolio, a physician, were appointed to govern Piedmont, under the name of an executive commission. The triumvirate, unfortunately, all held the Christian name of the deposed king. The wags of the country took leave to ridicule them under the *I tre Carli* 'the three Charles.' Some malicious wit made them the subject of the following epigram.

> Le Piedmont versait des larmes,
> Lorsque Charles etait son roi,
> Quels pleurs et quels alarmes,
> A present, qu'il en a trois.

Piedmont shed tears, while Charles was her king. What tears and what alarms, now that she has three Charles!

Different writers attacked them incessantly with ridicule, and the bitterest satire. The motto was '*sutor ne ultra crepidam.*' Cobbler, go not beyond your last. It is probable, that the great historian felt, that some part of the ridicule and satire had a foundation, and that it was impossible for them so to govern Piedmont, as to render it tranquil and happy. Piedmont was annexed to France, and the triumvirate were again out of place. Botta became a member of the legislative council, as representative for the department of Dora, and in 1803 its vice president. From this time, till 1810, he employed his leisure hours in writing his history of our revolutionary war, which was much admired in Italy, and which is cited even here, as the best account that has yet appeared of that contest. During this period he received the order of the legion of honor.

In 1814 he obtained an employment under Louis, 18th. Unhappily, in Napoleon's short reign of a hundred days, which followed, he received from him still further promotion. This of course deprived him of all his offices on the return of the king. He was, however, permitted to reside at Paris, where he has since employed his time in literary pursuits, chiefly in writing history. He has been long occupied in writing a general history of Italy, commencing, where Guicciardini closes, and bringing it down to the period, when the work before us commences.

We have derived no inconsiderable pleasure from comparing this history with that of the various French, English and American annalists of that period, and biographers of Napoleon, who have travelled over the beaten ground of his Italian campaigns; particularly with historical details upon the same theme by Sir Walter Scott, in his recent life of Napoleon. So many writers, and of such high fame, have handled this subject, that ordinary readers will generally suppose the theme exhausted, and think of his work with the disgust of those, who have surfeited on the same banquet before. Such will be the weak and false judgment of those, who have not learned, or do not know that the real and endowed historian, who travels in his might over the hackneyed materials of his predecessors, imparts to them a plastic character of novelty and originality, moulds them to a new form, vivifies them to a new life, and causes the reader to feast upon the trite and worn out theme with all the eager appetite of novelty.

To us, it was constant cause for admiration, that variation apparently so trifling and unimportant in the narration, and in the arrangement of ma-

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terials, and the order of events, should cause the same general subject to have an interest and freshness, as though we had never read Napoleon's Italian campaigns before.

To give any thing like a summary of the great historical events narrated in this large and closely printed volume, would far overgo the space intended for this article. We shall touch here and there on some points of peculiar interest, in which the heart of the historian seems to have been most ardently engaged, and quote a few passages, which seem to us most calculated to convey a just idea of his peculiar characteristics, as a writer and a historian.

A word of the character and manner of the historian in the commencement. He has been called the modern Guicciardini. He is clearly a strong and unhesitating anti-Buonapartist. Never has a portrait of the moral motives of that man been drawn in darker colors. He allows him strong talent, and particularly military talent. But moral virtue, beyond seemingly accidental and transient amiability, and rushes of impulsive good feelings of a moment, he never ascribes to him. The historian is all Italian, heart and soul throughout; and his national bias is constantly and obviously apparent. But his mind seems uniformly imbued with unshaken purposes of impartiality and scrupulous fidelity, as a historian. His style is sometimes inflated, and aspires to an epic declamation and grandeur, which will seem to American eyes hyperbole, and transgression of the modesty and simplicity of truth and nature. But the reader will bear in mind, that Italy is the country of impulse, of feeling, which to us would seem extravagant and exaggerated, that figurative and glowing and impassioned language naturally runs to an extent there, which our manners do not tolerate. The descriptions, however, strike us, as exceedingly graphic, and sometimes in the highest degree eloquent, spirited, and even sublime. It will be perceived in a moment, that the historian finds his models in Herodotus, Thucydides and the ancient historians, rather than the modern. Both Botta and Sir Walter Scott are men of an infinite fund of imagination; and yet no two histories can be imagined more unlike each other, than the scenic display of the latter, and the straight forward and never interrupted narrative of the former. It may further be remarked, that the Italians are a people, who having been for centuries under the bondage of foreign masters, have learned concealment, and carry on their own unshared train of thoughts in the deep and secret chambers of their own minds. Hence his reflections are generally laconic, sparing, conveying concealed sarcasm, and the meaning of a page indicated by a broken or half suppressed thought; while the natural craving of such a people for copious, exact and full narrative carries him into the minutest and most ample detail, where that is called for.

The book opens with the return of Napoleon from Egypt, his abolition of the directory, and assumption of the supreme authority under the title of first consul. Thus early in his career, his exact and wonderful knowledge of human nature began to unfold itself, and to penetrate the secret springs of action of those monarchs and states, with whom France was then involved in war. His unlimited ambition may be clearly inferred from the vast designs, he began to manifest from the first moments of his power.

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The most striking account in this chapter, is the siege of Genoa by the Austrians, its obstinate defence by Massena, and the terrible famine which ensued for the unhappy inhabitants.

'Having here to describe the aspect of Genoa in these latter days of the siege, I cannot but deplore the fate of an Italian people reduced to the extremest misery,—not in a struggle decisive of misery or slavery, but to determine whether a city, desolated by rapine, slaughter, famine, and pestilence, should, in the end, be subject to Austria or France! Keith prevented the entrance of supplies by sea, Otto by land. Provisions became scarce—scarcity grew into want.

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'Men and women, in the last agonies of starvation and despair, filled the air with their groans and shrieks. Sometimes, while uttering these dreadful cries, they strove with furious hands to tear out their agonized intestines, and fell dead in the streets. No one relieved them, for no one thought but of himself; no one heeded them, for the frequency of the circumstance had made it cease to seem horrible. Some in spasms and convulsions and contortions groaned out their last amidst crowds of the populace. Children, left by the death or the despair of their parents in utter destitution, with mournful gestures, and tears, and heart-broken accents, implored the pity of the passing stranger; but none either pitied them, or aided them; the excess of his own sufferings extinguishing in each man's breast compassion for the misery of others. These innocent deserted beings eagerly searching in the gutters of the streets, in the common sewers, in the drainings of the washing-houses, for a chance morsel of some dead animal, or any remains of the food of beasts, which, when found, was greedily devoured. Many who lay down alive in the evening were found dead in their beds in the morning, and children more frequently than adults: fathers accused the tardiness of death, and some hastened its approach by the violence of their own hands—citizens and soldiers alike. Some of the French preferring death to the anguish of hunger, destroyed themselves; others disdainfully flung down those arms which they had no longer strength to carry; and others, abandoning a habitation of despair, sought in the camp of the enemy, English or Austrian, that food and that pity which was no longer to be found amidst the French and Genoese. But cruel and horrible beyond all description was the spectacle presented by the German prisoners of war, confined in certain old barges anchored in the port; for such was the dire necessity at last, that for some days they were left without nutriment of any description. They eat their shoes, they devoured the leather of their pouches, and, scowling darkly at each other, their sinister glances betrayed the horrid fear of being at last reduced to a more fearful resource. In the end, their French guards were removed, under the apprehension that they might be made the sacrifice of ravening hunger: so great at last was their desperation, that they endeavoured to pierce holes in the barges in order to sink them, preferring to perish thus, rather than any longer endure the tortures of hunger. As commonly happens, a mortal pestilence was added to the horrors of famine: the worst kinds of fevers carried off crowds from the public hospitals, the lowly hovels of the poor, and the superb palaces of the rich. Under the same roof, death might be seen in different shapes: one died, maddened by hunger, another stupified by fever; some pallid from extenuation, others livid with febrile spots. Every thing brought grief—every thing fear; for he who was still living awaited either his

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own death, or that of his nearest friends. Such was the state of the once rich and joyous Genoa; and the bitterest thought of all was, that her present sufferings could conduce nothing to future good, either as to her liberty or her independence.'

The second chapter is marked by a most graphic account of the crossing of the Alps by Buonaparte with the army of Italy. We have met with no description of that achievement, from which a painting could be so readily made, as this of Botta.

'From St. Pierre to the summit of the great St. Bernard there is no beaten road whatever, until is reached the monastery of the religious order devoted to the preservation of travellers bewildered in these regions of eternal winter; narrow and winding paths, over steep and rugged mountains, alone present themselves to the eye. But here the pertinacity of human resolution, the power of human ingenuity shone conspicuous. Every means that could be devised was adopted for transporting the artillery and baggage; the carriages which had been wheeled, were now dragged, those which had been drawn, were carried; the largest cannon were placed in troughs and sledges, and the smallest slung on strong and sure-footed mules. And thus this same passage, which Trivulzi accomplished in the severest season of the year, hauling up the artillery of Francis the First, from rock to rock, over the wintry barriers, Buonaparte effected in the service of the republic by means of sledges, carriages, and beasts of burden

'The ascent to be accomplished was immense: in the windings of the tortuous paths the troops were now lost, and now revealed to sight. Those who first mounted the steeps, seeing their companions in the depths below, cheered them on with shouts of triumph; they answered in turn, and thus excited each other to their perilous and laborious task. The vallies on every side re-echoed to their voices. Amidst the snow, in mists and clouds, the resplendent arms and coloured uniforms of the soldiers appeared in bright and dazzling contrast; the sublimity of dead nature, and the energy of living action thus united, formed a spectacle of surpassing wonder. The Consul exulting in the success of his plans, was seen every where amongst the soldiery, talking with military familiarity to one, and now to another; and, skilled in the eloquence of camps, he so excited their courage, that, braving every obstacle, they now deemed that easy, which had been judged impossible. They soon approached the highest summit, and discerned in the distance the pass which leads from the opening between two towering mountains, to the loftiest pinnacle. With shouts of transport the soldiers hailed this extreme point as the termination of their labours, and with renewed ardour prepared to ascend.'

A long and striking bulletin of the great battle of Marengo follows, and contains the touching anecdote of the last words of the gallant Dessaix. In less than a year the first consul had conquered Italy and Austria, contracted a friendship with the Russian emperor Paul, promised a reconciliation with Francis, and raised the fortunes of France from the lowest ebb to the flood tide of prosperity.

The next chapter enters more fully, as we may remark this volume does throughout, into the difficulties between Buonaparte and the church, than any other history, with which we have met. It is amusing in these dis-

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putes to see the physical conqueror contending with minds, long and fixed habits of bigotry and superstition, and an influence, which had been taking root for centuries. But the consul is as peremptory with the mind, as with nature, with priests as with soldiers. After a long struggle, the Pope is compelled to yield, and the terms of the *concordat* are settled by the first consul. This chapter goes into most ample details of the political changes, which he effected in Italy, pulling down one authority, and building up another, and playing off the jealousy of one prince against another, all with a single eye, and the most adroit calculation to his own aggrandizement. It gives the details of the formation of the Italian republic, of which Buonaparte is declared president for ten years, with the capacity of being re-elected. Among the infinite variety of inventions of adulation, we may mention, that Genoa, upon his giving the state a new constitution, decreed two marble statues, one to Christopher Columbus, and one to Buonaparte. The Saranga applied, also, for permission to erect a monument to him, alleging, that the Buonapartean race was derived from their city. We may remark in passing, that this history has given a transcript of a greater number of these Italian efforts at offering incense, than we remember ever to have seen before. One of the most impressive and affecting accounts of the prevalence of the yellow fever in a city, that we have ever seen, is Botta's narrative towards the close of this chapter of that, which desolated Leghorn at this period. The last of this chapter records the circumstances of the assumption of the imperial crown of France.

The next chapter enters into more copious details, touching an event, in which Italy was more directly affected; Napoleon's assumption of the 'iron crown' of Italy. This matter was consummated at Milan, and is thus described by the historian.

'The iron crown having been brought to Milan with much solemnity and pomp, the preparations for the coronation were commenced; which ceremony was performed on Sunday, the 26th of May, a day on which the weather was auspiciously fine, and the sun shone brilliantly, as if in honour of the new sovereign. The Empress Josephine and the Princess Eliza preceded the Emperor, arrayed in gorgeous robes. Both were resplendent with diamonds—ornaments which, in Italy, they ought to have displayed less than in any other country. Napoleon followed, wearing the Imperial crown, and carrying the Regal crown, the sceptre, and the hand of justice. He was clad in the regal mantle, the train of which was supported by the two grand equerries; a pompous train of ushers, heralds, pages, aides-de-camp, masters of the ceremonies, ordinary and extraordinary, chamberlains and equerries, accompanied him, and seven ladies, splendidly dressed, carried the offerings. Immediately after them followed the great officers of France and Italy, and the presidents of the three electoral colleges of the kingdom, bearing the regalia of Charlemagne, of Italy, and of the empire; while ministers, councillors, and generals, increased the splendour of the assemblage. And now came Cardinal Caprara, accompanied by the clergy, with the canopy of state, who, with a countenance of deep respect, conducted the sovereign to the sanctuary. I know not if any one remembered at this moment, that it was from this same temple that St. Ambrose had repulsed Theodosius, when stained with the blood of the Thessalonians. But modern prelates were not so particu-

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lar in their scrutiny of Napoleon's life. The Emperor seated himself on the throne, and the Cardinal blessed the regal ornaments: the former then ascended to the altar, took the crown, and placed it on his head, uttering those words which excited the wonder of his flatterers—that is, of an entire generation: "*God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it.*"* At this instant the sacred vaults resounded with universal shouts of joy. Thus crowned, he seated himself on a throne at the other end of the nave, while ministers, courtiers, magistrates, and generals, stood around him. But the most beautiful spectacle was formed by the ladies who were seated in ornamented galleries. On a bench to the right sat Eugene, the Viceroy, Napoleon's adopted son. On him the smiles of the assembly were freely bestowed, knowing that he was to remain with them to exercise the supreme authority. To the Doge and the Genoese senators was assigned a place of peculiar honour in the Imperial gallery, and with them were forty beautiful women, magnificently attired. A splendid gallery too was set apart for Josephine and Eliza: the arches, the walls, the pillars, were covered with the richest hangings, with festoons of silk and draperies, bordered with fringes of gold. The whole formed a grand, a magnificent, and wonderful scene, truly worthy of the superb Milan: high mass was sung; Napoleon took the oaths, and the heralds loudly proclaimed his accession in these words, "Napoleon the First, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, is crowned, consecrated and enthroned. Long live the Emperor and King." The last words were repeated three times by the assembly with the most lively acclamations. By these pomps, and those of which Paris had been the scene, Napoleon contaminated all the glory he had won in Italy; for whoever, whether it be in peace or in war, labours solely for himself and not for his country, and ungenerously purposes to enslave her and bind her neck to the yoke, by means of the services he renders her, will not fail in the end to experience the retribution both of man and God. Such actions are iniquitous, not glorious; and if they did please the age, the age itself was vile. When the coronation was over, the magnificent train proceeded to sing the Ambrosian hymn, in the Ambrosian church. In the evening Milan was the scene of one great festival: immense bonfires were lighted, innumerable races were contested, and a balloon was sent up to the sky. On every side resounded songs and music; every where were balls and revels. All these pomps seemed to indicate security and durability, and already the authorities reposed to their satisfaction in their seats.'

The idolatrous, incessant and nauseous flatteries, that ensued from that people, so ingenious and inventive in the art of flattering, could not but help to confirm the settled contempt for human nature, which was such a striking trait in the character of Napoleon. The account of the murderous struggle between the French and English, in the affair of Maida, occurs near the end of this chapter.

The fifth proceeds with the well remembered accounts of the prostration of the different continental powers. It sketches some of those magnificent works, which the Emperor continued to prosecute even in the midst

*The legend of the Crown itself. It derives the name of the Iron Crown from a small ring of iron, supposed to be made of a nail of the true cross, being placed within the gold circlet, which is narrow and studded with a few dim gems.

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of his wars, political plots and intrigues. It touches on his wresting the throne of Spain from the Bourbons, and placing it on the head of his brother Joseph. Murat is, also, made King of Naples, and the Pope is still further humbled, and stripped of his temporalities. In this chapter is given a sketch of the origin and objects of the Carbonari, a subject less known, and more interesting to Americans than mere hackneyed political details.

The Carbonari were a sect of Sicilian ultra republicans, who were inspired with a like hatred against King Ferdinand, and Joachim, the new sovereign imposed upon Naples by Napoleon. Burning to avenge the persecutions and wrongs of Italy, they fled into the mountains and recesses of Abruzzo and Calabria. They received their name from the word *Carbone*, charcoal, many of them subsisting by the preparing of this article, among the woods of the mountains. There they nursed eternal hatred to Kings and the French. But they were isolated in asylums wide from each other, and with no common bond of union. The English in possession of Sicily, saw, that they might be useful against the common foe. To qualify them for a band of confederation, they excited them to union, and gave them a kind of constitution. Strange ceremonies and rites of admission were instituted, and occult and secret symbols and practices, the tendency of which to attract partisans, and gain admiration has been so well proved. Their leader was Capobianco, a man endowed with extraordinary powers of persuasive eloquence. They thus became a kind of free masons, passing through four successive degrees, concealing their rites with great jealousy, and being known to each other by peculiar and guarded signs. Their rules more austere and peremptory than those of free masons, allowed no banquets, no convivial songs, no music in their meetings. Their symbol was the destruction of the wolf, to avenge the slaughter of the lamb. The lamb was the type of Jesus Christ, and kings, whom they denominated tyrants, of the wolf. In their peculiar parlance, they were lambs, and the monarch they lived under a wolf. They were in the habit of declaring, that Jesus Christ had been the most exalted victim of tyranny, and to avenge him they swore to slay all tyrants.

'Thus then, as the freemasons engage to avenge their Hiram, the Carbonari profess to avenge the death of Christ. Their ranks were chiefly filled up by men of the lowest order of society, whose imaginations were powerfully affected by vivid representations of the passion and death of Christ; and when their mystic rites were performed in their secret assemblies, a bloody corpse was exposed, which they said was the body of Christ: nor is it difficult to judge of the effect such horrible representations were likely to produce on the fervid fancy of Neapolitans. They had various signs of mutual recognition; amongst others, they joined hands, and each made the sign of the cross with his thumb on the palm of his brother. What the freemasons call lodges they called barracks, and termed their meetings sales, alluding to the real Carbonari, who descend from the mountains to the plains in order to vend their charcoal. They were, as we have before intimated, determined republicans, nor would they tolerate the name of any other form of government; and at Catanzaro they had already formed a republic under the command of the same Capobianco whom we have just named. Ran-

ceroualy did they hate the French, and Murat they hated with double rancour, as being a Frenchman and a king: Nevertheless, they were not on this account favourably inclined towards Ferdinand, as it was their wish to be without a king altogether. This sect, which first sprang up in Abruzzo and Calabria, spread through the other parts of the kingdom, and finally penetrated into Romagna, where they introduced their customs and gained proselytes to their opinions. In Naples itself they swarmed, and not a few of the Lazzaroni were members of the secret league.'

In the next chapter, (6th) along with hackneyed details of the increasing power and triumphs of Napoleon, are given the less known, and more interesting annals of the Tyrolese war, and sketches of the life and character of Hoffer, their noble and spirited leader. We remember well to have been struck with the grand delineation of some of the scenes of that peculiar peasant and mountain warfare by Scott in his life of Napoleon. No one, who has read it, will soon forget his account of their rolling down the rocks from the pinnacles of their mountains upon a French division, nor of the signal of detaching these invisible engines from the armory of nature, *in the name of God and the holy Trinity*. An account still more thrilling of the same warfare is given by Botta. But we follow the noble leader and his mountain peasants in their unequal struggle with our wishes and prayers to no purpose. After having defended the independence of the Tyrolese in so many glens and fortresses, sometimes in victory against the most fearful odds, and sometimes in defeat, the intrepid hero of invincible spirit is at last made captive, and carried by the cottages of the peasants, whom he had so often led to victory, who behold him going to his fate with sobs and lamentations of grief. He was carried in chains to Mantua. The noble patriot was called *brigand* and assassin, because his patriotic efforts had failed of success. He was compelled to kneel down and the balls of a French platoon pierced his breast.

Besides this impressive narrative, this chapter records the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa, the annexation of the papal territories to France, and thus the final annihilation of the papal temporal power. The unfortunate Pope in prison has no longer any other weapons, than the spiritual ones of ex-communication. He employs these arms against the emperor, but finds, that they have lost their ancient efficacy. Towards the close of the chapter, a more particular account of the *propaganda*, or grand catholic missionary confederation, than we ever remember to have read before, is given.

The seventh is wholly occupied in details of the contest between the Pope and Emperor. It is a narrative of deep interest even to protestants. We see a venerable old man holding an office the most time-honored and sacred in the thoughts of Catholic Christians, of any that mortal can fill, holding up his spiritual arms in an unequal contest with a tremendous physical power, which was first seen fearless to set at defiance the rooted prejudices of ages. After a long and most persevering resistance the pontiff *yields*, and is brought a prisoner to the same town (*Fontainebleau*,) where he had been conducted in triumph eight years before, and whence Napoleon himself was, two years after, carried away a captive.

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The eighth chapter winds up the incidents of this strange, eventful history. The Queen of Sicily is driven from her throne by the British, and dies at Vienna. Meantime the dawning omens of that ruin, which the Pope, in his humiliation and in the bitterness of his spirit, had prophecied as awaiting Napoleon, began to be visible. He gathered up from all continental Europe the most formidable army, that the world had yet seen, and marched to the invasion of Russia. This campaign, so fully narrated by Scott, is a matter of interest to Botta only from his deep dislike to Napoleon, and the circumstance, that he carried in his grand army the prime and the flower of the youth of Italy, to fall unpitied on a foreign soil. He, therefore, describes it only briefly and incidentally. He dwells at length upon the horrid cruelties, practised at Messina under the instrumentality of the Marquis of Astali, cruelties too horrible and revolting to be here recorded. The Sicilian soil responded to the Calabrian, fury for fury, cruelty for cruelty! Such is the retaliation of ferocious and revengeful human nature, when the passions are kindled by war and bloodshed. Sicily finally came completely under British sway and the influence of Lord William Bentinck. Napoleon was first overthrown by frost in Russia, and by the invincible fiat of nature. He was afterwards, in his forlorn and weakened condition, still further prostrated by the Russian arms. He still held an unblenching front and an invincible firmness of purpose towards the foe, and fought him again with various success, until he was completely prostrated in the fatal battle of Leipzig. Soon after the allies entered Paris, and Napoleon was carried a captive to Elba. With this event the history terminates.

We could not have given a distinct outline of all the principal themes of this work in an abstract of four times the extent of this. We have rather touched on points, which this history discusses in common with the other histories of the same period. It will be readily imagined, that the author, a distinguished Italian by birth, and his heart full of rationality and love of his country, dwells on these topics, only as they are connected with the fortunes of his beloved country. We have not met with annals of fullness and clearness and distinctness of information upon the wars, revolutions, political changes and distinguished political characters of that period in Italy, to compare with this before us. We have no where seen so luminous a view of the long contest between Napoleon and the Pope. It is a curious circumstance, to see the invincible emperor, in his reckless confidence in his destiny, in his infinite contempt of all religious claims and prescriptions, in the full career of victory, and snuffing the incense of prostrate Europe, yet kept uneasy, and in a kind of awe and deference for the Pope, though a prisoner in his hands, and completely the thing of his power. How strongly does it paint to us the influence of the invisible power of opinion, and the force of a religious authority founded in the habits, and the reverence of ages, remaining with a certain control over the mind, after most of the circumstances, that had given it birth, had passed away. Atheism and infidelity had passed over these realms of power and luxury with a storm of moral desolation. Those, who were enlightened or aspired to be thought so, held all the dogmas, hopes and fears of religion in profound contempt. Yet an aged, imprisoned and powerless Pope, in the midst of this very people, and whose life or death depended upon the word

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of the Emperor, kept him in continual uneasiness, merely by the utterance of a few words once deemed of spiritual potency in earth and heaven. In the days of Napoleon's humiliation and decline, we see how clearly this admirable judge of human nature discovered the remaining hold, which these words and the ancient prejudices of the almost divine sanctity, spiritual power and inviolability of the Pope had upon men's minds. One of his first acts, under those circumstances, was to retrace his steps in relation to the Pope, by making such concessions and retractions, and such demonstrations in his favor, as tended to conciliate him, and procure the spiritual aid of his favor and benediction.

Conversations on Political Economy. By the author of Conversations on Chemistry. Adapted to the use of schools. By the Rev. J. L. Blake, A. M. Bowles & Dearborn: Boston, pp. 330.

The reader will hardly need to be informed, that 'conversations on chemistry and natural philosophy' is an exceedingly popular common place book on those subjects, by a lady; a book, which by making its way, as a school book, has gone on to a great number of editions. Encouraged by the success of that work, she has proceeded to introduce the same mode of instruction in a popular book upon political economy. She declares that she hesitated about adopting the dialogue form. She ought not to have done it. We can hardly imagine, why this idle, wasteful, not to say ridiculous way of book making has ever found such universal acceptance with the public. The speakers all, save one, are universally the most *namby pamby* personages, that can be conceived. For aught they say of any import and smartness, there might just as well be a blank space left in the book, and the reader be notified, that in that blank it is supposed, that as interlocutor, a young and fair lady stands with her fingers in her mouth, or is stammering, looking sagacious, and endeavoring to give a cue to the chief speaker. This whole system of dialogue form is the most wretched expedient to eke out a book, that was ever invented. It is in fact no more than a mechanical expedient to break the monotony, and lighten the heaviness of a subject, which ought to find its vivacity and smartness in the pleasant manner, in which important matters are treated. This way is more particularly obnoxious in the book before us, because the authoress has abundantly proved that she knows so to fill up all the chasms and intervals of a book with interesting and important matter, that she needed not to fear the flagging attention of the reader. She has left no doubt, that the intervals, in which the fair speakers talk *namby pamby*, might have been completely filled with thoughts equally instructive with those, which enter into the grand work of the chief speaker.

The authoress seems well aware of the prevalent popular prejudice against the subject in hand. Most of the general mass of readers deem, that political economy imports either a very tedious, or a very mysterious subject, that it turns on *monopolies*, *drawbacks*, *excises*, *rent*, *taxes*, *bounties*, and matters as dull, as the wording of a law brief, and about which

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no body cares, but Jews and drudging politicians and money lenders. Others hear the jargons of exchanges, balance of trade, tariff, production, operatives, and the like, and imagine, that it is a subject as profound as a well. The author happily illustrates, that it is a common, useful, and exceedingly interesting subject, about which every well informed person must have a great many exact ideas, or show themselves unable to take a proper part in the discussion of the most common and every day topics of conversation. Intelligent persons, like the excellent Mr. Jourdain, who was made to understand that he had been all his life talking prose without knowing it, have unconsciously conversed, and acted much upon this subject; and all, that is requisite for their becoming political economists in good earnest, is, that, like persons who speak and write good English without having formally learned grammar, they should analize their observations, and recollections upon the subject, reduce them to abstract principles and general rules, and they have a system of political economy ready built to their hands.

Some families prosper, grow easy in their circumstances, and every thing goes right with them, apparently with as little labor on their part, as the stream requires for the downward movement of its gliding waters. Others beside them, wiser in their own estimation and that of others, labor and sweat much, and are continually throwing away management and wisdom to no purpose; for their efforts seem to have no happier effect than the plunging of a team, fast in the slough, every struggle of which only involves it deeper in the mire. Most people attribute the different results to fortune, destiny, or in the familiar phrase, good or bad luck. In almost every case destiny or fortune have nothing to do with it. The wise house wife knows that there is no luck in good bread, beer and soup. If the proper elements are rightly prepared, and all the requisite circumstances noted, there is no luck in the case. The issue is sure. Bad luck is bad management. The proper knowledge, how to ensure the right direction and the fortunate issue of family management is called *domestic economy*. *Political economy* is none other than the same easy, quiet, simple prudence and knowledge of right management applied to the more numerous and extended household of a nation. The principles, that conduce to the right management of a family, abstracted, generalized, enlarged, and adapted to the more extended relations of a nation, constitute *political economy*. The reader will not need to be informed, that such is the derivative import of the term itself, from two Greek words, implying a law or rule of a house or family.

We cannot help observing, as we pass, that nothing has been more common in governments, than to see the great men acting in diametrical opposition to this view of the subject, selecting the prime managers and agents of the public concerns on a principle directly the reverse of this. From the commencement of governments, we have seen great numbers of men *trop savants*, too knowing, full of wise saws, shifts and movements, and imbued with new and brilliant invention, who soon ran their own domestic ship aground, so as to make a complete wreck, and as soon as they are safe on the bank, having no longer any thing to do, or care for of their own, they begin instantly to feel the most impatient yearnings to steer the public ship. Strange to tell, their having run their own proper office into

a sinecure, their having shown utter incompetence to manage small things, furnishes a reason and apparently in their view a claim for assigning them a new function of infinitely greater difficulty and combination, and entrusting to their management the ship of state. For us, in our political arithmetic, we construct this general political proposition. A man, who has been proved incompetent to manage a ship, has not therefore, originated any just claims to be appointed to a seventy-four. A man, who has proved himself a bankrupt, and incompetent in managing the concerns of a family, cannot thence urge any new reasons, why he should be selected for managing the financial concerns of a nation. We think we could so demonstrate these propositions, as unhesitatingly at the close to write Q. E. D.

Instead of making any critical remarks upon the book before us, other than that we deem it an exceedingly useful one of its kind, we shall proceed to a more laborious, and what we deem a more useful task, the attempt to give in the order of the book some of the most important maxims, doctrines, or propositions of political economy, as we find them expressed at large in this book, and those from which it is abridged. If they seem trite and common place to some, to others, we hope they will not be without their use. Splendid and populous cities, with magnificent mansions and great show of sumptuousness and expense, are not such proofs of the prosperity of a country, as the general populousness of the agricultural districts, the extent and diligence of cultivation, and the abundance of provisions.

The riches of a country consist in strong men to labor, good lands, well tilled, simple manners and good morals.

The political disadvantages of a savage state are, that only a small number of men, spread over an immense surface, can find subsistence in it. It will require more land, to breed game enough for the support of one savage family, than would be necessary to support a thousand by tillage. The old, the feeble, and a great portion of the children, perish from exposure or hunger.

The pastoral state must have generated the necessity of individual property, and have given rise to social order. The history of civilization is that, also, of the origin of civil society.

Political economy consists of two parts, *theory and practice*, the science and the art. The science consists of a knowledge of the facts, that belong to it. The art consists in legislating wisely with a view to national wealth, comfort and defence. So strong are the natural causes, that tend to develope the wealth and prosperity of nations, that in civil governments with exceedingly ignorant or faulty administrations, there has been a general advancement in wealth and comfort. Nations have grown rich, not only without the aid of legislation, but in most cases against it.

All history teaches, that a poor, but virtuous people are both stronger and happier, than a rich and vicious one.

Political economy teaches the morality of nations, and is particularly inimical to the jealous, envious and malignant passions. If ever peace and moderation shall universally prevail, enlightened views of this science must teach the necessity. There is no value in the productions of a country, which can neither be consumed nor sold. The innumerable cattle of the pampas of South America tend little to the national wealth of

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the countries, as vast districts of the country, where they most abound, are uninhabited. The grass in a few acres of enclosed meadows near our chief cities, is of more intrinsic value, than that of fifty million acres of uninhabited prairies of the western country. In England during the continental system of the late French emperor, coffee was said to have been thrown into the sea, because it would not pay the charges on being landed.

The most essential requisite in the production of wealth is labor. Wise legislation stimulates it, disposes it to order, points the direction, in which it should operate, and above all, gives security to its products.

The savage has been preferred to the social state, on account of its supposed liberty, independence, and limited wants. All this is ideal. If the absence of want, and the reckless indolence of a savage constitute a degree of happiness, it would follow, that perfect insensibility would constitute a still greater. A certain test of the happiness of a community is the rapid increase of population. This is the scale of nature's indication.

The right of individual property is the first germ of society. Until it has been established by law, no man has a right to call any thing his own. The great advantage of well executed laws is security in person and property. Hence the welfare of the community is more directly concerned in the judicial, than any other branch of the government. The most important institutions of property are those, that respect the tenure of land. Land and labor are the two essential elements of wealth. The condition of the humblest peasantry of a civilized country is infinitely superior to the often vaunted savage state, with all its freedom and independence.

Every man, when he enters into a state of civilized society, gives up a part of his natural liberty, as the price of purchasing security for the rest. That form of government is the best, which leaves the citizen entire master of his own conduct, except in those points, where it must be restrained for the public good.

God could have given us corn without labor. He has seen fit, however, to give us the wants and the faculties to raise it, and He has no where provided wild corn, or other important nutritives in any considerable quantities. Such a series of labors are necessary for the adequate production of these stamina of life, that cultivation can only succeed under the institution of laws, and the security of property. Countries, which, formerly under secure governments were the gardens of the world, are now deserts of desolation. Great portions of Asia and Africa afford examples.

Fenelon, in his picture of Boetia in Telemachus, has drawn a more delightful picture of a virtuous, simple and happy community, than any of Mr. Owen's views of a social system. Both are alike visions of the imagination.

The Swiss are universally considered a happy people. The men carry up steep ascents, inaccessible to beasts of burden, baskets of earth, to create a soil on a little nook of mountain rock. A Swiss woman poises the water or faggots, which she carries on her head, and busily knits as she walks. A Chinese woman was seen guiding a boat with one hand to the rudder and the other handling the sail, with her two feet she rowed. She had a child slung at her back, and a pipe in her mouth. How rapidly would wealth accumulate in the United States, if we were at once so lavish, and so economical of our labor!

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In society one man will have a greater facility, endowment, inclination and opportunity to one sort of production, and another to another. Hence the origin of barter. One fabricates arrows, another hunts. They exchange the product of their labors, and this is barter. This naturally tends to the highest improvement of society, the division of labor. The extent of this latter is a scale, by which the advance of society in improvement may be graduated. It will require a painful attention to run over in our minds the number and variety of operatives that must have been employed in fabricating the necessaries of the poorest farmer. Consider his clothes, his hat, his shoes, his house, his iron, brass and copper utensils, his cattle, his harnessing, his teams, the variety of smithery requisite to his pursuits; and if you number up all the people that must have been concerned in producing these things, you will find, that it would require inhabitants sufficient to constitute a considerable village to have done it. We have tea from one extremity of the globe, and coffee from the other; and all the seas and the winds of heaven must have been put in requisition to furnish the luxuries of a rich man.

As a proof of the utility of the division of labor, take the following. A new hand at a forge can hardly make three hundred nails in a day. A common blacksmith can forge a thousand. Boys, exclusively trained to be nailers, have been seen to forge two thousand three hundred in a day. We have in our country a nailing machine, which one man tends, and which produces fifteen thousand in an hour! The operation of pin-making is a stronger proof. A workman without machinery, and not educated to the business, could scarcely make a pin in a day. At present one man is solely occupied in drawing the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; two operations are required for the head; another whitens the pins; and still another puts them in the paper. Ten persons in a pin factory, the smallest number, that could operate in this way, made forty-eight thousand pins in a day, that is to say each individual four thousand eight hundred.

Agriculturists are more healthy, moral and happy than manufacturers; though the latter are more attractive in their appearance, are better informed, and have an air of greater smartness, than the former. The author of the book before us supposes, that the reason, why crimes seem to be more common in manufacturing establishments is, that in a populous concern of this sort, all crimes are matter of general notoriety, whereas in the sparse and detached habitations of farmers, they become not matters of general note and observation.

When property is secure, some will be more industrious, and make wiser and more fortunate calculations than others; and hence some will be rich, and others poor. 'There is a natural, implied contract between the one and the other. The rich have more than they want, and the poor have labor to offer in exchange. Hence arises between them a barter of subsistence for labor. The value produced by the laborer exceeds that, of what he has consumed. The excess constitutes an income for the employer. That income can be obtained by the rich, only by employing the labor of the poor. Hence the reciprocity of benefit between them, rendering them mutually dependent and independent. Without the rich the

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laborer would starve. Without the laborer the rich man would have to work for himself.

The operatives consume, and reproduce. The wealth, thus destined for the reproduction of labor, is called *capital*. The implied compact between the capitalist and the operative is, 'for the food you give me this year, I will create you something of greater value for the next.'

Credit is the employment of the capital belonging to another. Whoever possesses it, has the command of capital precisely corresponding to the amount of his credit; with the disadvantage only of a drawback premium to him, of whom the credit is obtained.

A healthy, industrious and economical person may almost always, in any state of society, lay aside something from his expenditure, as the beginning of a little capital, which, if properly managed, increases in a compound ratio. Wealth is naturally increased in the compound ratio of the capital, so that the second thousand dollars is often acquired with less difficulty than the first hundred.

There is no justice in the natural odium inspired towards the fortunate and rich capitalists, nor in the vulgar illustration, that 'the great fish devour the small ones.' He who accumulates a large fortune honorably, can hardly avoid benefitting the community in various ways. To the rich man the pleasure was more in acquiring than the enjoying. His first gains, probably, imparted a keener satisfaction, than any of his subsequent accumulations.

Capital, employed in the maintenance of productive laborers, is circulating capital. Capital laid out in buildings, manufactories, rail-roads, turnpikes, canals, improvement of lands, and generally on what is called real estate, is fixed capital. The greatest benefit, that can be conferred on the laboring classes, is to increase the consumable produce of a country. While this is raised in plenty, it signifies little to whom it belongs. They can derive no benefit from it, except by employing it, that is to say by maintaining with it productive laborers. Whatever tends to facilitate labor, increases the productions of a country, and is beneficial to the operatives, at well as the capitalist. Hence the public utility of machinery, rail-roads, canals, and all great works of that class.

When printing was invented, one printer could publish as much as a hundred copyists, and publish it much plainer and better. It was thought, that ninety-nine workmen would be thrown out of employ. But the facility of reading books was infinitely increased. Authors were encouraged to write. A book cost a hundred times less. A hundred readers could afford to read a printed book to one, who could buy it in manuscript. The consequence is, that at this day a hundred persons, at the smallest calculation, are employed in printing, and its subsidiary occupations, to one that would be in business, if books were still written in manuscript—and this may be considered a general answer to all objections against labor saving machinery.

Capital comes to the laborer in the form of wages, which must always allow the capitalist a profit on his work, and can never be permanently less, than will afford the laborer the means of living. If wages are such, that the laborer cannot maintain a family, the race of operatives would gradually diminish; and the scarcity of hands would raise wages. On the

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other hand, if wages are too high for the profit of the capitalist, his will and resources to employ would be exhausted. These relations act, and react, to keep the common level of fair wages. The rate of wages is, therefore determined by the proportion, which capital bears to the laboring part of the population of the country; or in other words, to the proportion which subsistence bears to the number of people to be maintained by it. Hence, as national opulence increases, laborers are more munificently rewarded, and the profits of capital diminish.

In times of scarcity and insufficient production it is seldom wisdom for a legislature to interfere, to regulate the rate of wages to the price of provisions. The high price, consequent upon scarcity, will regulate the equitable proportion of itself. There arise in such cases evils, that are irremediable, and which are generally increased by unwise attempts to legislate upon them. In the year 1313, England was afflicted by the severest famine known in its history. Parliament, in compassion to the general distress, ordered that articles of food should be sold at moderate prices, which they took upon them to prescribe. The consequence was, that things become dearer than before, or were entirely withheld from the market.

The principle that operates upon wages would be thus mathematically expressed; the rate of wages varies directly, as the quantity of capital, and inversely, as the number of laborers.

The capital of a country is the aggregate of the capital of the individuals. It can employ no more people, than it has the means of maintaining. Suppose the New-York and Missouri railway were commenced, the number of laborers to be employed cannot exceed the amount of extra subsistence which has been raised to sustain such an additional number of laborers. The execution of great national works is the most palpable demonstration, that production has exceeded consumption, before such works were undertaken.

Labor may be low priced, but not cheap, as is the case in Ireland. This seeming paradox is well understood by practical men. Two shillings a day, says the author before us, is cheaper in Suffolk in England, than sixpence a day in Cork in Ireland.

A country may have carried population to such an excess, and national wealth to such an abundance, as that low and insufficient wages may result from great capital. Such is the case in China.

The author of the work before us, though English, constantly refers to the United States as possessing beyond any other country, the advantage of high wages, low price of land, and rapidly increasing population. In no country does capital increase so rapidly. Early marriages and numerous families are the result. The author calculates, that our population doubles in twenty-three years. Our population in 1783, at the close of the revolution, was three millions. In 1829, it is twelve millions. Forty six years have intervened. We have therefore quadrupled in twenty-three years. Hence the fair authoress, in doing us such ample justice, as no doubt she deems, she has done, allows but the half of our case. But wages have not fallen in consequence. These advantages over all other countries she attributes to plentiful and productive land. That our free institutions are a material element in this result, of which we have no doubt, she takes no notice. We have personal security, and security of

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our property and industry, and we are not yet essentially injured by too much legislation.

A dense population is highly advantageous to a country, when the capital will afford wages to enable the operatives to rear a family. A country is weakened by a numerous population, where there are great numbers of helpless and infirm people, where great numbers are reared to indolence, to know, and practise no useful labor. Wherever population exceeds subsistence, multitudes must be born, to languish a few years in poverty, and to fall early victims to want, disease and wretchedness. How much greater havoc all epidemic diseases make among the poorer classes! Thousands, that might have been restored, perish from want of pure air, medical assistance and proper diet. Population may accumulate, as in China and Holland, actually beyond the means of subsistence furnished by the country, and this is one of the most terrible political evils. A country, that was all peopled, as a village, or a town, would be most unpleasant in contemplation and in fact. The Kentucky predilection for *range* is one, that belongs to human nature.

The most efficient remedy of this excess is emigration. Most European countries have laid some restriction upon this resource. A French author beautifully, and truly said, 'la seule bonne loi contre les emigrations est celle, que la nature a grave dans nos coeurs.' The only good law against emigration is that, which nature hath engraven in our hearts. The disadvantages of emigration are the breaking off the natal associations, ties and charities, and the instinctive love of our native country, with which providence hath most mercifully endowed us. The advantages are greater range, ampler means of subsistence, and the cheap acquisition of land, the most exciting, valuable, and honorable of all species of property. When unwise legislation drives away the industrious and laborious artizans of a country, an irreparable injury is inflicted. Such was the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews from Spain.

A country can support a greater number of educated, than uneducated people; provided the result of the education be not to inspire contempt of labor. Education, by enlarging the range of the ideas, inspires more prudence and forecast, and by exalting the scale of thought, aim and purpose, furnishes higher and more enduring motive. The recent alarm, that has been attempted to be raised against over education, as tending to create idleness, is false in principle, and unjust in application. It might be ruinous to a country to educate too great a number with professional views.

The disposition to be beneficent from love to God and his creatures is a divine principle. Charitable societies, however, are many of them unwise in plan, and originate in sheer ostentation.

The poor laws of England, and that part of the United States, which has copied the usages of England, seem rather to have encouraged idleness and mendicity, than to have relieved misery. A profligate man spends his wages in drinking at the tavern, because he knows, that the worst, that can happen to his wife and children, is to be sent to the poor house. Parish relief thus becomes the very cause of the mischief, which it professes to remedy. The archbishop of Grenada counted the number of beggars, to whom he daily distributed bread at his doors. He found

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the men 2000, and the women 4000. Leon is supported by the church in this sort of way. The streets are full of beggars, who get their breakfast at one religious charity, their dinner at another, and their supper at a third. Nothing but industry, economy, order, a sense of self respect, and being allowed to suffer some of the evils of imprudence and idleness will secure a country from being overrun with paupers. It is much to be doubted, whether our numberless ostentatious charities, and our innumerable ways of assessing the public to sustain them, fosters not the spirit of improvidence and mendicity.

The question, which of the three, agriculture, manufactures, or commerce is the more useful employment, in the view of political economy, is an indefinite one, and impossible to be solved. In the present highly advanced state of society, they so run into each other, that it would be impossible to specify, where the one terminated, and the other commenced. In northern countries, it is as essential to comfort and even to existence, to be sheltered and clothed, as to be fed. All, that belongs to building and clothing, belongs to manufactures. The farmer cannot grind his corn without the miller, nor house it without the builder. All the implements of husbandry are from the manufacturer. The immense superiority of agriculture over the other pursuits, which has so often been vaunted, said and sung, ceases, when the subject is fairly investigated. All the three great pursuits are inseparably linked, and essential to the well being of a country, and the question is not, whether any particular preference should be given to either of the three, but what are the proportions, which they should bear to each other to conduce most to the prosperity of the community.

But, although a body politic cannot determine, in which branch of industry it ought to urge its energies, and bestow its capital, every individual, which composes that body, has a most sure guide in his keen regard to his own interest. If there is a deficiency of clothing, and the labor of the cloth manufacturer becomes more productive, than that of the farmer, part of the labor of agriculture will be withdrawn in that direction. Probably the keenness of competition will more than supply the deficiency, and agricultural labor will again find its level. Though it may be remarked in general, that agricultural pursuits are clearly more congenial to the tastes of mankind in general, than any other. The American land holder, in his rural abode and independent domain, need envy no one.

In regard to the risks and misfortunes of the different pursuits, it is wonderful to consider, how admirably providence has adjusted them. The caprices of the climate, the uncertainty of the seasons, the great physical accidents of nature, to which agriculture is exposed, the fluctuations of political events and the caprices of fashion, that hang over manufactures, and the still greater risks, that attend the greater stake of commerce, reduce the choice of a pursuit to a deliberation, in which it is difficult to select the preponderance of good or evil.

We remark, in passing, that the discussions of this book, touching rent, monopoly and tythes are of little interest to American readers. We know little of the first, except the leasing of houses by those, who live in towns; which bears no very near relation to the English idea of a lease.

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Happily our institutions and all our habits and the spirit of all our legislation equally interdict monopoly and tythes.

In Switzerland, and especially near Geneva, a number of farmers in a vicinage join to bring their daily stock of milk to a dairy establishment, with all the requisite preparations. The milk is converted into butter and cheese in common, each one receiving according to his proportion of milk furnished; and the establishment retaining such a proportion only, as is necessary to defray its expenses.

Very large or very small farms seem equally opposed to national prosperity. The confiscation of the national domains in France has operated inconceivably to the prosperity of that country. The tenure, during the revolution, was considered very insecure. Hence the lands of the domain were sold cheap. A great many moderate land holders were thus established. In order to accumulate capital for their establishments, they acquired habits of order, industry and economy. In Belgium, one of the best cultivated countries in Europe, the average of the farms is about forty acres. In Tuscany, a country remarkable for the excellence of its agriculture, the farms seldom exceed fifty acres, all cultivated upon the *thetayer* system, or farming upon shares.

Mines are taken into consideration, as elements, on which political economy operates. Coal mines are at once the most profitable and valuable of all. The lead and tin mines of England have been of more service to her, than all the treasures of Mexico and Peru to Spain. Iron mines, which are most indispensable of all, yield good profits. But no nation has been known to grow rich on mines of silver and gold. As a general maxim, the richest mines are those, which lie no deeper than the share of the plough.

Fisheries are a more lucrative and important national resource. The fisheries of New Foundland have been more valuable to England and the United States, than the richest gold mines would have been. The whole fishery has proved a national resource. The Dutch herring fishery yielded Holland a great revenue. There are forty-one salmon fisheries on the Tweed, which bring in many thousand pounds rent. The duke of Gordon lets a salmon fishery on the Spey for 7000*l* sterling a year.

As the capital of a country becomes larger, the profits to be derived from it diminish, and the lower the profits to be made, the lower rate of interest the borrower can afford. During the reign of the emperor Augustus at Rome, interest fell from 10 to 4 per cent., owing to the great influx of wealth from the conquered provinces. In India, where the proportion of capital to the number of laborers is comparatively small, wages are extremely low, and interest exorbitantly high. The common rate of interest is from 12 to 25 per cent. In China interest is 36 per cent., per annum.

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The North American Review for July, has a number of good articles. That upon the principles of Elocution, we were particularly pleased with. Our opinion is with the reviewer, upon this subject, except upon one or two of the points, which he advances. We do not intend now to bring this difference of ours before our readers, as we do not think it would have any useful bearing upon this, as we view it, important branch of education. How seldom we hear a really good reader, that is, one who reads naturally, and with good taste; and yet, in the every day intercourse of life, this acquirement, within the compass of every one, enables its possessor to give more useful pleasure than any other. But it is our present purpose to give extracts from the article, as our space is limited to three or four pages, rather than any of the many thoughts, which present themselves to our mind upon this extended and practical subject. An octavo, on the Philosophy of the Human Voice, by James Rush, M. D. of Philadelphia, and a much smaller work, an Analysis of the principles of rhetorical delivery, as applied to reading, by Ebenezer Porter, D. D. professor of sacred rhetoric in the theological seminary of Andover, both printed 1827, are the basis of the reviewer's remarks. High praise, with very little drawback, is bestowed on both works. Those who have labored before in this field are named. The actual matter in point is discussed. The neglect, with which it has been treated in our country is then animadverted upon, and finally we have the expression of the reviewer's conviction of the capability of the American character for eloquence. The following is we think all truth.

'There are but few men who can be statesmen or philosophers of the highest order; but there are many of various degrees of excellence, to whom we apply these titles. Let it be so with orators; and let it not be said that because only one in a century can rise to the highest sphere, therefore but one has any call to exertion. Or if any one choose to understand by eloquence, the loftiest pitch of excellence, we will not dispute about a word; let us then, we say, have good speaking; and good speaking we are sure, will pass oftener than men expect, into eloquent speaking. All that we are anxious for is, that no mystical or unphilosophical ideas of eloquence should prevent men from cultivating the powers they have, and from availing themselves of the noble opportunities that are offered to them in this country. For, look abroad through this goodly land of free and intelligent communities, with its thronged schools, and academies, and colleges, with the most popular institutions in the world, with its theatre for oratory in every town-meeting, with its churches, and tribunals of justice, and halls of legislation,—and tell us why eloquence may not flourish here; why its elder glories may not be revived among us. We are accustomed to say, and not without reason, that this country offers the fairest field in the modern world for the culture of eloquence. Nor have men lost their eagerness to witness the displays of this divine art. There is nothing, in ordinary times, that will draw such multitudes together, or transport them with such enthusiasm. They actually feel, that is, the multitude, as if there were something divine, something like inspira-

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tion, in the inexplicable and overwhelming powers of a great orator. They are ready, like those who listened to the 'Oration' of Herod, but not with the same venal feeling, to exclaim, 'It is the voice of a god!' We well remember, in the days of our boyhood, when our fathers and seniors had been up to the distant City, and talked to us, on their return, of the eloquence of Hamilton, that we caught from them an impression of wonder and delight, bordering almost upon supernatural awe and admiration.

'If any one would judge of the estimation in which this glorious gift is held, let him observe how the least approaches to it are received; how a fine voice, or a prurient imagination, like charity, will cover up a multitude of sins against taste, and reason, and truth; how the most absolute dearth of thought, or the most barren commonplace, will be forgiven, will escape the notice even of cultivated audiences, if it wear the veil of an elegant delivery; how—we had almost named names—but how men of the most ordinary talents will make a sensation wherever they go, and collect crowds, not of the weak alone, but of the wise, also, to hear them; nay, how dignified senators, the 'most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors' of the nation, will sit as if they were fastened to their seats, and listen by the hour to the most trifling anecdotes, to the most irrelevant stories, when delivered with the ease, and grace, and charm of finished oratory. Indeed, in this matter we grow skeptical about the authority of our (by turns) most wise Hamlet. 'The judicious' do *not* 'grieve;' but they smile, and listen,—and listen, and look grave, and say it is very 'good talk.' And the multitude—it is indeed a 'gaping multitude,' and ready to swallow any thing that comes in the shape of rhetoric. They are hungering and thirsting for it. They are lifting up their souls for it,—to the pulpit, to the bar, to the senate chamber. They are ready to be instructed, to be moved, aroused, transported; yes, the most obstinate are willing to be enlightened, the most obdurate to be melted, the dullest to be charmed, if the power and the wisdom come in the form of eloquence.

''The field is white to the harvest' (not irreverently to make the application,) but where are the laborers? Indeed, 'the laborers are few.' Some eloquent men there are in this country; eloquent from the simple force of talent, from the irrepressible burstings of genius, on great themes and occasions; eloquent, because they cannot help it. But any thing like settled, concentrated, patient effort, for improvement in oratory; any thing like an effort, running through the whole course of education, renewed with every day as the great object, pursued into the discharge of professional duties, is scarcely known among us. The mass of our public speakers would as soon think of taking up some mechanical trade as a subsidiary occupation of life, as they would think of adopting Cicero's practice of daily declamations. They would be ashamed, like the member of Parliament, mentioned by Chesterfield, and very properly justified by him, of being *caught* in any practice of this sort. The art of speaking well, seems to be thought a trifling or an unworthy art. Or, is it that most extraordinary desire that prevails so much among our speakers and writers, to have it supposed that their best and most successful efforts cost them little or no preparation?

'Whatever be the cause of this general neglect, the consequence is plain enough. *The making of good sentences,* the first business of a public speaker, seems, by most of our legislative debates and forensic orators, to be least of all

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understood. Violations of sense, of the structure of sentences, nay, and of grammar, too, are constantly witnessed. It is really perilous to listen. We are in perpetual terror lest the speaker should make shipwreck of all reason and sense. As he rises on the wave of some swelling period, our own minds partake of his insecurity to such an extent, that we lose all thought of his subject, in sympathy for his situation.

'It fares no better with our discourses, than with our sentences. Alas! what would Father Quinctilian and Dr. Hugh Blair say, if they could listen to some of our speeches? The most solemn rules about the exordium, narration, statement, argument, peroration,—about the order, progress, climax of a discourse,—about the consistency of metaphors, with themselves and with the subject,—about figures, comparison, vision, hyperbole, are scarcely more regarded among us, than if these venerable personages had never lived.'

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'If there be any force in what we have said, we would most earnestly solicit a hearing for it, from the trustees and guardians of our academies and colleges, and of those higher institutions which are designed to prepare our youth for the pulpit and bar. We humbly suggest to them, whether oratory, as a science and an art, should not be more distinctly recognized in the plan of a public education; whether it should not have hours of study and practice appropriated to it; whether, in fact, it should not occupy as large a space as any other branch in the course of public instruction. We had it in mind before closing our observations, to suggest a project and plan for a School of Oratory in this country. But in truth all our colleges ought to be such schools. There is a great deal to be done. It is one of the miseries of our college exercises in rhetoric, that a great deal of time must be taken up merely with correcting faults and removing bad habits, before the student can enter, free and disembarrassed, the career of great excellence. It is notorious, that but few of our educated young men, when they leave college, are so far advanced even as to be good readers. We see and lament this defect continually in our pulpits; and we lament it the more, when occasionally in the hands of a skilful reader, the Bible is unfolded to us, almost as a new book. But we leave our suggestions on this point, again earnestly commending them to those, with whom it remains to decide whether we are to go on for years to come, without any essential improvement.

'But we cannot leave our public institutions, without taking notice further, of what seems to us the prodigious waste of study and talent, which the present system involves. Here and there a man, from some fortunate direction of his mind, or strong natural propensity, or favorable situation, breaks through the difficulties that keep down other men, and rises to a considerable measure of eloquence, and becomes conspicuous in his neighbourhood or in the country at large. But do we not know that there are hundreds of others, whose powers and acquisitions are equal,—who think as clearly, and feel as deeply, but whose talents are buried in comparative obscurity? who *think* eloquently, who feel that 'it is *within*' them to address eloquent thoughts to their fellow men, but who can never say, with Sheridan, '*it shall come out!*' It is not for the want of study, that these men, the majority, fail. What years have they spent, and spent all their substance too; what days of toil, and evenings of patient thought, have they pursued to the midnight hour. The waning lamp has been no romance to

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them, the fixed brow and the feverish pulse no poetry; they have toiled, reckless of health and comfort, they have kindled, and rekindled the fire within them, that has wasted away the strength and prime of their youth; and when they come to the crisis of their fate, when they stand before the great public, and are put to the trial in which they are to rise or fall, for this world,—they find, alas, that the very office they have there to discharge, is the office which they are least of all prepared for. With all the sciences and arts they have labored to understand, they have never learnt the grand art of communication, the science of speech; with all the languages they have mastered, they have never learnt the language of eloquence; and their acquisitions, their reasonings, the collected wisdom of sages, the gathered lore of centuries, sink to nothing before the pretensions of some flippant declaimer. It is from this cause, no doubt, it is from want of the power of communication, that preachers are often unreasonably charged with dulness. It is not, always, that the *man* is dull; but it is, that being placed in a situation for which he is not properly trained, he sinks into a mechanical habit, from the very inability to give just and natural expression to his emotions. Many and many a sermon has been written (it is not too much to say) with burning tears, and when it come to the delivery, has been struck, as if by magic, with the coldness of death; and he, whose breast glowed with sacred fervor in the closet, has appeared in the pulpit, as a marble statue. May we be permitted, in passing, to suggest to our preachers and public speakers, the propriety, nay, the duty of paying some attention to this subject? We allow that the effort to improve, at this late period, is attended with considerable danger. Some, no doubt, have injured their style of delivery by such an effort. Their manner has become artificial; and they have lost in power, what they have gained in correctness. We venture to point out what we think is the only remedy; and that is, to forget all definitions, rules, and *praxes*, when entering the pulpit or the bar, to have no gestures or tones provided beforehand, but to give ourselves up wholly to the impulse of the occasion, letting whatever improvement there may be in manner, tone, &c. be, at the moment, altogether unpremeditated and insensible. With this precaution, we have no doubt that reading or declamation an hour every day would be of the most essential service, and would in a single year, if the practice were universal, put almost a new face upon our pulpit and bar.'

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THE

WESTERN

Monthly Review.

CONDUCTED BY

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'BENEDICERE HAUD MALEDICERE.'

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(Continued on 3d page of Cover.)

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THE

WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1829.

A Narrative of the Anti-Masonic Excitement, in the western part of the State of New-York, during the years 1826, '7, '8, *and a part of* 1829. By HENRY BROWN, Esq. Counsellor at Law. Batavia: Adams & M'Cleary: 1829. pp. 244.

NOTHING is more natural, than that an association for convivial, scientific, or charitable purposes should wish to cultivate *esprit du corps*, sodality, and an exclusive regard for the members. To have certain peculiar words, or signs, known only to the initiated, by which they may instantly discriminate each other amidst the crowd of strangers, is a natural adjunct to the general intention. Emblems and badges will appear striking and agreeable, or puerile and unworthy, according to the temperament of the beholder. From their being adopted by all governments, by all religions, by all scientific institutions, and by almost every considerable association, that has ever appeared, it would seem, that to adopt them fell in with the general bent of human nature. The church has its symbols, the government has its ensign. Our country has its eagle, its stars and stripes, the British navy has its green and blue, and the masons have their square, compass, and ornamented apron. Enjoying, perhaps quizzing, the strained eyes and the eager and wondering gaze of the people at the long and gorgeous procession, it is natural, that masons should have assumed a look of peculiar and knowing solemnity, while descanting upon an origin, as old as the world, and the architectural orders, and the historical inscriptions of the *pillars of Seth.* There can be no doubt in truth that Adam and Eve were masons, as well as carpenters and tailors.

But we do not believe, that any intelligent mason ever attempted to trace its origin beyond the authentic records of the order. These, we apprehend, do not ascend beyond the fourth or fifth century. They have unquestionable evidence, however, that even then the institution was considered, as having its beginning lost in the unrecorded ages, that preceded them. From the fifth century to the present, the most wise, enlightened and distinguished men in Europe, and in recent days in America, have ex-

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tended the scroll of the order with their names; and, perhaps, no society ever existed for such a lapse of ages with so little question of its innocence, its objects and motives. Nor is it in the darkest suspicion of the most brooding and gloomy mind, picturing human nature in the colors of its own consciousness, to believe, that hundreds of characters known to us all, crowned with the name of Washington, would have belonged to the society, and honored its institutions, if they had not known it to be at least innocent.

We have understood, that the fundamental tenet of general and speculative masonry, as regards religion, is the broad foundation of pure and simple theism, that it might embrace the people of all religions and all countries, who acknowledge, and adore one God. Christians acknowledge, and adore the same; and masons, in doing so, do no more deny the truth and importance of revelation, than the former. We have understood, that the masons of Christian Europe and America adopt the whole bible, as their book of worship—and we all know, with how much deference and reverence it finds its place in their processions. Besides this, we know, that they profess a peculiar and most solemn responsibility of never ceasing charity, particularly to the suffering and decayed members and relatives of their society. We know more. We know, that they practise a noble and Godlike charity to the prisoner, the widow, the orphan and the poor, which ought to endear them to all, who love their kind, and respect those who are engaged in the holiest of all duties, the relief of human misery.

Now this society has seen fit to have festivals and anniversaries. Is it alone in this? They carry badges and emblems. Do not mechanical, philosophical, literary and other societies do the same? They meet by themselves, and keep out intruders. Are they alone in this? Does not every private citizen have his circle, and is not the intrusion of unbidden and unexpected visitants interdicted as strongly by good manners, as persons not masons are from entering lodges by the tylers? The masons apply their charity in the first instance to their own members, and their relatives. Does not Christianity enjoin its first and most particular distributions to those, who are of the household of faith? And it is not uttered as an oracle, when we say, that if all associations relieved the miserable of their own number—all the miserable of the human race would be succored. Providence has imparted to man this propensity to associate in smaller social circles, and to be more strongly impressed with the sympathies of that circle, for those wise purposes, that regulate the whole economy of the universe. Cosmopolites, in loving every body, care for no body but themselves. Our first duty is to relieve our own miserable; next those of the adjoining state, and so on, the obligation weakening, as the circle broadens. We are bound by a much stronger obligation, to convert our own heathen, than those of the Gentoos. Hence, then, the masons in beginning, not terminating their charity with their own, have acted in conformity with the order of providence, christianity, and sound discretion.

Masons have their secrets, and so has every well ordered family; and it is as impertinent for the uninitiated, to wish to pry into those of the former, as it is for gossips to interfere with the privacy of the latter. No man has any more right to disturb the privacy, in which an association of men, of fair and unquestioned character, choose to meet, than our chemical and

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other manufactories have to inscribe on their entering gate, 'no admittance.' The word *secret* is a terrible word, but only to children, gossips and bigots of an unquiet conscience, who think all human nature as dark as their own bosoms. Who would believe, that a society, which has existed from the earliest periods of English history, which has enregistered in its archives the brightest and most glorious names, which has left innumerable records of the noblest charities, and upon which, as a body, harm has not yet been proved, would have been exposed in these days to the same sort of spirit, which heated the tongs of St. Dominic, invented thumb screws, and burned witches, merely because they choose to walk in procession, now and then, to wear fine aprons, with a compass and square and other devices painted or embroidered on them, and to meet by themselves without the admission of uninitiated intruders?

It is not at all strange, that there should be fools, knaves and bigots in the world; for they have always existed, and in numbers too great for the peace and order of society. Nor it is strange, that in the time of St. Dominic and John Calvin, and king James and Queen Mary, it should have been held sound doctrine and true orthodoxy, that to place the outer man on a slow fire would strongly tend to enlighten his mind into the truth of a doctrine he abhorred. It is not strange, that pagans should have persecuted catholics, and catholics protestants, and protestant episcopalians protestant puritans, and protestant puritans protestant quakers. Persecution was the spirit of the age. The wonderful William Penn was almost alone in his age, in his compact and sublime phrase of expressing the grand principle of toleration, in the laws of Pennsylvania. Persecution was deemed a proper resort for the inculcation of a doctrine; and it is not at all strange, that the great mass of the people should be led away by the prevalent opinion of the times. There was nothing strange in the gloomy and terrible delusion of witchcraft, under which so many innocent victims suffered. It was not the delusion of the ill fated town of Salem alone, where the opprobrium of public sentiment has generally cast it. But it was the folly of the age. People believed in ghosts, goblins, and haunted houses, in signs, omens and death watches; and particularly, that Satan was a wonderfully active personage, entering into old women, squaws, and negresses of preference; and to believe in witchcraft was only to adopt a prevalent spirit of the times. But it is strange, and passing strange in this age, that any order of things, or any class of men could have got up a proscriptive crusade against the fraternity of masons, merely because there is much reason to believe, that a small number of foolish and misguided men, under wild and mistaken notions of masonic responsibility, carried off a certain Mr. Morgan, leaving the natural inference from his disappearance, that he has been murdered. It is, for aught we know, the first outrage of the kind, with which public opinion has charged masonry; and there is reason to believe, it will be the last. The most obtuse and stupid among the fraternity have read a lesson upon the subject, which, we should hope, would not require to be repeated. From the excitement, which has been created upon the subject, and the manner in which that excitement has been directed, one most useful lesson has been taught. It is, that man is just as much disposed to persecute now, as he was in the times of Nero, St. Dominic, or Mary of England. Our security against its outra-

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ges is our laws, our admirable laws, the increasing enlargement of the public mind, the growing conviction, that to roast a man, to torture him, to calumniate, or vilify him, to take from him his standing or his income, will not at all alter his opinions for the better, if they are wrong, but from the natural stubbornness of the human character, fitting it to resist oppression, tend to fix him more unyieldingly in these opinions.

We see clearly, that even yet it is not supererogation to speak, and write, and legislate against the blind, relentless and desolating spirit of bigotry and persecution. When we see, what a pestilent fever of anti masonic excitement has been got up in this country, how it has been got up—against what objects it has been directed, what other views have been incorporated with it, how ancient and knowing ladies and man gossips, and fierce priests, and sly and wicked politicians have operated upon the *mobility* of the ten thousand, let us not congratulate ourselves, that the Popish plots, Cocklane ghosts, witches, haunted houses, and possession of Satan have wholly and forever gone by. Let him who standeth firm and fearless in the confidence of his innocence and wonderful illumination of these days, take heed, that he do not fall under some combination, to prove him a witch, a conjurer, or a heretic. Notwithstanding our contiguity to millennium, there are sufficient numbers of rogues, to raise the hue and cry, and sufficient numbers of dupes not a whit more enlightened, than they of the day, when the Salem witches were hung. No event in our times has more clearly proved all this, than that one, the fame of which has filled our land, and been blown by the trumpet of a hundred thousand pamphlets, to say nothing of the newspaper flourishes, and the reports of trials. These are the engines, however a certain portion of the community may despise them, that move the physical power of the country. These are the thermometers, that indicate the existing moral and political temperature of our times.

The book before us seems to us a fair and dispassionate and well authenticated history of the Morgan affair up to the present time. A very brief and succinct chronicle of the more prominent features of this business, and the anti-masonic excitement, is all that we deem of sufficient general interest, to abstract from the book for our readers.

The credit of the origin of this mighty affair is clearly ascribable to a certain Col. Miller—an 'able editor' of the 'People's Press,' a man, of whom our author says little good, describing him as possessed, indeed, of respectable talents, but with a great deal of cunning, familiar with the arts of designing men, freed from all religious scruples, and of course ready to hoist sail to a breeze from any point of the compass. Embarrassed in his circumstances, inattentive to business, intemperate in his habits, he saw by intuition the use, that might be made of Morgan and an anti-masonic excitement.

William Morgan was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, 54 years since; and in 1819, he married Lucy Pendleton, of Richmond, Virginia. Of the fifty accounts of his previous life no one has any claims to authenticity. In 1821, he removed with his wife to York in Upper Canada, where he commenced business, as a brewer. His brewery was destroyed by fire; and, reduced to poverty, he moved to Rochester in New-York, and thence to Batavia, where he remained, until his abduction in 1826. He had a

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common English education, and was pleasant in his manners, except when intemperate, which he was to a great degree, conducting towards his family and others in those seasons, like other men of similar habits.

Miller and he were both masons. Morgan is supposed to have received his first dislike to masonry, from his name having been omitted, as a member of a chapter of masons, chartered somewhere about 1825, in consequence of his intemperate and unworthy habits. Being of dissolute morals, his principles hanging loosely about him, and stimulated by vile companions, he proposed to disclose the secrets of masonry, in hopes, no doubt, to make an immense fortune out of the gaping and brute curiosity of the vulgar. He was such an instrument, and this enterprize was such a material as precisely suited Miller's purposes.

The great body of respectable masons treated the matter, as was wise, with silence and contempt, wishing it left to its natural progress and issue. Not so with a few indiscreet and officious members. The assertion, that the late De Witt Clinton, as head of the grand lodge of New-York, issued a masonic edict for suppressing the book, that was announced, even at the expense of life, is too monstrous to gain credit for a moment, and could not be possible, for the grand lodge was not in session from the annunciation of Morgan's intended disclosure to the time of his abduction. The author gives a sensible and well written article, which he published at the time of the communication, the purport of which was to inculcate upon masons, to let the book take its course. Had the advice been followed, the whole thing would long ago have sunk into oblivion, and Morgan would have lived and died in quiet and obscurity.

Morgan's intended work, it seems, was in progress of publication in Miller's printing office. A few inconsiderate and officious members of the masonic body concerted, in an evil hour, a plan for the suppression of a work, which, if left to itself, would undoubtedly have fallen dead born from the press. Forty or fifty persons assembled at Batavia, and attempted to destroy the office, where the manuscript, or the nearly published work was supposed to be. This project failing, some other miscreants attempted to burn the office. A number of masons joined in a printed notice, offering a reward of a hundred dollars for the apprehension of the incendiaries.

In 1826 Morgan was arrested for *petit larceny*. The ground of the charge was, that he had borrowed of Kingsley, a taverner at Canandaigua, a *shirt and cravat*, which he had not seen fit to return! He was tried, and acquitted. But, immediately upon his discharge, was arrested for a small debt due another taverner, and committed to prison. About this time, a certain Giddings, infamously famous, as concerned in Morgan's abduction, began to figure, as a witness in the case, whose evidence was rejected in court, on the ground of his being an avowed atheist. He seems to have been desirous to become, what is known in common parlance by the name state's evidence, and to attach to his confederates the most atrocious guilt, in which, by his own confession, he had the chief share.

The next morning after Morgan's imprisonment at Canandaigua, a certain Lawson paid the small debt, for which he was imprisoned, and he was discharged. Immediately upon his discharge, he was seized, forcibly thrust into a carriage, and driven to Fort Niagara. Notwithstanding Gid-

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dings' testimony; notwithstanding the various printed and oral declarations, that he has been seen living, and been found dead, all authentic ground, on which to trace his fate any further, entirely fails. It is probable in a high degree, that he was taken across the Niagara into Upper Canada. He has never returned, and this seems to offer a degree of probability, that he was in some way dispatched, though there are not wanting thousands of instances of persons in his situation, and of his standing, who have wished to have the impression of their death, that they might emigrate, and transmigrate, and come out unknown, and unquestioned under another name, and to enact another part in life.

We pass over the history of numerous arrests and trials, as episodes, or minor movements attached to the main one.

'The mystery attending Morgan's departure—the circumstance of his not having been heard from—the meeting on the night of the 8th September—the attempt to burn Miller's office—and the subsequent arrest of Miller on the 12th, excited in the publick mind so many suspicions, that a few individuals residing in Batavia, very justly and properly deemed an investigation necessary.

'With a view to ascertain the circumstances in relation to Morgan's being taken from jail in Canandaigua, rumours of which had as yet only reached them, an agent was sent thither on the 22d of September, 1826. A number of affidavits were procured on the following day, which established beyond doubt the important fact, that Morgan was arrested in violation of law, after his discharge from prison on the 12th of September, and notwithstanding his opposition, conveyed from thence, in a carriage prepared for that purpose, by force, they knew not where.

'Publicity given to the information thus acquired, served to increase still more the intensity of those suspicions. The thunder of popular indignation began to roll. It was however at first, in low and solemn murmurs. It emitted as yet no sparks, because no objects had yet been found on which its bolts could descend. The inquiry "where is Morgan," had appropriately been made, and no answer been given. The citizens of the county of Genesee were therefore invited to meet in mass, at the Court House in Batavia, on the 4th of October, for the purpose of making some arrangements in order to ascertain his fate.

'The meeting was numerously and respectably attended. It was a solemn and impressive scene. A citizen of this free land, entitled to the protection of its laws, had been taken by violence and confined, without authority, in some solitary place, or conveyed by force without the United States, to parts unknown, or had fallen beneath some murderer's arm, and no information relative to his destiny or his fate, had yet been received. The circumstance that he was poor—that he was dissolute—that he was in some respects unprincipled, and therefore held in but little estimation by community, gave to the meeting, in the eye of the philanthropist, additional interest.

'Had he been a man of rank, of consideration, or of fortune, the people at large would never have been left to make the above inquiry. He would have been followed—he would have been rescued, and if necessary, an army would have been roused at his call and awaited his commands. The wrongs of an individual once rocked the battlements of Troy, and made the throne of Priam tremble to its

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base. But the unfortunate and degraded Morgan was suffered to be carried off under circumstances calculated to excite the strongest suspicions, without scarce an inquiry.

'I cannot in justice to historick truth forbear to remark that a number of the most conspicuous anti-masons in the country; men who became so long after Morgan's abduction, and who have since participated in the rewards and honours of a triumphant party, designedly abstained from attending that meeting. Nor can I in justice to my own feelings, suffer this occasion to pass without applauding, in the highest terms, the candour, the good sense, and above all, the holy fervour which appeared to fill, inspire and expand the bosoms of the great mass of which it was composed. A writer of eminence, I believe it was Mr. Burke, observes, that the publick opinion is often wrong, but the publick feeling never. An outrage all thought had unquestionably been committed; but its extent and its authors were unknown. An inquiry was demanded—the publick indignation was roused, and the detection and punishment of guilt seemed to be its only object. A numerous and respectable committee, consisting of Theodore F. Talbot, David E. Evans, Trumbull Cary, William Keyes, William Davis, Jonathan Lay, Timothy Fitch, Lyman D. Prindle, E. Southworth and James P. Smith were unanimously appointed for that purpose, and the meeting adjourned.

'Similar ones were afterwards held in other counties, and committees appointed, a part of whom subsequently composed the celebrated Lewiston Convention.

'The committee above named immediately caused a notice to be published, containing a brief statement of the facts and circumstances in the case, so far as ascertained, and desired all who possessed any knowledge or information whatever in relation to either, to communicate the same without delay to some one of their members. A request was also sent to his Excellency Governor Clinton, desiring his aid—it was promptly afforded, and a proclamation was immediately issued.'

Various proclamations were issued by the Governor, requiring that aid, and offering pardons to accomplices, that should give evidence in the case. The grand royal arch chapter, in which one hundred and ten subordinate chapters were included, disclaimed all knowledge and approbation of the affair, in which they were followed by most of the lodges in the state.

Meanwhile 'Morgan's Illustrations of Masonry' fell, like rain drops, from the press, costing, probably, ten cents, and which the greedy public appetite swallowed to a surfeit for some time at the price of a dollar. Our own community is unhappily one, that has an appetite, that might be medically called *bulimy*, for such food. The bible, tracts and Webster's spelling book hardly furnished equal occupation for the press. With what views it was published, let the following extracts determine.

'"We, and each of us, do hereby most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that we never will divulge during our natural lives, communicate or make known to any person or persons in the known world, our knowledge, or any part thereof, respecting William Morgan's intention, (communicated to us,) to publish a book on the subject of free-masonry, neither by writing, marking, or insinuations, or any way devisable by

man." Sworn and subscribed this 13th day of March, 1826. Signed "John Davids" and others.

'On the 5th day of August following, John Davids and David C. Miller of Batavia, and Russel Dyer of Rochester, executed to said Morgan, a bond in the penal sum of five hundred thousand dollars, conditioned for the payment of one fourth part of the sum which should be received on the sale of a certain book upon freemasonry, which the said John Davids, David C. Miller, and Russel Dyer were about to publish.

'On the 7th day of August, and two days only after said bond purports to bear date, Capt. Morgan, in consequence of a difficulty between him and his friends, addressed to them the following note:

'"August 7, 1826.

'"Gentlemen—My note of this morning has not been answered. Further evasion and equivocation I will not submit to. Acknowledge you are not gentlemen, or I will expose you in twelve hours, unless you do as you agreed to do. I am not a child—if you suppose I am you are mistaken. I am a man and will not suffer myself to be imposed on—you have not acted as gentlemen—I am sorry to be compelled to say it—every part of your conduct has been mysterious, and why so? My first impressions were, that you are not honest men; therefore I wish to settle and have no more to do with you. If either of you feel hurt, call on me as gentlemen and I will give you any satisfaction you wish.

WILLIAM MORGAN."

'The securing of a copy right to prevent others from publishing said book—its sale at first for one dollar—the oath of Davids and others—the bond executed by Miller, Davids and Dyer, furnish at least presumptive evidence, that avarice, and not a love of country, or a regard for its future prosperity and welfrre, was the principal stimulus to their undertaking."

Never had madam Rumor a more admirable subject, upon which to operate. Warrants were issued and trials instituted without number, and each succeeding day brought to light a new brood of stories of violence, blood and murder. While a famous trial upon the subject, at which a hundred witnesses were present, was in progress, a rumor was set afloat, that Morgan's body had been found, and would be present at the place of trial. This tended not at all to allay the excitement. The persons, proved to have been concerned in the abduction of Morgan as far as Niagara, were sentenced to different periods of imprisonment, the longest extending to three years. A petition to the legislature of the state, to obtain an additional reward of 5000 dollars to what had been already offered, was rejected by the good sense of the legislature, who saw, that it would only be adding fuel to the flame.

By this time the excitement had arrived at the pitch of causing anti-masonic associations. Town meetings were called, with the avowed purpose, to form voluntary associations, to detect, and punish the perpetrators of the abduction, and supposed murder of Morgan, and to make up a purse for the support of the widow and orphans. The most malignant and improbable falsehoods and slanders, which at another time would have returned with a vengeance, to plague the inventors, in the present state of

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public feeling were received with implicit faith. Demagogues now saw, that the affair was ripe for their use, and they accordingly took it in keeping. Bigots in their church, made use of it with the same views, operating in a different direction. Such was the state of excitement, that strangers, travelling through that part of the country, dared not avow, that they were masons.

The Lewiston committee had hired a vessel, and chartered boats, and constructed instruments for raking the bed of the Niagara, and a part of lake Ontario. The business was pursued with great industry for some months to no effect. Efforts to find the body were abandoned, but the public feeling and expectation were in no degree quieted. We remarked, that a body was found, October seventh, on the shore of lake Ontario, which appeared to have been left there by the surf. Being highly putrid, after the usual inquest, it was buried. It soon spread through the community, that it was Morgan's body. Some gentlemen from Batavia and Rochester repaired to the place of interment. The body was disinterred. Mrs. Morgan was conveyed to the spot. It may be easily imagined, in what state the body was. All identity of color and countenance was gone. The hair, height, teeth, dress, &c. of course, remained unaltered. In neither of these circumstances was there a trait of resemblance to Morgan. The dress was not that which he wore, when he disappeared. There were religious tracts in the pockets, and Morgan was not of the men, who carried tracts. But a jury of inquest was summoned. Witnesses were examined. The first witness swore that Morgan had double teeth, *dentes molares*, all round, and that the body had the same; and he described many other circumstances of identity between this body and Morgan's. Most of the witnesses, and thirteen were examined, swore to the same general effect. What is more astonishing, Mrs. Morgan, whose testimony bears on the face of it marks of honest conviction, agreed with them in many particulars, especially in regard to the double teeth all round, and to the circumstance, that two of his teeth were wanting and one split, to which circumstances the witnesses generally testified, this body answered. This jury, composed of twenty three persons subscribed their names to the verdict of inquest, which was, that this was the body of Morgan, and that he came to his death by drowning. All doubt was removed from the public mind. The multitude flocked to the funeral procession. The body was removed with great parade to Batavia. A funeral discourse was delivered by one James Cochran, who, it seems, sometimes drew inspiration from distilled spirits, but is said to have been sober on this occasion. The body was once more interred, as that of Morgan. The cry of vengeance against masons now was on the breeze, and the ghost of Morgan was said to walk.

But the tell-tale papers spread the story, until it reached the ears of the real widow of the drowned person. A Mr. Monro, of Upper Canada, left his home for Newark, and was drowned in the Niagara. A description of the clothes found on the body of the supposed Morgan induced Mrs. Monro to believe it was the body of her drowned husband. In company of relatives she repaired to Batavia. This ill-fated body, which could not rest in the earth, was once more disinterred. It would be useless to detail the evidence of the new inquest. No seeming, when properly sifted, can show the aspect of truth. The real truth of the case, that this was the

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identical Timothy Monro's body, and not Morgan's, was established by that kind of evidence, that cannot fail to establish undoubting conviction in every rational mind. It is an astonishing proof, these inquisitions, how much testimony is affected by strong prejudices, public excitement and popular feeling. A great number of particulars, specified on oath by the first jury, proved to be not as specified by this second examination. Particularly, it was proved, that Morgan was wholly bald on the forehead, and never wore whiskers. This body had a considerable tuft of hair there, and had whiskers. The circumstance of the double teeth all round was utterly disproved. This body had teeth of the usual character, and instead of having lost two, and a fragment of another, had actually lost five. What put the matter out of all question was, that Mrs. Monro specified, before seeing them, certain articles of dress, which she had made with her own hands, and which were found to be, as she described them to be, before seeing them. All doubt was dispelled from all minds, except such, as were determined not to be convinced. It is reported that people, who had obtained all the political objects desired from the impression, that the body was Morgan's, observed, 'that he was a good enough Morgan, until after the election.'

The affair of Morgan was pregnant with wonders from the beginning. During the delusion of witch time, there were not wanting persons, who, carried away by the prevalent insanity, became convinced, that they were witches and wizzards, and made confession, as such. A certain R. H. Hill came forward in the papers, and with most imposing solemnity confessed himself guilty of having murdered Morgan. The poor man supplicated mercy of God and man, as one sure of the gallows. But the Morgan matter had been proved to be a two edged instrument, which men began to be cautious of handling. Mr. Hill attracted notoriety, which perhaps, was his wretched motive, and was imprisoned, but could not gain a martyr's fame by being hung. The jury incontinently dismissed him, as being either maudlin or moon struck in the upper story.

In the midst of these popular commotions of sentiment, Mr. Clinton was called suddenly to his account. Mr. Pitcher, Vice Governor, recommended to the legislature the appointment of a person, for the especial purpose of investigating the Morgan business, and Daniel Mosely, Esq. was appointed. An attempt to procure a similar enactment in congress wholly failed.

Another strange circumstance attending these transactions remains to be recorded. Col. King, a man highly respected in his neighborhood, about the time of Morgan's abduction, removed from the vicinity of Batavia, and with the appointment of sutler to Cantonment Towson, repaired to that remote establishment on the Kiamesia, a high branch of Red-River. Among other rumors, it was reported, that he had been concerned in the murder of Morgan, and had fled to this distant region a fugitive from justice. Remote as he was, the rumor reached him. He immediately made arrangements to return, and show himself in the midst of his accusers. Mean time three officers, appointed by the authorities of New-York, had repaired all the way to the Kiamesia, to arrest him. Arrived at the Cantonment, they required the aid of Captain Hyde, the commander, a gentleman whom we formerly had the honor to know, in order to arrest Col.

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King. He refused the required aid, though otherwise offering them permission to examine his store. At that place they were informed, that he had started for New-York. They made the best of their way in the same direction, and the parties accomplished this wild-goose chase of almost 4000 miles, in nearly the same time. It is easy to conjecture the feelings of the slanderers of Col. King, at finding him, fearless and erect, in the midst of them. Capt. Hyde was ordered to New-York on arrest for refusing his aid for the apprehension of Col. King. We pass over all the subsequent trials of Bruce; and trials of various persons for libel and slander, that have grown out of this business. We have intended only to touch upon a few of the prominent facts, in this interminable history of plot and counter-plot. We should as soon have thought of making up a volume of cases and reports, as going into all the legal details of this strange business.

A general crusade had commenced against masonry, of which the following, extracted from Mr. S. Southwick's paper, the oracle of the anti-masons, may be considered the watch word.

'"Anti-masonry sprung from the throne of God, and under his Almighty wings, it will conquer "Hell's master piece," and redeem our country from vile slavery and galling chains—from eternal disgrace, from everlasting ruin and degradation. The man who hesitates to support such a cause, stabs his country and dishonours his Creator. Let no such man be trusted—let him live neglected and die unpitied and despised, and let no monument tell his name or point to the spot where "his recreant ashes pollute the soil that gave them birth."'

It spread, more or less extensively, into all the states. It denounced first the system, and then the men, as unfit for any office, and unworthy of any countenance. It not only denounced the men, but denounced those, who would not denounce them. For some the old charges of the Abbe Barruel and Robinson were resuscitated, and brought forward. Others were told, that every thing secret was wrong. Others were taught, that the principles inculcated, were those of deism. Still for others, it was denounced, as despotic in tendency, absolving men from obedience to the laws, and inculcating instead a blind and implicit deference to the decrees of the lodge. The mischievous and stupid abduction of Morgan was the foundation and the top stone of the theme, and a legitimate proof of its tendency. Anti-masonic committees were organized, one of whose specific and avowed functions was, to oppose all candidates, that were not anti-masons. We omit, for obvious reasons, one very striking example of the political use made of masonry and anti-masonic excitement about which much was said in the papers at the time. The chief magistrate of the United States ought never to condescend to reply in the shibboleth of any party to the impertinent queries of any one; and Mr. Adams' charge to his New-York anti-masonic correspondent, not to make his letter public, would seem to imply, that he had not studied the case of him, who, when charged to tell no man, straightway went his way, and the more vehemently proclaimed what had been done, through all the country.

It soon became an instrument in the hand of some of the spiritual guides; and ministers were denounced to their people, and members of

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churches to spiritual censure, for being masons. Anti-masonic meetings and societies have had their orators; and in Cambridge, Massachusetts, no less a man, than Dr. Waterhouse has been selected for orator. In some instances, when the pursuit has been too hotly urged, there has been a revulsion, and a reaction, and we trust, that the excitement, having lost the original pungency and zest of its influence, will soon pall upon the public ear, and this much vexed and discussed institution return to its original standing in the public estimation.

We should not have trespassed so long upon the patience of our readers, in spinning the thread of this narrative to such a length, had we not deemed, that the history is fraught with instruction upon a point most vital to the stability of those institutions, which are the pride and glory of us all. We proudly talk of our illumination and march of mind. We speak of the disgraceful delusion, recorded in history, of which some account is given in the book before us, as things, which belonged to a former age, and could never be re-enacted in ours. Here is a proof, and a palpable one, that the public mind, when a fair pretence has first been offered, can be played upon as effectually, and that men are in fact as gullible now, as they were in the times of the meal-tub plot or witch time. This ought to inspire present vigilance and caution. Another inference, as ministers say in a sermon, is, that of all the arts of demagogues, the most disgusting, and that, which ought readiest to consign them to infamy, is this of playing upon the virtuous feelings and credulity of the people, in turning these popular delusions to the purposes of their own personal and political advancement. A candidate for any office of honor and emolument, depending on the popular suffrage, may, perhaps, be allowed to caress the children of their constituents, and pronounce them the most beautiful little creatures, that were ever seen. He may insinuate, that the mother is pretty, knowing and good. He may talk with the good man about crops, pigs, and the price of pork, and flour, with such knowledge of the subjects, as he may possess. He may hint, so that it is done dextrously, that his competitor is a noodle, a rogue and a defaulter. He may practise all the little arts of what, we here call feeding the subject of the gull-trap with soft corn. All these are fair and hackneyed arts consecrated from all guilt by use, time out of mind. Whiskey and loans are more questionable expedients. Ogling, and walking arm in arm, and taking the voter aside from the crowd for private confab approach the confines of intrigue; and the promise of an office, conditioned upon success, is clearly 'bargain and corruption.' The west country fashion of treating the voters from a wash-tub of whiskey toddy, in which the brown sugar is stirred in by the candidate, who takes off his stockings and shoes, and gets into the tub, and operates, as the feet of the vintagers do in France, when they mash the grapes, and who hands off the political beverage to the voters in his shoe, may be tolerated, from its show of originality and of the 'free and easy.' It is a usage, not wholly disallowed, for the candidate to ride a race on a Kentucky 'chunk' for the amusement of the spectators, or run a foot race with the *best man*, otherwise the best boxer in the company. A stump is the time honored pulpit of all political aspirants in the west. These, and riding the canvassing circuit, and changing opinions, moral, political, and religious, a hundred times in a day, to accommodate the

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party to his company, and seven hundred other choice arts, known to the sport, afford a very pretty and copious choice, in the selection and the right application of which, the aspirant shows his tact and his skill, and his cleverness; and they are all white-washed by common tolerance into innocence. But there are others, that are clearly questionable; and we have seen them in some instances too gross to be swallowed even by voters of the most enlarged deglutition. For instance, we saw a candidate, known to be a derider of religion, sitting at a camp preaching among the ministers, and ever and anon uttering a dismal groan, as if seized with a colick pang, and a face of most elongated and rueful sanctity. Candidates, however ungodly at other times, are sure to have religious *concern* come over them about the time of a camp-meeting.

We feel reluctant to enlarge upon a theme so hateful, and the revolting details of which are so well known to us all. There is no point of information, that has made so little progress among the people at large, as information, what deportment in aspirants for their favor, is becoming and respectable. One would think, that the head must indeed be of wood, that could not instantly penetrate the palpable contempt for the people, that is thinly veiled in all these miserable and unworthy expedients. Never does a candidate so loudly manifest his conviction, that the people are asses, as when, though at other times an atheist, he groans at a camp-meeting; and at other times select and aristocratic in his habits, when he all at once becomes the man of the people at the eve of an election. To seize the popular delusion of a meal-tub plot, witchcraft, or anti-masonry, to work into the designs of ambition, ought to be stigmatized in terms of the most pointed indignation.

The time will come, and the time must come, or our institutions will not remotely descend to posterity, when enough of the controlling minds of the community shall possess just estimates of true dignity and worth and uprightness, and tact to discriminate, what is respectful deportment in candidates, to blast with the scorching lightning stroke of virtuous indignation, all these vile arts, similar to those, with which rakes woo prostitutes, all these arts which declare, that they, who use them, despise the people, and consider them of no other use than to be gulled to give their votes, and, like docile elephants, to be coaxed on to their knees, that these aspirants may erect their castles on their back, and ride them to their purposes. No man was ever worthy of the suffrages of the people, who would take these methods to gain them. No man, who had any right notions of dignity and self respect, would stoop to these measures for any boon which ambition could covet, or the people bestow. Nothing ought so directly to excite the suspicions of the people, as to discern these incipient efforts to fawn upon them.

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The following paper is from a vigorous, bold and inventive mind. It will be obvious, that the author has a theory to sustain. We are generally averse to theorizing. Most of the sentiments meet our entire concurrence. The reader, who is acquainted with the general tone of this journal, will know, that we deem some of the sentiments, particularly those touching the comparative importance of natural and revealed religion, overstrained. That natural and revealed religion, being from the same author, must speak the same language, is certain. But to exalt the dim and uncertain light of nature over that lamp kindled by the Father of lights, for the express illumination of his benighted creature, man, is not our mode of viewing divine revelation. Nevertheless, in discussing views, which, in these respects, differ from ours, he elicits new and striking ideas. We give, as we have received, and leave the reader to judge for himself.—Ed.

An Essay on the Invalidity of Presbyterian Ordination, by John Esten Cooke, M. D. Lexington: pp. 216, with an Appendix.

But few persons of intelligence venture to doubt, and fewer still are prepared to deny, that religion is the most momentous of human concerns. Whatever respectable production of the press is connected with it, although it be but slightly, is deemed worthy of the attention of the public in general, and seldom fails to receive it. But what pertains to it more nearly, or affects it vitally, awakens in no inconsiderable portion of the public, a sensation as deep, and often an interest as absorbing as human nature can well experience. There can be but little doubt, therefore, that the work which is announced for examination in this article, and which purports to possess the character last described, will make a forcible impression on those, whose *nom de guerre*, instead of their peace motto, is the 'religious community,' and who assume the exercise of privileges corresponding to the title.

Written expressly to prove the exclusive legitimacy of the episcopal form of church government, and the correctness of the public devotional discipline, and proceedings of that denomination of Christians alone; the work denies, of course, the legitimacy and authority of every other form, and the soundness of the worship of every other denomination. On the true answer to the question, then, 'has the author of the 'Essay' made good his position?' is suspended the validity of every religious rite and ceremony performed without the pale of episcopacy. By those Christians, and there are many such, who look so seldom and so slightly beyond exteriors and rituals, as scarcely to distinguish between matter and form, or even substance and shadow, and who attach but little value to aught but what is sanctioned by authenticated formularies, this representation may be received as a subject of serious import and deep solicitude.

By ourselves, however, it is otherwise received. We frankly avow that we do not, and cannot consider it a matter so momentous. Forms and rituals, and modes of government have doubtless their value. But it is not of the highest order. It is but the value of forms and modes, and has

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no influence on the value of substance. The diamond is still a diamond, whatever may be its space. Exterior attributes are comparatively light, and usually unstable. It is the interior alone, the real matter and substance, that are at once ponderous, precious and unchanging.

There is, in true religion, that which neither rituals nor modes of administration can, in any way, effect; that which neither episcopacy nor presbyterianism can make either better or worse; that which instead of deriving from those forms of government and administration, any additional excellence, gives to them all the merit they possess. And if there were not in it such a quality, it would be unworthy of its name; because it would be itself nothing but a name.

Religion existed and was acceptably practised, before episcopacy and presbyterianism were established; and it would continue to exist, the hope, guide, and comfort of pious and adoring millions, were these establishments extinguished. The GREAT OBJECT of true worship is no more a respecter of forms than of persons. He is far above all such petty regards, and leaves them as toys to his petty creatures. Religion springs from the nature of man and *his* relation to God, and is as independent of ceremonials, and as far exalted over them, as the majesty of nature is independent of and elevated above the minutiæ of art.

To us it is alike humiliating and revolting, to listen to the loud and angry clamor, and witness the unholy and embittered strife of conflicting sects, about a set of opinions and a system of forms and ceremonies, each of little value or interest, but of which they make a compound by their mystic alchymy, and misname it religion. Genuine religion has nothing of this in it. Instead of being composed of opinions and rituals, it is a holy sentiment seated in the heart, and has no dependence on sectarian dogmas, or peculiar forms of ecclesiastical discipline. These are 'but the trappings and suits' of religion. Yet are they clung to with an adhesion, and contended for with a degree of zeal, mingled too often with an acrimony of spirit, which would seem to proclaim them the only things valuable.

Religion has sundry aspects which are all beautiful, and sundry bearings which are all important. By the community at large some of these have not, perhaps, been sufficiently contemplated. A brief notice of one or two of them may not be altogether without interest.

As an engine for the control and direction of individual man, as a member of the community, and the regulation and maintenance of civil society alone, religion is essential. Without it all human government would degenerate into despotism, or be resolved into anarchy and misrule, and the earth become a theatre of unbridled crime. It gives to oaths their sanctity and effect, and, by its secret admonitions through the voice of conscience and cautiousness, stays the hand of rapine and murder, and prevents other meditated atrocities, which no human laws or public influences could reach. If it does not, by its direct agency, call down on nations and communities special blessings immediately from Heaven, it virtually confers those blessings, by so directing and ameliorating the minds and dispositions of men, as to induce and enable them to attain them by their own exertions. Of individual wellbeing, and national prosperity, therefore, it is a fertile source.

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Of the truth of these allegations, proof, were it requisite, might be derived abundantly from the dismal chronicles of the French revolution. During the throes of that earthquake of the passions, which shook the moral world to its centre, the influences of religion were, for a time suspended. The issue was appalling even in the midst of that disastrous period. Vice and crime, whose magnitude before might have proclaimed their maturity, shot up with such an augmented rankness, and attained such a further growth, as were no less alarming than new to the nations. Mankind gazed at them, as at an approaching comet, whose sweep might threaten to desolate the earth. Nor did they diminish in size, until the frenzy of irreligion began to abate, and the people and the nation, returning to their senses, acknowledged their dependence on a God, and their accountability to him beyond the grave. So salutary and powerful is religion, as a mere social and state engine, so fatal the effects of subverting its obligations, and so deep the criminality of those who would conspire for a purpose so nefarious!

There is another aspect of the most attractive character, in which religion may be viewed. Connected with its oracles, the Old and New Testament, the Christian religion is not only an abundant source of moral beauty and sublimity, but an exquisite and imposing monument of polite literature. To say nothing of the solidity and grandeur of their matter, the style and manner of composition of the Scriptures are of the highest order. In narrative, history, poetry, allegory, didactic writing, those sacred records exhibit specimens of excellence which nothing can surpass. In the production of Moses alone, those several kinds of composition are presented in high perfection. When to these are added the sacred odes of David, so fervid in spirit and intense in diction, the songs of Solomon, rich in the tender beauties of the pastoral, the elegies of Jeremiah, the lofty and empassioned effusions of Isaiah, the grandeur and sublimity of the book of Job, the touching simplicity of the gospel of St. John, the vehement eloquence and irresistable dialectics of St. Paul, and the inimitable moral and didactic addresses of the Messiah; with these and other additions that might be specified, the Scriptures would form a text-book for the study of what is most choice and valuable in polite literature.

Compare, with those presented in the Old and New Testaments, the most forcible and magnificent delineations drawn by Homer, Virgil, and other profane writers, of Heaven and its inhabitants, their pursuits, characters, felicities, and joys, and mark the result. The contrast is striking, superiority in excellence being immeasurably on the side of the former. However brilliant in fiction, and rich and pertinent in many of its allegories, the mythology of the Greeks may be, it is tame and barren, compared to the scriptural representation of the God and celestial splendours of the Christian. What is Jupiter seated on Mount Olympus, brandishing his sceptre, swaggering and boasting amid the council of the gods, some of whom are scarcely his inferiors, and hurling his thunderbolts with a vigor not greatly surpassing that of Ajax or Hector, to HIM whose will called the universe into existence, by whose *fiat* that universe might again be annihilated, who, to moderate the intolerable brightness of his glory, makes clouds and thick darkness his dwelling, and rides in tranquil majesty on the whirlwind, whose breath is the tempest, and his voice

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the thunder, to whom the past, the present, and the future are as one, who compasses immensity, weighs creation, and measures the ocean in the hollow of his hand! What are the calm but monotonous pleasures of Elysium, produced by the influence of murmuring streams, cloudless skies, and breezy vocal groves, whose verdure and fragrance never fade, to the rapturous joys of the rich paradise of God, where every prospect is full of glory, and every sound from a heavenly harp! Where infinite wisdom, goodness, and power unite in their efforts to render fruition complete! With justice may I add, what are the sufferings of Sisyphus, Ixion, and Tityus, to the agonies of the worm that never dies, and the consuming fire that is never quenched! Why, in their descriptions of Heaven and Hell, did Dante and Milton so far surpass Homer and Virgil, and all other writers of antiquity? Not because they were more highly gifted, but because they had enjoyed superior opportunities. And what were those opportunities? The answer is plain. They had drunk of the living waters of Siloa's brook, as well as of the fountain of Castalia, and felt the inspiration of the god of Parnassus. In simpler language. The ancient poets had read but the mythology of Greece and Rome, and could fill their minds and fire their genius with nothing better. But the two moderns had consulted the Old and New Testaments, those sacred oracles of the living God, and enriched their minds, and derived their inspiration from that abundant fountain of poetry.

The allegory is not only one of the most beautiful figures in rhetoric, but, when well constructed and of suitable materials, one of the most impressive and useful in the conveyance of instruction. It constitutes the charm and moral excellence of oriental composition. In that figure we have said that the Scriptures abound. So true is this, that not only the prophets and other scriptural characters, but the Messiah himself indulged in it extensively, in his conversations and teachings. His parables are beautiful models of allegory, one of the most distinguished of which is that of the rich man and Lazarus; and in the same spirit is no inconsiderable portion of his sermon on the mount. As a choice monument of literature and taste, then, our religion and its records have great value. In fact, they consist in no inconsiderable degree, of a choice and splendid union of history and poetry. Take from them the latter, their spirit is broken, their fascination weakened, and their usefulness diminished.

But the most important aspect of religion remains to be mentioned. It is that which relates to a future state of existence, where man is to be recompensed for his conduct in this.

Considered in this point of view, religion is the great rule of life, to which we are to conform in our sentiments and deportment. It is at once the chart, the compass, and the helm, by the steady and correct employment of which we may hope to attain the haven of happiness. This being the case, an effort to describe its importance would be fruitless. No language could reach the object, because no exertion of intellect can adequately conceive of heavenly things, or estimate the value of heavenly enjoyments. In such a case forbearance is wisdom, and silence the most successful effort to describe.

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In this brief view of the advantages of religion, its effects on the moral and social character of man must not be omitted. When it is genuine and cultivated with a proper temper, and to the requisite extent, it tends directly to the improvement of both. By subduing the passions it produces equanimity and ministers to virtue, and, by creating habits of sobriety and reflection, renders the perception of moral duty clearer, and its performance more certain. Nor is it only by moderating and controling the grosser feelings, whose excessive indulgence leads to vice, that it changes and modifies the pursuits and enjoyments, and essentially ameliorates the condition of man. It purifies and strengthens the moral sentiments, and leads to their more constant and vigorous engagement in their proper and respective spheres of action. Hence, hope, being enlivened and invigorated by it, sheds its sunshine, in its turn, on the entire intellect, maintains in it habitual cheerfulness, and gives to it that buoyant spirit and elastic energy, which are essential to its efficiencies. Aided and urged by this state of things, the sentiment of general veneration is strengthened, gratitude and love are heightened in their tone, and benevolence and justice are widened in their range, and invigorated in their exercise. Religion therefore, if not the source, is an invaluable auxiliary of philanthropy and charity. Nor is this all. By ripening the kinder and more amiable affections, it sweetens individual life, and enhances the joys of social existence. In a particular manner, it dispels the gloom of malignant feelings, maintains serenity and cheerfulness of mind, mellows and confirms the virtuous attachments, and takes from the temper that sternness and severity, which give pain to their possessors, as well as to those on whom they are exercised. It teaches the true meaning and value of the precept, 'judge not, that ye be not judged,' and prepares the mind for habitual compliance with it. Charity and forbearance towards the faults of others are some of its leading attributes; and its spirit is essentially opposed to the indulgence of an unkind disposition, and a censorious tongue. Hence true religion improves, in all their domestic relations, those who are the subjects of it, and renders them better neighbours, friends and citizens. It promotes, in families, comfort and happiness, in the community, peace, harmony, good will, and mutual regard and confidence, quickens and confirms industry in both the lawful acquisition and proper use of wealth,* and contributes essentially to the discouragement

*The cant which we daily hear, from mock-saints and fanatics, against the pursuit of riches, is not the voice of sound religion. Man's duty is to be industrious, that he may improve his own condition, and that of the community to which he belongs. And his right is to enjoy, *as his own*, the fruit of his industry, intelligence, and good fortune. Nor does the accumulation of riches make their possessors worse, either as men, citizens, or Christians. On the contrary, poverty and want are much better calculated to deteriorate the morals, than wealth and plenty. Besides, riches augment the power to do good. Lawfully to acquire property, therefore, and to employ it wisely, and for laudable purposes, is a dictate of sound and rational religion. To neglect the things of this world, is a miserable way to prep .e for the next. A precept to that effect is the offspring of indolence and folly, rather than of wisdom, virtue and religion.

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and removal of all that can annoy. Such is the influence of religion, and that whose effect is the reverse, of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, is religion but in name. It is an unholy and offensive mockery of Heaven's highest boon to man.

The religion, of which we have hitherto spoken, is catholic and unperverted, such as God has ordained it, or, which amounts to the same, such as springs from the nature of things, and as is perfectly accommodated to the present condition of the human family. We shall now offer a few remarks on religion, as mistaken and froward man has made it, narrow in its views, and separated into sects, differing from each but slightly perhaps in tenets, but immensely in feeling. If catholic religion serves its professors as a bond of union, good fellowship, and peace, that which is sectarian is but too generally the reverse, being the very leaven of uncharitableness and the evil passions, and a source of embittered contention and strife.

To portray all the follies and mischiefs of sectarian religion is not our intention. The task would be, not only too weighty for an article like the present, but too revolting to be voluntarily encountered. It would be to furnish a picture of unspeakable absurdities, and the most barbarous cruelties, and atrocious crimes, that bigotry and malice can conspire to perpetrate. It would be to shock the ears of the reader with the groans of the dungeon and the shrieks of the place of execution, and his eyes with the stake, the faggot, the wheel, and the writhing victim, with all the other engines of torture and their effects, which ingenuity can devise, and ferocity inflict. It would be to represent cities and fortresses sacked and in ashes, and provinces and countries reduced to desolation, with all the detailed horrors of merciless war, urged to the extreme of vengeance by *holy* hatred and fanatical fury. To complete the picture, the whole would be rendered trebly odious, by the flimsy covering of mock sanctity that would be thrown around it. Every act, although worthy only of the Arch-spirit of wickedness, professed to be performed for the glory of God, the good of his church, the joy of the saints, and the salvation of souls!

We shall speak briefly, at present, of sectarian religion only so far as it extends its effects to the education of youth, and, through that, to letters and science. These effects, as far as they reach, we regret to say, are highly injurious; nor do we hesitate to add, that their extent is greater than is generally imagined. By dividing into many inconsiderable fragments the interest and means of the people, they prevent the establishment of such institutions as are competent to the conferring of a complete education. For to bestow such an education in an ill provided and meagre institution is impossible. As is the school in size, administration, and force of character, such will be the scholars educated under its auspices. That this is true, as a general rule, no one acquainted with the subject will deny. If exceptions exist, they are exceedingly rare, and arise from causes peculiar to themselves, which do not, in the slightest degree, invalidate the rule.

In the present condition of our country, the entire means of any state in the union, disposable for such a purpose, are not more than sufficient for the erection, endowment and maintenance of one respectable seat of

learning. We mean a seat of the higher order, to be denominated a college or university, and to be worthy of the name. In many of the states, especially in this western region, the means, as yet, are not sufficient. But in time they will become so.

In every state, where the object can be accomplished, there should be established one distinguished college or university, furnished with ample and well selected libraries and suits of apparatus, and administered by able and experienced instructors. To this all classical academies and grammar schools in the state should serve as nurseries, and ought to conform to it in their plan of education. To this arrangement, in the states, add a national university, corresponding in its plan, and all its provisions and arrangements, to the intelligence, dignity and grandeur of the nation, and our general system of literary institutions may be pronounced complete. An able administration of them is all that will be requisite to render education, in our country, as perfect as our present condition will admit. Under the influence of a system of instruction so liberal and efficient, our citizens generally would become more enlightened than they now are, we should have many more profound and elegant scholars, and our national literature would soon become honorable to us.

But to the accomplishment of a scheme of education, at once so magnificent and rich in promise, sectarian religion is essentially fatal. Nor is the reason of this concealed. Instead of uniting their means and energies, for the establishment, in each state, of one grand institution, for the benefit of letters, every sect erects a dwarfish and half famished college, for the supposed benefit of its own members. The object of these impotent concerns is not to form scholars, richly imbued with learning, and ambitious of renown in letters; but to retain and multiply devoted followers, fired with party zeal, and narrowed in intellect by sectarian prejudices. Hence we find, unless indeed they be too small to be found, in various and not very remote parts of the same state, a catholic college, a presbyterian college, a methodist college, a baptist college, and occasionally, although not so often, an episcopalian college. In these seats of *instruction* (real LEARNING is not predicable of them) the object, we say, is not to make able and well trained scholars, but good catholics, inflexible presbyterians, staunch methodists, unyielding baptists, and episcopalians, who would surrender up their virtues rather than their claim to apostolic succession. As if mere sectarian names, or the tenets attached to them, could have any influence, except an unfavorable one, on the education of youth! As if there were a peculiar kind of academical learning suited to the character and wants of each sect!—lessons of true catholic Greek, Latin, and mathematics, presbyterian do. methodist do. baptist do. and episcopalian do. ready to be dealt out, according to the taste and necessities of those applying for them!—or any other absurdity that the wayward dispositions and perverted judgments of sectarians may suggest! The very conception of such foolery turns education into burlesque, and disgraces letters. From the blighting influence of those sectarian cheap-shops of learning, may Heaven defend the reputation of our country!

From such a puny and impoverished condition of things, where, for want of means and encouragement, teachers are incompetent, and libraries and apparatus entirely wanting, nothing better can be looked for than

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shallow learning, unworthy prejudices, sectarian dogmas, and virtual hostility to liberal attainments. For he who is conscious of wanting such attainments himself, is gratified at finding others alike deficient. This is human nature.

However harshly, then, the declaration may sound in the ears of some, or, however severely the sentiment may be reprobated by others, we have no scruples in pronouncing all encouragers of sectarian colleges virtual enemies to science and letters. We do not assert that they *meditate* an injury to them, because we pretend not to a knowledge of motives. But we do assert that they *perpetrate* one, and contend that the practice of the times is proof of the fact. Sectarism and bigotry are synonymous; the same in spirit, differing only in sound. But, that bigotry is inimical to all that is liberal, might be pronounced an axiom. The definition of the term settles the question, and existing circumstances operate conclusively as additional proof.

Perhaps there has never been a period, when, in any part of the United States, education, in its highest branches, has suffered so much from sectarian rage for the establishment of institutions misnamed colleges, as at the present juncture in some of the western states. The scheme operates like a sirocco on literature, and will inevitably wither it, unless it be abandoned. Petty colleges must as naturally and necessarily form petty scholars, as a barren soil produces stinted vegetables. In each case the result is strictly conformable to the laws of nature, and is therefore inevitable.

Shall we be told that we urge our opinion, on this topic, too far; and that many sectarians have been, and are now profound scholars and enlightened philosophers? We reply, that we question the fact, and challenge those who think differently, to prove it by examples. That many catholics, presbyterians, and episcopalians, and not a few baptists and methodists have been, and are deeply learned, and extensively informed in the knowledge of nature, is true. But it is no less so, that they are not bigoted in their religious notions and sectarian adhesions. Nor were they educated in petty sectarian colleges, or anxious for the establishment of such institutions. They are sectarians only by profession and in name, having divested themselves of the prejudices and exclusive dogmas, which constitute the reality. This is especially the case with all who are philosophers, in the true sense of the term; by which we mean those who see and know things as they are. For although men who are deeply but *merely book-learned*, may be sectarians and bigots, it is not possible for those to be so, who are extensively versed in the science of nature. Nature recognises no sects, and inculcates no bigotry. She is hostile to both, and treats them as identical. Perfectly liberal herself, her true votaries and disciples are equally liberal. When properly consulted, and understood in her responses, she imparts to her followers nothing but truth; unfolds to them nothing but things as they are. But bigotry is a stranger and an enemy to truth. So is all that is sternly sectarian. Sectarism is the result of art; the imperfect production of imperfect man. But nature comes faultless from the ARCHITECT of the universe. No one can be a favorite disciple of her, and a zealous worshipper at the shrine of sectarism. As well may light and darkness, summer and winter co-

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exist in the same place, or ignorance and knowledge in the same individual. Real sectarism, then, is an artificial and spurious religion, which truth and nature positively disavow.

We are aware of the misconstruction that may be attached to these remarks. Bigots may exclaim that we are pronouncing nature superior to religion, and are, therefore, advocates of an irreligious doctrine. We reply that to sectarian religion, as it usually presents itself, we do pronounce nature superior, and contend that in that sentiment there is no irreligion. The maintenance of truth, whatever be its description, is not irreligious. It is a duty which both religion, morality, and reason enjoin.

To the Christian religion, in its pure, catholic, and celestial character, unperverted by sectarian construction, and unpolluted by human passion, we do not give nature a preference. On the contrary, we acknowledge the superiority of the former. On the teachings of nature, those of the Christian religion are an essential improvement. Yet it cannot be denied, that nature unfolds a large and most important portion of that knowledge, which the oracles of the Christian religion repeat, illustrate and confirm. There is a religion which nature teaches, as well as one which written revelation teaches, and, as far as the former extends, they are the same. Nor can it possibly be otherwise. The Deity, who is the author of both, cannot be inconsistent with himself. He cannot proclaim one doctrine or set of opinions in words, and a contradictory or inconsistent one by works. In other terms, his ancient and modern revelations must coincide. And it cannot be denied, at least we think it ought not, that the works of creation, which are prior in date, are as real a revelation of the existence, attributes, and providence of a God, as the writings of the Old and New Testaments. In many points, the latter are a commentary on the former. The ancient revelation teaches as far as it goes, the same religion as the modern. For a true knowledge of the Deity, and his relation to man, imposes an obligation to venerate, love, and worship him. Constituted as he is, man cannot know him without entertaining towards him those affections. As easily could he open a well organized and healthful eye to the light, and not see, or, the sense of taste being perfect, avoid tasting a sapid body, when placed in contact with his tongue.

As an effort is making, by certain sectarians, to discredit this doctrine, and inculcate an opposite one, and as they are said to be gaining proselytes among those, who bow to authority and assertion, in preference to reason, a few remarks in support of it may not be unseasonable.

Had not the Deity disclosed himself to the human race, through the medium of his works, for aught, that appears to us, he could not have disclosed himself to them at all. By many this will no doubt be accounted a bold, and by no few, perhaps, a rash and hazardous position. We desire to approach the theme with modesty and humility. But we have not ventured on it without reflection, and we believe conscientiously in its truth, and shall endeavour to maintain our opinion. Speech, whether oral or written, could not alone have disclosed to us the being of a God. It serves for illustration, but not for discovery. A brief analysis of what it is, and what alone it can effect, will prove this assertion.

Language is representative, not original. A word is but an emblem of what is passing in the mind; a mere sign or image of the state of the

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intellect of him who uses it. Deprive it of this emblematical character, this deputed office, you take from it all meaning, and render it an empty sound.

But an emblem presupposes a prototype; a copy *must* have an original. They relate to something that existed prior to themselves, and without which they could not have existed. Did not substance and form pre-exist, they could not be represented by the painter or the statuary. The image reflected from the mirror, is but the sign of the pre-existing body which forms it. Had not the body pre-existed, there would have been nothing whose image the mirror could reflect—consequently, there would have been no image. The image from the mirror cannot produce the body it represents; nor can the picture drawn by the painter, give existence to that which it portrays. It is itself but the type or shadow of a prior existence. The prototype must always pre-exist, else it would not be so called.

In like manner, before a word can have either meaning, value, or existence, that of which it is the emblem must exist in the mind. The state of the mind which it expresses must first have being. This is the order of nature, and is, therefore, as essential, as that the substance should exist before the shadow which it throws. And as well may the attempt be made to form a shadow first, and produce by it a substance, as to form a word first, and produce by it an idea or any other definite mental condition.

Is the state of mind to be represented a feeling, as love, hatred, anger, or joy? The feeling must exist before the term to express can be formed and applied. It is an idea, as that of a man, a horse, or a tree? The same is true of it. The idea must pre-exist, else no appropriate term can be made to signify it. Is it a thought, as 'I believe him to be mortal?' Still the conception or state of the mind must exist before the words to express it can be formed and arranged. To this there can be no exception. To illustrate the point further:

To an individual who has no knowledge of New Holland or its animals, pronounce the words, Platypus, Wombat, Ornithorynctus, or Kangaroo. What definite idea will either term awaken in his mind? Unquestionably none at all. It cannot recall to it the image of either a fish, a bird, a quadruped or an insect. The reason is obvious. No such image or idea has previously existed in his mind, of which the term is the emblem. Nor can the term create the image. Each name, therefore, is an empty sound. To the same individual, pronounce the words horse, cow, dog, or sheep, and each excites immediately its appropriate idea. The reason again is plain. The ideas have been previously received through the medium of vision, and the terms have been applied to them. The terms, therefore, teach nothing originally, but simply recall that which has been learnt through another channel. But to one who does not understand the English language, a New Hollander, for instance, to whom the terms, Wambat, Platypus, and Kangaroo convey definite ideas, and call up well remembered forms, pronounce the words horse, cow, dog, or sheep, and what knowledge do you impart to him, or what ideas awaken in his mind? Palpably none. There exists in his mind no state or condition, of which the words pronounced serve as the representatives, and hence to him they

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have no meaning. As relates to common matters, then, words alone give no ideas. How is it with things that are less common?—Let the experiment be made.

In conversation with an individual, who is ignorant of the Greek and Latin languages, introduce the single terms *Theos*, *Deus*, *pneuma*, *anima*, or pronounce the entire sentence, '*Deus creavit mundum*.' You excite in his mind, not a single idea, because you speak to him in an unknown tongue. And why is it unknown? Because he has not learnt, by experience, of what state or conditions of the mind those terms are the representatives. He has not first felt and realized the conditions, and then adopted the words as emblems of them. But tell him that *Theos* and *Deus* mean the Being that formed and governs the universe, and this interpretation will enable him to recognize in them, that which, if he be an Englishman, or a native of the United States, is signified in his own language by the term God.

But instead of being expressed by yourself, suppose those words to have been communicated to the individual in writing, by inspired men, or to have been audibly pronounced by a voice from Heaven. Would their meaning be better understood? No one will venture to answer affirmatively. The mere medium of conveyance, unless accompanied by an interpretation, can make no difference in the facility of understanding the terms.

One of our clerical missionaries to the west, finds a tribe of Indians, to whose language he is a stranger, and who are themselves strangers to his. He attempts to communicate to them the idea of a Great First Cause, by pronouncing the words God and Jehovah. But does he succeed? It is known that he does not. An interpreter is employed, who informs the savages, that those words mean the Great Spirit, who gives them spring and summer, affords them hunting ground, and fills, for their use, the lakes and rivers with fish, and the prairies with deer and buffaloes. This explanation is sufficient. Those children of the wilds have learnt, from observation, the existence of the Great Spirit. The idea is already in their minds, and the words 'God' and 'Jehovah' being now given to them as the signs of it, will afterwards recall it, and be therefore understood.

The position we are considering, may be further illustrated by a more familiar example. How do children learn originally the meaning of words and the use of language? Is it by simply hearing words pronounced to them, and nothing more? We know it is not. The idea of the object or thing to be named is first impressed on their minds, and then the name or sign is attached to it. The nurse or parents, pointing to one object, and imprinting its idea on the mind of the child, pronounce the word 'dog,' pointing to another, they say 'cat,' to a third 'fire,' a fourth 'door,' a fifth 'horse,' and a sixth 'cow,' thus always giving the idea first, and the name afterwards. Nor could they communicate the least knowledge of things in any other way. This is the course of nature, and people of plain common sense instinctively follow it. Nor will any abandon it but fanatics and philosophists, whose common sense, if they ever had any, has been dissipated by the heat of a distempered imagination.

Away, then, with the puerile conceit of a mere *verbal revelation*?—Of communicating, by words alone, a knowledge of God, or any other

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original idea or thought! The project is unnatural, and, therefore, impossible. As well may an attempt be made to impart a knowledge of sounds by the sense of vision, of colours by that of hearing, or of tastes and odours by the sense of touch. For disclosing to man a knowledge of his being and attributes, the Deity has chosen a different medium. We mean his 'elder revelation,' the fabric of creation.

Are we asked, who can read and clearly understand this 'elder revelation?' We answer, every one who will honestly and resolutely make the attempt, provided his mind be originally good.

Such is the constitution of man's intellect, that he intuitively rejects the notion, that any thing can *create itself*. To this he is impelled by a necessity of his nature. So unconscious is the thought of *self-creation*, that he feels it to be a *primitive error*, immediate, irresistable, and universal in the dissent it excites. All things around him, then, he intuitively considers as effects; as something that has been produced. He feels that he is himself an effect. From effects he looks for causes. This is another instinct of his nature, to the gratification of which he is as prone, as he is to eat when he is hungry, or drink when he is thirsty. It is by the contemplation of cause and effect, and by something which he feels within himself, that he attains the idea of power. But he is not himself sufficiently powerful, nor does he see any thing that is so, to create, sustain, and manage all that he beholds—mountains, with their rocks and inhabitants, rivers, seas, and worlds. Yet, we repeat, all these he regards as effects, and ascribes their production and governance to some cause more powerful than aught that is visible to him. From some great invisible power, then, he is impelled to derive them. Thus does he ascend to a belief in a GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

In the scheme of creation he discovers the existence of perfect order, harmony and fitness. He finds every thing where it ought to be, as it ought to be, and doing what it ought to do. Every thing accommodated to every thing else, resulting thus in universal adaptation. This arrangement he is forbidden, by a perception of truth, which may be called intuitive, to ascribe to chance. In none of its attributes does it appear fortuitous. On the contrary, he perceives, in every portion of it, design, intelligence, and wisdom. These properties, therefore, must belong to its cause. For what the cause has not, it cannot give to the effect This is an axiom in the science of causation.

Did not the mechanician possess intelligence and ingenuity, he could not manifest them in the construction of a watch, a piano, or a steam engine. Had not the statesman the attribute of wisdom, he could not impart it to the government which he organizes. Nor do the high talents of the military chief fail to imprint themselves on the character of his army. In like manner, in the exquisite order and fitness of creation is perceived the wisdom of its GREAT CONSTRUCTOR.

The goodness and benevolence of the author of the universe, are discovered in the manifestation of the same attributes by many of his creatures of the human family, but more especially in the fact, that, throughout sensitive creation, the amount of happiness and joy greatly surpasses that of suffering and sorrow. We are, moreover, conscious ourselves of a feeling of benevolence, and a disposition to do good. But these we

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must have received from the author of our existence, who could not have imparted them if he had not possessed them.

A sentiment of love we experience in ourselves, and witness manifestations of it in a large portion of animated nature. We recognise it, therefore, as an attribute of creation, and yield to the conviction that it must have been bestowed on it by its author; which could not have been the case, had he not possessed it himself. The same is true of Justice and Mercy. We feel them in ourselves, perceive signs of them in others, and look to the creator of the universe, as their source. Nor do we look in doubt, but entire confidence. We know they must make a part of himself, or he could not have dispensed them.

To the other attributes of the Deity, the same remarks are applicable. We witness signs of them in his works, and trace them to himself. And if we did not thus become acquainted with them, we should remain, of necessity, for ever ignorant of them. No revelation in mere words could make them known to us. Did we not either feel the sentiments of love, justice, and mercy in ourselves, or discover evidences of them in things around us, the words by which they are designated would be in our ears nothing but sounds, as empty and unmeaning, as the most hidden terms in the Sanscrit language.

It is thus, and thus only, that we discover things which are invisible by things that are seen; that we 'look through nature up to nature's God,' and grow familiar with the author of all things. We collect the attributes scattered through creation, purify and elevate them in imagination, give to them infinity, and, embodying them in a single Being, denominate it God. But that term, simply pronounced to us, were it even from Heaven, or traced by the pen of an inspired writer, could not, without other helps, communicate to us the faintest idea of one of the attributes which it now designates.

A conception of the Deity being thus formed, man, we repeat, unless corrupted by vice, and hardened by crime, is instinctively inclined to venerate and adore him. Out of the relation which he feels to exist between him and the author and dispenser of all good, this inclination arises as naturally, as does dread in a timid mind, or courage in a brave one, at the sight of danger, or resentment at the reception of an unmerited insult.

Thus do the attributes of the Deity, discoverable through creation, represent him as an object of veneration, love, and homage; and man is formed with a native and strong disposition to venerate and love. Such is the foundation of natural religion. Such, in fact, is the true foundation of all religion. As already suggested, the religion of written, is but an improvement on that of unwritten or 'ancient' revelation. In other words, it is the religion of nature rendered perfect. Were not man constitutionally religious, no training could render him so. The utmost that discipline, in any case, can do, is to cultivate and improve the faculties and powers which nature has bestowed. It cannot augment their number, or alter their character, except by strengthening it. As easily can education and training create an additional member of the body as an additional faculty of the mind.

That man derives from nature, his propensity to venerate and worship, and that it makes a part of his constitution, is proved by the fact, that the

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whole human family possess it. It is not true, as is sometimes asserted, that entire tribes and nations of savages have been discovered, who have no conception of a God. The error has arisen from defective observation, and the report has been credited and propagated from a love of the strange and the marvellous. It is now known that even the Boschesman, who constitutes avowedly the footstool of humanity, recognises and dreads, venerates and adores a powerful being that dwells in the skies. His aspect and deportment during hurricanes and thunder-storms give proof of this.

Shall we be told, that, by fixing in the constitution of man the root of religion, we deny its heavenly origin, and contribute to lessen its beauty, sacredness and value? We pronounce the charge unjust, and might, were we so inclined, throw it back on our accusers. We do not deny the divine origin of religion; nor have our words or sentiments the slightest tendency to that effect. Man, with all his *native* attributes, is of divine origin; as really the product of Heaven, as any of its more immediate inhabitants. Angels themselves are not more so. Nor is either the sacred character or the value of religion lessened by pronouncing, or even proving it to be the necessary growth of the nature of man, and the relation in which he stands to his God. On the contrary, they are enhanced by it.

Our object is to show, that of that grand and beneficent scheme, which constitutes the harmony and glory of creation, religion forms a natural and essential part, and occupies in it an appropriate place. In its relation to man, we wish to prove it indigenous, not exotic; and that, like every thing else, of any value, it comports with the reason and nature of things.

If religion be not a product of nature, it is artificial, at least, if not fictitious, which diminishes essentially and immeasurably its value. It is a belief to that effect, not the reverse, that would fatally detract from the sacredness of its character. For, in that respect, nature has greatly the ascendency over art. The one is of Heaven, grand and sublime, the other of man, and comparatively humble. A peculiar excellency of natural religion is, that it is free from the strife and other mischiefs of sectarism. We shall only add, that of some of the attributes of the Deity, the manifestation made by his works is much more magnificent and impressive, than that effected by written revelation.

Thus far, we have dwelt on religion in general. Throughout the remainder of the article, we shall confine our remarks to the 'Essay' before us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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REVIEW OF CONVERSATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

In the United States, laborers are scarce and wages high, and yet interest is generally high. The reason is, that land is abundant and productive, and the profits upon agricultural capital has increased more rapidly, than in any other country, yet, as profitable employment is found for every accession of capital by the cultivation of new lands, the interest of money does not fall. Except in a country, circumstanced, as the United States, low interest of money is an indication of national prosperity, as marking low profit to employers, and high wages to laborers.

In England legal interest is 5 per cent., and in the United States 6. Above those rates is usury. Formerly the import of usury was taking any interest whatever. The wiser ancients generally provided for a legal rate of interest. The laws of Solon regulated it. The Bramins 3000 years ago loaned at 2½ per cent. monthly. Legal interest was not established in Europe till 1546.

Laws regulating the rate of interest are impolitic, immoral and unjust. Like all other articles of sale, money must, and will regulate its own value. When the lender holds money, and the borrower wishes to borrow, they will come together, and have an understanding, and do that illegally, which, without a law, they would have done to their own convenience. The result of usury laws will be, to rouse the borrower to meditate after thoughts of dishonesty, perjury, and evasion, which perhaps, he meditated not at the time of borrowing.

It is important to observe, that the real capital of a country is not money, but lands, and saleable productions, rude or manufactured. Capital is only estimated in money, as counters. Productive laborers are employed from capital, and unproductive laborers from income. The value of articles is that, of which they are susceptible in exchange. The intrinsic value, indeed, is that of utility; but the value in use is that of exchange. The Pitt diamond has no intrinsic value; but can be exchanged for a great amount of articles of prime utility. In general, it is the application of labor to commodities, that gives them exchangeable value. The price of a load of hay is the sum of three elements, the wages of him, who cut and made it, the profits of the owner, and the rent of the field. These three elements constitute its natural value.

The exchangeable value of an article consists of its natural value, subject to augmentation or diminution, in proportion, as the commodity is scarce or plentiful. When the supply equals the demand, the commodity is sold for its natural value. When it exceeds demand, it falls below that value. When it falls short of demand, it raises it above its natural value, and dealers make extraordinary profits.

The invention of money was a necessary result of any extension and combination of trade. Exchanges, to any considerable extent, could never have taken place, had there not been a common measure, like mo-

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ney, to adjust their value. Whatever is universally received, as this measure of adjusted values, is money. In Abyssinia wedges of salt were used for this purpose. In Sparta iron money was in use, so ponderous, that a small payment required a team to carry the amount. Tobacco, shells, fruits, and a variety of articles have been used in different countries, as a circulating medium. Gold coins were struck at Rome, 200 years before Christ. Silver had been coined a few years previous. Among the Jews, we have proof that silver shekels were in use in the time of Abraham.

Money is not an accurate standard of the value of commodities; for when it is plenty, it renders them dearer; and when it is scarce, it renders their exchangeable value, estimated in money, cheaper. Thus the price of a commodity may rise, while its value falls. A loaf of bread may rise from 6 to 12 cents. But money may be so depreciated by excess, that 12 cents may not procure so much subsistence, as 6 cents did before. Hence, because neither nature, nor art furnishes us with a commodity, whose value is incapable of change, we can have no fixed standard measures of values.

Though money be not the real capital of a country, sudden increase, or diminution of it has an unfavorable bearing on the prosperity of a country. It requires time for the due level to be ascertained; and before that time, the pressure falls unequally upon the different classes. Unproductive laborers, and those who depend on salary, are particularly affected by it.

A country is commonly, though not necessarily rich, in proportion to the amount of money in it. Flourishing countries, while they require abundance of money, possess the means of obtaining it. But the abundance of money is the consequence, not the cause of the wealth. If a country possesses a dollar more, than is necessary for circulation, the wealth which procured that dollar, has been thrown away. We may observe, too, that the necessaries of life are more sure to procure money, than money is to procure them, as the reality is more valuable than the substitute.

The greater part of the money, circulated in the world, has been coined from the mines of America. But the real comforts and luxuries, which America has imparted to the old world, are its sugar, coffee, indigo, tobacco, medicinal drugs, its maize, &c. The world is no richer for all that the mines of Mexico and Peru have furnished.

It is utterly impolitic in a country, to make laws against the exportation of specie. For without such laws, no sooner does money accumulate beyond the wants of a circulating medium, than the money is exported in purchase of something from abroad. In like manner, when it is too scarce, foreign merchants will immediately remit it back, in purchase of necessaries, which have become cheap, in consequence of its scarcity. If Spain and Portugal, while in possession of South America, could have kept by their impolitic and absurd laws against the exportation of specie and bullion, all these articles in their own dominions, they would have been, ere this, as valueless as lead and copper. It is thus, that the value of every thing equalizes itself in the civilized world. Like the tendency

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of water to a level, it flows to the point of deficiency, and ebbs from that of redundancy.

The greater amount of specie, since the discovery of the American mines, has very much reduced the exchangeable value of money. History declares, that Xerxes, who brought an army of millions against Greece, possessed a revenue, which only amounted to three millions sterling. The sterling pound derived its name from originally weighing a pound of silver. In subsequent coinages, sovereigns alloyed, and reduced the amount by statutes to its present scale, while the nominal value remained the same. Edward the fourth, ordered a pound of silver to be coined into 270, instead of 240 pennies, which it used to make. A great deal of injustice and inconvenience was the result, and a corresponding rise in the price of commodities ensued, and the poor were greatly distressed by the enhancement of the price of necessaries. In whatever country this arbitrary expedient of tyranny has been adopted, the same consequences have followed.*

Substitutes for specie, or as Mr. Randolph would express it, the shadow of a shade, are of modern invention. We read indeed, of stamped leather becoming a currency among the Carthagenians; and it is not unlikely, that this stamped leather was a representative of real value, like our bank notes.

The first bank certainly known was that of Amsterdam, instituted, 1609. It issued no notes; and only received coin in deposit, which was transferred from hand to hand, as occasion required, on the books, without removing the coin from the chest. It was a mere instrument of safe keeping, authentic record and convenient transfer.

But banking on this principle would have no use in the present order of things. The profit of modern banking arises from the use of the capital created by the difference between the amount of notes issued, and the specie reserved in the bank. Banks discover by experience, what proportion of specie is requisite to meet existing and average demands. They regulate the amount of notes issued accordingly. When our banks do not pay specie on demand, they become bankrupt. The bank of England is shielded from this result by an act of parliament. But the credit of this great engine of British commerce and power being good, and the holders of notes having confidence, that it will one day redeem them in specie, the notes have not fallen in value.

It is not necessary, that the value of the currency of a country should be equal to the value of the commodities to be circulated by it; for the same dollar, or bank-bill, by passing rapidly from hand to hand, may serve as the medium of transfer to hundreds of dollars worth in a day.

Traders act as middle men between the producers and the consumers. Those, who purchase directly from the producers, are called wholesale, and those, who purchase of them to distribute to individuals, according to the demand, are retail dealers. Trade increases the wealth of a nation, not by producing like agriculture, or fabricating like manufactures. But it increases the value of commodities, by bringing them from places, where they are plenty, to those where they are scarce. The temperate climates produce their peculiar products, and so of the torrid and frigid. Commerce interchanges them. Of the same country, some lands pro-

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duce grain, others pasture. Some places have facilities for one species of manufacture, and others for another. Trade equalizes them. The merchants and traders encourage farmers and manufactures to increase their products, by finding purchasers for them.

It is easy to show the facilities, which merchants and traders render to business. Suppose it were necessary for every barrel of flour wanted to send to the grower, to Pittsburgh for our articles of iron, to New Orleans for our groceries, in short, directly to the grower or manufacturer for every article of necessity or convenience, it is obvious to see the inconvenience.

We have already seen the use of the subdivision of labor. Retail trade is one of the most important of that subdivisions. At certain places the consumer can supply his wants, and in such small and daily purchased quantities, as his means and his convenience require. Commerce is another of the economical divisions of labor. A certain number of merchants distribute the products of nature and art, that they, who are engaged in raising and fabricating those articles, may be able to devote their whole capital, time and talents to their respective employments.

History teaches, that agriculture has no where made great improvement, without corresponding advances of manufactures and commerce. Adam Smith affirms, that the cultivation of lands about most cities has resulted from the manufactures and commerce of the cities, as an effect, rather than a cause. Good and numerous roads and navigable canals are the grand facilities of agriculture. The ancient towns in Europe were built, as fortresses and asylums from oppression and war. Consequently, towns preceded cultivation. In the United States, the natural order of things has taken place. Cultivation spread farms over the country, and towns resulted from the necessities of trade. A species of speculation, well known in the western country, called town making, has attempted to invert this natural order of things. In proof of the utility of canals, take the following, in a country, where the roads are so good, and the distances between towns so inconsiderable, as in England. From Liverpool to Manchester, the freight on the duke of Bridgewater's canal is six shillings a ton, while the price of land carriage is forty shillings.

The home trade comprehends the internal and coasting trade of a country. The home trade employs a greater quantity of our own capital than the foreign. If the Pittsburgh merchant sends his articles in exchange for the sugar and cotton of New Orleans, the whole capital employed is our own. If the Philadelphia merchant sends his articles for the silks and brandies of France, only one half the capital employed in the trade, is ours, and one half goes to enrich France. The home trade has, also, the advantage of being more quick and sure in its returns, The capital between this city and New Orleans can be turned in a few weeks. Trade between Boston and the East Indies, requires at least a year to get a return of the capital.

But, though the home trade may have its advantages, foreign trade is a great source of prosperity to a country. It is only after the home supply is furnished, that we send our surplus produce to foreign markets. It is only excess of capital, that could not be employed at home, that we put into foreign commerce. An infinite number of new ideas are put

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in play. With enlarged views, more energy, more combinations of thought, and more activity are called into operation. There can be no doubt, that the foreign commerce of Great Britain is one of the prime elements of her greatness. The very fact of carrying on a foreign commerce proves, that the country possesses a surplus quantity of produce, either agricultural, or manufactured, which cannot be disposed of in the home market, and which, if it could not be disposed of in a foreign market, would cease to be produced. The wines of Portugal could not be made in Great Britain. The British imagine their climate more favorable to the growing of wool. Hence the British furnish the Portuguese with cloths, which the latter pay for in wines.

A bounty on the exportation of any commodity has the effect to tempt merchants to invest capital in a trade, which would not otherwise answer. But they are unnatural and doubtful expedients, and are generally counteracted by the jealousy of the nation, on whom the bounty is intended to operate. That nation lays an additional duty on the article, for which the other provided a bounty, and thus, between these stupid quarrels, commerce finds its own level.

A great deal of reasoning and illustration occurs, in the book before us, from p. 278 and onwards, to prove the futility and folly of attempting by duty or tariff, to raise in one country, what is easier raised in another. This is a discussion, entering into the very elements of the beaten question, now agitated with so much earnestness in our country, touching the policy of encouraging home manufactures, and the home trade. The book says, if the British could raise tobacco at as little expense, as is bestowed upon it in Virginia, and the Virginians could manufacture broadcloths as cheap, as they can purchase them in England, there could be no use in the foreign trade of exchange in these articles. But if the British broadcloth cost the labor of one man in England 1000 day's, while to have raised the tobacco, received in exchange, would have cost him 2000 day's labor, it is clear, that by the exchange, the Englishman saves 1000 day's labor. If to have made the broadcloth would have cost the Virginian 2000 day's labor, while to raise the tobacco cost him but 1000, the two people save 2000 day's labor by the exchange. We remark, however, that this reduction of a question of political economy to such positive and mathematical calculation, is always liable to some suspicion of not taking sufficient elements into the problem, for a fair and satisfactory demonstration.

The most talented modern writers on this subject, have deemed, that the system of restrictions is on the whole an unwise one, not only against the enlightened views of modern time, but founded on ignorance of human nature. We think, Adam Smith has remarked, that the Grand Seignior of Constantinople can strike off any head of his subjects unquestioned; but that he has repeatedly failed, in attempts to regulate the price of articles in the market of his capital. During Napoleon's continental system, the French made bad sugar from beets and parsnips, at double the expense of the cost of smuggled West India sugar. The people shrugged, and made wry faces, as they drank a decoction of unsavory or unhealthy herbs, and swallowed a wretched beverage, which they called coffee, made of bitter roasted endives. More labor was bestowed upon

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these wretched articles of inferior value, than would have sufficed to purchase the genuine ones.

A very striking passage occurs in the book from the French of M. Say, which we thus translate. It is an extremely bad calculation, to wish to force the temperate zone to furnish the products of the torrid. Our soil produces painfully, and in small quantity, and of indifferent quality, saccharine and coloring matters, which another climate yields with profusion. But it produces with facility fruits and *cerealia*, which their weight and bulk would not permit to be drawn from a distance. When we compel our lands to yield us that, which they produce at a disadvantage, at the expense of what they yield most readily; when we buy very dear, that, for which we might pay very cheap, if we would draw it from the points, where it is produced to advantage, we become the victims of our own folly. The highest attainment of ingenuity is to draw the most advantageous part *from* the forces of nature; and it is the last point of insanity to struggle *against* them It is to give ourselves pain to destroy part of the forces, which she would lend us for our aid.

We quote what Dr. Franklin has said against restrictions and prohibitions, containing, perhaps, the most specious argument against them, that ever was urged. We say *specious*, for the question of encouraging domestic industry, is one composed of so many elements, that it cannot be settled, and ought not to be settled by any of these general and sweeping statements. Perhaps it would be better, in general, if government meddled no further with trade, than to protect it, and let it take its course. Most of the statutes or acts, edicts, arrets and placards of parliament, princes and states for regulating, directing and restraining of trade, have, we think, been either political blunders, or jobs obtained by artful men for private advantage under pretence of public good. When Colbert assembled some wise old merchants of France, and desired their advice and opinion, how he could serve, and promoté commerce, their answer, after consultation, was in three words only, '*laissez nous faire*.' It is said by every solid writer of the same nation, that he is well advanced in the science of politics, who knows the full force of that maxim *pas trop gouverner*, not to govern too much, which, perhaps, would be of more use, when applied to trade, than in any other public concern. It were, therefore, to be wished, that commerce were as free between all nations, as between the several counties of England. So would all by mutual communication obtain more enjoyment. Those counties do not ruin each other by trade, neither would the nations. No nation was ever ruined by trade, even seemingly the most disadvantageous. Whenever desirable superfluities are imported, industry is thereby excited, and superfluity produced.

We have no disposition to apply these principles to the American tariff. Neither do we imagine, that the very complicated question of its wisdom and utility can be tested by any simple general principles. It is a question, growing out of the most complicated relations, and still more intricate, and perplexed, than the different conflicting forces, which are settled by calculations of the *Mechanique Celeste of Laplace*. And after all, these national questions, which require the understanding of innumerable elements to settle, are best left to the teaching of experiment.

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To assert *a priori*, is as unphilosophical in political economy, as in natural philosophy. Let us draw our principles from experience and facts.

Notwithstanding all her wise saws in favor of free and unrestricted trade, Great Britain generally has corn laws in operation, which prevent or regulate the free importation of this, as well as many other articles of prime necessity. Nothing can be more unwise, impolitic and injurious. All the arguments against restriction certainly bear upon this measure with their full force.

'If it were possible for a country, both to cultivate and manufacture all kinds of produce, with as little labor, as it costs to purchase them from other countries, there would be no occasion for commerce. But the remarkable manner, in which providence has varied the productions of nature, in different climates, appears to indicate a design, to promote an intercourse between nations, even to the most distant regions of the earth, an intercourse, which would ever prove a source of reciprocal benefit and happiness, were it not often perverted by the bad passions and blind policy of man.'

Bills of exchange are extremely convenient modes of adjusting balances of debt and credit between the merchants of two countries.

'Thus, when a woolen merchant in London, sends broadcloth to Portugal, he draws such a bill on the merchant, to whom he consigns them. But instead of sending it with the goods, which he exports, he disposes of it in London; that is to say, he inquires, whether any person wants such a bill for the purpose of discharging a debt in Portugal. He accordingly applies to some wine merchant, who owes a sum of money to a mercantile house at Lisbon for wines imported from that country, and who finds it convenient to avail himself of this mode of payment, in order to avoid the expense and risk of sending money to Portugal. He, therefore, gives the woollen merchant the value of his bill; and having his own name, or that of his correspondent in Portugal inserted in the bill, as the third person, to whom the amount of the bill is to be paid, transmits it to his correspondent in Portugal, who receives the money from the person on whom it is drawn.'

If the value of our imports from England should have exceeded our exports there, so that we shall have received thence more broadcloths, than we have sent cotton and tobacco, there will be a greater amount of bills drawn by English merchants on us, than we shall draw on them. After our debts and credits are balanced, therefore, as far as our bills will enable us to do it, there will remain a surplus of bills drawn on us, which will require to be paid in money.

Very erroneous opinions generally prevailed, until recently, upon the subject of the balance of trade. Many other elements affect the favorable or unfavorable balance of trade, than merely the amount of exports and imports.

The book before us, quotes the following fine passage from Townsend's travels in Spain, strikingly illustrating the effects of trade. The gold and silver of America, instead of animating the country, and promoting industry, instead of giving life and vigor to the whole community, by the increase of arts and manufactures, and commerce, had an opposite effect, and produced in the event, weakness, poverty and depopulation. The

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wealth, which proceeds from industry, resembles the copious, yet tranquil stream, which passes silent and almost invisible, and enriches the whole extent of country, through which it flows.

'But the treasures of the new world, like a swelling torrent, were seen, were heard, were felt, were admired. Yet their first operation was to desolate, and to lay waste the spot, on which they fell. The shock was sudden. The contrast was too great. Spain overflowed with specie, while other countries were comparatively poor in the extreme. The price of labor, of provisions and manufactures bore no proportion to the quantity of circulating cash. The consequence is obvious. In the poor countries industry advanced. In the more wealthy it declined.'

Although the capital of a country consists of the capital of its inhabitants, taken collectively, the revenue of a country, must be differently estimated. A man's income, suppose, is 10,000 dollars a year, and he pays 500 for the rent of his house; this 500 constitutes a portion of the income of the landlord. Since the same house, by being successively transferred to several individuals, may successively form a part of their several incomes, the revenue of the country cannot be estimated by the aggregate income of the people.

Suppose two prodigals, each worth 10,000 dollars. The one spends his money in building, furniture, equipage, books, &c. The other spends his in furnishing theatrical entertainments, fire works and music. Both are ruined. But the one has spent his money among industrious tradesmen, and the commodities, for which he spent his money, remain. The other has in no way benefitted the community, and no fruit of his ruin remains.

Capital cannot produce revenue, unless it is consumed. If it is consumed by industrious persons, who work, while they are consuming it, something of superior value will be produced; and that product, whatever it may be, will be exchanged against other productions. It will be distributed among another order of tradesmen, and will afford precisely the same amount of encouragement, though of a different kind. Whatever is saved from the extravagant consumption of the rich, is a stock to contribute to the comforts of the industrious orders of society. Dr. Adam Smith observes, that before the introduction of refined luxuries, the English nobles had no other means of spending their wealth, than by maintaining in their houses, a train of dependents, either in a state of absolute idleness, or whose only business was to indulge the folly, or flatter the vanity of their patron. This is in a great measure the case in Russia, and several other parts of Europe even at the present day. We find, that the consumption of provisions by the household of an English nobleman, some centuries ago was, perhaps, a hundred times greater, than it is at present. But we may not thence infer, that the estate, which maintained such numerous retainers, produces less now, than it did in those times. On the contrary, it is, perhaps, as much increased, as the consumption of the household is diminished. The difference is, that the produce, instead of supporting a number of lazy dependents, maintains, probably, a hundred times the number of industrious, independent workmen, part of whom are employed in raising the produce of the estate, and part in supplying the nobleman with all the luxuries, he requires. It was to

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obtain these luxuries, that he dismissed his train of dependents, that he improved the culture of his land, and that, while studying only the gratification of his wishes, he contributed essentially to the welfare of his country.

Paley observes it is the business of one half mankind, to set the other at work. It signifies nothing to the main purposes of trade, whether the want of the articles be real or imaginary; whether it be founded in nature or opinion, in fashion, habit or emulation. Flourishing cities are supported by trading in tobacco. Populous towns subsist by the manufacturing of ribbons. A watch may be unnecessary to a farmer. But if he will till the ground, in order to obtain one, the true design of trade is answered. The watch-maker, while he polishes the case, and files the wheels of his machine, is contributing to the production of corn as effectually, though not so directly, as if he handled the spade and the plough. If the fisherman will ply his nets, or the mariner fetch rice from foreign countries, in order to purchase the use of tobacco, the market is supplied with two important articles of provision by the instrumentality of a merchandize, which has no other apparent use, than the gratification of a vitiated palate.

Dr. Franklin says, that a new cap was worn at church by one of the young girls of Cape May. The piece of finery had come from Philadelphia; and with a view of obtaining similar ornaments, the young girls all set to knitting worsted mittens, an article in request at Philadelphia, the sale of which enabled them to gratify their wishes.

It is best, that riches should be acquired gradually. When ignorant men obtain great wealth suddenly, purse pride, the vilest of all pride, is the first unfavorable effect. They generally remit labor, without having any thing better to divert their minds, or occupy their time. They naturally fall into sensual indulgence. Idleness and extravagance lead them back to a far more dreadful poverty, than that, from which they emerged. There are instances enough on record, of people who have been ruined by drawing the highest prize in a lottery. The lower the ignorance and degradation of mind, the more certain the ruin. Give a guinea to a Scotch peasant, and he would go into a study, how to employ it to the most advantage. Give it to an English peasant, and he would repair his cottage, or buy new clothes. Give it to an Irish one, and he would experience more joy at receiving it, than either. He would invite all his friends, treat them to whiskey, and lose one day in drinking, and the next in sleeping off the effects of it.

The inequality of conditions is rendered on the whole, beneficial to society by the reaction created by providence. However great a man's possessions may be, it is decidedly advantageous to the country, that he should endeavor to augment them. Instead of his gains being subtracted from the pittance of the poor, the increase of his wealth is an addition to the general stock of the wealth of the country, by which the poor benefit equally with the rich.

From the foregoing, the reader will be able to judge of the general character of the book in hand, of which we have sometimes quoted sentences and lines taken from their connection, and ranged in the order of our thoughts. Much oftener, we have condensed the ideas of the book

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in our own terms. To the legislator, and the practised political economist, much of it will seem common place truism. But the best indoctrinated in a science know better than any others, how useful it is, to refresh the recollections of their former reading. There is much in this book, which from its simple and lucid language, and its mode of making no mystery of a plain matter, may seem too easy and obvious to have required to be given, which had it been explained in the common language of political economists, would have been thought profound and oracular.

Our country has the broadest, the fairest, and freshest field for the exercise of political economy, that was ever yet presented in our world. The country and its institutions are a *tabula rasa* for the highest exercise of political wisdom or folly. No country, with our age and means, ever executed or meditated such gigantic enterprise. In the track of facilitating travel and transport by canal and rail-ways, there can be no mistake in our policy. To encourage, in our agriculture, the raising of wine and silk must be a policy equally imperative and obvious. Time, if public moderation and forbearance could be commanded, will soon test the wisdom of our restrictive measures. That wisdom is certain, and invaluable, which is taught by experience.

The following Essay is translated from a charming work called 'Melanges Historiques et Literaires,' by M. Villemain, one of the distinguished literateurs of the French Academy. He is now engaged in a very interesting course of lectures, critical and literary. None of his works have appeared in an English dress.

The article now presented in this number of the Review, is interesting, as displaying the great change which has taken place in France, in public opinion on the subject of English literature, since the revolution. We do not believe that Voltaire, who lived in London, and was intimate with Pope, understood him as well as Villemain; he certainly misunderstood Shakspeare entirely. The acuteness and liberality displayed by the French critic, are worthy of all praise, and though we disagree with him on some points, particularly in his opinion of the 'Rape of the Lock,' we willingly accord to him the praise of having well studied one of the first poets the world has seen.

Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope. *Translated from the Melanges Literaires of* M. de Villemain.

(For the Monthly Review.)

English poetry, so simple and free in Shakspeare, so learnedly original in Milton, so flowing and sometimes so brilliant, from the pen of Dryden, has presented, in the productions of Pope, an example of that elegance, nobleness and chastness, which has received the appellation of classic, and which for a long time distinguished the taste of the French. After hav-

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ing felt the immortal creations of Shakspeare; after having studied the *sublime* of English genius, in this great poet, who formed himself, coarse and powerful as the age in which he lived—after having studied the poetical tone of Milton, in which enthusiasm was unceasingly nourished by study and recollections, we can still relish those master-pieces, of less daring minds, which were produced in a state of society, more polished and improved. We discover in them, less of the peculiar genius of an author, than of the state of literature of the period in which they flourished—their ideas seem to be the artificial production of the social form of society. But if they occasionally return to nature; if they possess the caprices of an imagination ruffled by the world, then an interest is created for them, founded on surprise and novelty. Such was Pope, the most correct of English poets, and yet entirely original.

Alexander Pope was born in London, on the 22d of May, 1688, of a Catholic family, devoted to the house of Stuart. Of three brothers of his mother, who was the daughter of a gentleman of the county of York, one perished, fighting for Charles the first; the second remained until his death, in the service of this Prince, and the last, having abandoned his country during the usurpation of Cromwell, became a general officer in the army of Spain.

The year in which our author was born, his parents left London, and retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest. His father, for many years, devoted to banking and commercial speculations, had disposed of all his property, and not feeling any confidence in the new order of things, he deposited 20,000 guineas in his strong box, and lived quietly upon this sum, which he diminished every year. Nursed with the tenderest care, the infancy of Pope was infirm and delicate; his voice was distinguished by a singular sweetness—he was called the little Nightingale. He became studious the moment he could read. He learned to write himself, from imitating the printed characters in books, and he preserved this little art during his whole life, in singular perfection, though his ordinary writing was extremely bad.

About the age of eight years, he was placed with a catholic priest, who adopted a method not sufficiently followed, by teaching him the rudiments of the Greek and Latin at the same time. The young student also read in his own language, poetical versions of Homer and of Ovid. He made rapid progress in his studies, and was soon sent to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and afterwards to another in London, at the entrance of Hyde Park. Having sometimes been present at the theatre, he compiled a kind of play, taken from Ogilby's translation of Homer's Illiad, interspersed with verses of his own composition—he had this production represented, with the assistance of the gardener, who took upon himself the part of Ajax.

Boileau, in like manner, had, during his boyhood composed a tragedy, aided by the shreds and patches of the romance of ancient chivalry; and yet notwithstanding this early predilection for the drama, neither of these poets were destined to shine in this department.

Recalled to Windsor, at the age of 12 years, the natural genius of Pope and his zeal for poetry, finished an education, amidst the inspirations of the country and of solitude, more by the help of books than of masters.

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Pope himself was in the habit of saying that he did not remember the period at which he had commenced being a versifier. His father, more indulgent than the parent of Ovid, encouraged this poetical instinct, not less irresistible than that of the Roman poet, and which certainly would not more easily have submitted to restraint. The honest gentleman, without being highly imbued with letters himself, pointed out to his son, some little subject for a poem, and several times made him retrench his pieces, telling him, by way of high eulogy, that he had made some excellent rhymes.

However minute these details may seem, they may serve to explain why the poetic genius thus prepared and excited from infancy, produced in Pope that precocious maturity, and that knowledge of versification, which characterized his early works, and which peculiarly distinguish his '*Ode to Solitude*,' which he wrote in his twelfth year. The study of English models, and of Latin literature, were mingled in his poetical exercises. He accustomed himself to imitate and sometimes to correct, and remodel in a more correct form, the poems of the ancient Chaucer, or of some poet of brilliant powers, though neglected, such as Rochester. This kind of task, this taste for exactness and purity, astonishing in a child, seemed already to develope the character of his genius, of that style of writing, more learned than inspired, more skilful than rich, more calculated to imitate with art, than to apply itself to the composition of original matter.

This zealous study, this premature attention to correctness and elegance, produced works as remarkable, for the perfection of their style as from the age of the author. His attempts at translation, and his '*Pastorals*,' among the first productions of infancy, bear scarcely any marks of inexperience; they present the maturity of a poet, but they are deficient in the softness, richness, and genius of Virgil. Pope never could correct this defect.

However, an avowed poet, from the age of 16 years, he sometimes visited London and connected himself with many of the wits of the age, who gave him good counsel, but above all, loaded him with praise, for his vanity was insatiable. He was kindly received by the elegant and ingenious Congreve; he became the confident of Wycherly, a comic writer of great power, who in his youth, had been the lover of the Dutchess of Portsmouth at the court of Charles the II.

The young poet scrutinized the works of the old and loose Wycherly with great severity; but he was unable to inspire them with a pure and chaste taste. He sought the friendship of Walsh, the most able critic of that period. He numbered also among his friends, a gentleman of the name of Cromwell, and Sir F. Trumbull, former ambassador to Constantinople, who had retired to Windsor. He entertained them with his readings and his poems, for he seemed to have no other object in life; he studied incessantly the ancients, from Homer to Statius, whom he called the best versifier, next to Virgil, in the Latin language. His admiration went so far, as to induce him to translate the first book of the *Thebaid*, although he pruned it of much of its hyperbole and extravagance, and also of many errors in geography. He learnt Italian and French, studied Rochefaucault, and appreciated the harmony of Malherbe. Four Pastorals which he had written at the age of 16, were the first articles he pub-

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lished. In the same year, 1709, he gave to the world, his 'Essay on Criticism,' a poem not equal to Boileau's 'Art of Poetry,' but still an astonishing production, as regards power of discrimination, correctness and taste for a youth of 20 years. We here discover for the first time, that bitterness of satire, those violent and personal dislikes to bad authors, by which Pope was always influenced, and which agitated him through life.

Born with a weak and sickly constitution, immersed from his earliest infancy in books and study, familiar with no emotions but those of poetic vanity, Pope contracted at an early period, a species of fretful, and jealous irritability. His person was diminutive, and crooked; and he called himself the 'smallest human thing in England.' These natural defects drew down upon him, the most vulgar sarcasms, which were sometimes mingled with literary criticisms. His temper was soured by them. Almost as much persecuted as Voltaire, by the injustice of satire, he felt as sensitively, and revenged himself in the same exemplary manner.

The reigns of William III. and of Anne, in the midst of the struggles for public liberty, gave an interest and tone to the productions of wit, that is not common during high political excitements. Splendid talents appeared upon the stage at the same time, and were equally divided between the two parties. Dryden was no more; but Swift stood forth the champion and boast of the tory cause; which he defended with a vigour truly republican. The elegant, the correct Addison, who seemed formed for an academician of the age of Louis 14th, fought in the whig ranks, with a bitterness judiciously tempered, and with the irony of a courtier. Writers of various powers rallied round these leaders; among whom were Arbuthnot, Steele, Congreve, Gay, Walsh, and others.

Pope, who from his religion, was a tory from his birth, maintained a strict impartiality between the two parties that divided the whole country. His exclusive passion for poetry, and probably a too great indifference for, or an ignorance of public concerns, favoured this moderation on his part, which seemed however, but little in accordance with his general character. It is more than likely that he inclined to the whigs or tories just as he was affected by the literary decisions of the two parties.

The '*Spectator*,' devoted to the interest of the whigs, then in power, celebrated the first works of Pope, and even published in its pages the sacred Eclogue of '*Messiah*,' which followed immediately after the '*Essay on Criticism*.' The fine verses to the memory of an 'Unfortunate Lady,' the beautiful poem of the '*Rape of the Lock*,' the ode to 'Windsor Forrest,' and the 'Epistle of Eloisa,' succeeded each other rapidly, and placed Pope in the first rank of English poets.

In 1710, the whole Government passed into the hands of the tories, and the brilliant ministry of Oxford and of Bolingbroke, encouraged literature, both from taste and policy. The English court, yielding to a feeling which inclined to imitate the example of the age of Louis 14th, thought of establishing an academy, similar to that founded by Richelieu. Swift had sketched the plan of this learned association; and Pope was pointed out as one of its luminaries. Next to Swift, he was the writer most esteemed by Bolingbroke. And it is probable that this minister, among the projects of his ambition, may have calculated much upon assistance from the power and genius of the young poet.

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But Pope's temper was too capricious and too independent to subject himself to the views of a powerful minister, although his friend, or to the schemes of a party, although that party was his own. When Addison, in 1713, in order to oppose the ascendency of the tories, was anxious to bring out his tragedy of *Cato*, Pope solely under the influence of private friendship, and zeal for literature, used all his credit at court to have this piece represented. He even wrote the prologue, in which he introduced many sentiments, in perfect accordance with the spirit of the play, and which addressed themselves to those feelings which Addison wished to excite.

> 'Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
> 'Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws;
> 'He bids your breast with ancient ardour rise,
> 'And calls forth Roman drops, from British eyes.'

Bolingbroke, in spite of his situation, affected to sympathise in all the zeal of Pope, and to applaud the maxims of liberty from the mouth of *Cato*.

In the mean time, Pope, whose religion excluded him from office, and who was not a man to grow rich on ministerial patronage, became anxious to secure himself an independence, by his own talents. At the age of 25, perfect in all the secrets of his art, but probably convinced that the glory of a great original work was not within his reach, he conceived the idea of translating the 'Illiad.' So young yet, having finished his education himself, without assistance, Pope seemed to be deficient in some points which were necessary in an undertaking of such magnitude. But an astonishing capacity for intellectual labour supplied all defects. The enemies of his reputation asserted that he did not understand Greek; others insinuated that he was a Jacobite in his heart. But the annunciation of this great project was greeted both at court and in the country, with large subscriptions. During the interval of five years, Pope had finished the task he had proposed for himself, and at the age of 30, he published his celebrated translation, the most beautiful specimen, extant, of English versification. This great work was universally admired, in which the magnitude of the enterprise had taken nothing from an attention to details.

Addison, an honourable, though somewhat envious man, attempted to detract from the reputation of Pope, and wished to be considered his rival as a writer. He published, under the name of a minor poet, a translation of the first book of the 'Illiad,' and he puffed it as a master piece.

Pope avenged himself by several excellent satires, against the poet, turned minister. He accused him of despotic jealousy, and represented him as a sultan surrounding himself with mutes and slaves, and thinking he was only in the performance of his duties, whilst he was strangling his brethren. Their friends wished to heal this breach, but in vain. Pope immediately after an interview, brought about for this purpose, wrote some severe verses against Addison and sent them to him.

Notwithstanding this peevish bitterness, of which he gave numberless instances, Pope was singularly attached to a rural life. He only left Windsor at the close of the tory administration, at the period when

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the plan projected by Preston, revived the laws against the papists. His means being much improved by the success of his translation, and the liberal subscription of his friends, he busied himself in selecting some agreeable retreat.

In 1718, he purchased the establishment of Twickenham, as celebrated as the Tiburine Villa of Horace; but its possession was due to his own labour and talents, a source of gratification which could not exist, had he been indebted for it to the mere liberality of an Augustus.

Having lost his father, to whom he was most tenderly attached, he retired with his mother, to this delightful asylum; his remaining parent he ever treated with the most pious attention, during her long life, which was protracted to extreme old age. Pope, who never accepted of any favour from the tory ministry, remained faithful to them, in their disgrace. When he published the works of Parnell, he took advantage of the opportunity, to address a beautiful poetical dedication to Lord Oxford, who had been persecuted by the whigs.

After the 'Illiad,' Pope undertook to translate the '*Odysey*.' But his patience and fortitude failed him, and he abandoned the second half to the charge of some inconsiderable writers. In translating we cannot hope to be visited by inspiration a second time.

Weary with this task, which was not well received, Pope always conceiving he had cause of complaint both against critics, and authors, and at this period, being equally incensed against booksellers, he concentrated all his animosities in the celebrated poem the '*Dunciad*,' a monument of satiric power, of bad humour, and often of wretched taste, in which the editor Dennis and Lord Hervey, the bookseller Lintot, and many others, figure in such strange medley.

About this period, Pope was nearly deprived of his life by an accident: crossing a bridge on the Thames, his carriage was precipitated into the river, and he was with difficulty drawn out of the carriage, by breaking one of the windows. Voltaire, who was then in London, wrote him a most friendly letter on the occasion, and paid him a visit, but Pope grave and fretful, was not pleased with the brilliant gaiety of the French wit, and found great fault with his want of religious feeling.

Pope produced a happy diversion of the hostility created by the 'Dunciad,' by the publication of his 'Essay on Man,' which was much admired, before the author was known. This work was the result of frequent conversations with Bolingbroke, the great statesman, scholar, philosopher, sceptic, and jacobite. Writing to Pope sometime after the publication of the first epistle, he reminds him, in a graceful manner, of the many philosophical illustrations he had given at the instance of the poet, in his little garden at Twickenham—'A field (said he) large enough for my ambition,' and he congratulates him on having succeeded in giving them a dress so poetical and attractive. Pope recompensed Bolingbroke in a noble manner, by the magnificent homage addressed to him at the end of the third epistle. What gives greater effect to the compliment, is that it was tendered at a moment when he had been hurled from his honours and his popularity; at a moment when just returned from an unjust exile, where he had destroyed all sympathy for his misfortune, by rushing into error, he had lost in the eyes of the public, all claim for reward for his great actions, or sympathy for his sufferings.

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Bolingbroke, persecuted by the hatred of the whigs, for the treaty of Utrecht, so glorious in its commencement, accused, probably without cause, for wishing to betray the house of Hanover, had fled from a trial, and arrived in France where he furnished his enemies with proofs, by becoming the secretary of the pretender, whom he shortly after abandoned, in the most insulting manner, to obtain a humiliating recall to England, without political rank, without being recognised by either party, and even without being noticed.

Full of pity for so great a genius in adversity, and anxious to restore his mind to a proper feeling of self respect, Pope addressed to him that lofty eulogy, that avenging apotheosis, which concludes the Essay on Man, and which may be fairly placed in the rank of the finest lines, which have ever been produced. It is worthy of remark, that this succour so nobly tendered, was the spring of new and successful efforts on the part of Bolingbroke, to regain by his writings, some ascendency in England, and in place of power, to re-instate himself in the public esteem.

Bolingbroke never re-entered the house of Lords, from which he had been expelled by a stroke of state policy, which is disgraceful to British liberty; but he shook off the yoke of inaction, which the subtle Walpole had imposed on him by false promises. He raised a most eloquent voice, against a corrupt and cunning ministry. He was no longer either a jacobite or tory; he stood forth as an English citizen. Driven by injustice to the side of liberty, he defended honest principles with warmth, and supported with zeal, all the popular rights, which had been despised or trampled on by the house of Stuart. He gave lessons of independence to the whigs themselves; and if he did not overturn the power of Walpole, founded on the too solid basis of venal servility, he at least aided powerfully in maintaining the constitution, and public honour; he protested against the corrupt submission of the House of Commons; he exercised constantly, and he maintained by this exercise, the liberty of the press, the safeguard of every right, the indispensable support of every constitution, and which was held so sacred among the English, that during an administration of 20 years, Walpole himself never dared to make the slightest attack on it; and being unable to corrupt it with money, he acknowledged it was unassailable.

During this long and arduous struggle, Bolingbroke had no friend more faithful, no confidant more intimate than the poet of Twickenham. He often visited the humble asylum of the British Horace; he there reposed after the fatigues of political controversy, and indulged in the charms of literary and philosophical discussion. In these irregular walks which he himself calls the new academy, he recovered in the midst of friends, the fire of his eloquence, and he scattered in profusion the treasures of intellect and of his recollections. Pope had consecrated to him a kind of monument. His garden on the borders of the Thames was terminated by a grotto, ingeniously formed of shells, and which he has described more than once. At the entrance of this poetical retreat, the following inscription is engraved on a marble slab.

> Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
> Shines a broad mirror thro' the shady cave;

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Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolished gems no ray or pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine, without a wish for gold.
Approach. But awful! lo! the Egerian Grot,
Where nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Windham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country and be poor.

The 'Essay on Man,' excited a new kind of criticism against Pope; the philosophy inculcated by the poet, was charged with being injurious to the interest of religion, at least in its results. Happily, the learned and fiery Warburton, who had up to this period animadverted with severity on the productions of Pope, thought proper to take part in favour of the doctrines in the 'Essay on Man,' and defended the disciple of Bolingbroke, covering him with the shield of his theological and anglican Orthodoxy.

Pope, strengthened by such support, continued thro' several epistles to exercise himself upon philosophical questions, to which the learned precision of his style was peculiarly adapted. It appears, from one of his letters, that he had formed the design of discussing in several poems, all the great subjects of metaphysics and of Ethics.

But his feeble health, shattered by the approach of old age, did not permit him to put his project in execution. The severest shock of his life, was the loss of his mother, at the age of ninety three; this man, so whimsical and peevish, never conducted himself towards his parent, but with the most uniform sweetness, and the advanced age at which she arrived, seemed to convert his filial affection into a kind of religious devotion. His bosom, too accessible to anger and hatred, was capable of feelings of the most exalted friendship. He seems to have been devoted with the warmest feelings, to the poet Gay, a man of a mild and discreet temper, the author of several elegant works, but who was devoid of original genius. He lost him about the time of his mother's death, and he seemed never to have recovered from the effects of this double shock.

He experienced an affair of the heart, of a different character, which was not more fortunate. He loved a young and gifted female, of the name of Blount; and the journals of the day, were not backward in their allusions to this passion, which no doubt was of the purest character. During the last days of his life, when Pope was suffering with the dropsy in the chest, this lady neglected him who had so long been devoted to her. She paid him a visit at last, at the solicitations of his friends; when she appeared on the terrace, at the end of which Pope was sitting, he rose with eagerness to receive her, notwithstanding his debility. Some friends stepped forward to receive the young lady, who let some cruel expressions escape, indicative of her astonishment, that he yet lived.

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Weighed down by infirmity and years, Pope died at the age of 50, on the 2d of May, 1744, regretted by many, but particularly by Bolingbroke, whose superior mind, and whose ardent but capricious feelings, seemed to cherish for Pope, sentiments of affection which were never varied.

Pope deserved and felt friendship; one of the last sentiments he ever expressed, was to this effect: 'there is nothing valuable in life, but virtue and friendship; and indeed, friendship, after all, is one of the purest emotions of virtue.' By his will, he disposed of the bulk of his fortune, in favour of Miss Blount; he bequeathed some books, and other little memorials to his principal friends.

English biography has been careful to transmit to us, many of the most minute particulars of the life and person of Pope. They go to prove that this great poet was capable of many littlenesses; but they in no manner change the idea, we delight in cherishing, of the correctness and integrity of his character. He was distinguished by all the impatience and caprice of self-love, spoiled by success; he possessed the irritable temper, and the sarcastic disposition of a man of wit. He lived with the great; but into this association, he carried neither calculation nor flattery; and he habitually treated with neglect, and with all the peevishness of bad health, the attention he received from the world, and which originated equally from admiration for his talents, and commiseration for his feeble constitution. It is told of him, that at a dinner party at his own house, on a certain occasion, he fell asleep, whilst his illustrious guest, the Prince of Wales, was discussing the subject of poetry. The life of Pope was constantly harassed by literary disputes; we are astonished to find among his enemies, the witty and talented lady Montague, who during her journey in the East, addressed to him her delightful letters. But the vanity of the poet was easily wounded.

Lady Montague thought she was pointed at, in some obscure allusions in one of the satires of Pope; she avenged herself, by assuming an air of chilling coldness. Pope in a moment of spite, attacked her with all the pointedness of Juvenal. What surprises us, without justifying Pope, is, that lady Montague replied in the same tone, and overwhelmed the poet with the freest sarcasms on his figure and size.

The virulence of the enemies of Pope, spared him none of the humiliations of satire. He nevertheless, enjoyed a splendid reputation, and retained the most illustrious friends. Queen Caroline, more than once expressed the strongest desire to visit him, in his retreat; Pope avoided the honour. Walpole himself, respected as the friend of Bolingbroke, the greatest poet in England. And we are assured that this minister, who it is well known, had the greatest influence with Cardinal Dubois, procured a bishopric in France for an individual recommended by Pope; this recommendation was a much purer one than that which procured the Cardinal's hat for Dubois himself.

The genius of Pope, so pure, so brilliant, and so fertile, seems alloyed, like his general character, with many littlenesses. Solely occupied with versification and style, he made a word, an expression, a matter of importance; he kept in reserve, to be brought out on the proper occasion, every little happy hit, that escaped him; he expended neither his time nor wit in vain. Critics have asserted that an attentive study, and a skilful imita-

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tion of all the writers who have gone before him, were the only secret of his talents, and that scarcely a remarkable expression can be found in all his works, which was not stolen from some source or other. But it imports little from whence the mere words are taken—the contexture of invention stamps the great poet, and it cannot be denied that in this point of view, Pope has earned a place among the first models of style and taste. He rather belongs to that learned and correct school, of which Boileau was the chief among us, than to the irregular but brilliant one, created by Shakspeare, without his own knowledge; but the rigorous influence of the English genius, animates and colours the invariable correctness of his style.

If he be compared with Boileau, in those works in which they treat of similar subjects, the superiority appears to rest with the French writer. Without drawing a parallel between the 'Art of Poetry' and the 'Essay on Criticism,' that is, between a master piece and a mere first draught, 'Le Lutrin' seems to us, to possess more fire, more freedom, more poetry, than the '*Rape of the Lock*.' The gnomes awkwardly foisted into the piece of the English poet, are not equal to the charming and arch allegory of '*Luxury*.' And Pope brings his fine ladies upon the stage with less grace and sprightliness than that with which Boileau introduces his '*Canons*.' Finally—The '*Dunciad*,' if it be opposed to the satire of Boileau, is an inspiration of malice and playfulness, much less felicitous, both because it is longer, and because it displays less force, less delicacy and less variety. The satire '*a mon esprit*,' is alone worth the whole 'Dunciad.' It does not appear that Pope understood as well as Boileau, that noble and delicate style of praise, that ingenious urbanity of language, which consecrates flattery itself.

But if the English poet fails, when he affects the style of the French school of the 17th century, he claims in other respects an incontestible preeminence. The epistle of '*Eloisa to Abelard*' by its ingenuous and free painting of passion, by a kind of amorous and mystic melancholy, then new, and always difficult to embody well, in language, is one of the happiest creations of modern poetry. In a species of writing entirely different, the 'Essay on Man,' by its elevated character, by its philosophic turn of thought, by the happy and original application of poetry to metaphysics, does not reflect less honour upon the genius of the English poet. But the great distinction, the imperishable monument of the talent of Pope, is the translation of the 'Illiad,' a vast undertaking, which Boileau and Racine wished to attempt in conjunction, and which deterred them both by its magnitude.

The English critics speak of this work as a mine of poetic eloquence; they impute to it the glory of having fixed the harmony of their language. They have asserted, that there was no happy combination of idiom, no beauty of style, examples of which could not be found in this version. It may be asked if the natural beauty, the great simplicity of Homer is equally preserved? The same question applies to the Odyssey, which in many parts was elaborated with equal art, and equal attention to elegance. Admitting, as Johnson insists, that the progress of time, the refinement of manners do not admit of the character of the antique to be entirely restored, and allowing that Virgil is less simple than Homer, it

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is still a matter of regret, that we should see all the embellishments, all the artifice of modern diction used to adorn this beautiful Grecian monument, so grand even in its negligence.

We shall conclude, that if a progressive state of refinement in language is inevitable, the selection of a new subject becomes necessary; and that it is better not to translate a work, even with genius, than to change manners and modes of expression, at the same time that you retain the *dramatis personæ* themselves. Nevertheless, the translations of Pope, will always remain a monument of the art of writing in a language brought to a state of perfection. But the glory of Pope, resting on this great work, and not supposing the merit of originality, has been subjected to more than one contradiction and one censure, in the country of this great writer.

The reproach of timidity and of mediocrity has been lavished on him. And the new school of literature affect to discard him with contempt. It is to be presumed that the strength, purity and elegance of the style of Pope, will survive these unjust prejudices. Lord Byron has already tendered an expiatory homage. 'The mob of modern poets, require the ostracism of Pope, because, like the Athenians of old, they are tired of hearing of his virtues; they have founded a Mosque by the side of a Grecian temple, of the most magnificent architecture.' Posterity will never place him in the same rank with Shakspeare and Milton; but he ought to be held up as a model of correctness and of poetic elegance, in a language which is spread over a large portion of the globe.

In addition to his poetic talent, Pope possessed the power of writing prose with great purity and satiric force. His '*Essay on the Art of Sinking in Poetry*,' and '*Martinus Scriblerus*,' have all the energetic raillery of Swift. In his numerous correspondence, there are many letters of tho most delightful description, and which are distinguished by a greater degree of natural simplicity, than is to be expected in a writer so correct, and studied. All the productions of Pope have been translated into our language; some of them frequently. The 'Essay on Man,' in particular, already published by the able Duresnel, has received the joint efforts of Delille and of Fontanes.

The pure taste, and correct versification of Fontanes, seem well calculated to give a correct version of Pope; but these qualities failed to give to the '*Essay on Man*,' either interest or variety. N.

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The August number of the Southern Review is learned and spirited, splendid and critical, political and poetical, amusing and instructive, with a touch of law here and there, beside the 'legal outlines,' and medical. The following extracts from the article on Cicero de Republica, will we think be acceptable to our readers.

'As it is our purpose to avail ourselves of some future opportunity to consider, in detail, the philosophical writings of Cicero, we shall confine our observations in this article to his political opinions, and especially to those opinions as they are expressed in "The Republic." Except a little volume on Invention, written while he was yet a young man, and the Treatise de Oratore, published about the year 698, this was the earliest of his literary productions. It was given to the world A. U. C. 700, just before its author set out for his proconsular government in Cilicia. He was then in his fifty-third year. Formed by nature for philosophical pursuits, and always more or less addicted to them, he felt his taste for them growing upon him with his age, and confirmed by the circumstances of the times. They had been the discipline of his youth; the effective auxiliary of his riper powers; the ornament of his prosperity and greatness—they now filled up the measure of their blessed influence, and were his solace and his refuge in despondence and gray hairs. He began to be weary of the world—to be disabused of its illusions—even (though not without many a struggle of rebellious nature) to look with some indifference upon its masks and mummeries, its grandeur and its honours. Above all, he was filled with gloomy forebodings for his country—for that country which no patriot ever loved with a purer love, which no statesman ever watched over with a more filial solicitude. There was but too much in the state of affairs to excite his apprehensions. All the elements of society were thrown into disorder, and those clouds had been long gathering which soon burst forth in wrath and desolation. The laws were violated with impunity by the bad—were trampled upon with scorn by the powerful. Pompey dictated to the senate—Clodius rioted with the mob. This ruffian at the head of an infuriated gang of slaves and gladiators, mixed with the dregs and sweepings of the populace, infested daily the streets and public places. The forum—the campus—the via sacra—were a scene of disorders and abominations such as no government, that deserved the name, could have tolerated for a moment, and few civilized nations have ever been condemned to suffer. Cicero saw his brother's house burnt down by these wretches in broad day-light. He was himself pursued by them as a victim, and narrowly escaped being murdered under the eyes of the magistrates. He was afflicted with the deepest sorrow at this state of things, and frequently gives vent to his sensibility in epistles to his friends, written about this time.' * * * * * * *

'Cæsar was still in Gaul, training his legions to discipline and victory; but nobody yet saw or even imagined in the conqueror of Ariovistus and the Nervii, the fated chief of Pharsalia. Alas for the fears and the foresight of man! who can reflect without emotion, that a day was at hand, when the fulfilment to the letter of the very worst of Cicero's forebodings might have been reckoned as

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mercy and deliverance for Rome, and for the world—a day of slaughter and shame, and hopeless, irremediable servitude—when the bands of the faithful were to be scattered in every battle, and the "last of the Romans" should "invoke death with vows as their chief good and final hope," and the gory head of the orator himself should be set up in mockery upon his own Rostra, a hideous trophy of parricide, drunk with its bloody orgies, and ruffianing in its own unhallowed domination; and the very name of his adored Republic should be blotted out and gone forever, and ages of despotism and degradation and vice and barbarous ignorance should come like primordial night and cover up, as with a cloud, the whole face of the earth!

O dark, dark, dark,
Irrecoverably dark—total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!

'It was under such circumstances and in such a state of mind, that Cicero "sought to the sweet, retired solitude" of his Cuman and Pompeian villas to compose his treatise De Republica. He seems to have felt it as a very serious undertaking. In the letter to Atticus, from which we quoted a passage just now, he speaks of it as a work requiring much time and labour: and it appears, accordingly, to have cost him more than he ever afterwards bestowed upon the composition of any of his philosophical writings. Most of these we know to have been published in the course of a single year. It may convey some idea of the rapidity with which he wrote them, as well as of the uncommon accuracy of his knowledge, to mention that he dispatched his *Topica* during a short excursion at sea. But he composed "The Republic" with great deliberation and pains. Not to mention that he still felt somewhat of the anxiety of a *debutant*, he no doubt wrote it under deep and serious impressions of duty, and not without the hope of doing something by it to enlighten and to correct public opinion. The object and spirit of his work, as we shall presently have to remark more particularly, were highly patriotic. He wished to bring the constitution back to its first principles, by an impressive exposition of its theory—to inflame his contemporaries with the love of virtue by pourtraying the character of their ancestors in its primeval purity and beauty—and while he was raising a monument to all future ages of what Rome had been, to inculcate upon his own times what it ought still to be.' * * * * * * * * *

'As in the treatise De Oratore, Cicero had put his sentiments into the mouths of Crassus and Antony—the two greatest orators that had ever appeared in the forum before his time—so in this, he was not less attentive to a sort of dramatic propriety in the choice of his personages. His chief interlocutors are the younger Africanum, Lælius, Philus and Manilius, the last a lawyer of great eminence for that day. These were accompanied by as many young men, viz: Q. Tubero, P. Rutilius Rufus, Scævola and Fannius—all of them persons of the very highest rank and consideration. Tubero became an eminent jurisconsult. Scævola was the renowned augur under whom Cicero, when he assumed the *toga virilis*, was placed by his father to be initiated into forensic pursuits and the study of the civil law. P. Rutilius Rufus was also celebrated for his knowledge of the laws, for, (without having had time to compare dates with any precision) we take him to be the same to whom Gravina assigns the highest rank in his *Jurisprudentia Me-*

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dia, and whom he pronounces, for many instances of exalted virtue in public life, a *togatus et consularis Socrates*. The æra, too, of the supposed conversation was, for the object which Cicero appears to have had in view, the most favourable that could have been selected. The elder Scipio, says Paterculus, opened us the door to power—the younger, to luxury. Whatever may have been the ultimate consequences of their victories, their æra—the interval, especially, which elapsed between the triumph at Zama and the fall of Numantia—exhibits the happiest instance that is to be found in the annals of any nation, of a union of unsurpassed military glory, with the stern morals of a primitive, and the graces of a polished age. Even while Cato thought with more than a censor's severity, and lived with more than a Roman's virtue, the pupils of Carneades and Panætius were becoming imbued with the elegance and philosophy of Greece. The literary productions of the age, to which the old censor himself, (who is said, be it remembered, to have studied Greek at a very advanced age) contributed not a little, shew how rapid was the progress and how wide the diffusion of improvement. At the same time, the voice of civil discord was mute—the tribune almost forgot how to pronounce his *veto*—the very name of Dictator was falling into desuetude. From the beginning of the fifth century, when the Plebeians may be considered as fairly relieved from all constitutional disabilities, until the seditions of the Gracchi—some apprehensions only of which are hinted in the work before us—the history of the Republic is one bright record of virtues and achievements, almost too heroic for the infirmities of human nature. It was at the close of this most extraordinary period, in the annals of mankind, that Polybius went to Rome to study her constitution, and to write her history—that is to say, to illustrate what he considers as the unrivalled excellence of the former by its best fruits made visible in the latter He became the *protege* and companion of the Scipio and Lælius who figure in this dialogue, and who exemplified in their own character and pursuits, the happy union of qualities, of which we have just spoken. They were the most accomplished men of the day, and they stamped their own character upon their age; of which they have ever been regarded as the fittest representatives. As Terence was supposed by some of his contemporaries to have been indebted to their assistance for the grace and elegance of his style, so there can be little doubt, (and we have been forcibly struck with the idea in reading this fragment) that the Greek philosopher just mentioned, derived from them many of his very judicious opinions concerning the government of Rome. Such men might well be supposed to contemplate the constitution of their country through the happiest medium, from the "regions high of calm and serene air" in which they seemed "to live inspired." For this reason we have always felt that there was as much propriety as beauty and grandeur in the *Somnium Scipionis*. It costs no great effort of the imagination to conceive of the Scipios as transfigured into "those immortal shapes of bright aerial spirits" who, without mingling in the passions of the world, watch over all its concerns with a tutelary care and interest. The high tone of sentiment—the enlightened love of country—the heroic self-sacrifice—the wisdom and moderation—the philosophic dignity and repose, that pervade that fine vision, are just what we should expect to characterize any thing uttered in the form of advice and exhortation by one Africanus to the other. And never, surely, did a noble theme inspire a loftier strain! The

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whole soul of Cicero seems to kindle up into enthusiasm at the contemplation of those great men. He sees in them the *beau ideal* of the Roman character—the image of his country, in all her original brightness, " glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy." It was impossible that he should have selected a better æra or more suitable characters. Still further, to excite the interest of his readers in this dialogue, he very seriously assures them that they are by no means to regard it as a mere fiction of his own ; the substance of it having been communicated to him in conversation of several days, at Smyrna, by that very P. Rutilius Rufus, of whom we have already spoken as one of the *dramatis personæ.*' * * * * * * * * *

'True liberty, like true eloquence, is founded on the most elevated moral sentiments, and is incompatible with any other. C'est le culte des ames fieres, as Madame Roland nobly expresses it. But it requires something more even than this sublime spirit, rare as that is. Liberty is law—liberty is truth—liberty is reason, and " always with right reason dwells, and from her, hath no dividual being." The greatest men, in such a country as this, ought to be considered, (what they really are) as completely insignificant in comparison of the smallest principle. It is of the very essence of republican government, that the laws, which all are free to choose, should be implicitly obeyed by all. And as law has been defined to be " reason without passion," so those who administer and execute it, should partake of the same unblemished nature. It is in this respect that Washington stands without a similar or a second. He was living law—the very personification of the purest, the sternest, the most dispassionate, the most sublime republicanism. In this point of view, his character does not seem to have been sufficiently contemplated—we mean, contemplated with fervid admiration as an object at once of taste and example—under the head of the sublime and beautiful, as well as of moral duty. We hope it has been reserved as a subject for a hand worthy of treating it—and that we shall see the " awful goodness " of that incomparable man transmitted to posterity in contrast with Napoleon's guilty and little ambition, and fitly associated with the grandeur of Milton's genius.'

* * * * * * * * * * *

'We will add another remark of some importance in this connexion. The idea of liberty among the ancients was very different from that which we attach to the word. This difference, as well as the aristocratic sentiments adverted to just now, sprung undoubtedly out of the institution of domestic slavery, and that principle of their *jus gentium*, which doomed captives in battle to perpetual bondage. From whatever causes, the Ionian and Dorian races—but especially the former—attained to a remarkable superiority over the rest of mankind. In the neighbourhood of despotisms, they established popular and limited governments ; in the midst of darkness and ignorance, they cultivated philosophy and the arts which body forth ideal beauty, while the hosts of the Mede sunk beneath their prowess in the field. The other great race, with whose institutions and modes of thought we are made familiar by our early studies, without excelling as much in merely intellectual pursuits, carried the pre-eminence which civilization gives in war and in policy, to a still higher pitch. " Their empire comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind," and kings and tetrarchs were glad to become their clients and retainers. That these pri-

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viloged and illustrious races should be conscious of their unquestionable advantages—that they should look down upon the rest of mankind with an insolent sense of their own superiority, and should even be unwilling to acknowledge themselves of the same origin and species, is not much to be wondered at—at least, may readily be conceived. Accordingly, their whole literature breathes this spirit. It is taken for granted, by their orators, in harangues, of which this opinion inspires the eloquence—by their philosophers who build their systems and theories upon it—that Greeks were made to conquer and to control barbarians. Aristotle in a grave inquiry, whether slavery be consistent with the law of nature, decides that it is so where one race is, by nature, inferior to another, and even justifies war, if it be necessary to subject the predestinated bondman to his chains. In that famous burst of eloquence in which Cicero gives vent to his indignation and horror against Verres for the crucifixion of Gavius, it is evident that he lays the whole emphasis upon the circumstance of his being a Roman citizen, and that this circumstance entitles the offence, in the orator's estimation, to cap the whole climax of crimes and atrocities which he had to unfold, enormous as they were. His language is a precise expression of the sentiments which we impute to the ancients upon this subject. O nomen dulce libertatis! O sweet name of liberty—but what liberty? This question is answered by the next words. *O jus eximium nostræ civitatis.* It was not the violence done to the principles of natural right and justice—it was not that an innocent man had been punished, or that a guilty man had been *cruelly* tortured and disgraced: it was that the Portian and Sempronian laws had been broken—that the sacred privilege of citizenship had been despised—that a ROMAN had suffered as if he had been a Sicilian or a barbarian. The feeling expressed by the orator is precisely such as one feudal baron would have experienced at witnessing the body of another gibbeted by the king's justice in eyre. Liberty, in short, was rank and nobility among the ancients; and inspired the same sentiments for good and evil. It was considered as the birthright—the hereditary dignity of certain races—but the idea that it was part and parcel of the law of nature and nations—that it was due in common justice to all mankind, seems to have occurred to very few, and to have been acted upon by nobody. This accounts for that fierce and jealous love of liberty which characterized the Athenian democracy, and (whatever may have been its other effects) gives such a noble spirit and such lively interest to their whole literature.

'Cicero, as we have said, thought that he saw in the constitution of his country as it existed during the happy and glorious period before alluded to, the best of all possible schemes of government—a perfect model of the well-tempered and balanced polity, imagined by philosophers in their visions of perfectibility, but never successfully reduced to practice by any other great people. He was willing to take it with all its imperfections on its head—with all its apparent anomalies and defects. Its fruits had been good, and that was enough for him. The *imperium in imperio*, the *plebiscitum*, and the *veto* which a systematic politician, working by plumb and rule, would have condemned as an absurdity, struck him as the best balance that could be devised. He was not alarmed at the power or even the necessity, of resorting now and then to the despotism of the dictator, or the decree of *ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat*, which, in more recent times, was substituted for it in practice. He regarded these very irregularities as among the chief excellences of the government in an uncorrupted age. They were a

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proof that it had not been formed upon visionary and superficial principles, without reference to the wants, the habits, or the character of the people. He had not the presumption to suppose that he could devise *a priori* a scheme of polity better than that which had been so fruitful of good for centuries together. He had no faith in political metaphysics. He knew that nothing was more deceptive and dangerous than the affectation of mathematical exactness in matters which have less to do with quantity than with any other of the ten categories. He had never heard of the three *bases* of the philosophical constitution of France—of the basis of population, the basis of contribution, or the basis of territory; and the rest of that magnificent but senseless jargon. It did not occur to him that (as the speculative politicians of these times seem to think) there is a sort of mystic or magical power in the mere forms of a polity, and that a government may be altered as often as the most capricious levity shall dictate, without any danger of disturbing the settled order of society, and with a perfect foresight of all the effects of such changes. He knew that the *mores*, the manners, opinions and character, are by far the most important part in every political problem, and that no constitution can be either stable or efficient which is not in harmony with these. He had adopted, in short, that rule which a great man—whose speculations have exhausted this subject, and occur to us whenever we have occasion to contemplate it—considers as fundamental with every good patriot and every true politician. Spartam nactus es; hanc exorna. Cicero would have felt the whole force and beauty of the following period. " By adhering in this manner and on these principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy—in this choice of inheritance, we give to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties, adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearth, our sepulchres and our altars." The compliment he pays the government of Rome is, therefore, as full of wisdom as of patriotism, and may be taken as his protest against that pest of our times, SPECULATIVE POLITICS.'

THE August No. of the Southern Review contains an excellent article on Education in Germany, from which we make the following extract.

' The professors are divided into two classes, Ordinary and Extraordinary. The former receive from the government a salary, never less than eight hundred, and rarely more than two thousand rix dollars, for they are paid in proportion to their reputation. When the fame of a professor has extended throughout Germany, and still more when it has become European, his name alone, particularly if he belongs to one of the professional departments, often adds some hundreds to the number of students. Hugo and Eichhorn the son, in the legal department here, Gesenius in the theological at Halle, and Savigny in the legal at Berlin, by their European reputation, have become to a considerable degree, identified with the prosperity of the institutions where they reside. As every university

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in Germany has the right of inviting the professors of any other to one of her chairs, such scholars as I have just named, are constantly receiving invitations from other institutions, accompanied with the most flattering pecuniary offers. Even monarchs sometimes write to them, making proposals which few would decline accepting, if the governments under whose jurisdiction they reside, did not counteract them by making others still more advantageous. Such professors have, of course, the power in their own hands, and there are few who do not make use of it. In no other country are literary men thus thrown as it were into the market, and struck off to the highest bidder.'

* * * * * * * * * *

'"For a long period after the establishment of this university, it was the custom not only here but elsewhere, for all the professors to deliver lectures gratis. They received but a limited support, as their salaries were then much smaller than at the present time. Michaelis opened a course of private lectures, and met with such pecuniary success, that his example was soon followed in other schools. To secure the greatest possible income, and still comply with the laws, they make the least interesting course public, and those which are the most valuable, private. The public lectures, which were at first delivered four or five times a week, soon dwindled to two, and even one lecture weekly. Within a few years, many have entirely abandoned their public courses, and no student now attends their lectures without his Frederic d'or. From their private lectures they are very handsomely rewarded, when they possess talent and an extensive reputation, and their receipts are exactly in proportion to their fame. There are two semestres or terms in each year. The lectures commence ten minutes after the sound of the clock, and terminate the moment it strikes; the professor detaining them no longer than to finish his sentence. To a greater delay they would not submit, not even to finish his paragraph, as it might prevent them from reaching the lecture room of some other professor; it being considered indecorous for a student to enter after he has commenced.

'Many of the professors give two and three distinct courses, and cases have been known where they have given four. Most of these include four or five lectures per week, during four months and a half. From the receipts of their private lectures, united with their salaries, some of the most distinguished professors, particularly those in the legal departments, receive five or six thousand dollars per annum. One or two of them have a still larger income, for they have not unfrequently from two to three hundred auditors at each course. The income even of these will not exceed that of many of the Oxford and Cambridge professiors, some of whom do not deliver a dozen lectures yearly. This is a striking exhibition, of the difference which necessity produces, in the efforts even of literary men.' * * * * * * * * *

'The German professors are, as a body, the most indefatigable students in the world. They are not, like the French and Italian literati, social in their habits. They reside chiefly in small towns, where there is little without to attract them. They consequently find it much easier than their western neighbours, to pass fifteen or sixteen hours a day in their lecture rooms, and in the society of folios. Even those residing in the large cities have acquired such habits of application, that they are almost as ignorant of the amusements around them, as strangers. In most of the cities where they reside, there are no intellectual foci, like the Institute and the numerous literary and scientific societies,

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which form so many mental groups at Paris. A Frenchman is born for society, and nothing but an ardent love for literature, united with long habits of application, will make him so independent of the living, as to be willing to converse only with the mighty dead. A German scholar, from his retired life, finds society a burden, and never does he feel more at his ease, than when surrounded by his auditors or his manuscripts.' * * * * * *

'In describing this university, I have spoken only of the ordinary professors. The next, and the inferior class, are called extraordinary. They receive a very limited salary from the governmont, not enough to support them, even in celibacy. They also deliver lectures on what subjects they please, for which they receive from their auditors the same fees as their brethren above them. This station is a stepping stone to the ordinary professorship, but one on which they have usually to rest from eight to ten years, and, if not active in their pursuits, for life. As they select their own subjects, they often become the rivals of their older brethren, who are compelled, frequently, to gird themselves anew for the race, or see themselves not only overtaken, but left behind. Of the beneficial effects of this arrangement, no one can doubt who has passed a fortnight at a German university.

'There is also a third class, who are called lecturers or teachers, which, I believe, is peculiar to the German universities. Students who have completed their course, and who aim at a professor's chair, usually remain several years at the institution, pursuing some particular department of literature or science, with the intention of eventually giving lectures. They then make application to the government for permission to deliver a course. On being examined and found qualified, they are enrolled on the humble list of teachers. They commence their career under circumstances sufficiently gloomy to discourage any one who is not influenced by an intense love of literature and fame. Before them they see the extraordinary professors rising to eminence, while the rooms of most of the older teachers are thronged. Whatever their talents may be, they have to lay the foundation of their reputation, and that, too, against rivals whose fame is, sometimes, European. Years roll away, and they see their lecture-rooms only here and there attended by auditors. Most of them are in indigent circumstances, and with all the inconveniences of poverty, they often find that the receipts from their lectures, even for years, do not equal the annual rent of their rooms. Without any resources, they would abandon their employment in despair, were they not able, as private instructors, to gain enough to prevent the lamp of life from being extinguished. For a very moderate compensation, they devote three or four hours a day to the instruction of as many students in languages, or in their particular provinces, and not unfrequently toil on in this manner for years, when the death of a rival lecturer, or some fortunate circumstance, fill their rooms with students, for a time at least, and thus brings them into notice. They are now no longer under the necessity of losing a large part of their time in this course of instruction, but devoting all their hours to their particular department, they advance rapidly. The sufferings, which they must of necessity experience, during the first five or six years of their progress, are enough to depress the most courageous minds. Fortunately for them, there is one medium of appearing before the public, where they will meet with justice, viz. the press. To this most of them resort, and before they have been occupied many years as lecturers, some ponderous octavo is published, in which, not unfrequently, eight or ten languages

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appear in the form of illustration. If the work has merit, it receives its due commendations in some dozen or more of the literary journals of this conntry; and the author is immediately regarded, by those around him, as a new star of greater or less brilliancy, just rising above the literary horizon. A single work of this description, not unfrequently procures, for a lecturer, the extraordinary chair, sometimes even the offer of it from several universities.' pp. 59, 60, 63, 66, 67.

'The influence of this arrangement is thus happily described:

'With us, as well as in Germany, the professors are chosen for life, but here the resemblance ceases. In the United States we give them a sufficient salary, to enable them to live pleasantly; and when once chosen, they realize that their fortune is made, that they have reached the ultimatum of ascent. Here they receive only half a subsistence for themselves and families; and whether they acquire the other half or not, depends entirely upon their own efforts. They perfectly understand, that nothing but a reputation for talents and attainments will fill their lecture rooms, and that to acquire this fame, the most indefatigable application and industry are necessary. Every department has its four or six professors and teachers, who deliver lectures on subjects so nearly similar, that a constant rivalry is produced. For example, to a student pursuing Greek literature, it is of very little importance whether he reads Sophocles or Euripides, but it is very necessary that the professor whose lectures he attends should be thoroughly acquainted with the author he attempts to explain. These gentlemen perfectly understand, as well as the stage and steamboat proprietors of our country, that if they are negligent, they will be deserted. This is not a little increased by the division into ordinary and extraordinary professors and teachers. The latter class who are paid nothing by the government, but are only permitted to deliver lectures, receive a Frederick d'or from each of the pupils, and are almost universally stimulated by necessity. Besides this, they feel all the ardour of youth, and the consequent longing for reputation. To acquire subsistence and fame, they make unwearied exertions. Before them they see the extraordinary professors, whose title in the eyes of the students, gives them a prior claim; and to overtake them in the race, they strain every nerve. The extraordinary professors see below them a number of young men, putting forth all their energy, while above them they behold the ordinary professors who have reached the highest point of ascent. This class are placed under the influence of two most powerful stimulants, the fear of being overtaken by the teachers, and the desire of surpassing the ordinary professors. The ordinary professors see below them two classes, at different distances, rapidly rising towards them, often almost treading upon their heels, and not unfrequently taking the lead in the number of their auditors, as well as in reputation. Under such stimulus, they very rarely fall asleep, or relax their efforts, until age or debility arrives.

'This continued strife has the happiest effect on the literature of this country, and in this respect, the German universities are better organized than any others in Europe. It is folly to suppose that the mere influence of principle will induce most professors who do not feel great enthusiasm in their departments, to make the necessary efforts to arrive at excellence. They will often find bad weather in winter, and real or imaginary debility the rest of the year, an excuse for relaxation or indolence.' pp. 178, 179

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Hon B. Pickman Esqr
Salem
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THE

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MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1829.

PRESBYTERIAN ORDINATION.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 195.)

THE title page of this work expressed its object not only correctly, but clearly and fully. It is to prove the exclusive legitimacy of the episcopal form of church government and administration, and, of course, the illegitimacy and invalidity of every other.

The author contends that episcopacy is the form of church government established by the apostles, that, in fact, bishops are the legitimate successors of the Apostles, that this form was intended by its founders, to be universal and permanent, and that, therefore, every deviation from it is necessarily illegal and invalid.

This view of the subject embraces, as the reader must perceive, various kinds of matter, which are not essentially connected with each other. It consists of fact and inference; and there may be individuals, who, admitting the former, might question the latter. Thus would the intention of the writer be frustrated. At least, he would become involved in the intricacies of a question, which he might not be prepared immediately to unravel. His opponents might observe, not without some show of justice, we admit your premises. Episcopacy *is* the *form* of church government established by the Apostles. But we deny that it was intended to be universal and unchangeable. It was moulded and established originally, because it was *then* the most convenient and practically useful. But it had nothing in it peculiarly sacred. Like other schemes of government, it was a matter of mere expediency, with nothing more of divinity in it than the *wisdom* which marked it. It was a simple scheme of adaptation to circumstances, concerted by all those who had a correct knowledge of man and society; and there began and ended all it had of *Heavenly impress.* There is no more of divine sanction to the permanency and universality of the episcopal office, than there is to the quality of the bishop's lawn, or the fashion of his gown.

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Episcopacy suited best the times, and the temper and habits of the people, for whom it was intended. But it was not meant to be either universal or permanent; because such changes might occur in the condition of society, as would detract much from both its expediency and usefulness. Such, in fact, as would render another form of government preferable. The real substance and essentials, then, of christianity being retained, a government and administration, other than those of episcopacy, and better suited to the modified feelings and sentiments of men, and the altered condition of the world, far from being illegitimate and invalid, would be useful and necessary, and ought to be adopted. Even admitting episcopacy to be, in the abstract, the best form of church government, there is connected with it no divine command, enjoining its universal and permanent adoption. Provided they receive the doctrines, obey the precepts, and conform to the example of the GREAT HEAD of the church, Christians are at liberty to change it as circumstances may demand.

Such, we say, *might* be the reasoning of our author's opponents, were they inclined to reason, instead of relying entirely on authority. But many of them are not. They sturdily contend, and endeavour to prove that episcopacy, as the term is now understood, was not the original form of Christian church government; that it was not the form erected by the Apostles, and adopted and practised by the primitive fathers; but that a government and administration by *presbyters* only, constituted the form, during the two first centuries of the Christian æra; and that episcopacy became subsequently a substitute for this. Both parties agree, that the form instituted by the Apostles, and adopted and pursued by the primitive fathers, is the only true and proper one, and ought to be maintained. Thus concurring in one sentiment, but differing in another, the belligerents come to immediate issue, with regard to the fact.

Before proceeding any further in this article, we avail ourselves of the opportunity so far to repeat what we have already said, as frankly and more explicitly to declare, that we deem as lightly of the canon which maintains the divine authority of episcopacy, as of that which asserts the 'divine right of kings.' In our estimation, neither of them smacks in the least of the *wisdom of Heaven, but of man's inordinate love of power.* From this strongest of human passions, the pope aspires to be *chief of the entire church*, as each bishop does to be *chief of his own diocess.* To prove that this is an affair of earth rather than Heaven, there is fully as much of intrigue and chaffering employed in the election and appointment of popes, cardinals, and bishops, as in those of presidents, senators, and representatives of the people.

There *have* been times, and there are now many places, where monarchical government is best for the state; the only kind, indeed, that suits the people. So have there been times, and so are there now places, where episcopacy is the best form of *church* government. But on neither the one nor the other does this consideration bestow a just claim to *universality* and *permanency*. Nor does any other consideration which the subject presents

The spirit of episcopacy, when pushed to such an extent, is a spirit of usurpation. It would trammel the intellect, and hamper the conscience, and ought to be resisted. The free and independent mind will resist it.

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Tame and universal submission to it would be the most degrading slavery. Universal submission to the sceptre would be less so.

To the clergy of the episcopal church, much respect is due. Many of them have been and now are pre-eminent in talents, knowledge, and piety. But manly respect to them must not degenerate into servile homage. When they affect to have, as many of them do, and as their tenets avow, exclusive possession of the gates of Heaven, their claim amounts to a pretension as empty and bombastic as that of the Khan of Tartary to the universal sovereignty. To make the best of their aspirations, they resemble very strongly those of ancient families in Europe, who, *on account of their antiquity*, erect exclusive claims to privileges, immunities, and observances, which belong, in common, to themselves and others. The episcopal church presents too much of the air and manner of '*we are the only true and well-born*'—a motto which is the legitimate descendant of bigotry and pride, and has been the source of 'woes unnumbered' to the human race.

One of the ablest champions of the validity of presbyterian ordination is the Rev. Dr. Miller of Princeton. In this country, at least, his letters on the subject, appear to be regarded as the sword and buckler of those who deny that the laying on of episcopal hands is an essential prerequisite to the Christian ministry. Being, moreover, one of the latest writers, and professing to treat the question *in extenso*, his production might well be supposed to contain a fair digest of every thing, whether of argument or authority, that can be adduced in support of the validity of presbyterianism. Under this belief, our author has made a bold and manly, and we must add in justice, a powerful effort to raze to its foundation the entire fabric which the reverend gentleman has so laboriously erected. As relates to the success of this effort, it is not perhaps our province to attempt to forestall the *judgment of the public*. Nor have we any wish to that effect. We deem ourselves at liberty however to record *our own*.

It is due to truth from us, therefore, to remark, that Dr. Miller has met in Dr. Cooke no common antagonist. On the contrary, he will find reason to acknowledge in him a polemic of great power, adroitness and research; one perfectly informed on the subject in question; one with whom, although not a professed theologian or ecclesiastic, it is no condescension even in him to measure weapons. We must add, that he has encountered in him an antagonist, who is not more learned, intrepid, and ingenious, than manly and fair. Our author is as far from being a sophist, as he is from being a sciolist. Facts and authority are his weapons; and he uses them with the dexterity of a disciplined controvertist. One of his most prominent qualities is accuracy. And this, invaluable in itself, he has turned, in the present case, to the most important account. If we are not mistaken, he has turned it against Dr. Miller with a force that must greatly weaken the authority of the 'Letters' of that gentleman in defence of presbyterianism, if it do not prove fatal to them.

Indeed one of the most striking features in the 'Essay' before us, is the broad and open exposure it makes of the inaccuracies of the reverend professor of Princeton. Nor are these inaccuracies, although exceedingly numerous, more frequent in recurrence, than they are extraordinary in character. They do not relate to reasoning, or the remembrance of facts,

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names, or dates; but to the citation of authorities, which Dr. Miller either had, or ought to have had on his table before him. They consist alike of mutilation and interpolations, leaving out and superadding, not only *words*, but *clauses*, and even *sentences*. And it is not a little remarkable, that all the matter left out made *against* the doctor's cause, and that superadded, in *favor* of it. We will not say that this was done intentionally, although so *often repeated;* nor has Dr. Cooke said so. But we do say that, being thus repeated, it was one of the most *extraordinary accidents* we have ever known.

Some of the inaccuracies of Dr. Miller consist in false translations of passages from the learned languages. And still the translation is more favorable, than the original, to the doctrine he is maintaining. To the 'Essay' we are considering, we hold it indispensable that the doctor should reply. He must either refute the charges of inaccuracy preferred against him, give a satisfactory explanation of them, or forfeit for ever his character and standing as a controversial writer. As relates to the legitimacy and validity of presbyterianism, his 'Letters' at present, can have no weight. Our author has stript them of all just authority. They are 'orthodox' no longer. To reinvest them with authority, their reverend author must prove them to be free, not from false quotation, but from the suspicion of it. Nor will he find this, as we apprehend, an easy task. To confirm the charge, his antagonist, the author of the 'Essay,' after giving Dr. Miller's quotations, as they appear in his 'Letters'—gives also, in their *purity*, the originals from which they are extracted. The difference is always striking, and sometimes surprising. It does appear to us, therefore, that Dr. Miller will find it exceedingly difficult to extricate himself from the charge of quoting inaccurately.

Nor is this all. An attempt is made to convict Dr. Miller of various other errors, in the forms of sophistry and other modes of false reasoning, to the particulars of which we cannot advert, and which can be learnt only by a perusal of the 'Essay.' In fact, although the style and manner of this production is uncommonly mild, and free from every expression in the slightest degree offensive, we consider it, notwithstanding, as amounting virtually to one of the severest attacks on the 'Letters' of Dr. Miller we have ever read. The worst of it is, for the doctor and his cause, that its severity appears to consist in its truth. The following is a fair specimen of Dr. Cooke's matter and manner, in his replies to the reverend professor of Princeton.

'It is evident, therefore, that there were, besides the apostolic, at least two other offices in the ministry, those of the presbyters and deacons; and the matter of fact is opposed to the truth of the inference of Dr. Miller: and that inference being the point upon which the whole argument turns or rests, and being unfounded and contrary to plain facts, the argument built upon it falls to the ground.'

This quotation contains an annunciation of the position, which it is the object of Dr. Cooke, in his 'Essay' to establish, viz., that, in the organization of the primitive Christian church, by the Apostles, there were three distinct grades of officers, bishops, presbyters, and deacons. He contends that, during their lives, the Apostles filled the office, and performed the duties of bishops, and appointed and ordained to the same

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office and duties, others who succeeded them after their death. They also created bishops, who acted long and extensively in that capacity during their lives. Of these latter ordinations, Barnabas, Timothy, Titus, and others, were instances.

His proofs of these several positions, our author derives from two sources, the New Testament, and the writings of some of the earliest primitive fathers, one or two of whom were contemporary with the Apostles, knew them personally, and were ordained by them to the episcopal office.

He refers to sundry portions of scripture, contained especially in the epistles of St. Paul, which expressly recognize, in the primitive church, the three specified orders of officers. Nor is he able to find a single text, which asserts plainly the existence of only two grades of office, those of the presbyter and the deacon alone. His reply to the assertion of Dr. Miller, that, in the apostolic church, the terms *bishop* and *elder* indicated at times, the same grade of office, we deem satisfactory. A bishop was always and necessarily an elder. But the reverse was not true. An elder was not, of necessity, a bishop. When bishop and elder were made, at times, to mean the same, the Apostles were living, invested with the authority and exercising the functions of *real* bishops. After their death, when bishops succeeded them, in their true character and duties, the names of elder and bishop were no longer confounded. The *episcopos* (bishop) was, as the term imports, the overseer, or governor of the church, in a general and collective capacity, by whom the inferior officers were ordained, and to whose control they implicitly submitted.

The Christian fathers, on whose writings, as testimony, Dr. Cooke principally relies, and from whose works his quotations are chiefly taken, are Ignatius, Polycarp, and Irenæus.

Of these, Ignatius was not only a contemporary of some of the Apostles, but one of their pupils, and was therefore necessarily intimate with their views of church government and administration, as well as the forms which they established and practised. He was, moreover, a man of the utmost purity and sanctity of character, incapable of voluntarily deviating from truth. There lived not a man of more correct information, or whose report was more worthy of all belief. In testimony of this, he fell a martyr to his love of truth, suffering himself, rather than renounce his religion, to be torn to pieces and devoured by lions in Rome.

Polycarp was his pupil, and possessed a character not dissimilar to that of his master. His sanctity and adherence to truth were not inferior. His knowledge of the affairs of the primitive church was in like manner ample. Nothing was wanting to render him a witness of perfect credibility.

Irenæus, who was not only contemporary with Polycarp, but had been his pupil, was one of the most able and learned men of the day. Nor were his purity of character and sanctity of life inferior to his talents and extensive knowledge. In his acquaintance with the state of the church, he was equalled by few, and surpassed by none. His valuable writings and the history of his life furnish evidence of all this.

As those three fathers attained each an advanced age, the life of the last of them reached to near the close of the second century of the Christian era. They were living chronicles, therefore, of almost two hundred years of the primitive church. Hence their testimony of the

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form of government and administration of that church has every possible claim to be believed. But most unequivocally and emphatically their writings testify to the existence of episcopacy. That the church, during their day, was governed by bishops, no one can doubt, who will consult their epistles and other productions.

Yet, singular as the fact may appear, it is, in a particular manner, in his quotations from the epistles of St. Ignatius, that Dr. Miller has fallen into such multiplied inaccuracies. That the nature and extent of these inaccuracies may be understood by the reader, we shall here present him with one or two of them.

'The following quotations,' says Dr. Miller, 'are from his (*Ignatius's*) far-famed *Epistles.*' "*The Presbyters succeed in the place of the bench of the Apostles.*" [See Epistle to the Magnesians, sec. 6.]

This is a mere clause of a sentence; and being thus detached from the other clauses of the same, is represented as speaking a language entirely different from what its author intended. The whole sentence, as Ignatius wrote it, stands thus: 'Your Bishops presiding in the place of God, *your Presbyters in the place of the council of the Apostles*, and your Deacons, most dear to me, being entrusted with the ministry of Jesus Christ.' This sentence unquestionably represents a bishop as an indispensable officer of the church, and as elevated greatly over those denominated Presbyters; as much as God is raised above the Apostles. But, from his mutilated quotation, Dr. Miller does not seem to wish it so understood.

The Doctor quotes again, as follows. 'Follow the Presbyters as the Apostles.' [See the Epistle of Ignatius to the Smyrneans, sec. 8.] This is another extraordinary mutilation, the words left out, altering entirely the meaning of the clause, and turning that meaning directly against the opinion of Dr. Miller. The sentence, as Ignatius wrote it, runs thus.

'See that ye all *follow* your Bishop, as Jesus Christ, the Father, *and the Presbyters, as the Apostles.*' Here, as in the preceding quotation, the Bishop is still made a necessary church officer, and placed at the head of the church, far exalted above the Presbyters.

Dr. Miller again. Quotation. 'Be subject to your Presbyters, as to the Apostles of Jesus Christ our hope.' [See Epistle of Ignatius to the Trallians, sec. 2.] Another palpable mutilation, and perversion of the meaning of the author quoted.

The passage, as it is in the Epistle of the distinguished father and martyr, reads thus. 'It is necessary, therefore, that, as ye do, so, *without your Bishop* you should do nothing; also *be ye subject to your Presbyters, as to the Apostles of Jesus Christ our hope.* The Deacons also, as being the ministers of the mysteries of Jesus Christ, must by all means please all.'

Contrary to the intended representation of Dr. Miller, this sentence, correctly quoted, recognises expressly three grades of church officers, Bishop, Presbyter, and Deacon, of which the first is the highest, and controls the other two. In various other instances, the Doctor is equally incorrect in his quotations and reasonings. Should the public judge him with their usual severity, they will be likely to say, that such palpable and reiterated misquotations, show his distrust of his own doctrine, and prove condemnatory of it.

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Dr. Cooke's long and labored view of the episcopal standing and functions of Timothy, we pass over, with a single remark. He has established his point, we think conclusively; but he has overwhelmed it with a superabundant and very unnecessary load of discussion. This, indeed, is his fault as a writer. He often knows not where to stop. He estimates authority, as the Chinese do beauty, *by bulk*. Hence, while an additional tittle of it can be found, he perseveres in his toil of collection, until his own mind and that of the reader stagger and groan under the accumulated weight, and the subject is concealed by the superabundance of matter. Ten positive facts speaking the same language, or ten high authorities to the same purpose, are as good as ten times the number. In our estimation they are better; because they prove without fatigueing, and produce, in being examined, no unnecessary waste of time. A superabundance of facts and authorities taken into the mind is like a superabundance of food received into the stomach. They produce debility and pass undigested. Nothing nourishes and strengthens unless it be subdued and assimilated.

In proof of his general position, our author goes on to quote other writers, of acknowledged standing, some of them of an earlier, others of a more modern date. But the limits of this article do not permit us to follow him in his course. We can only remark, that, like a man of good conscience, and a controvertist confident in the justice of his cause, he appears to us to quote fairly, and apply judiciously.

In further refutation of the assertion of Dr. Miller and others, that, in the primitive church, the terms Bishop and Presbyter mean always the same, our author clearly shows, that, in the general church establishment of any one city or place, there were *many* Presbyters, and only *one* Bishop. Thus, in Rome, one Bishop had under him forty-six Presbyters. In other places a similar state of things existed. Presbyters were numerous, the Bishop but one.

Our author pauses, in his course, to furnish another very memorable misquotation, by Dr. Miller, from the church history of Eusebius, respecting the regular succession of Bishops, from their ordination by the Apostles to his own time. Here, as before, the clause quoted by the Doctor, is made, by his *accidental* alteration of it, to suit his own views. Quere. Had the original suited him, would the *accident* have happened?

Our author encounters, and, we think, fairly and promptly vanquishes, another distinguished antagonist, in Lord King. That nobleman has attempted to make it appear that, in the 'primitive church,' a Bishop had jurisdiction over a single *parish*, and nothing more; that a parish then was of the same extent as a parish now; and that therefore a Bishop was only the rector of a *single church*.

In reply to this, our author shows satisfactorily that, at an early period of Christianity, the words *paroua* and *ecclesia* had the same meaning. They both signified, not a single church or congregation, but the church of any city or place, as an aggregate. Thus, applied to Alexandria, Rome, or Jerusalem, either term designated the *general* religious establishment of the place. Hence, the Bishop of the *parish* of Rome, was the Bishop of Rome containing many churches, and the Bishop of the parish or church of Alexandria was the Bishop of Alexandria, with all it contain-

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ed. Parish in the primitive church, then, meant the same with diocess now. A Bishop was always, therefore, an officer holding jurisdiction over a number of churches, and having under his control a number of Presbyters. To speak of the *parish* of Rome, Alexandria, or Jerusalem, and to mean by the expression only a single congregation, would be absurd. It signified the same as the *bishoprick* or *diocess* of either of those places.

Dr. Cooke has enhanced not a little, the value and interest of his work, by subjoining to it, as an appendix, the epistles of St. Ignatius; so that the public may have ready access to those rare and excellent specimens of composition.

The following extract affords a fair specimen of our author's style and manner.

'I am well aware that this opinion is offensive to those who have no other than Presbyterian ordination. But truth is what we ought all to seek; particularly in so essential a concern as that of the ministry of the Church of Christ. There is no one thing more freqnently urged on Christians, than the obligation to flee divisions, to speak the same things; and how is this to be done but by a fair and candid discussion of points on which we disagree?—No one, then, has a right to complain that his opinion is questioned. Every one who is of a right spirit would rejoice to have the truth clearly made out and embraced by all.

'This question is the more important, because if the conclusion we have drawn be just, all other than the episcopal ordination is invalid. This declaration, although it follows as necessarily from the premises as the conclusion of any proposition ever stated, has been reprobated in the strongest terms, because it involves an exclusive claim to the ministry. It is, however, far from being the desire of those who believe that episcopal ordination alone is valid, to prevent any qualified person from entering into the ministry. They only wish to convince those who believe themselves called to minister in holy things, and who are, from early prejudice, or misinformation, or not investigating the subject, content with authority derived from Presbyters, that this authority is not valid, and to induce them to obtain that which is. The doctrine ought not to be rejected because it involves an exclusive claim; for there must necessarily be a right in the truly authorized, to the exclusion of those who are not; and the question at issue ought to rest on its merits.

'But how does this matter concern private Christians, if they are truly religious? and why should a man leave the church to which he has been attached, when the ministers are good religious men? These singular questions have been frequently urged, with great earnestness, upon myself. But few words, however, are sufficient to show their absurdity. We are commanded to be baptized, and to receive the sacrament in memory of our Lord. We cannot obey these injunctions in sincerity, unless we are satisfied of the validity of the authority of the minister; and to receive these mysteries at the hands of those we are persuaded are not authorized, is profanity *in us;* though it may not be *in them who minister, provided* they are conscientiously persuaded of their authority, *after a full investigation of the subject.* But this proviso includes a great deal more than may be supposed at first view.

'But what necessity for leaving the Methodist Episcopal Church? Professing with all sincerity very high esteem and affectionate regard for a number of the

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ministers of that Society, I must nevertheless say, because their ordination is only Presbyterian—Mr. Wesley was no more than a Presbyter, and therefore had no authority to ordain; much less to ordain a Bishop.

'In this respect he and Calvin stand upon the same ground precisely. It is certain that a man cannot have that which was never given to him, except it be something belonging to him by nature. To neither of the above was authority to ordain, ever given. The Bishops who ordained them, did not intend to confer such power. They did not, at the time, consider themselves as receiving such power; and if they had been questioned immediately afterwards, they would not have pretended that it was conferred upon them. Most assuredly then it was not given to them; therefore they had it not. To argue they possessed the power of ordination because it originally belonged to Presbyters, is to argue that they *to whom it was not given* possessed the power, because it belonged *to them to whom it was given.*'

There are works, and that which we have been examining is one of them, whose matter is already so dense, that it is almost impossible to compress it any farther. In composing this 'Essay,' the object of the writer was fact and authority. Of these, he has collected an ample amount, and pressed them together with no unsparing or feeble hand. Hence the unexpected difficulty we have found in our attempt to give a competent analysis of his book. In most parts of it, and those the most interesting, to abridge would be to mutilate; to leave out something that is essential to the author's meaning, and to the force of his argument. This we are not authorized to do.

But defective as our analysis is, we trust it will be sufficient to increase somewhat the desire of the reader to look into the original. Should this be the case, our chief end will have been attained, and our effort will not have been useless. For no one can carefully peruse the 'Essay' without profiting by it.

Although it is not a specimen of fine writing, nor did our author intend it as such, it affords an example of as fair, close, and masculine controversy, as any we, at present, recollect. The authorities cited, appear to be sound, and the facts adduced well established, the arrangement is logical and correct, and the argument cogent and generally conclusive. If we are not mistaken, Dr. Cooke will be acknowledged to have done not a little for episcopacy. We doubt exceedingly if, in the same space, any other writer has done so much. We do not say he has settled the question. Where party in politics, or sectarism in religion is concerned, that issue is perhaps impossible. But we do say, that he has advanced arguments in favor of episcopacy, as the apostolic and primitive form of church government, which we know not how to refute. We willingly therefore yield them our assent.

Besides the vast amount of matter which the 'Essay' itself contains, it is so constructed as to serve as an index to an extensive examination of authorities on the subject. It is with no affected sincerity, therefore, that we warmly recommend it to public attention, with this remark, that the same amount of talent and research expended on a subject more worthy of them, would have pleased and edified *us* in a much higher degree.

[The note at the end of the No. should be read at page 226, line 15.]

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A *Literary Essay on Shakspeare.* Translated from the French of VILLEMAIN.

THE glory of Shakspeare seemed at first in France a subject of paradox and scandal. Now it threatens the old fame of our theatre. This revolution already observed, would seem to suppose a great change in opinions and manners; it not only raises a question of literature and taste, it awakens many others which belong to the history of society. We shall not attempt here to examine these questions. The study of the works of a man of genius is in itself fruitful in interest.

Voltaire has successively called Shakspeare a great poet, and a miserable buffoon, a Homer and a 'Gilles.'* In his youth, returning from England, he brought with him his enthusiasm for some scenes of Shakspeare, as one of the bold novelties which he introduced into France. Forty years afterwards, he lavished a thousand strokes of sarcasm upon the barbarism of Shakspeare; and he chose particularly the academy as a kind of sanctuary from whence to fulminate his anathemas. I do not know if the academy would now be a place proper for the same use, for the revolutions of taste penetrate literary bodies as well as the public.

Voltaire deceived himself in wishing to lower the prodigious genius of Shakspeare; and all the quotations in mockery which he heaped up, proved nothing against the enthusiasm in which himself had shared. I do not speak of La Harpe, who was carried away by a serious and sustained anger against the defects and reputation of Shakspeare, as if his own theatrical writings were in the least menaced by this gigantic fame. It is in the life, the age and the genius of Shakspeare that we must seek without system and without anger the source of his odd faults, and of his powerful originality.

William Shakspeare was born on the 23d of April, 1564, at Stratford on Avon, in Warwickshire. Little is known of the first years and the life of this celebrated man; and notwithstanding the minute researches of biographical erudition excited by the interest of so great a name, and by national pride, the English know of him but his works. They have not been able even among themselves, to determine positively if he was a catholic or a protestant, and they dispute yet the question if he was not lame like the most famous English poet of our age.

It seems that Shakspeare was the eldest son of a family of ten children. His father engaged in the wool trade, had successively filled in Stratford, the offices of bailiff and alderman until the time when loss of fortune and perhaps the reproach of being a catholic, precluded him from all public employment. According to some other traditions, he added to the mentioned trade in wool that of a butcher; and the young Shakspeare suddenly called from the public schools where his parents could no longer support him, was employed in the most severe occupations of that profession. If we may believe an author nearly contemporary, when Shak-

* 'Gilles' or 'Gilles de la foire' corresponds very nearly to our clown of a company of rope dancers.

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speare was charged with killing a calf, he performed the execution with a kind of pomp, and never failed to pronounce a discourse before the assembled neighbors. Literary curiosity may seek some relation between these harangues of the young apprentice, and the tragic vocation of the poet, but it must be owned that such firstlings remove us far distant from the brilliant inspirations, and the poetic origin of the Greek theatre. It was on the fields of Marathon and in the festivals of victorious Athens, that Eschylus had heard the voice of the muses.

Whatever may have been the first and obscure occupations of Shakspeare, he was married in his eighteenth year to a woman older than himself, who made him in a short time the father of three children. This union probably left him the free gait of an adventurous life. Two years after his marriage, while hunting in the night with some poachers, the deer of a gentleman of the county, Sir Thomas Lucy, he was arrested by the guards, and having revenged himself by a satirical ballad, for this first misfortune, he fled to London to evade the pursuit of the doubly offended knight. This anecdote is the best attested fact concerning the life of Shakspeare; for he has produced it himself upon the stage; and the ridiculous personage Justice Shallow, going to try Falstaff for a breach of the game laws, is a remembrance and a revenge of this little persecution.

Arrived at London, was Shakspeare reduced to keep at the door of a theatre, the horses of the spectators who visited it? Or filled he at first, some subaltern office in the same theatre? Upon this point we must resign ourselves to ignorance, notwithstanding the efforts of commentators. What appears less doubtful is, that in 1592, six or seven years after his arrival in London, he was already known and even envied as an actor and a dramatic author. A libel of the times contains evident allusions to him, the bitterness of which announce sufficiently a merited jealousy. However, it appears that Shakspeare did not at first devote himself, at least not entirely, to dramatic composition. In publishing, under the date of 1593, a poem called Venus and Adonis, dedicated to Lord Southampton, Shakspeare calls this work the first born of his imagination. This little poem seems entirely in the Italian taste, by the quaintness of the style, the affectation of sprightliness, (*esprit*) and the profusion of imagery. The same character is discovered in a collection of sonnets which he printed in 1596, with the title of '*The Passionate Pilgrim*.' It is felt again in the poem of Lucretia, another production of Shakspeare which dates from the same period.

These different essays may be regarded as the first studies of this great poet, who cannot, without a strange misconception, be supposed destitute of all culture, and writing at a venture. No doubt Shakspeare, although living in a very learned age, was entirely ignorant of the ancient languages, but perhaps he knew the Italian; and translations had besides in his time already transplanted into the English language, all the ancient and a great number of modern works. Neither was English poetry at this period in a state of indigence and grossness; it began to assume a polished character. Spencer, who died at the epoch of the first attempts of Shakspeare, had written a long poem, in a learned and ingenious style, and with an elegance, sometimes affected, but prodigiously superior to the grotesque diction of our Ronsard. Even old Chaucer, the imitator of Boccaccio,

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and Petrarch, in his English of the fourteenth century, had already offered models of *naivete* and a great abundance of happy fictions. But above all, since the reign of Henry VIII. and the religious revolution, a great impulse had been given to the minds; the imaginations were excited, and controversy had spread through the nation the want of new thoughts. The bible alone, rendered popular by the versions of the puritans, yet inactive, but already impassioned, the bible alone was a school of poetry, full of emotions and images; it almost took in the memory of the people the place of the legends and ballads of the middle age. The psalms of David, translated into verses, rude, but full of fire, were the war-song of the reformation, and gave to poetry, which until then, had been but a subordinate pastime in the idleness of castles and courts, some features of enthusiasm and earnestness.

At the same time the study of the ancient languages opened an abundant source of recollections, and images which assumed a kind of originality, from being half disfigured by the somewhat confused conceptions which the multitude received of them. Under Elizabeth, Greek and Roman learning were the '*bon ton*' of the court. All the classic authors were translated. The Queen herself had put into verses the '*Hercules Furiosus*' of Seneca; and this version, little remarkable as it is, suffices to explain the literary zeal of the noblemen of her court. They made themselves learned to please the Queen, as others in other times became philosophers or devotees.

This erudition of the '*beaux esprits*' of the court was certainly not shared by the people, but something of it spread into the festivals and public amusements. They were a perpetual mythology. When the Queen visited a nobleman of her court, she was received and saluted by the Penates; and Mercury conducted her into the chamber of honor. All the metamorphoses of Ovid figured in the pastries of the dessert. At the evening promenade the lake of the castle was covered with Tritons and Nereides, and the pages disguised as nymphs. When the Queen hunted in the park at the opening of day, she was met by Diana, who saluted her as the model of virgin purity. Did she make her solemn entrance into the city of Warwick, Love, appearing in the midst of grave aldermen, came to present to her a golden arrow, which, under the influence of her powerful charms, could not miss the most hardened hearts; a present, says a chronicler,* which her majesty, who drew then near to forty, received with gracious thanks.

These inventions of courtiers, this official mythology of chamberlains and ministers, which were at the same time flattery to the Queen, and a spectacle to the people, spread the acquaintance with the ingenious fictions of antiquity, and made them almost familiar to the most ignorant, as is seen in those very pieces of Shakspeare, where he seems most to write for the people and his contemporaries.

Other sources of imagination were opened, other materials of poetry were prepared in the remains of popular traditions and local superstitions which were preserved throughout England. At court, astrology—in the villages, witches, fairies, and genii were a belief still living and all power-

*Hollinshed.

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ful. The imagination of the English, always melancholy, retained these fables of the north as a national remembrance. They were blended at the same time in more cultivated minds with the chivalrous fictions of the south of Europe, and all those marvellous tales of the Italian muses, which were then transferred by numerous translations into the English language. Thus, on all sides and in all directions, by the mixture of ancient and foreign ideas, by the credulous obstinacy of indigenous recollections, by erudition and by ignorance, by religious reform, and by popular superstition—were opened a thousand views to fancy, and without sounding the opinion of writers, who have called this epoch the golden age of English poetry, it may be said that England, issuing from barbarism, agitated in her opinions, without being disturbed by wars, full of imagination and recollections, was then the best prepared field from whence a great poet could arise.

It was in the midst of these first treasures of a national literature, that Shakspeare, animated by a wonderful genius, formed his expressions and language. This was the first merit which shone forth in him, the characteristic which first struck his contemporaries; it is seen by the surname of the poet with the *honied tongue*, which was given him, and which is found in all dawning literatures, as the natural homage bestowed upon those who the first cause to be felt vividly the charm of words, the harmony of language.

This genius of expression which constitutes at this day, the grand characteristic and the lasting fame of Shakspeare, was, without doubt, that which first impressed his age. Like our Corneille, he created eloquence, and was powerful by it. This is the striking feature, which instantly drew attention to his theatrical pieces in the midst of the multitude of other dramas equally disorderly and barbarous, which already crowded the English stage. This epoch, in fact, was any thing but sterile in dramatic productions. Although the external show of the spectacle was very coarse and imperfect, the representations were resorted to with eagerness. The taste for festivals, fostered by Elizabeth and the public prosperity growing during her reign, increased the want of such enjoyments. A celebrated man of her court, the same whom she employed to pronounce the odious sentence of Mary Stuart, Lord Dorset, wrote and exhibited in London the tragedy 'Gorboduc.' At the same period, Marloe brought forward 'The Great Tamerlane,' the 'Massacre of Paris,' and 'the tragic history of Dr. Faust.'

Independent of these known and published works, there were in the repertory of the theatres of that period, certain pieces by different authors, often retouched by the comedians themselves. It was in a labor of this kind that the dramatic genius of Shakspeare first exercised itself, and among these storehouse works (*ouvrages de magasin*) must be ranked many pieces published under his name—barbarous like his, but barbarous without genius; such are 'Lord Cromwell,' 'The Prodigal of London,' 'Pericles,' etc. They are not comprised in the chronological list of Shakspeare's pieces, which the scrupulous Malone has given, ascending to the year 1590, where he places Titus Andronicus.

From this time Shakspeare, living constantly in London, excepting some journies which he made to his native city, gave every year one or two

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theatrical pieces, tragedies, comedies, pastoral or fairy dramas. It is probable that his life was such as could be that of a comedian in his time, that is to say, obscure and free, indemnifying himself by pleasure for want of consideration.

His contemporaries, however, without giving us any of those precious details, any of those familiar anecdotes which we should like to cite concerning Shakspeare, render homage to his integrity and goodness of heart. Few recollections of his theatrical performances are extant. It is known that he personated the spectre in Hamlet in a frightful manner. He filled many other parts of the repertory, sometimes even several in the same piece, and in our days it is not an idle curiosity, to see on the lists of actors which precede the old editions of English dramas, the great name of Shakspeare figuring modestly amid so many obscure names at the head of a forgotten book.

No details remain of the favors or protection which he received from the court. It is only known that Elizabeth loved his talents, and that she relished singularly the facetious personage of Falstaff in Henry V. It seems to our modern delicacy, that the admiration of the severe Elizabeth could have chosen better, and that she, whom grateful Shakspeare calls 'the fair vestal, seated on the throne of the occident,' could have found other things to praise in the greatest painter of the revolutions of England. What appears more meritorious in this princess, is the generous liberty Shakspeare enjoyed in the choice of his subjects. Under the absolute power of Elizabeth, he disposes at will of the events of the reign of Henry VIII. relates his tyranny with a simplicity entirely historical, and paints in the most touching colors the virtues and the rights of Catherine of Arragon, driven from Henry the eighth's throne and bed, to make room for the mother of Elizabeth.

James I. did not show himself less favorable to Shakspeare. He received with pleasure, the predictions flattering to the Stuarts, which the poet had placed in the midst of his terrible tragedy of Macbeth; and as he engaged himself in protecting the theatre, that is to say, to render it less free, he wished to confide to Shakspeare the new charge of director of the comedians of Black friars; but, it was at the same time that Shakspeare, not yet fifty years of age, left London and retired to his native city. For two years, he had there enjoyed a small fortune, amassed by his labors, when he died. His will, which has been published, and which bears the date of the year 1616, was made, says he at its commencement, in a state of perfect health. Shakspeare after having expressed sentiments of piety, disposes of different legacies in favor of his daughter Judith, of a sister, a niece, and finally of his wife, to whom he gives his best bed with its furniture.

The reputation of Shakspeare increased, especially in the two centuries which followed his death; and it was during this period that admiration for his genius became, so to speak, a national superstition. But in his own age his loss was vividly felt, and his memory, honored by the most unequivocal testimonies of respect and enthusiasm. His timid rival, Ben Jonson, did him homage in lines, where he compares him to Eschylus, to Sophocles, to Euripides, and exclaims with the admiration and almost with the emphasis of the English writers of our time:

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'Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit.'

[To the memory of my beloved, the author, William Shakapeare, and what he left us.]

This enthusiasm is sustained through the whole piece of Ben Jonson, and closes with a kind of apotheosis of the star of Shakspeare, placed in the heavens to cheer for ever the stage with the fire of its rays.

This admiration was transmitted and increased constantly in England; and although in the middle of the seventeenth century, the fury of the civil wars and puritanical superstition in proscribing theatrical performances had interrupted, so to say, this perpetual tradition of a glory, adopted by England, the remembrance of it is every where found. Milton has expressed it in some verses:

'What needs my Shakspeare for his honor'd bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.'

[An epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet William Shakspeare.]

We see by these and many other testimonies which could easily be collected, that the worship of Shakspeare, although enfeebled for a time in the frivolity of the reign of Charles II. has not been in England the fruit of a slow theory, or the tardy calculation of national vanity. Besides, it requires but the study of the works of this extraordinary man to comprehend his prodigious influence upon the imagination of his countrymen; and this study will disclose beauties great enough to merit the admiration of all nations.

The undisputed list of Shakspeare's dramas includes thirty-six pieces produced in a space of twenty-five years, from 1589 to 1614. This is not the prodigious and mad fecundity of a Calderon or a Lopez de Vega, those inexhaustible authors, whose dramas are counted by thousands; still less is it, the sterile facility of our poet Hardy. Although Shakspeare, according to Ben Jonson, wrote with prodigious rapidity, and never erased what he had written, it is evident from the limited number of his compositions, that they did not crowd confusedly in his mind, or come forth without reflection and effort. The pieces of the Spanish poets, those pieces written as says one of them, in twenty four hours, seem an improvisation proceeding from the richness of the language more than the genius of the poet. They are for the most part, pompous and empty, extravagant

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and common place. The pieces of Shakspeare, on the contrary, unite the sudden inspirations of genius, the sallies of enthusiasm and profoundness of meditation. The whole Spanish theatre has the air of a fantastic dream, whose effect is destroyed by disorder, and the confusion of which leaves no trace. The theatre of Shakspeare, notwithstanding its defects, is the work of a vigorous imagination, which leaves indelible impressions, and gives reality and life even to its most whimsical caprices.

Do these observations authorise us to speak of the dramatic system of Shakspeare, to regard this system as justly the rival of the ancient drama, and finally, to cite it as a model which merits to be preferred? I do not believe it. In reading Shakspeare with the most attentive admiration, I have found it impossible to recognise this pretended system, these rules of genius, which he is said to have made to himself and always followed, and which, with him filled the place of the beautiful simplicity chosen by the happy instinct of the first Greek tragedians, and collected under principles by Aristotle. Without commenting on these ingenious inventions, suggested too late, let us return to the fact. How did Shakspeare find the stage, and how did he leave it? In his time, tragedy was considered simply as a representation of singular and terrible events, which succeeded each other, without unity of time or place. They were interspersed with scenes of buffoonery, and from an imitation of the manners of the time, and the same as at court, the king's clown appeared in the gravest ceremonies. This manner of composing tragedy, convenient to authors, dazzling and varied to the public, was alike adopted by all the tragic poets of the time. The learned Ben Jonson, younger than Shakspeare, but still his contemporary—Ben Jonson, who knew Greek and Latin, has precisely the same irregularities as the untutored and free Shakspeare; he too brings upon the stage the events of several years; he travels from country to country; he leaves the scene empty or displaces it every moment; he mingles sublimity and buffoonery, pathos and triviality, verse and prose; he has the same system as Shakspeare, or rather neither of them had any system. They followed the taste of their time, they filled up the received outlines; but Shakspeare, full of fancy, originality and eloquence, threw into these barbarous and vulgar outlines, a multitude of new and sublime traits, very much as our Moliere took up the ridiculous tale of the 'Festin de Pierre,' which had then a run in all the theatres of Paris, and transformed and enlarged it by the addition of the part of Don Juan, and that admirable sketch of hypocrisy surpassed by himself alone in Tartuffe. Such is Shakspeare.* He had no other system than his genius; he put under the eyes of the spectators, who demanded no more, a succession of facts, more or less distant from each other. He relates nothing. Every thing is outward and

*It cannot be said that Shakspeare did not know the existence of dramatic rules. He had read several of the ancient dramas in English translations. In his tragedy of Hamlet, where he speaks so much of so many things, he speaks even of the unities. 'The best actors in the world, says Polonius, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.'

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upon the stage: this was the practice of his contemporaries. Ben Johnson, Marloe, Fletcher and Beaumont had neither more nor less art, but with them this excessive liberty often led to vulgar combinations; and they almost always wanted eloquence. In Shakspeare the abrupt and unconnected scenes offer something terrible and unexpected. These personages, who meet by chance, say things which cannot be forgotten. They pass; and the remembrance remains; and, in the disorder of the work, the impression which the poet makes, is always powerful. Not that Shakspeare is always natural and true. Certainly, if it is easy to detect in our French tragedy something factitious and prepared; if in Corneille a tone of gallantry can be blamed, imposed by his age alike foreign to the great men represented by the poet and to his own genius; if in Racine, the politeness and the pomp of the court of Louis XIV are substituted for the rude and simple manners of heroic Greece, how easy would it not be to note in Shakspeare an impropriety of language and manners far more shocking! often what fondness for metaphorical turns! what obscure and vain affectation! This man, who thought and expressed himself with so much vigor, employs incessantly quaint and strained locutions, to express laboriously the most simple things.

It is particularly here that the time in which Shakspeare wrote, and the bad education which he had received from his age, the only thing that he studied, must be kept in view. That age, so favorable to imagination and so poetic, retained in part the stamp of the subtle and affected barbarism of the learned of the middle age. In all countries of Europe, except Italy, taste was both rude and corrupted; scholastic philosophy and theology did not serve to reform it. Even the court of Elizabeth had something pedantic and quaint, the influence of which diffused itself through England. It must be owned that, when we read the strange address which king James made to his parliament, we are less astonished at the language Shakspeare often lends to his kings and heroes.

What must be admired is, that in this chaos, he brightens with such flashes of genius. But it is difficult to attain, upon this point, to the enthusiasm of the English critics. The idolatry of the commentators of Homer has been surpassed. They have made of Shakspeare a man who, knowing nothing, has created every thing, a profound metaphysician, an incomparable moralist, the first of philosophers and poets. They have given the most subtle explanations of all the incidents of his poetic fancy; they have deified his most monstrous faults, and regard even the barbarism which he received from his time, as an invention of his genius. Already in the last century Johnson, Lady Montague, and Lord Kaimes, piqued by the irreverence and the sallies of Voltaire, had carried very far the refinement of their admiration, although often true and ingenuous.

More modern critics* reproach these illustrious predecessors, with not having felt the poetic ideal realized by Shakspeare: in their view Mr. Schlegel alone approaches the truth, when he terminates the enumeration of the wonders united in Shakspeare by these pompous words: 'The world 'of mind and nature have laid their treasures at his feet: half-god in pow- 'er, a prophet from the depth of his view, a supernatural mind by the ex-

*Characters of Shakspeare's plays by William Hazzlitt.

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'tent of his wisdom, more elevated than humanity, he lowers himself to 'mortals, as if he did not feel his superiority, and is artless and ingenuous 'as a child.' But the genius and influence of Shakspeare must not be judged either by the subtle mysticism of the German critics, or the pleasantries and more than all the translations of Voltaire. Lady Montague has noticed in the so literal version of Julius Cæsar, numberless inadvertencies and the omission of great beauties: She has retorted the disdain of Voltaire by judicious criticism on some defects of the French theatre: but she could not palliate the enormous and cold whimsicalities mingled in the pieces of Shakspeare. 'Let us not forget,' she contents herself with saying, 'that these pieces were to be performed in a miserable inn, before 'an assembly without letters, just issuing from barbarity.'

All the absurd improbabilities, all the buffooneries which Shakspeare lavishes, were common to the rude theatre we had at the same period. It was the mark of the time: Why should defects be admired in Shakspeare which elsewhere are buried in profound oblivion, and which have survived in the English poet only, under the protection of the great beauties with which he has surrounded them? It is necessary then in judging Shakspeare, to discard the mass of barbarism and false taste which encumbers him; it is also perhaps necessary to be on our guard not to make systems applicable to our time, with these old monuments of the age of Elizabeth. If a new form of tragedy should arise from our present manners and the genius of some great poet, that form will resemble no more the tragedy of Shakspeare, than that of Racine. If Schiller, in a German drama, borrows from Shakspeare's Romeo the lively and free image of a sudden passion, of a declaration of love which begins almost with a catastrophe, he offends against a true picture of manners still more than against the received rules of our theatre; he imitates deliberately a delirium of an Italian imagination. If in a dramatic poem, full of the abstractions of our epoch, and which retrace that satiety of life and knowledge, that ardent and vague longing, the disease of extreme civilization, Goethe amuses himself with copying the savage and wild songs of the witches in Macbeth, he makes an odd play of the fancy instead of a natural and terrible picture.

But if we consider Shakspeare by himself without a spirit of imitation or system, if we regard his genius as an extraordinary event which it is not attempted to reproduce, what admirable traits! what passion! what poetry! what eloquence! A new and fertile genius, he has not created every thing without doubt; for nearly all his tragedies are but the romances or the chronicles of the time distributed in scenes; but he has marked with a stamp of originality whatever he borrowed: a popular tale, an old ballad, touched by this powerful genius, is animated, transformed and becomes an immortal creation. An energetic painter of characters, he has not sustained them with accuracy, for these personages, with very few exceptions, in whatever country he places them, have the English physiognomy; and for him the Roman people is but the populace of London. But it is precisely this disregard of local manners of different countries, this preoccupation with English manners which renders him so dear to his country. No poet was ever more national—Shakspeare is the English genius personified in his proud and free gait, his rudeness, his profoundness and his melancholy.

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Must not the monologue of Hamlet have been inspired in the country of fogs and spleen? The black ambition of Macbeth, that ambition so sudden and so profound, so violent and so deliberate, is it not a picture made for that people, where the throne was so long disputed by so many crimes and wars?

And how much more powerful is this native spirit in the subjects, where Shakspeare rushes upon his audience with all the recollections, the old customs, the prejudices of the country, with the proper names of places and men, Richard III, Henry VI, Henry VIII. Let us figure to ourselves that a man of genius, thrown upon the period of the first unfolding of our language and of our arts, stamping upon all his words a savage energy, had produced upon the stage, with the liberty of an action without limits and the heat of a still recent tradition, the vengeance of Lewis XI, the crimes of the palace of Charles IX, the audacity of the Guises, the frenzies of the league; that this poet had named our chiefs, our factions, our towns, our rivers, our fields, not with the passing allusions and harmonious language of Nerestan and Zaire, not with the emphatic circumlocutions and the modern pomp of the old French disfigured by Dubelloy, but with a rude and simple frankness, with the familiar expressions of the time, never ennobled, but always animated by the genius of the painter; such pieces, if they were performed, would they not hold an immortal authority in our literature and an all powerful effect on our stage? and yet we have not like the English, the love of our old annals, the respect of our old manners, nor above all the harshness of insular patriotism.

Besides it should not be forgotten, that the theatre was not in England a pleasure of the court, an enjoyment reserved for delicate or refined minds; it was and it has remained popular. The English sailor returning from his long voyages and in the intervals of his adventurous life, comes to clap at the tale of Othello, recounting his perils and his shipwrecks. In England, where the wealth of the people gives them the means of buying those pleasures of the theatre which Greece offered to her free citizens, the pit of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane is formed by men of the people. This audience is passionate for the odd and varied spectacle which the tragedies of Shakspeare present; they feel with an unspeakable force, these energetic words, these bursts of passion that start from the midst of a tumultuous drama. Every thing pleases them; every thing answers to their nature and astonishes without offending them. In a different and almost opposite manner, this same representation acts with no less power upon the most enlightened portion of the spectators. These rude images, these horrible pictures, and, so to say, this tragic nakedness of Shakspeare interests and attracts the most elevated classes of England by the very contrast which they offer to the peaceful pleasures of habitual life; it is a violent shock which distracts and awakens hearts surfeited by social elegance. This emotion does not wear off; the more hideous the pictures, the more they excite. Take not from the tragedy of Hamlet the labor and the jokes of the grave-diggers, as Garrick attempted; assist at this terrible buffoonry; you will there see terror and mirth pass rapidly over an immense audience. By the dazzling yet somewhat sinister light, of the gas that illumes the hall, in the midst of the luxury of dress which glitters

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in the first rows of spectators you will see the most elegant heads bend eagerly forward towards these funeral remains displayed upon the scene. Youth and beauty contemplate with an insatiable curiosity these images of destruction, and these minute details of death; then the odd pleasantries which mingle with the play of the personages, seem from moment to moment to console the spectators under the weight which oppresses them: long peals of laughter burst from all the ranks. While attentive to this spectacle the most cold physiognomies alternately sadden, or brighten with mirth, and the statesman is seen to smile at the sarcasms of the grave-digger, who would distinguish the scull of a courtier from that of a buffoon.

Thus Shakspeare, even in the parts of his works which most shock the exigencies of taste, has, for his nation, an inexpressible interest. He imparts to an English imagination pleasures which do not grow old: he agitates, he attaches; he satisfies that love of singularity which England flatters herself to possess; he entertains the English but with themselves, that is, with almost the only thing which they esteem or love; but, separated from his native soil, Shakspeare loses not his power. It is the characteristic of a man of genius, that the local beauties, and individual traits with which he fills his works answer to some general type of truth, aud that in laboring for his countrymen he gives pleasure to the whole world Perhaps even the most national works are those which become most cosmopolitan. Such were the works of the Greeks who wrote for themselves alone, and are read by the universe.

Educated in a less happy and poetic civilization, Shakspeare offers not in the same proportion as the Greeks those universal beauties which pass into all languages; and there is but an Englishman who can place himself at the side of Homer and Sophocles. He was not born in that happy climate; he had not that innate enthusiasm and poetry. The rust of the middle age still covered him. His barbarism partakes somewhat of the decline; it is often Gothic, rather than fresh and artless. Notwithstanding his ignorance, something of the learning of the sixteenth century seems to weigh upon him. *It is not that amiable simplicity of the new born world*, as Fenelon says somewhere speaking of Homer; it is a language at once rude and entangled, where is felt the labor of the human mind painfully winding up the springs of this modern civilization, so diversified, and so complicated, which came into existence already loaded with many remembrances and fetters.

But when Shakspeare enters upon the expression of natural sentiments, when he becomes neither pompous nor subtle, when he paints man, it must be owned, never were emotion and eloquence carried farther. His tragic characters, from the depraved aud hideous Richard III. to the dreaming and fantastic Hamlet, are real beings, who live in the imagination, and the impression of which is never effaced.

Like all the great masters of poetry, he excelled in painting what is most terrible and most graceful. This rude and savage genius displays an unknown delicacy in the expression of the characters of women. Then at once he remembers the exigencies of a pure and elegant taste. Ophelia, Catharine of Aragon, Juliet, Cordelia, Desdemona, Imogen, pictures touching and varied, have inimitable grace, and an artless purity which could

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not have been expected from the licentiousness of a gross age and the harshness of this manly genius. The taste of which he is too often destitute, is then supplied by an instinct of propriety, which enables him to divine what was wanting in the civilization of his time. He has softened even the character of a guilty woman by some traits borrowed from the observation of nature and dictated by milder sentiments. Lady Macbeth, so cruel in her ambition and projects, recoils with horror before the spectacle of blood: she inspires the murder, and has not strength to see it. Gertrude throwing flowers upon the corpse of Ophelia, excites compassion, notwithstanding her crime.

This profound truth in primitive characters, and these shades of nature and of sex, so strongly seized by the poet, justify undoubtedly the admiration of English critics; but shall we conclude with them that the neglect of local colors so common in Shakspeare, is an unimportant consideration, and that this great poet when he confounds the language of different conditions,* when he places a drunkard upon the throne and a buffoon in the Roman senate, has but followed nature, in disdaining exterior circumstances, like the painter who, content with seizing the features of the face, is careless about the drapery?

This theory of too late invention, this paradox of which the original author never thought, does not excuse a fault too often repeated in his theatre, and which is there presented under all forms. It is risible to see a learned critic, in the examination of a piece of Shakspeare enraptured before the happy confusion† of paganism and fairy tales, (*faerie*) of the sylphs and amazons of ancient Greece and of the middle age, mingled by the poet in the same subject. It is perhaps more singular to see, in the eighteenth century, a celebrated poet imitate,‡ learnedly and by design, this odd amalgamation, which had been in Shakspeare but the chance of ignorance, or the play of careless caprice. Let us praise a man of genius by truth and not by systems. We shall then find, that if Shakspeare often violates local and historical truth, if he throws over most of his pictures the uniform harshness of the manners of his time, he expresses not the less, with an

*Johnson's preface.

†It may be observed that the confusion of ideas, and the motley character of costumes, were very common before Shakspeare, and that in this respect he has followed his predecessors, without looking closely at the subject. The Theseus of Chaucer was undoubtedly his authority. Feudal manners and the superstitions of the middle age are there alike seen transported into heroic Greece. Thesus, duke of Athens, gives these tournaments, in honor of the ladies of the city. The poet describes at length the armor of the chevaliers, according to the usage of his time. We ridicule these anachronisms of manners: but do not our tragedies sometimes offer similar ones? When instead of showing Clytemnestra and Iphigenia avoiding the eyes of men, and received only by a chorus of Greek women, Racine himself, the admirable Racine says, majestically: 'Guards, follow the queen,' does he not also substitute the ceremonial of our time for the manners of antiquity? The mistake escapes us by the involuntary preoccupation with modern ideas. Chaucer had the same excuse for his time.

‡The Betrothed of Messina by Schiller.

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admirable energy the reigning passions of the human heart, hate, ambition, jealousy, the love of life, compassion and cruelty.

He moves with no less power the superstitious part of the soul. Like the first Greek poets he likes to draw pictures of physical pain, and he has exposed upon the stage the anguish of suffering, the tatters of misery, the last and most frightful of human infirmities, madness. What indeed can be more tragic, than this apparent death of the soul which degrades a noble creature, without destroying it! Shakspeare has often used this source of terror; and by a singular combination, he has represented feigned madness, as often as madness itself; finally he has mingled them both in the fantastic character of Hamlet, and blended together the lights of reason, the stratagems of a calculated alienation, and the involuntary distraction of the soul.

If he has shown madness arising from despair, if he has joined this picture to the most poignant of all sorrows, the ingratitude of children; he has often by a view no less profound, connected crime and madness, as if the soul became alienated from itself in proportion as it becomes guilty. The terrible dreams of Richard III, his slumber agitated by the convulsions of remorse, the still more frightful sleep of Lady Macbeth, or rather the phenomenon of her mysterious watching, out of nature as her crime, all these inventions are the sublime of tragic horror, and surpass the Eumenides of Eschylus.

More than one other resemblance can be marked between the English poet and the old Greek poet who, like him either did not know, or respected little the severe law of the unities. Poetic daring is another characteristic which strikes no less in Shakspeare than in Eschylus: it is in a more uncultivated form, the same vivacity, the same intemperance of metaphors and figurative expressions, the same dazzling and sublime warmth of imagination; but the incongruities of a society hardly issued from barbarism intermingle in Shakspeare incessantly grossness and grandeur, and he falls from the clouds into the mud. It is peculiarly for the pieces of invention that the English poet has reserved this richness of coloring which seems natural to him. His historical pieces are less incongruous, and more simple, particularly in modern subjects; for, when he brings antiquity on the scene, he has often disfigured at once national and individual character.

The reproach which Fenelon made to our theatre, of having given emphasis to the Romans, applies much more to the Julius Cæsar of the English poet. Cæsar so simple from the very elevation of his genius, seldom speaks in this tragedy but in a pompous and declamatory language. But, in return, what admirable truth in the part of Brutus! How he appears such as Plutarch has shown him, the mildest of men in domestic life, and carried by virtue to the boldest and most sanguinary resolutions. Antony and Cassius are represented with traits no less profound and distinct. I fancy that the genius of Plutarch had strongly seized Shakspeare, and had placed before him that reality which, for modern times, Shakspeare took around him.

But the incomparable scene of Antony arousing the Roman people by the artfulness of his language, is all new, all created; the emotions of the multitude at this address, those emotions given in so cold, so trunca-

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ted and so timid a manner in our modern pieces, and which, there, are so lively and so true that they form a part of the drama and carry it towards the catastrophe.

The tragedy of Coriolanus is not less born of Plutarch. The haughty character of the hero, his pride as a patrician and warrior, his scorn of popular insolence, his hatred of Rome, and his love for his mother, make him the most dramatic character of history.

There are low buffooneries in the tragedies of Antony and Cleopatra. There the Roman character never appears but the recklessness of debased greatness, that delirium of dissipation and prosperity, that fatalism of vice which blindly precipitates itself into ruin, take there a kind of grandeur by dint of truth. Cleopatra is certainly not a princess of our theatre, no more than in history; but it is the Cleopatra of Plutarch, that depraved woman traversing Alexandria in the night in disguise, carried to her lover upon the shoulders of a slave, mad with voluptuousness and intoxication, and knowing how to die with so much languor and courage.

Shakspeare's historical pieces upon national subjects are still more true; for as we have said, never did a writer resemble more his country. Perhaps however some among these pieces were not entirely Shakspeare's, and only vivified by his powerful hand, like the great works of painting, where the master has thrown his brilliant and vigorous touches in the midst of the work done by subaltern pencils, reserving for his portion but the movement and the life.

Thus,in the first part of Henry VI, we are dazzled with the incomparable scene of Talbot and his son, refusing to be separated and wishing to die together; a scene as simple as sublime, where the grandeur of sentiments, and the manly precision of language equal the most beautiful and pure passages of our Corneille. But to this scene, the grandeur of which consists entirely in elevation of sentiments, succeeds a rapid action, such as the liberty of the English theatre permits; and the various accidents of a combat, multiply, under all forms, the heroism of the father and son, saved at first the one by the other, reunited, separated, and finally killed upon the same battle field. No, nothing surpasses the vehemence and the patriotic beauty of this spectacle. The French reader suffers from seeing there the character of Joan of Arc unworthily parodied by the brutal prejudices of the poet. But this is among the faults which constitute a part of the nationality of Shakspeare, and rendered him only more dear to his contemporaries.

In the second part of Henry VI, some traits of a no less elevated order mingle in the tumultuous variety of the drame. Such is the terrible scene where the ambitious cardinal Beaufort is visited, upon his death bed, by the king whose confidence he has betrayed and whose subjects he has oppressed. The delirium of dying, his dread of death, his silence when the king asks him if he hopes to be saved, this whole picture of despair and damnation belongs to Skakspeare alone. Another merit of this work, a merit unknown and almost impossible on our stage, is the expression of popular movements; the living image of a revolt, of a sedition. There nothing is the poet's; the very words which raise the multitude are heard; the man is recognized who rules them and whom they follow.

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In his historical pieces Shakspeare succeeded in creating new situations. His imagination fills those vacancies which are left by the most faithful history, and sees what it has not said, but what must be true.

Such is the monologue of Richard II in his prison, and the details of his horrible wrestling in the midst of his assassins. Thus in the absurd and little historical piece of John Lackland, the maternal love of Constance is given with a sublime expression; and the scene of young Arthur disarming by his prayers and mildness the guardian who wishes to tear out his eyes, is of a pathos so new and so true that the affectation of language, too common to the poet, cannot alter it.

It must be acknowledged that, in historical subjects, the absence of the unities,* and the long duration of the drama permit contrasts of great effect, and which render visible with more power and nature all the extremes of the condition of man. In this manner Richard III, the poisoner, murderer and tyrant, in the horror of the perils which he has raised against him, suffering anguish as great as his crimes, is slowly punished on the scene, and dies as he lived, miserable and without remorse. So, Cardinal Wolsey, whom the spectator has seen an all-powerful and haughty minister, the cowardly persecutor of a virtuous queen, after having succeeded in all his designs, falls into royal disgrace, the incurable wound of ambition, and dies in such sorrow as almost to excite compassion. So Catherine of Aragon, at first triumphant and respected in the pomp of the court, afterwards humbled by the charms of a young rival, reappears before us a captive in a solitary castle, consumed by languor, but still courageous and a queen; and when at the point of death, she learns the cruel end of cardinal Wolsey, she speaks words of peace over his memory, and seems to feel some joy at least to forgive the man who did her so much harm. Our twenty-four hours are too short to encompass all the sorrows and all the incidents of human life.

Even the irregularities in the form of Shakspeare's style have their advantage and effect. In this mixture of prose and verse, odd as it appears to us, the author has almost always determined the choice between these two languages, with a view to the subject and the situation. The scene of Romeo and Juliet, and the terrible dialogue between Hamlet and his father, needed the charm or the solemnity of verse: nothing of this was required to show Macbeth conversing with the assassins whom he employs. Great theatrical effects are produced with these abrupt transitions, this sudden diversity of expressions, images and sentiments, something profound and true is discovered in them. The cold pleasantries of the musicians, in a hall adjoining the death bed of Juliet, these spectacles of indifference and despair, so near each other, say more upon the nothingness of life, than the uniform pomp of our theatrical sorrows. Finally the coarse dialogue of the two soldiers, mounting guard at midnight, in a deserted place, the strong expression of their superstitious fear, their simple and popular recitals, prepare the soul of the spectator for the

* Upon this subject, powerful and ingenious reflections are contained in the life of Shakspeare, by M. Guizot, a work remarkable for the sagacity of its historical and philosophical views of the state of England in the age of Elizabeth.

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apparition of spectres and phantoms, much better, than would all the prestiges of poetry.

Powerful emotions, unexpected contrasts, terror and pathos carried to the extreme, buffooneries mingled with horror, and which are like the sardonic laugh of the dying: such are the characteristics of the tragic drama of Shakspeare. In these different points of view, Macbeth, Romeo, King Lear, Othello and Hamlet present beauties very nearly equal. Another interest attaches itself to the works in which he has lavished the inventions of a romantic fancy. Such especially is Cymbeline, the somewhat odd product of a tale of Boccacio, and of a chapter of the Caledonian Chronicles, but a work full of action and charm, where the most luminous clearness reigns in the most complicated intrigue. Finally, there are other pieces which are like the Saturnalia of this imagination, always so disorderly and so free. The piece which one of our critics has most weighed down, with his splendid reason, is much admired in England. The Tempest appears to the English one of the most wonderful fictions of their poets; and is there not in fact, a creating energy, a mixture singularly happy of the fantastic and comic in the character of Caliban, the emblem of all the gross and low inclinations, of servile cowardice and of creeping and greedy abjectness? and what an infinite charm in the contrast of Ariel, of that sylph as amiable and airy as Caliban is perverse and deformed! The character of Miranda belongs to that gallery of female portraits so happily sketched by Shakspeare; but a native innocence, nourished in solitude, distinguishes and adorns her.

In the opinion of the English, Shakspeare excels no less in comedy than tragedy. Johnson even finds his pleasantries and his gaiety very preferable to his tragic genius. This last judgment is more than doubtful; and by no means can it ever become the opinion of foreigners. It is known that nothing is translated or understood in another language less easily than a '*bon mot.*' The manly and powerful vigor of language, the terrible and pathetic bursts of passion resound afar; but ridicule evaporates, and wit loses its point or its grace. However, the comedies of Shakspeare, pieces of intrigue, rather than pictures of manners, preserve almost always by their very subject, a peculiar character of gaiety. For the rest, they possess no truth, hardly ever the intention of placing real life on the scene; and this, to say it in passing, explains to us, how a celebrated enthusiast for Shakspeare disdainfully accuses our Moliere of being prosaic, because he is too true and faithful an imitator of human life; as if to copy nature were the plagiarism of an ordinary mind.

Shakspeare's comedies have not this defect: a complication of odd incidents, exaggerations, an almost continual caricature—a dialogue brilliant with raciness and wit, but where the author appears more than the personage, such are often his comic effects. From the fantastic buffoonery of the language, and the caprice of the inventions, we should sometimes say it was Rabelais making comedies. The originality of Shakspeare is shown in the variety of his comic pieces. Timon of Athens is one of the most spirited: it has something of the satiric fire of Aristophanes and of the malignant sarcasm of Lucian. An old English critic says that the Merry Wives of Windsor is perhaps the only piece for which Shakspeare

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took the trouble to imagine and arrange a plan. At least he displays in it much fire, raciness and mirth; he approaches to the happy prosaism of Moliere, in painting in expressive colors the manners, the habits, and the reality of life.

No personage of the tragedies of Shakspeare is more admired in England, or is more tragic than that of Shylock in the comedy of the 'Merchant of Venice.' The inextinguishable thirst of gold, greedy and base cruelty, the bitterness of a hatred ulcerated by contempt, are there traced with an incomparable energy; and one of those female characters so graceful under the pen of Shakspeare, throws, in this same work, in the midst of a romantic intrigue, the charm of passion. The comedies of Shakspeare have no moral aim: they amuse the imagination, they excite the curiosity, they divert, they astonish; but they are not lessons of manners more or less concealed. Some among them can be compared with the Amphytrion of Moliere; they often have its grace and free poetic turn. In this class of composition must be placed the Mid-summer Night Dream, an unequal, but charming piece, where magic furnishes to the poet a pleasant and gay marvel.

Shakspeare, who notwithstanding his originality, has taken every where plots and forms, imitates also the Italian pastoral of the sixteenth century; and he has represented agreeably those ideal shepherds which Tasso's Aminta had brought into fashion. His piece entitled 'As You Like It,' is full of charming verses, and light and graceful descriptions. Moliere in his 'Princess d'Elide' gives an idea of this mixture of passions without truth, and of rural pictures without nature. It is a false kind of writing (*genre*) agreeably treated by a man of genius. Howsoever that may be, these productions so diversified, these efforts of imagination so various, testify the richness of the genius of Shakspeare. It bursts forth no less in that multitude of sentiments, ideas, views, and observations of all kinds, which fill indiscriminately all his works, which flow from his pen, and which can be extracted from even the least happy of his compositions.

Selections of the thoughts of Shakspeare have been made, and they are cited on all occasions, and under all forms; and a man who has the sentiment of letters, cannot open him without finding a thousand things which he cannot forget. In the midst of this excess of strength, this immoderate expression which he often gives to characters, come forth touches of nature which make his faults forgotten. Let us not be astonished, that with a reflecting and ingenious nation his works should be as the basis of literature. Shakspeare is the Homer of the English—he began every thing with them. His picturesque and energetic diction, his language enriched with bold thoughts and images, was the treasure from whence drew the elegant writers of the age of Queen Anne. His strong and familiar pictures, his energy often trivial, his excessive and untrained imagination remain the character and the ambition of English literature. Notwithstanding new views and philosophy, the change of manners and the progress of knowledge, Shakspeare subsists in the midst of the literature of his country; he animates and sustains it, as in this same England, the old laws, and the ancient forms, sustain and vivify modern society. When originality had diminished, they returned but with more admiration to this old model so rich and so bold. The influence of his examples, or perhaps a natural

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analogy with some of the traits of his genius is visible in the most celebrated writers of England, and among them, he, who has the privilege of amusing all Europe, Sir Walter Scott, although he has observed, with the fidelity of an antiquary, those differences of manners and customs which Shakspeare often confounded, must be ranked in his school; he is penetrated with his genius, he has borrowed and has by nature something of his pleasantry; he sometimes equals his dialogue; finally, and this is the most beautiful point of the resemblance, he has more than one relation with Shakspeare in the great art of creating, giving life to, and making known characters by the smallest details, and to place, so to speak, more beings in the world, with a sign which is not effaced, and which their name alone recalls to memory.

Such is the immortal character which aggrandized for two centuries the continually growing fame of Shakspeare. Shut up for a long time in his country, it has been for half a century an object of emulation for foreigners; but in this view his influence has less power and brilliance. Copied by system, or timidly corrected, it is good for nothing for imitators. When he is reproduced with an affectation of barbarous irregularity, when his disorder is laboriously imitated by that experimental literature of Germany, which has successively tried all kinds of writing, and sometimes attempted barbarism as the last calculation, it inspires productions too often cold and incongruous, where the tone of our age belies the fictitious rudeness of the poet.

When even in the hands of the energetic Ducis, he is reduced to our classic proportions and imprisoned in the fetters of our theatre, he loses with the freedom of his gait whatever is in him great or unexpected for the imagination. The monstrous characters which he invents have no longer room to move. His terrible action, his wide developments of passion cannot be confined in the limits of rules. He has no longer his pride, his daring; his head is fastened with the innumerable threads of Gulliver. Swathe not the giant; leave him to his bold bounds, his savage liberty. Prune not this shooting and vigorous tree, thin not its dark and thick branches to square its naked trunk on the uniform model of the gardens of Versailles.

Shakspeare belongs to the English, and theirs he must remain. This poetry is not destined like that of the Greeks, to present to other nations a model of the most beautiful forms of the imagination; it offers not that ideal beauty which the Greeks had carried into the works of thought as into the drawing arts. Shakspeare seems then destined to enjoy a less universal fame; but the fortune and genius of his countrymen have extended the sphere of his immortality. The English language is spoken in the peninsula of India, and in all that half of the new world which must inherit from Europe. The numerous people of the United States have no other national theatre than the pieces of Shakspeare. They engage at a great expense, some celebrated English actor, to come from beyond the seas, to represent to the inhabitants of New-York, these dramas of the old English poet, which must have a powerful effect on a free people; they excite still more enthusiasm and rapture than in the theatres of London. The democratic good sense of these men, so industrious and so occupied,

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seizes with ardor the strong thoughts, and the profound sentences with which Shakspeare abounds; his gigantic images please minds accustomed to the most magnificent spectacles of nature, and to the immensity of the forests and rivers of the New World. His unequal rudeness, his coarse oddities, do not shock a society which is formed of such different elements, which knows neither aristocracy nor court, and which has rather the calculation and the arms of civilization than its politeness and elegance.

Here, as in his native land, Shakspeare is the most popular of writers; he is perhaps the only poet, some of whose verses occasionally mingle in the simple eloquence and the grave discourses of the American Senate. It is above all through him, that these people, so skilful in the material enjoyments of society, seem to communicate with that noble enjoyment of letters which they neglect, and of which they know little; and when the genius of the arts shall awake in these countries, of so poetic an aspect, but where liberty seems yet to have inspired only commerce, industry and the practical sciences of life, we may believe that the authority of Shakspeare and the enthusiasm of his example, will reign over this new literature. Thus this comedian of the age of Elizabeth, this author reputed so uncultivated, who did not collect his works himself, rapidly composed for obscure and rude theatres, will be the head and model of a poetical school, speaking the language spread over the most flourishing half of a new universe.

MR. VILLEMAIN.

We offer to our readers the translation of another article taken from Villemain's '*Melanges historiques et litteraires*,' 3 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1827.

They are, as the title purports, miscellaneous articles on literary, philosophical and historical subjects, written and published at different periods, and finally collected in 3 volumes 8vo. Mr. Villemain is, besides, the author of an history of Oliver Cromwell; an history of Pope Gregory VII [Hildebrand;] of a beautiful translation of Cicero's 'de Republica,' &c. and has been for several years past lecturing on literature at the Sorbonne in Paris, in the spacious halls of which he and his celebrated colleagues, Cousin, Guizot, &c. (as professors of history, philosophy, &c.) are continually drawing large audiences. Of Mr. Villemain's lectures it is especially literally true, that it is necessary to come half an hour before the commencement to find a seat or stand, and that, when the professor has began to speak, even the open avenues to the hall are crowded with persons who cannot see him, but who are still reached by the sound of his clear voice. This throng is not a passing fashion, for Mr. V. has been lecturing with equal success for a considerable number of years; it is entirely voluntary, the doors being thrown open, neither pay nor ticket being required for admission.

These lectures are not intended to form pupils for a particular profession, but are devoted to the educated and literary public at large, which

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is easily perceived from the mixture of nations and professions, of ranks and dresses in these assemblies. And although the professorship is instituted under the title of 'French eloquence,' there is no jealous superintendence which prevents the professor from connecting with, and submitting to an extensive and original plan, the proposed matter of his lectures. Mr. V. has accordingly treated, varying every year, of general French literature during particular periods, drawing illustrations from the history of his and other countries, vindicating in a philosophical spirit Mme. de Stael's saying, 'that literature is the expression of society;' but not seldom obliged to yield, by a well timed silence on inviting topics, by a provident but generally understood forbearance, to the watching suspicions of a tyrannical ministry.

Literature has been of late in France so intimately connected with politics, has been so decidedly acted upon by events of a public nature, that it may not be improper to introduce here brief remarks on the state of public opinion, and the situation of the government of that country, during the last ten years. These remarks will find their place in the short account which we intend to give of Mr. V's literary life; for the occurrences to which we allude, have exercised no inconsiderable influence on the writings of Mr. V. and many other French authors of distinction.

Having received in 1812, when still very young, the prize of eloquence proposed by the French Academy, which was rapidly followed by several others, he was sometime afterwards appointed to the professorship of French eloquence. He was one of the not numerous early geniuses, who fulfil the hasty expectations conceived of them. His not numerous but excellent productions, his well known and well appreciated talents, his growing popularity with the best society, and principally with the most promising young men, called the attention on him, and he was promoted to the offices of 'Directeur de la librairie' * and 'maitre des Requetes.' But Mr. V. never ceased his lectures, deeming, with many of the most distinguished men in French science and literature, that the functions of higher instruction are disparaging to no rank in life. He thought the free and unequivocal applause of an enlightened audience, re-echoed by the reading world, and won in honorable competition with the first minds of his age and country, more gratifying to his feelings, than the soon forgotten, although well paid approbation of the minister, earned in occupations in which it is so easy to be outwitted by men trained all their life in habits of dull drudgery.

About 8 or 9 years ago, when Villele was placed at the head of the French ministry—a ministry almost of his own creation—Messrs. Cousin and Guizot, the first professor of philosophy, the second of modern history, at the same institution with Mr. Villemain, lost their professorships and other offices which they held under government. Their opinions, free and generous, although tempered by an uncompromising philosophy, had given

*The 'Direction de la librairie' is the department under the ministry of the Interior, (the Home Department) which superintends the importation, exportation, and publication of books, prints, &c. and where two copies, [a few years since five,] of every work published must be deposited.

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umbrage to a ministry which, in the intoxication of the power that extraordinary circumstances had thrown into their feeble hands, thought it possible to recall into life old opinions of past times, not less gone and dead forever than the men who held them.

Under this ministry Mr. Villemain either lost or resigned—we do not know which—his office as 'Directeur de la librairie,' retaining that of 'maitre des Requetes' and his professorship. Personally connected with many individnals of influence and power, he had besides the great advantage, to be less imperiously than the philosopher or the historian, called upon by his subject, to state, prove, and vindicate opinions, which would have implied a condemnation of the pernicious course taken by the ministry,—a condemnation, indirect, but the more authoritative and impressive, as it would have erected, without comment on, but in view of the day, a standard for the conduct of individuals and governments, drawn from the experience of past times and the investigations of human nature—showing what ought to be from what had been; and leaving the present to be judged by the inevitable comparisons and unfailing judgments of every hearer.

Mr. Villemain traversed the epoch of Villele's ministry in a state of observation, never trusting and never trusted; not very willing to attack and especially not to attack uselessly; sparing his blows for an opportunity when they might tell; never stooping to feign sentiments which he did not harbor, yet never exposing himself; reserved, still contriving to have his sentiments known by the public; remaining apparently on tolerable terms with the ministry, and still introducing here and there a passing remark, a word, 'un rien' unexceptionable or at least easily defended, it would seem, but eagerly understood and applauded by his audience. No one ever knew better to be silent 'a propos,' and he brought about with infinite taste, that he could dare what in no one else would have been tolerated.

It cannot be denied, that the stern self-sacrificing conduct of his colleagues commands higher esteem than his, as we honor the soldier who fell, more than him, who, even honorably, saved himself for future usefulness. But if Mr. Villemain contrived to remain in office, he has on the other hand by the continuance of his lectures contributed most effectually and beneficially to a now accomplished revolution of taste, the great and prosperous influence of which on political questions and international feelings is perhaps not every where sufficiently appreciated. Moreover, if the well-wishers of generous principles must desire, to see men in influential stations whose character is tried and known, it may be presumed that in all probability his somewhat cautious and reserved conduct has opened to him the road to important places under the government. For it seems to be a sentiment entailed upon men in power, that they seldom have a great personal liking for or desire to promote those who most zealously, earnestly, and clamorously labored to bring them or at least their party into power. New ministers feel for such men a kind of onerous gratitude, of diffidence mingled with jealousy, well knowing that they can expect their support so long only, as they remain faithfully espoused to a cause. We beg to be understood, as speaking particularly of the constitutional governments of Europe, where the executive department remains unaffected by

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those revulsions which throw the administrative power from the one hand into the other, and where the majority in the administrative department is not always indicative of the majority in the nation. There the new minister is obliged to disclaim exclusive feelings; it is his interest to have his advancement considered as a desirable compact between contending parties. The most sincere and unrestrained, although perhaps heretofore most useful members of the minister's party, are the first whom he sacrifices, lest their favor should give offence to the vanquished, whom it is intended to persuade that they are not vanquished,—lest the minister's solemn protestations should be distrusted. The most welcome and most useful will be those, who, notwithstanding their undoubted honesty and principles, have, like Mr. Villemain, preserved the reputation of manageable characters.

This is not the place, to enlarge on the circumstances, which, by the general prevalence of liberal opinions in France, have rendered it possible for the Villele ministry, to cope for seven years with general indignation. Suffice it to say, that it drew its strength principally from the division and uncertainty of its adversaries, and from the still unsettled and ill understood principles of a new form of government. And it required a no less active and protracted struggle, a no less complete commotion of the whole nation, to bring these principles in view of and in contact with the feelings of the most indifferent and deluded, and to produce that thorough naturalization of new ideas, in which alone consists the solid establishment of a free government. And when a whole nation, like one man, are imbued with those ideas, when those fundamental principles are considered as no more open for discussion, as with exceptions not worth fearing or mentioning, we believe it to be now the case in France, reasonable hopes may be entertained for the durability and perfectibility of such a form of government.

The skill of the Villele ministry was alternately a low cunning and reckless disregard for every thing that would have filled other men with respect. These expressions apply in their full force, to the three ministers who in reality held all the power, after having filled the other places in the cabinet with obedient and silent 'commis.' But it is the lot of all mediocrity, of mean characters in all ranks, to abuse their power, great or little,—to grow petulant—to hasten the crisis which wrings from their unhallowed hands a power that unfortunate occurrences alone could so misplace. The evil would have found its remedy in a natural and gradual removal of these circumstances, without more ado on the part of those persons; and they deserve in so far our thanks, as their activity in doing evil, sooner compels to union those who were divided by minor interests.

This was the case of Mr. Villele and consorts. Their arbitrary conduct had already roused from slumber those who, little inclined to political warfare were most disposed to bear with what could be borne. They had thrown by numberless and unceasing removals into the host of their adversaries—and that was the mass of the nation—those who, until then, and often bound by the wants of their families, preferred the emoluments of office to the free expression of their feelings, but could not become, without a groan, the instruments of iniquity. They had against them the mass of their country and all the talents, and for them, the King, the Jesuits, the Gens-

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darms, the public money and, above all, by a corrupted law of election, a venal chamber of Deputies.

It is perhaps not possible, to cite an instance in history, in which a ministry has been actively opposed and attacked by an equal number of men of talent, not seldom differing in opinion, but reserving their discussions with each other for the moment that their common and greatest enemy had fallen, and in the mean time, closely united by the hatred of the ministry. They were wretchedly opposed by a band of hired speakers and writers; but even these were deterred by a relic of shame, they disappeared from the public stage, and contenting themselves, with setting examples of silent obedience, they let the ministers speak themselves, 'they left them alone with their power.' As for writing, if the ministers did not write themselves the pamphlets which they send all over France, they could at least find no names for these children of darkness. During the election of 1827, millions of them were sent in every direction, postage paid, and without the name of a printer, an omission which is severely punished by law. A ministry so entirely abandoned by its satellites, more ready to share in its bounties than in its glories, and that in the zenith of its power, is a remarkable illustration of that unnatural state of things.

In fact improved laws of elections and of the press were not only gr ea desiderata in France, but were the very prize, for which that country had struggled—whatever may be said by ill informed persons—so earnestly and honorably since the '*restauration*,' that is, since the return of the Bourbons.

But fortunately Messrs. Villele & Co., as they were sometimes called, till the new chamber in its address to the King, baptized them 'the deplorable ministry'—had so well harrassed, so completely tired out the people that, notwithstanding their great power under the old law of elections, notwithstanding ministerial orders, institutions, insinuations and anonymous pamphlets, in spite of public money, King, Jesuits, and gensdarmes —the chamber of 1827 was a national chamber. The very fact of its existence relieved France from the unhappy Triumvirate and from the three hundred Spartans;—for so were the three hundred Deputies called who, faithful to the ministers, spoke little but voted well, gave no reasons but votes. Most of them have since been restored to those happy 'otia' so dear to Cicero and Horace and Virgil, from which an unpropitious hour drew them, and to the relishing of which, it must be hoped, their accommodating tempers will get used.

The first act of the new septennial chamber of 1827, after the change of ministry, was, the repeal of the law of elections, the pernicious effects of which have been mentioned, by a law which secured to the citizens entitled to vote, the free and uninfluenced expression of their opinions. This had with anxiety been expected from them, together with their next not less important act—a new law of the press. But this new law had been preceded during the last days of the Villele ministry by a 'projet' of an opposite tendency. For not satisfied with the restrictions under which the press already labored, that ministry proposed in the commencement of 1827, a law which, through its jesuitical provisions, would have thrown into their hands the control of a press still nominally free. When

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Mazarin was told that the French made ballads on him, he answered:—Cantano? pagheranno! Let them sing, provided they pay! Not so Villele. Pay they should, but pay silently. This would have been the finishing stroke of their system, with this they expected to crown the work of seven years: this achieved, every thing seemed practicable. But although the nation had been prepared for bad expectations, they received this 'projet' with overwhelming indignation; so that after a short but violent agitation throughout the country, and though the law had passed the venal chamber of Deputies, the ministers thought it safest to withdraw it. This famous 'projet,' however, did not disappear, without leaving traces of its passage. For during the time that it was before the public, the ministers corroborated their arguments and forced their way by the removal of all men from office, who ventured, however so timidly, to express their dissent. One of the victims of ministerial wrath was Mr. Villemain.

Our remarks on the late political events in France have swollen to an unexpected length, and we may be reproached with having lost sight of the object which the title of this article leads the reader to expect. We plead for our excuse, that these observations may perhaps not prove unacceptable to the readers of modern French literature, so intimately connected with politics. This literature is little known here, it is nevertheless highly remarkable for its intrinsic worth, its spirit of high philosophy and the decided opposition in which it stands against the literary taste that long usage and works of the greatest excellency had consecrated in France. This literature has had its hazards and fortunes, and has finally vanquished along with and like the great political struggle for freedom, its contemporary.

This new literature, if we may call it so, was always in France in the hands of the most talented and most educated men, and these are foremost in the political arena of France, and from them exclusively the writers in Paris papers are taken. This explains easily the constant and mutual influence of politics and literature. The labors of these men were divided between politics and literature, or participated of both characters. Considerable property is required to be eligible to the Chamber of Deputies, but the press opened to men of talent a free and not less certain road to notoriety. This will be particularly understood when the influence of the leading papers is considered. Of one of them—the *Constitutionnel*—22,000 copies are daily printed, and as most persons read the newspapers in coffee-houses or reading rooms—there are 600 of the latter in Paris—the same copy has often many readers. They are besides of a much smaller size and larger type than American papers, and, with the exception of some advertisements on the last page, contain nothing but original matter. In the political, but not in the literary papers, most articles are anonymous; the writers of each paper, however, are well known.

That progress of political and literary opinion which has now terminated in an indubitable result, has been, both in England and in this country, but indistinctly perceived. It may be compared to a seed that lay buried in a fertile ground. Its existence was not observed till it came to light. But in the mean time it had constantly been growing and finding its way through the soil.

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The recent change of ministry cannot endanger this result. The Polignac ministry is an *Ultra* ministry, a thing very different from an English Tory Administration. It was the unexpected act of a weak man, unprepared, surprised in a moment of improvident wrath. But France has now a chamber before which these ministers must appear, and laws which effectually guard her liberty; and with such a chamber and such laws those ministers cannot govern. To use the words of a most talented paper (le Globe); 'it resembles the clouds of a tempest which pass and leave the atmosphere the purer; France knows her power and is quiet.'—The history of this ministry which must soon end, will be a salutary confirmation of the almost unanimous assertion of the Paris papers: that such a ministry cannot protract even a short existence. We venture to affirm that the change which must necessarily take place very soon, will be an uncompromising, an entire one; that, to quote once more the same paper, France will tell them, without either condition or restriction: 'Nous ne voulons pas de vous!' we will have nothing to do with you!

We return finally to Mr. Villemain. The French academy, being only a literary body and incompetent to the discussion of political measures, took up the examination of the 'projet' on the press, during its progress through the Chambers, on the exclusive ground of its destructive influence on literature. The morning following their deliberation that body addressed respectfully the King, by a deputation which was not admitted. The next day, the Moniteur contained a royal ordonance removing Messrs. Villemain, Michaud and Lacretelle from their respective offices. These gentlemen had, as members of the Academy, expressed, although with great moderation, sentiments disapproving of the proposed law.

Mr. Villemain's lectures, however, although paid by and dependent on government, were not interrupted. A few days after the occurrence we have stated, when he entered the hall of the Sorbonne, he was received with thundering applause; but not a word of explanation escaped him. This would have been prohibited to him, even if not by a desire to preserve the station with which his fame was identified, certainly by his elevated delicacy and his high sense of propriety. A very short time after, his history of Pope Gregory VII. was announced for subscription, and the public, availing themselves of this opportunity to acknowledge Mr. Villemain's late conduct, 10,000 copies were subscribed for in less than a month. A few weeks before his removal Mr. Villemain had published the edition of his 'melanges litteraires' which is now before us and which contains a critical and biographical notice of the virtuous chancellor de l'Hopital. Had it appeared shortly after the mentioned event, it might, not without apparent probability, have been understood, as a satire on chancellor Peyronnet, the author and the signer of the 'projet' and the 'ordonnance.'

Mr. Villemain's 'melanges litteraires' consist of literary discourses pronounced before the Academy, of critical and historical essays on Montaigne, Montesquieu, Milton, Pascal, Fenelon, Symmachus, and Ambrosius, the Chancellor de l'Hopital, Shakspeare, Plutarch, the emperors Tiberius and Julian, and on Pope; of essays on criticism, funeral orations, on Europe in the 15th century, on Polytheism, on stoic philosophy, and christianity, on christian eloquence in the 4th century, on the corruption

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of Roman letters under the Empire, and on a translation of Herodotus.— These articles are contained in the first and third volume, the second is occupied by Lascaris, a philosophic romance, and a view of the history of modern Greece down to the Revolution.

The diversified nature of these productions does not permit them to be comprised under a general view. The deep learning, high eloquence and liberality of sentiment, common to them all, would entitle them to serious consideration; but we regret that our limited time does not allow us to give them a second deliberate reading, in order to enable ourselves to make our remarks with that detail, that fulness of illustration which alone conveys a distinct idea of the merits of a writer with whom the reader is not yet acquainted. The period when we first read them, is already at some distance; but we remain deeply impressed with the spirit of philosophic enquiry, the extent of observation, the elevated impartiality, by which they are pervaded. These 'melanges' when combined with his lectures, may be considered as the numerous and valuable fragments of a general course of literature, in which every part does not bear the same proportion to the whole, but where the successive development of epochs with their character and their great names furnishes the studious and confiding reader with an outline, which he may fill up where the professor has not done it. The mass of the picture is the student's, but he owes to the professor that it is true, that it has life and interest. Thus did the numerous pupils of Rubens execute paintings under his direction,—the thought was his and he added a few vigorous strokes which bore his stamp and hid the timidity of the student. Thus he has peopled the cabinets of paintings with a host of ambiguous Rubens, doomed probably always to remain *sub judice.*

Indeed, it seems to us by no means improbable, that Mr. Villemain may digest his materials and furnish the literary world with a work of general literature, which might be received with confidence even by strangers, as the work of an enlarged and unbiassed mind. On a much less extensive plan France possesses several talented works of literary criticism; the most popular is decidedly that of Laharpe, ingenious, elegant, eloquent whenever he is left entirely to the examination of an author's merit—but worse than useless as to foreign subjects, and violent and blinded whenever his irritable vanity comes in collision with his antagonists and enemies, and they were many among the living and the dead.

But from a knowledge of Mr. Villemain's literary character, published works and favorable situation, we may form expectations of a much higher order. He has been delivering his lectures for a certain number of years, choosing with entire freedom every year a different subject, and thus continually adding to his stock of prepared materials; making France the centre of his researches, and connecting the literature of his with the contemporary literary history of other countries. His plan resembles that of an universal history, written, not by countries but by epochs, notwithstanding that, as we already observed, France claims the greater part of his attention. If moreover we consider, that Mr. Villemain is profoundly versed in ancient literature, that he is especially thought one of the best latinists of France, that he has attentively studied foreign literatures, and principally the English and Italian, that he is only thirty-eight years of age,

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—we are perhaps authorized to believe, that no living writer is more adequate to the great work, the execution of which is rendered by the rapid and uninterrupted intercourse of distant nations at once more easy and more desirable. This task, nevertheless as difficult as it is beautiful, would, in our opinion, impose upon the gifted writer, to rally under a general view those literatures, apparently so foreign and often so kindred; to trace the sources of their resemblance and their difference; to show them no more only isolated, like trees fixed to the soil of their country and receiving nothing from a foreign sun, but moveable and changing; following the fortunes of war and commerce, leaving sometimes the rapid but harsh impression, made upon the stranger in his own land, to strengthen in the course of time; sometimes imparting the new idea in the bosom of the returning soldier or the weary traveller; to mark the variations of taste in different countries, now approaching now removing; to survey the shifting preponderance of men and works of genius, like the fluctuating advantages of commerce, striking the balance in favor of this or that country; to discover what in a writer was formed by the manners of his country, how he influenced his countrymen—in short, to show the philosophy of literature and of history in perpetual union. These literatures, contemporary in distinct countries and reached with varying intensity by great political or moral events, are like the fruits which spring from the same seed, but which, in different soils, different exposure, affected more or less noxiously by a tempest, more or less beneficially by a cheering sunshine, —are dissimilar now, some superior in external beauty, some in taste or flavor, but in all of them the community of origin is still recognised.

Mr. Villemain delivers his lectures ex tempore. It was only some time after the commencement of the course of 1828, that an enterprizing bookseller engaged—with the approbation of the professors—stenographers, to take their lessons in short hand. The volume of Mr. V's lectures published in 1828, and the volume or volumes, which must since have appeared, form, therefore, only a fragment of his extensive plan. This explains how we find under the title of a Course of French Literature, the secondary title: *Examen des ouvrages de Thompson, Young, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Ossian, Beccaria, Filangieri, Alfieri,* and, but we let the editors of this course expose its contents in their preface to it:

'This year, (1827, 1828,) Mr. Villemain proposed to observe the social and political influence of French literature upon Europe, in the eighteenth century. This influence of France, Mr. Villemain has sought in England and Italy, celebrated countries, the one for political genius and the study of the serious sciences, and the other for brilliancy of imagination and taste in the arts. Having characterized the historical labors of Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon, he examined the works of Beccaria and Filangieri, and lastly he submitted the writing, and the theatrical system of Alfieri to a detailed discussion. These observations he interspersed with reflections at once ingenious and profound, upon the social state of Italy and the salutary results of the French conquest. The professor threw next a rapid glance upon the relations of France with England in the eighteenth century. The names of Joseph II, Frederic and Catherine, have led him to trace some of those elegant sketches which he introduces with so much facility into his improvisations. Returning to France, he

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indicated as the subject of his ulterior studies, the disciples of those first thinkers who agitated the mind of Europe.

'We cannot,' said he, 'characterize by the names of men, the epoch which remains to be traced. It has no men whose names sound sufficiently high; but we shall examine in the writers of the second order the opinions of philosophy, the theories of the arts or of criticism, and lastly the application of talent to all objects of social utility, to all political questions. Thus we shall be conducted imperceptibly to that great epoch when theory gave place to action; and we shall have seen literature, having consumed all speculative subjects, having operated upon all the interests of the imagination and the heart, becoming a social power which changes, reforms, and overturns.'

'In this volume of lectures we do not offer to the public a complete work, but a detached, and so to speak, episodical part of a course of literature commenced some years since under the same form, and which the professor allowed to be taken in short hand, only within the last months of this year. Nevertheless these lectures, although separated from those that preceded them, form a whole which must interest readers to whom the rest of the course is unknown: it is the examination of the influence of France in the eighteenth century, upon the literature and the opinions of all Europe.

'Before this digression so closely connected with our history, the professor had analyzed the principal French writers of the eighteenth century, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, etc., and had judged with impartial admiration those men whose glory is still pending in discussion; he had pointed out the sources of their genius, the foreign inspirations which they had received, the state of manners in France, and the developement of new ideas.

'This part of the extemporaneous course of Mr. Villemain, was taken down entirely by the stenographers. We hope to be able soon to publish it with the authorization of and revised by the author, and thus to complete the picture of one of the most interesting periods which Mr. Villemain has surveyed.'

As a continuation of this, we take from an article of the *Journal des Debats*, republished by the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, a short account of Mr. Villemain's lectures for this and the next year.

'This year, Mr. Villemain has drawn in his course, the picture of the literature of the eighteenth century. He has submitted to a respectful and impartial criticism, the works of Voltaire, Montesquieu, J. J. Rousseau, Buffon, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Diderot, Delille, Thomas and Madame de Stael deserved to crown this list of great names; she has been judged by Mr. Villemain, with the regard due both, to her sex and genius, and with the equity, not to depart from which, the orator owed to himself. He could not have proceeded farther in his literary review, without touching upon living authors. Sometimes however, these were met by Mr. Villemain in the progress of his plan, and when honorable comparisons with the illustrious dead presented themselves to his mind, he has deemed that the law of silence did not extend so far, as to proscribe merited

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praise, as to discourage, by a timorous taciturnity, contemporaneous talents. If this be a derogation from a rule of prudence, established by custom more than by justice, we congratulate Mr. V. to have disregarded its authority; envy may have murmured at his generous daring; good taste and gratitude have applauded it.

'After having surveyed the circle of literary celebrities, nearest to us, Mr. V. dismissed this subject, and as a few lectures remained to be delivered, he has consecrated them to the exposition of the plan of the course, which he will open next year. This plan is vast and curious. The celebrated professor will ascend the times, and pausing at the Christian era, he will search the monuments of that religious antiquity, so little known, so rarely explored, and will show us in the writings of the first Christians, in the works of Ireneus, Bazilius, Gregory Nazianzen, Crysostom, the vestiges of that eloquent literature, of which Greece had been the cradle, and which, fallen into dissolution with the morals, is reanimated and resuscitated at the shock of the new creed, but always impregnate with the oriental colors, communicated to them necessarily by the sacred book.

'Accordingly Mr. V.'s last lessons have been, and will be for some weeks, the prolegomena of the course to be resumed next December. But in his happy manner, simple prolegomena are already treatises *ex professo*. By announcing, what he intends to say of a father of the church, he makes him perfectly known by anticipation. We divine, what resemblance and truth, laborious studies and profound developements will add to the portraits of so many great characters. Nevertheless in these traits, simply sketched, breathes already the whole physiognomy of the original; it is appreciated on the first draught; we shall love to familiarize ourselves more intimately with it, when finished.

'Thus, to cite but one instance, Gregory Nazianzen had obtained amongst the moderns, the reputation only of an orator. Not without astonishment we have learned from Mr. Villemain, that the holy bishop of Constantinople was a poet, and even a dramatic poet. It is true, he has exercised his talents only on religious subjects, and we possess of him a tragedy on the death of Jesus Christ. Mr. V. has given us an advantageous idea of it, and to rest his praise on citations, he has recited several passages, far from being without merit, and with which our coarse attempts of tragedy, the subjects of which, as is well known, were the mysteries of Christianity, are far from sustaining a comparison. A passage, among others, which made a strong impression upon the audience, is that when Mary, at the foot of the cross, is imploring the mercy of her Son for the unfaithful Apostle who has had the weakness to renounce him in his passion. Nothing more pathetic, more true, nothing particularly more simple than this prayer full of confidence, sorrow and love. It is the language of a mother, but the mother of a God, all-powerful still, in the midst of His sufferings, if it be true that the triumph of sovereign power is the prerogative of pardoning.'

Mr. Villemain had already given proofs of his thorough acquaintance with the subject which, according to the writer above, he is to make the object of his next course. In his striking remarks on Gibbon's history, in his notice of Symmachus and St. Ambrose, and especially in his essay—the longest of the *melanges litteraires*—on Christian eloquence in the fourth century, he had shown, how he understood those men who

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first fought under the humble symbol that was destined to conquer the world. Those writings left, as unaccessible for others, to the explorations of the divine, those names which had so frequently appeared on the banners of intolerance, those men, continually appealed to, to countenance subtleties, disgraceful in their nature, disastrous in their effects, will be represented by Mr. Villemain in a truer, in a more dignified light. It is for the first time, that they will be examined with the accumulated experience which, down to our times, has tried every thing, with the tolerance that was born when every error had outworn itself. It seems to us that serious men grow every where more and more weary of that spirit which, sitting in universal judgment, throngs like Procrustes, every thing into a narrow and finished theory, rejects whatever is beyond it, however so different, without gradation, as alike erroneous and pernicious, and stipulates, as the prize of a little mercy, an unconditional surrender upon terms of grace. The impartiality, cautious though candid, of which we speak, reconciles, by giving every one credit, always for his intentions, and for his opinions as far as our reason allows us to go with him, brings even the clamorous partizan to momentary reason, conduces to that calmness of discussion, in which the passions do not necessarily get the better of reason, and which alone leads to sound investigation, or at least, to the discovery of the true points of difference and their importance. The latter will allow people to apply their forces to some purpose, and their debates will often be the more successful as they understand each other; a thing hitherto by no means too common in theological or even philosophical disputations.

This is the spirit which Gibbon wanted, this is the spirit which Villemain possesses in an eminent degree. Through him many will learn for the first time, that these men, known to them perhaps only by the quaint abstractions of their wild and austere fancies, of which such cruel abuse has been made by their degraded successors, owe it only to their misfortune to have fallen into the hands of fanatics, if universal justice has not been rendered to them. We do not speak of the few vague assertions of some men of talent, believed upon word, seldom put to the test and generally received with an indifferent acquiescence that would grant any thing rather than read.

And in fact what were those men but great men, who met the attacks of their enemies often with the ingeniousness of the dialectician, the eloquence of the orator, and always with the authority of oppressed reason and the energy of an holy zeal; who in the midst of the most cruel persecutions proudly raised their head and asserted their faith; who, shunning the pleasures of life, exposed themselves to every danger, every privation with a joyful heart, whose whole life seemed a preparation and a continual readiness for death, whose only business on this earth was, to teach their brethren how to die, to have no hope, but in death! What wonder if these men, rejected by the world, driven into wildernesses, living in times of horrible corruption, with the energy of character at once savage and sublime, which alone could sustain them in their supernatural struggles,—withdrew their minds from the observation of man's true nature, and were bewildered by the gloom that surrounded them in their lives of danger and absconded solitudes, into dogmatical niceties and visionary abstrac-

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tions! Then Christianity appeared in its brightest glory, when, drawing all its consolations from another world, resigned in unexampled sufferings, forgetting the present for the future, and seeking all its strength in unshaken constancy; had not yet conquered the power to govern, to persecute in her turn, and to gather by her power, those whom her doctrines would never have brought over.

Owing to the labors of Mr. Villemain and of writers that resemble him, we may expect the study of those times and characters soon to become—at least in its most interesting and most important bearings—the common property of the divine and the scholar. For such is the inquisitive spirit now awake, to rescue from oblivion, to render fruitful in lessons, and to bring under the view of genuine philosophy, those epochs or characters, events or facts, which have long been claimed by particular professions or bodies of men as their exclusive dominion. And when Palestine shall be as accessible as Egypt, and Greece as Italy is now, in the overthrown cities of Asia Minor, as well as in the catacombs of Rome and Alexandria,—numerous travellers will associate in their researches and studies, with the same intensity of interest and feeling, the places and ruins, where dwelt those who invented and first practised the arts that adorn civilized life, and where lived or wandered those who, with an elevation and strength of character never equalled, founded their sublime faith.

We have dwelt on this, out of the numerous subjects of which Mr. Villemain treats in his miscellaneous works, on account of its interesting novelty, as having never before been exposed by such a man or in such a manner. It is not their dogmas, but their piety and enthusiasm, their lives and the spirit of their times, that he studies.

Our remarks on the general character and bearing of Mr. Villemain's lectures, apply equally to those which have been published at the same time and in the same manner with his. We mean particularly those on modern history and on the history of philosophy. The others are on scientific objects, especially on different parts of natural history. But in science in general, the constant and friendly communication from country to country, is not only considered as indispensable, but already exists. This is at least true to a very great extent, to a much greater than 30 years ago. To make it equally true with regard to history, mental philosophy, and the moral sciences in general, is the serious endeavor of many of our most distinguished contemporaries, among whom, Messrs. Cousin, Guizot, and Villemain,* the authors of the above mentioned courses of history, philosophy, and literature, occupy preeminent stations. Whether such a state of things is not quite as desirable in relation to the last mentioned as to the positive sciences, we shall not here make an object of discussion.

We shall only observe, that philosophical or literary opinions have been perpetuated, different in different nations; people were born, so to say, in these systems, as they were in particular languages; in the great discrepancy of systems, many errors have necessarily descended, have been en-

* We forgot to mention, that after the fall of the Villele ministry, Messrs. Villemain, Cousin, and Guizot were appointed to higher offices than those from which they had been removed, and the latter two resumed their lectures.

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tailed upon the succeeding generations. If, as we believe, this fact cannot be denied, may it not be ascribed, as far as certain systems may be considered as belonging to particular countries—to the circumstance, that, confined to their birth-place, they were constantly supported and attacked by the same arguments, and decided in the same manner? May it not be affirmed, that they underwent but extremely seldom, or never, that fulness of discussion, which, bringing them openly, continually in collision and comparison with foreign views and ideas, before an audience, knowing these views and ideas, as understood and meant by the *foreigner*, would have served for confirmation, or for correction, or at least for illustration?

The writer of this has contended in another article for the Western Monthly Review, printed immediately after the present, that in Europe, particularly on the continent and in France, a growing spirit of liberality is observable which, to take it only in its nearest and most direct applications, will enable those nations to avail themselves easier of each other's experience, to assist each other not unfrequently, although indirectly; and to recognize that their great interests are the same. Next to the best periodicals of those countries, he refers for the confirmation of his statement, particularly to the lectures of the three gentlemen above, as witnesses the most compendious and the most easily consulted. The interruption of these lectures, was by all friends of knowledge and truth in France, considered as a calamity; during their interruption, they lived in the remembrance of all the friends of liberty and learning; when resumed they were followed by undiminishing audiences of two thousand hearers; since they are taken down in short hand, a diligent press sends them in great numbers over France, as soon as each lecture is delivered; they are continually made the object of laudatory comments by those papers which, far from being confined to their city, have almost the monopoly of the political and literary intelligence, received by thirty-two millions of people. Thus these lectures assume an unusual importance, and persons who would differ with us as to their particular excellency, cannot reject them as good evidence of the state of opinions.

The two essays of Mr. Villemain—on Pope and Shakspeare—which have been translated for the W. M. Review, and were originally written for that extensive and excellent work—the 'Biographie Universelle,' in 52 vols. 8vo., are the better fit, to serve as an illustration of Mr. Villemain's manner, as the subject is familiar to every English reader. This alone has determined their choice. We hope, however, that these two specimens will engage our readers, the sooner to seek the acquaintance of an author whose celebrity cannot fail to extend to distant countries. They will be amply repaid; to him they will owe in an eminent degree, the pleasure which is derived from the perusal of talented criticisms, and which heightens the enjoyment of literature by judicious discrimination and interesting discussion. They will not forget, how frequently, in extensive and attentive reading, they found themselves differing from those, who possess their highest confidence, especially if the arbiter of the disputed point is taste, that abstraction, open to so many and so various influences. But with this consideration, and with the exception of those

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occasional unimportant errors, which no judicious reader ever wondered at discovering in works of such vast design, we trust they will, after a longer and more complete acquaintance, coincide with the opinion of his countrymen. They will pay homage to the enlightened and generous independence with which the critic dispenses justice. This is the quality, in which, in this article, we have found his principal glory. It seems of difficult attainment, because superior minds are so often lamentably deficient in it. It is a quality most useful in support of opinions which, in this and the following article, have been our leading idea. He does not evince, in repeated exclamations and protestations, his astonishment at his own impartiality: he is confident that no less will be expected of him, that his character has authorized his readers and hearers to confide in him. He judges the works of the mind, not by comparing them with the narrow system of a literary faction, with a confined circle of ideas, beyond which 'there is no salvation;' but by holding them in view of that exalted idea of the beautiful, as simple as it is comprehensive, which he has imbibed in the fond and attentive study of the noblest works of man in all ages and countries.

ON THE PROGRESS OF POLITICAL AND LITERARY OPINIONS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

We shall write down our thoughts on this subject, and the manner in which it is considered and understood in America, with entire frankness. We do not apprehend that the motive or tendency of our remarks will be misconstrued.

There are, in every civilized country, a considerable number of persons, who desire to be informed of the politics, the literature, the manners, &c. of foreign countries. This is evinced by the number of travels and newspapers with which the press teems. A part of the latter is regularly devoted to foreign news; they contain, very frequently, extracts from travels, and the taste of the readers is, upon the whole, very correctly represented by a paper. Some seek, in such reading, to pass the lingering moment; some believe thus to acquire knowledge and find that knowledge 'is no such great thing after all;' some, however, wish to obtain real information. These latter we address; they cannot be indifferent about the kind of information they receive. Most are in this respect, almost confined to periodicals. But they are, perhaps, not aware of the character of the knowledge thus imparted to them.

We labor under the impression that, owing to a particular connection of the American with the English press, it is very rare to find in an American paper, an article on continental politics or literature, which is not entirely ludicrous and deceives the reader in order to amuse him. This may be, by many persons, considered as a very little misfortune, but not by those who wish that the United States may, as a literary nation, draw

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near that station which they occupy as a political one; who know how much, in learning, in higher literature, can be imported from the continent of Europe, and how useful, to highly civilized nations, mutual acquaintance must prove.

We have seen numerous proofs, in well conducted Reviews, in able aticles on continental works, that the writer was ignorant of those circumstances which it is indispensable to consider in literary criticism. We never pretend to read an ancient author, without drawing illustrations from other authors from history, from monuments, and in short, we read him *exegetically*. And we read, nay, we review modern foreign authors, without so many circumstances, we neglect all that information, probably because it is much easier obtained. The works that preceded that which we examine, the opinions which, as generally received in his country, the writer makes the basis of his reasoning, perhaps his own works, his profession, the events of his life, which occasioned the work or explain many parts of it—all that we do not mind, all that fastidious knowledge we dispense with, certain as we are, that our indulgent readers would not require us to take so much trouble.

We assure the grave authors of these articles, that we have endeavored in vain to find a more respectful word to express our idea of this management of the subject; but we are obliged to call it, from want of another equally appropriate term, by the name which we involuntarily pronounced when we read those articles: *Flippancy*, learned flippancy or flippancy of the learned.

If men, distinguished from the mass of their nation by their abilities and acquirements, sacrifice thus to mispractices, because they have crept into usage, it must be supposed what is abundantly proved by the fact, that publications intended for all kinds of readers, are still more thoroughly imbued with them. These mispractices, these errors consist in imitating the English summary way of dealing with every thing foreign, and still more, in copying and receiving with implicit faith, and without an admixture of information derived from other sources, the articles on continental subjects, that appear in English papers.

We hear daily complaints about the ungenerous spirit, not to call it otherwise, of the English press. Wheresoever the line may lie between truth and exaggeration, what reason have we to presume, that English jealousy is exercised against America alone? What a strange inconsistency, first to prove a man a liar, and then to receive his testimony with confidence, whenever our personal interest or vanity is not concerned? When we see a uniform tone running through publications on a variety of subjects, to suppose it false on one, true on all the others? We are told of a plan which has been agreed upon in England, to depreciate this country. If, by England, a set of tourists and newspaper writers is meant, they have formed a conspiracy against the whole world. They nourish invidious feelings on particular subjects, against this, on others against other countries. There are many English publications, in which, whenever our eyes fall upon a continental name which we respect, we expect to find heinous aspersions on a distinguished character, by some one who has discovered the impossibility of honesty and disinterestedness out of England. A foreign writer, in their hands, resembles an outlaw whom it

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is not their duty to kill, whom it is even allowed to let escape, but whom every one may beat at his good pleasure, for the sport of the good people of England, and without apprehension of punishment or infamy.

From such writers, the American public consent to receive almost their whole knowledge of the continent of Europe; the effusions of those writers re-appear in numerous American prints, and extend their influence over a nation whose institutions and interest are entirely different. But it is time, it is expedient for that nation, to throw off this bondage. We call it a bondage, although it is little felt, as we are insensible to the fetters of fashion, because we have borne them long.

But to measure the extent of the error, we are obliged to bring truth into view. We solicit, therefore, respectfully, the attention of the reader, upon some rapid strictures which we shall make on the state of things on the continent. If our opinions strike him as different from those he has received, we wish he may put them to the test. But we beg him to test them in the writings and doings of the continent, in the conversation of well educated men of the continent who abound there, but who come and do wrong to come but very seldom to America. If our reader travels, may he travel differently from most Englishmen. Until he has thus formed his opinion, we wish he may distrust English publications, even, to a certain extent, the most talented and liberal ones: they also wear the fetters to which we alluded above. To prepare him for unbiased observation, we request him to inquire with us, into some of the reasons, why truth is thus discolored in English writings.

The insulated situation of England, before the facility and multiplicity of modern communications, has produced striking results: institutions, the most enlightened, and in some respects the most barbarous in Europe, many honorable and distinctive qualities, united with incongruous and as distinctive oddities. Confined to themselves, the English, as a nation, resembled a young man who has the habit of study and business, but not of the world, who makes, in polite company, a thousand strange blunders and absurd reasonings and deduces logically, from the unobserved caprice of some fashion, new to him, many ponderous consequences!* However well known this fact may be, the foreigner who expected perhaps singularity, cannot but be struck with the character he finds displayed in English tours and newspapers, which are the writings to which we advert. In these, the English seem the most prejudiced, the most invidious, the most peevish set of people on earth. In these, that great nation displays all the spite, the impotent wrath, the imbecile rage of an insulted dwarf.

Is this then, a radical and constitutional defect of the English character? We shall not be seduced, by low practices and vulgar vanity, into unprincipled recrimination. It is, in a great measure, the powerful

* We have actually English papers before us, in which passages of the book and the lectures of two gentlemen are given, who break out in violent objurgations against the French and Italian nations; the one—a reverend clergyman—in speaking of English singing, which he compares with Italian and French music, the other—Mr. *Reinagle*, in a lecture at the Royal Institution—in speaking of ladies bonnets. According to these gentlemen, such singing and such bonnets, are striking proofs of the vices and degraded morality of those nations, and they predict to their countrymen and women, that they shall verily fall to the level of those nations, if they continue to countenance such 'monstrosities.'

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effect of habit; reared in prejudices, they seek, when grown up, the confirmation of them; they follow a current which has been flowing from times of ignorance, and from which few have now the power to emerge. It is certainly much easier in England than elsewhere, to find individuals who, exaggerating the characteristic perseverance of the English, make it the business of their whole lives to strengthen themselves in the errors they imbibed in their youth; who really contrive to become blind to palpable evidence, and hardened against reason; whose last word is, when it is clear that a thing cannot be: that it must be, and of whose obstinacy, proof against showers of arguments and facts, it may truly be said:

> 'Et si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinae!

But we may safely affirm, that in the great majority of cases, the Englishman who is open to the reproach of the partiality, against which our remarks are directed, falls into that error, because he is one of the many, because he is carried along by the prevailing custom. He would, if left to his own uninfluenced judgment, arrive frequently at correct results: the more so as, in setting out upon his travels or researches, he would know less positively what, at the end of them, he wished to be persuaded of.

We are of opinion that, as every body may certainly state the result of his observations, if he thinks proper, most explicitely, on the other hand, the critic should exact of the traveller who ventures to write, of the journalist who ventures to judge, that severity of investigation, that fulness of research and cautiousness of assertion which has, with so much benefit, been introduced into the least positive studies. How far these conditions are complied with, in regard to continental matters, by English tours and newspapers, we shall endeavor to show, by collecting those traits which are common to most of them, and which constitute what we might call, their family physiognomy.

A tour on the continent of Europe, is the most comfortable kind of writing in existence. Instead of covering himself, like an another author, with dust, among the folios of a library, instead of beating his brains to invent something, the tourist prepares a trunk, a purse and some quires of paper, and now he may as well begin to write the first chapter, or, like Yorick, the preface in the coach, before the horses are put to. They start, and the conversation begins; and if his fellow-travellers have some wit, he can appropriate it to himself—his eye glides passively over the country, and whatever comes in his way is set off, arranged and put into the book. Many a thought that long pined to be printed, finds its place there; he travels over chapters as he does over provinces; he enjoys the pleasures of authorship without the torments of it, no knowledge of the thing he talks about is required of him, mistakes and misrepresentations, for which, in other works he would have been loaded with contempt, are here received with a condescending smile, '*que voulez-vous?* he is a Tourist!' He is above all, a 'clever fellow,' an '*homme de bonne compagnie.*' He spoils no pleasure, and if his tale is not true, why, it is well told. For the rest, sure to be soon superseded, he writes to be super-

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seded, aware that he will not be consulted by those who seek instruction, he aims not at being instructive; he knows that his book will be forgotten in a couple of years, but he is and remains an 'author,' a '*connoisseur*,' *nomenque manebit*, and his fame has not to undergo the dangerous test of years.

For the picture of national manners and morals, he rivals 'Pelham,' 'Ecarte,' &c. &c., and he is often equally true and profound. The rules for the composition of such a work, are few and easily observed. The matter is nothing, the manner is all. It may be written by a learned or an ignorant man, ill or good natured. Charges sincerely made out, a generous and serious indignation at disgraceful abuses, well authenticated disquisitions on important questions—all that is dull, dull!—and he will take care not to engage in it. But he throws out his imputations with great airs; his tone is supercilious; nothing he deems more vulgar than to deal with proofs, or to condescend to doubts; assertions over assertions, an unblushing confidence and flippancy; a due amount of abuse advanced nevertheless, with an air of protection and pity; quotations full of blunders in the original language; some classical allusions, some voluptuous lingering with Horace, some deep political remark with Tacitus, &c. &c. These are the principal tints with which, in various proportions, tours are composed.

Thus the laudable habit of taking notes during travels, has become the bore of the public, and an abominable taste, in a particular department of literature, proves the origin and the food of an offensive and coarse national vanity. Unhappily this fashion extends its influence to works written on countries, where the absence of indigenous and accessible materials renders corrective counteraction difficult or impossible.

It must be acknowledged, that this kind of travels is almost unknown to all other literary nations, although some Americans have gone a considerable distance in it. The circumstance, that European travels have become a fashionable 'lecture,' has certainly greatly degraded the character of the knowledge of foreign countries and literature in England. And although the English travel a great deal, their mode of travelling is as little calculated as possible, to neutralize the errors they may have imbibed at home.

Much of what we remarked on this kind of writing, is very generally, even in England, acknowledged as true, and nevertheless, for want of something better, flattery is such a sweet poison, that the fallacy of tourists is disregarded in reading them, and they still continue the great furnishers of opinions. The tourist who starts on a journey, with the intention of making a book, remembers that he is expected to write a witty and sprightly one, and so he will do at the expense of whatever less initiated readers would expect in a book of travels. He is seduced by this delightful kind of composition, which allows him to give scope to his fancy, to indulge his reveries, to adorn and model truth at his liking. Thus he follows the beaten track, because, after all, the reputation to be gained by a tour, is not a prize worth much contending for.

From tours we turn our attention to newspapers, the second and most powerful lever of national opinions and prejudices.

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Here papers are published by one or two persons, who are entirely in view of the public; they are always supposed to be the writers of the anonymous, and answerable to public opinion for those articles which they print under assumed names. The number of papers and editors is much larger, the establishment or transfer of a paper incomparably easier than in England; still greater is the number of persons who have been connected as editors with the public press; and in that cosmopolitan corps, where entrance and egress are so easy, all degrees of respectability are found.

In speaking of English papers, we beg to be understood, as excepting entirely the quarterly and some of the monthly publications, to which our remarks at the commencement of this article apply, and which are works belonging to high literature, although sufficiently imbued with the spirit that rages recklessly in less dignified publications.

Editors are, in England, not often men of unquestionable fame; more confidence is reposed in their skill, than their character, and we seldom see them rising to respectable stations. One of the principal reasons for this is, they are far from enjoying the liberty of the American editor: they are tools in the hands of others, a company of stockholders, &c., and they have to submit to conditions, which it requires more greediness than steady industry, the desire of prompt rather than solid pay, more improvident and violent ambition than calm self-esteem, to accept. The huge size and the numerous columns of an English paper, are daily to be filled with a vast quantity of original matter. The editors are lost in the host of writers that each contribute their share. Their duty is often confined to the arrangement and adaptation of the matter; they care little whence it comes, so they can use it. A paper is never mentioned under the editor's name as in America; nobody thinks of seeing the editor in every article, or of seeing him more in this than in that; customary writers in the same paper, may be perfectly unknown to each other, and the public have made up their minds, to consider the large political papers as moral entities, abstractedly from the persons who write them, and connected only with the opinion they are acknowledged to represent. And in this, the writers in those papers, take great delight. In their unsteady lives, they add a thousand little personal antipathies to the great political ones to which they are in duty bound, by the banner under which they fight, and the collective name of such a paper, resembles a vast shield, from under which every one can strike a blow.

A superficial glance at this system, without tracing its application to publications of various character, suffices to show the mischievous effects that this entire absence of moral responsibility must have, and to convince that to it, the grossest defect, the flippancy of the English press must be attributed. And, to consider the matter in its immediate bearing upon the subject of this article, it is from this source, that the American public are furnished with opinions on foreign politics and literature, and it is through this channel, that English prejudices are entailed upon the people of the United States, who thus sacrifice to British vanity and peevishness.

But who are the writers from whose pens we are so willing to receive all our information concerning the numerous nations that people the con-

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tinent of Europe? Are not most articles in the obtruding multitude of English newspapers, chiefly written by persons who, as writers at least in these papers, risk no name and have no honor to gain, have no reputation at stake, and no character to sustain? who may often need desire to be forgotten as the authors of an article; who, after the lapse of some years, might not seldom be in a singular perplexity to recognize the flying articles furnished to different papers? They vie not for the respect of the public, but the approbation, that is, the higher pay of the editor who, in his turn, examines not, whether the article is good, but whether it is marketable. They may in safety offer their unrecorded services now to one opinion and now to another, as the humble tradesman works now for the lord and now for the menial. All that is required of them is spirit, smartness, appositeness; truth and facts become therefore pliable in their hands, and they are not seldom compelled to inquire, not what is, but what, according to the interests of the paper, ought to be true.

The assiduous and well informed reader may, from the conflicting accounts of opposite papers, occasionally elicit the truth, avert the danger of receiving false reports, and measure the approximate degree of confidence particular sources deserve. We do not deny that this practice, well established among attentive and regular readers, will sometimes lead to erroneous conclusions. For if the poor writer should happen to say the truth, as truth may be exactly what he wishes it to be, he will not the more be believed, but under the usual restrictions, and his accidental veracity will avail him nothing. Why then, indeed, should he take so much trouble, to ascertain whether he is right or wrong?

But this self-correcting way of reasoning, cannot be applied to the scanty and desultory articles on the affairs of the continent, which are taken from English and go the round of the American papers. For these unsatisfactory fragments resemble the 'quotations in mockery' from Shakspeare, to which Mr. Villemain, in an article translated for the present number of the W. M. Review alludes, and by which Voltaire proved that Shakspeare was nothing but a barbarian.

As it is the lot of this country, unlike any other, to receive the greatest part of her literature from, or to have it at least in common with a foreign country, this reception ought not to be unconditional. The examination ought to be the more attentive, what is admitted should be sifted the more carefully, when the subject is such that the English writer is apt to be seduced by the known weakness and partiality which his countrymen have displayed in treating it. It is therefore the purpose of this article to explain, by the relations in which England formerly stood, and those in which it now stands with the continent of Europe, the striking contrast that must be observed, when the representation given of those countries in English writings is compared with that which is obtained from original continental writers of different nations.

How earnestly soever we deprecate the injurious influence of English on American periodicals, we desire not to be supposed to be ignorant that England follows, though, as it were, reluctantly, that general progression, is drawn into that community of action, which disgust with the old order of things had first created on the continent of Europe, which England, in her commercial tenderness for continental legitimacy, had finally succeeded

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in stemming—but which now, under the protection of peace, is advancing steadily and firmly—not in violent starts and convulsions, but taking the evil at the root, and upon such principles that, what is once done, can not be undone.

Hitherto insular England, when she advanced, did it by herself, not with others, otherwise than others. Deeming herself alone worthy of liberty, she seemed jealous of the liberty of others; she never sympathized with other nations. But, on the contrary, the nations of the continent, whom neighborhood, social intercourse, similarity of institutions, and less exclusive manners brought near, are deeply interested in each other's success.

At the epoch of the French Revolution, England, although laboring herself under numerous evils, but such as a proud and free people could bear, such as did not call for a total and immediate change, opposed, not only the excesses, but the very principle of reform. Her and her allies' unceasing efforts, far from being always and especially in the beginning, justifiable, roused the indignation of an enthusiastic nation, and called into life that gigantic military power which, even after having vindicated national honor and accomplished the end of its creation, could not consent, in the feeling of its powerful existence, to disappear without trying its strength, without leaving indelible traces, without inflicting deep wounds which England, although the final victor, sorely feels.

We proceed from the belief, that highly civilized nations ought to be, and, in the course of time, will be free. We consider liberty as the fiuit of civilization. That England has long been free, is, from the character of her people and of many of her institutions, infinitely less important to the continent of Europe, than that France is free. England has long been free alone, not imitated, more wondered at than understood. But when France, impelled, not by the example of England, but by serious necessity, arose, she represented the cause of Europe. Although checked in her progress by her own excesses, the seed was sown, it now bears its fruit, and now again France is the example, and her cause the cause of Europe. However strange this may sound, at this distance, and because it is never said in English or American publications, it is a truth of which we are deeply convinced, a truth highly important and interesting. We appeal to those who have observed the continent of Europe not merely through English eyes. In what that community of interest and feeling between the continental nations of Europe consists, we shall not attempt to detail. If we had to explain, to prove it, although it could certainly be made out in the most convincing manner, our proofs and arguments would necessarily be too long and numerous. This would lead us from our subject, or we should remain unsatisfactory. For the direction of the public mind, the prevailing opinions being constituted by numerous, generally recurring facts, can be discovered only in the observation of numerous facts and instances. We shall only hint at a well known fact: that a German, a Frenchman, a Russian, an Italian, &c., are infinitely less strangers in each other's countries, than an Englishman. We take, moreover, the liberty to assure those of our readers to whom this view of the subject is new, that by a highly interesting and by no means painful study of the physiognomy of continental literatures—such as may, super-

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ficially though correctly, be communicated through short but well digested and especially regularly continuing summaries of these literatures,—the truth of our assertion will be clearly recognized. This is one of the many observations which the traveller, unless he mingles, lives, and begins almost to feel with the natives of the country, is much less apt to discover than he who, without leaving his home, studies those fugitive productions which the impulse of the times creates, and follows in a general view the current of a foreign literature. How usefully would this study supplant the reading of the usual 'tours,' in how much clearer a light would it put their futility? It would effectually tend to discredit that shameful literary fashion, by supplying more solid, more interesting, and, to formed minds, even more amusing information.

If we affirm that France takes the lead in the general movement of the continent of Europe, we do not suppose that this will be granted in so many words by other nations. Every nation, even the politically subdued, cherishes the consciousness of mental superiority. Even when ready to admit in others the easily demonstrable advantages of physical nature or political power, they would with reluctance, acknowledge themselves vanquished in an arena which stood to every one open to try his strength, and where the defeat cannot be excused by the neglect of nature. Offering idolatrous thanks at the shrine of antiquity, they wish to owe as little as possible to their contemporaries. Let us therefore not expect the easy assent of a nation to a judgment given in favor of another, even if its truth were quite as great and much more obvious than of the one we just stated. It escapes the confined view of the great number, and those who saw it, did, at least hitherto, care little to make it known. For in the good old times, it was but an enemy of his country, who could see and expose to his country, what he found great and good in the foreigner.

If the correctness of such a judgment be denied, let us, therefore, not immediately argue its falsity, but let us test it in the works and the actions of the denier. For he may undergo and follow that influence without apprehending it. But it will be established beyond the reach of doubt, when we see him following in his improvements, the route traced by his neighbors, although with the most natural air, as if they had originated in his own mind, as if he had never thought otherwise;—when we see him watching with interest, with anxiety, their hazards and fortunes, rejoicing in their joys, grieving in their pains;—when we see those persons and professions, who formerly earned ignominious applause, by the peevish depreciation of foreign labors, assuming the tone of fair criticism;—when we observe the most distinguished men for talent and virtue, in both countries, emulating in the due acknowledgment of foreign merit—when we see them in their literary and scientific intercourse, not boasting of their impartiality, but forgetting entirely that they do not belong to the same country, were it not for their superior civility and forbearance, because in judging the distant, the error is more easily committed, and easily stigmatized as national prejudice, a charge from which they will above all remain free;—when we find that tone of scurrilous calumny become the exclusive property of writers who court the favors of the vulgar, of the multitude; a thing, which in Europe, can be of no lasting consequence, for there the multitude, although it sports cruelly with its fallen

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favorites, bestows only imaginary honors; there the multitude will never decide the fate of empires, for the educated classes are too numerous, and the numerous too uneducated and poor;—when that tone of systematic degradation is discovered in hired writers, whom none of the absolute* governments of Europe ever lacked, a tone in which a noble minded man would not join, were it only because it is theirs;—when we find in a nation certain ideas, living, apparently indigenous, but which a retrospect of a few years would show us proscribed and loaded with the anathemas of intolerance, as the dangerous innovations and invasions of foreign spirit;—when these symptoms coincide, we say it once more, the fact of the alliance, not of two governments but of two nations, their interests and hearts, is established beyond a doubt.

But let us not forget that we speak of Europe. Let us therefore not interrogate the lower classes about these facts; our inquiries must be exclusively amongst the best instructed, fortunately the most accessible to the foreigner. The condition of the lower classes in Europe, is such, that every good and not entirely theoretical citizen of an European nation, will heartily join in the efforts of those who endeavor to procure to those classes, those advantages which now are almost alone really beneficial to them, that is, freedom of industry and abundant means of education. By thus being raised, their disqualification for the consideration of the more general and complicated interests of their country ceases, it is ignorance alone, that constitutes the lower classes. Honor, therefore, to Mr. *Brougham*, the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and to Mr. *Charles Dupin* in France.†

* We say 'none of the absolute,' for the *constitutional* governments of Europe, although they have certainly their hired writers, do not stand alone, they have a party of their own in the nation, opposed to another party in the nation. The other governments of Europe are separated from their nations; the nations are not divided into parties, but confounded into common and silent submission; they are not allowed to have an opinion, and if they choose to approve their government, they are not thanked for it. In such a government, the nation is considered as the opposition would be in a constitutional one. There are, so to speak, two parties, the nation on one, the government on the other side. This is the outline of perfect and regular despotism. A change in the form of these governments must be preceded and prepared by a change in the opinions of nations. Thus nations carry along their governments; this is the process now silently but powerfully going on in many countries, and thus it may be said, that European despotism is tottering.

† A member of the Chamber of Deputies and a learned mathematician, well known and esteemed in England, for his instructive travels in England, which are, in fact, elaborate treatises on the military, naval, commercial and civil power of the British Empire. He has been, for several years, lecturing—gratis—before about six hundred individuals of the laboring classes, at the *Conservatoire des arts et metiers* of Paris, on the application of geometry and mechanics to the different trades and professions. In 1826, he published his lectures in 3 vols. 8vo., under the title: '*Geometrie et mechanique des arts et metiers et des beaux arts, Cours normal a l'usage des Artistes et des Ouvriers, des Sous-Chefs et des Chefs d'ateliers et de manufactures.*' With untiring zeal, he exerted his talents and influence for the institution of similar courses of lectures, in about one hundred cities of France. The city generally provided the lecture rooms, and there was seldom any difficulty in finding professors, distinguished resident mathematicians often offering their gratuitous services for those laudable purposes. These lectures are therefore open, without expense, to every one, and given at such hours —in the evening—as to render them frequented principally by artizans. About forty of these schools had, in 1827, been furnished by the ministry of the marine with models of machines.

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By examining therefore, the opinions of such persons as would alone understand our questions, and who lead the moral movement to which we have adverted, we feel confident that their united efforts, their constantly expressed hopes and wishes will prove the correctness of our statement. But we except those characters, found every where, who delight in despairing of the hopes of mankind, who riot as much in scoffing and hating, as others in the enthusiasm of love, to whom, to hate, is as much a want as to others to love, and who, if virtue and talent occasionally extort their reluctant esteem or praise, give it with an air resembling the grins and distortions which, as we read in some legend, the devil made when, surprized in his earthly rambles by some saint, he was obliged to pray.

In England, the most valuable political institutions originated in half-barbarous times. If in their essence they are worthy of the most enlightened age, they retain in many details, and especially in their form, the garb of the time of their birth. What in England was the slow growth of many centuries, is seen in France suddenly engrafted upon the ripe civilization and the deep rooted absolutism of a modern government. What in France appears prepared for, applicable and applied to such a state of things, seems, to the continental European, as he perceives it in England, strange, inexplicable, or at least, unfit to be imitated in his own country. Thus Italy, Germany, after many ill-directed efforts, shattered against the rocks of antiquity and inveterate abuses, are interested to study in the practice of France, those measures which France has, in a great degree, taken from and is improving by the experience of England, that great school of all modern liberty. This circumstance, on the other hand, constitutes now a strong and growing tie between France and England.

There the distant American may see what Europe's hopes are, he will understand by the example of France and her growing prosperitie s, how, in an analogous manner, European potentates will be compelled to make gradual concessions, and to concur, without violent commotions, in establishing such governments, or at least measures, as secure to nations a free and healthful exercise of their forces. America herself is imitable in Europe, more in her spirit of enterprize, private industry and association than any thing else.

If we insist on the example of France, it is because, by the choice of a definite object, our reasoning is less vague and general, not because we wish to dispel prejudices that may here exist against that country. Although the reasoning of this whole article tends to that effect, we only intend to say how the application could be made, not to make it ourselves. Provided that moral movement in Europe be real, it matters little whether it proceeds from France or any other country. We wish an honorable example of greater activity, greater energy may exist, because it will sustain a noble and friendly rivalry, and we have stated its existence in France, because we know it to be true, not because we have a particular theory to support.

If, however, this progressive process is more active in France, it is by no means exclusive, but concurrent with what we see in other nations. France, far from being the bestower in every respect, receives abundantly. That vanity with which, before the immense change produced by the introduction of new institutions, she was so often reproached, has made

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room for a spirit of impartiality and kindness. Her vanity was a witty, an elegant self-flattery, not the coarse and brutal arrogance so easily met with elsewhere; she fought with the arms of good taste, and was answered by low invectives, her easy and keen sarcasm was often retorted by calumny. France, not vanquished in this combat, has been subdued by her own reason. Obliged to pass through the school of an epoch, rich in unexampled experience, her change has been proportionately sudden; and the victory is the nobler as it happened at a moment when her proud arms were humiliated; when, had she been engaged in a less important, less absorbing occupation than her self-generation, she might have been seduced to retaliation, by the ceaseless and ungenerous abuse of the meanest among her adversaries;—a contest in which she would have been furnished with superior arms by a just indignation and by her very misfortunes.

But these misfortunes have passed away, and upon the ruins by which they were surrounded, they have raised a new building, the dearer to them, as they had often attempted and missed it through long and cruel sufferings.

If it be asked how France has deserved, how she maintains that dignified station among nations? Not by receiving with the haughty air of a Turk, the honors that may be bestowed on her genius; not by repelling with ineffable superiority the acts of kindness and the respect that are paid to her; not by triumphing with joy, half devilish and half imbecile, at the happy discovery of something in the stranger, to cavil about; not by repeating without intermission, the tale of her inconceivable glory and greatness; not by meeting the open hand of friendship with the smile of pity, happy in her glorious singleness; no, not by all that! But in her scientific and literary labors—and no one who knows how civilized nations act upon each other, will overlook the importance of this consideration—in her literary and scientific labors she invites the cooperation of all, her prizes, her honors are open to all, she disclaims all nationality;—she offers a refuge to the victims of foreign tyranny, and prides herself upon her hospitality, not by merely throwing to them the pittance that saves them from starving, but by respecting their misfortunes, not by giving more, but otherwise than others. The German, the Italian knows that their public calamities are heard in France, not with the impassibility of a neuter, but with the concern of a friend; they know that France does not disclaim to believe that the progress of her institutions is facilitated and insured by that of her neighbors, and nothing creates mutual confidence, like mutual want: France has not, with the obstinacy of ignorance, excluded evidence coming from abroad; she has yielded to the literary opinions of her neighbors, and, descending from the pitch of an overwrought delicacy, abandoning a constrained and painfully artificial system, she has adapted her taste to the free gait of English and German literature. The labors of the German and Scotch philosophers, receive now freely, a long refused homage, and it seems, that on this all-important subject, frequent and unrestrained discussion is every where tending to unite the convictions. But careful not to exchange error for error, France does not proscribe, and she tolerates what she cannot love.

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If our praise should appear too exclusive, too unqualified, it will be remembered that we do not intend to draw a picture of France, but to comment, by her example, on a disposition, on a spirit, which every nation should be proud to possess, and which, in no other country, has arrived to greater maturity, or is more actively and earnestly displayed. If our assertion is not admitted, it can easily be proved, that in that disposition and spirit, modern French writers are desirous to place a principal claim of their nation to general esteem. They impose the duty upon every individual to attain his share of what, as a national quality, is by his countrymen, considered an important title of their national glory. And when national glory is sought in obligations of daily performance, it is easily tested and its claims, if ungrounded, defeated. In literary impartiality, however, in the candid judgment of the works of the mind, France has been preceded, and is perhaps even now surpassed by Germany, that country of all searching, cosmopolitan scholars, who had long the privilege, alone to place the cause of truth and knowledge above a narrow-minded self-flattery.

We have thus endeavored to illustrate, by the example of France, the moral events that have taken place or are preparing, in the great family of nations, on the continent of Europe. That England makes rapid advances in the mental improvement of her citizens, is here felt and known, infinitely better than the facts to which we have alluded in this article. But the activity of England is more parallel to than in union with that of other nations. We shall not investigate here, to what extent the assertion of English critics whom we should meet upon this ground, is true: that this separation of interest has preserved them from the contagion of dangerous errors. We shall not here make it a question, how beneficial or how disadvantageous this isolation of feelings may have proved to them: it certainly renders them, as judges, at once ill-informed of the real opinions, and prejudiced against the efforts of those whose community they have rejected, and this, that is, the misleading influence of English judgments on public opinion in the United States, we have made the object of our remarks.

Besides England, long alone free, and notwithstanding the great and solid glory of having invented the representative system, emphatically the system of modern civilization, has defects, both in the public and private relations of her citizens, which are entirely different from those of the continent, and require different remedies, a different application of her powers.

Nevertheless, that exclusiveness, so distinctive in the English, is diminishing, and, instead of being proud, they begin to be ashamed of their prejudices. But if our remarks tend to inspire diffidence in opinions received in past years, it was our duty to show the preoccupied state of mind of those from whom they were derived, although our strictures might not in their full force be applicable to the present day. We wish to confine our praise and our charges between strict limits, that we may be the better understood, if our reasoning seems to deserve confidence. We acknowledge it with joy as our opinion that, as nations are assimilated by the progress of civilization, England will, in spite of antiquated factions,

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and by following the voice of many of her sons, of whom she has most reason to be proud, soon be less liable to be charged with that coarse and offensive vanity, the injurious action or, so to say, reverberation of which on the United States, it is the intention of this article to deprecate. For many of the honorable characters to whom we allude, have loudly asserted their opposition against it, and they are followed more or less timidly by a daily increasing number.

We hope not to be reproached with taking up a ground of unprofitable dispute. Our purpose, throughout this article, was to arrive at a strictly practical conclusion, viz.: As so great advantages may arise from a constant intellectual intercourse with other nations and from a correct understanding of their character; as the nations of Europe are in a state of progression, partly in common and under the influence of England, partly also distinctly and differently from that country; if England chooses to remain ignorant of that state of things, or to misrepresent it, England, the channel through which the United States receive almost their whole information concerning Europe—shall no other means be provided, to secure to the public of these United States information imparting correct and unbiassed views, when it is denied by England?

And let not the short-sighted undervalue the importance of such knowledge. Although the American has no such struggle before him, like the European, although his victory over inherited evils has been infinitely more complete than that of the European ever can be, although his alone was the happiness to derive from his ancestors almost all the advantages of an old civilization, and the means for attaining the still lacking ones, without its attending evils, although he was able to remove, more than any one else, the impure chaff unhappily mixed with the noble growth of a civilization, painfully raised through centuries,—he will not observe with less interest, the progress of Europe, on a much more rugged path. Where he cannot learn from them, he will feel with them, and the opportunities of learning in other than political matters, increase daily as the United States, in their most interesting section, approach the appearance of an old nation. We call the most interesting section, not that upon which nature has lavished her treasures with the most bountiful hand, but that where the labor of man has prepared the abode of refined and enlightened society; a society not merely absorbed in the production of physical wealth, but which has found the time and the means, and felt the want of ennobling life by the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures.

We have often put to ourselves the question, whether in one of the large eastern cities, the establishment of a periodical publication, a monthly one, for instance, devoted to give information concerning the continent of Europe, might not, without apprehension of loss, be undertaken by some enlightened bookseller? It would certainly supply a pressing want of the American literary public, a want not in the slightest degree satisfied by any English publication. This forms a striking contrast with the continent of Europe. A French and two German publications, consecrated exclusively to America, have fallen under our limited observation, and others keep those countries continually informed of the occurrences in other countries, notwithstanding, to mention only France, the very universal, cosmopolitan, and, in England, unexampled plan of the *Revue*

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Encyclopedique, the less systematic but intrinsically much superior journal, *le Globe*—and that vast repository of science, the *Bulletin Universel.*

The publication which we suggest, should contain regular summaries of the politics, but principally of the literary activity of those countries, digested, with the mention of the authorities, the character of which should occasionally be made known to the public,—from an extensive collection of foreign,—and not merely French publications. With regard to French politics, that task would be rendered very easy by that excellent paper, the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* of New York. The foreign journals to which we allude, would, in the same time, furnish the library of an Atheneum with precious works of reference, so important in the present throng of literature.

If such a paper or review could obtain a character of acknowledged respectability, other papers would avail themselves of its matter, to fill some columns which are now occupied by bad puns, atrocious murders, horrible accidents, races, routs, drawing rooms, &c. &c.

The relation of the United States with England, resembles that of a child who, upon good grounds to doubt the tenderness of his parent, has separated from him, but knowing at the same time his considerable skill, receives his decisions with great reliance whenever their interests are not opposed. This confidence, generally natural, honorable to one nation, and, when kept by reason within bounds, by no means disgraceful to the other, is injurious in some respects, and particularly so, on the subject of this article. But its noxious action may be counteracted by the publication, the plan of which we have sketched, and which, in the course of time, might become a valuable antidote against the undue influence of English newspaper literature.

For the present, it is especially in American papers, that the English press appears in exquisite flippancy. This is however rather a partial and unfair representation of its spirit. For many editors choose with particular care, such articles for reprinting, as tickle the depraved taste and flatter the vulgar arrogance of the multitude, and nothing has so certainly that effect upon them, as to be made to laugh at what they do not understand and what is beyond their narrow daily practice. The vanity of many readers is of a description to require coarse food, and they are singularly pleased with the English writers who give all other nations up to them, conquered and bound, and thus allow them to spare all their powers to vanquish the victor and to enjoy a universal triumph. It is but justice to add, that many of these papers are read and supported by persons who elsewhere would not read at all.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞The editor, on his return from a distant journey, finds a number of books and pamphlets before him, meriting a notice, which he is obliged to defer to future numbers.

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FRENCH LANGUAGE.

EASY METHOD

For acquiring a Knowledge of the French Language, adapted to Schools and Self Instruction.

The following works, by A. Bolmar, Professor of the French Language in the High School of Philadelphia, are published by Carey, Lea & Carey, and to be had of all the principal Booksellers throughout the Union.

1st—A Collection of One Hundred of Perrin's Fables, accompanied by a Key; containing the Text—a Literal—and Free translation, arranged in such a manner as to point out the difference between the French and the English idioms. Also a **Figured Pronunciation* of the French, according to the best French Works extant on the subject. The whole preceded by a Treatise on the sounds of the French Language, as compared with those of the English after which is a Syllabaire, or Collection of French Words, with the English, from *One* to *Eight* Syllables.

* *The expression*, 'figured pronunciation,' *is here employed to say, briefly, that the words in the Key to the French Fables* are spelt and divided as they are pronounced. *It is what* Walker *has done in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary; for instance, he indicates the pronunciation of the word* enough, *by dividing and spelling it thus*, e-nuf. *In the same manner I indicate the pronunciation of the word* comptaient *thus*, kon-tè. *As the understanding of the figured pronunciation of* Walker *requires the student to be acquainted with the primitive sounds of the English vowels, he must likewise, before he can understand the* figured pronunciation *of the French, make himself acquainted with the* 20 *primitive sounds of the French vowels. This any intelligent person can get from a native, or from any body who reads French well, in some hours.*

2d—Les Aventures de Télémaque par Fénélon, accompanied by a Key to the first eight books; containing like the Fables—the Text—a Literal—and Free Translation; intended as a Sequel to the Fables.

A. B. has also in press "an Elementary Grammar," which will shortly be published, intended as an introduction either to Wanostrocht's or to Lévizac's Grammar; works which cannot be put with advantage into the hands of young pupils, without much previous elementary instruction. This every person called upon to teach *young pupils in classes*, must have experienced—I say, *young pupils in classes*, because a book, however excellent it may be to teach private Scholars, who are grammatically acquainted with their own language at least, is but little suited to the capacity of Scholars from 7 to 10 years of age.

The author of the Elementary Grammar, here announced, having for several years been engaged in instructing in several Schools in Philadelphia, comprising upwards of two hundred pupils, of both sexes, has severely felt the want of a work of the kind; and he trusts that his experience has qualified him for preparing a work which will supply the deficiency.

SPECIMEN OF THE FABLES.

Le Rat et ses Amis.

Un Rat vivait dans l'abondance, près d'un grenier où il y avait‿une grande quantité d*e* froment. Maître Ronge-maille avait fait‿un trou, par où il allait visiter son magasin, quand‿il lui plaisait. Le prodigue ne s*e* contentait pas d*e* s'en remplir, il assemblait tous les rats du voisinage: Venez, mes‿Amis, disait-il venez; vous vivrez‿ici dans l'abondance comme moi; c'est‿un trésor que j'ai découvert. Il eut beaucoup d'Amis, je n'en doute pas: Amis d*e* table, je veux dire: il y en‿a beaucoup parmi les‿*h*ommes. Cependant l*e* maître du grain, voyant qu'il diminuait de jour en jour, quoiqu'il n'y touchât pas résolut d*e* l'ôter du grenier: il le fit dès l*e* lend*e*main: voilà Ronge-maille à la besace. *H*eureus*e*ment, dit-il, j'aì d*e* bons‿amis: ils ne m*e* laisseront pas manquer; ils me l'ont juré cent fois. Le Rat com*p*tait sans son‿*h*ôte. Il va chez ses‿amis: je ne vous connais pas, dit l'un: un‿autre, vous‿êtes‿un‿imbécille; un troisième, vous‿êtes‿un prodigue; c'est votre faute, si vous‿êtes dans la misère: la plupart lui fermèr*ent* la porte au nez.

La même chose arrive dans l*e* monde. Etes-vous riche et puissant, tout l*e* monde vous flatte et vous caresse: vous n*e* manquez jamais d*e* parasites qui s*e* dis*ent* vos‿amis. Si vous dev*e*nez pauvre, ils vous‿abandonn*ent*, et même vous‿insult*ent* dans vos mal*h*eurs.

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Explanations of the different signs employed in the French Fables, to point out those niceties observed by the best speakers of the French Language.

This mark ‿ between two words, indicates that the last consonant of the word which precedes it, must be sounded as if it formed a part of the word that follows it, beginning with a vowel or a silent *h;* for instance, *tout‿à vous*, is pronounced *tou-ta vou;* tout‿homme, is pronounced *tou-tom.*

When words ending with either *s, x, d, c, g, q,* are joined with the following word—*s* and *x* must be sounded like *z; lès‿amis, faux‿amis,* are pronounced *lè-za-mi, fô-za-mi;—d* must be sounded like *t; grand‿ami, grand‿homme,* are pronounced *gran-ta-mi, gran-tom;—c, g* and *q,* must be sounded like *k; avec‿elle, a-vè-kèl; rang‿élevé, ran-kél-vé; cinq‿ans, sin-kan.*

Un‿ami, un‿homme, s'en‿aller, &c. are pronounced *un-na-mi, un-nom, san-na-lé,* &c.—that is, putting in the pronunciation an *n*, (called euphonical letter) before the word following *un* or *en*. In the book, page 6, there is an observation about *un*, which is differently pronounced by different persons, when followed by a vowel, or *h* mute.

E, in Italic, indicates that this letter must be dropped, and the consonant before it joined to the preceding or following syllable.

Foreigners rarely observe, because they are seldom taught to observe, this *most important law* of speaking; this is the *principal reason* why they are unable to understand, when addressed by a native, *the same sentences* they would readily comprehend, if they saw them *in print.* The following example will serve to show to the scholar, that, to be able to understand when spoken to, and to speak with the accent of a native, is as important for him to make himself familiar with the sound of words as pronounced together, as it is when they are pronounced separately; since the difference between the one and the other is so material, as to expose him to the liability of confounding the united sounds of *two or three words*, with the sound of *a single one* of a totally different meaning.

je ne vous le porterai pas:

In which there are 8 syllables, as counted and read in poetry, is pronounced in common reading and conversation

jeɴ voul por-tré pâ;

that is, as 5 syllables, pronouncing jeɴ, as *jeune*, young.

The joining of the final consonant to the following word, gives also to the words of a sentence, a pronunciation so different from the one they have when pronounced separately, that it is a great hinderance to a foreigner in his understanding spoken French, and must consequently be attended to carefully from the beginning. The two following sentences will suffice to show the truth of the above:—

Quand on est en humeur, *is pronounced* Kan ton nè tan nu meur.

Vous êtes un imbécile, *is pronounced* Vou zêt zun nin bé sil.

This joining of words is by no means peculiar to the French; there is more of it in the pronunciation of the English, than most of those who speak it are aware of, as may be readily seen by the following example; which, if a foreigner read, he will pronounce all the words as they would be if pronounced separately, and show at once he is a foreigner;—whereas a native will pronounce this same sentence, with ease and fluency, running, as it were, the words into each other.

A foreigner will pronounce— it is an old abuse.

A native will pronounce— ǐ‿tǐ‿zǎ‿nòl‿dǎ‿bûs.

Giving to the vowels numbered, the sound they have in the following words, taken from Walker's Key, at the head of his Dictionary:

fât pin nò tûbe.

☞ In the book, these directions and explanations are laid down more at length; and whenever, in French, a word, or combination of words, is pronounced differently by different persons, the author has given the best authorities for the preference of the one to the other.

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The principles of French Pronunciation briefly explained

1 *a*mi. *â*me. t*e*. *é*crit. m*è*re. *ê*tre. *i*dole. g*î*te. *o*péra. *ô*ter. t*ou*t. v*oû*te.
2 *a*t. *a*rm. t*u*b. *a*le. m*a*re. th*e*re. *i*diom. *ee*l. *o*pera. *o*ver. t*oo*. f*oo*l.

3 m*u*r. m*û*r. j*eu*ne. j*eû*ne. b*oi*te. b*o*tte. *an*cre. *in*grat. *on*de. *un*. ame*N*.

4 j, as *s* in plea*s*ure. *gn*, as *ni* in u*ni*on. *ill*, as *lli*, in Wi*lli*am.

The lines 1 *and* 3, *of the above, are composed of words in which the Italic letters designate all the primitive sounds of the vowels, and the nasal sounds of the French. Line* 2, *contains English words in which the Italic letters give, as nearly as possible, the sounds of the Italic letters of the* 1*st line. Line* 3*d, contains those sounds which are peculiar to the French language; the word* -ameN- *with a capital* N, *is to serve as a reference, when the letter* n *does not form a nasal sound with the vowel which precedes it. Line* 4*th, contains three sounds of consonants, which, although to be met with in English, are very difficult for the scholar. All the other consonants not named here, are pronounced in French as in English.*

N. B. *The letter g, before or after any of the French vowels and consonants, except before* n, (see above, line 4th gn) *must be pronounced* hard, *as in* gag, get, gig, great, &c.; *when in words of the text* g *has the* soft *sound,* j *is used in the* Figured Pronunciation.—S *must always have the* sharp hissing *sound, as in* sad, set, scale, smoke, &c.—*When* s *must have the* flat *or* soft *sound of* z, *as in* rose, z *is used.*—Sh, *must be pronounced as in* shad, shop, &c.

SPECIMEN OF THE KEY TO THE FABLES.

le ra é sè z.a-mi.
Le Rat et ses Amis.
The Rat and his Friends.

1—un ra vi-vè dan l.a-bon-dans, prè d.un gre-ni-é ou i- l.i a-vè
2–Un Rat †vivait dans l'abondance, près d'un grenier où il y avait
3—*A Rat lived in *the abundance, near *of a granary where *it there (had)-was-*

l.un grand kan-ti-té.d fro-man. mê-tre ronj ma-ill a-vè fè t.un trou,
une grande quantité de froment. Maître Ronge-maille avait, †fait un trou
a great quantity of wheat. Master Nibble had made a hole,

pa r.ou i- l.a-lè vi-zi-té son ma-ga-zin, kan t.il lu-i plè-zè.
par où il †allait [1]visiter son magasin, quand il lui †plaisait.
*(by where)–through which–he went to visit his store, when it *to [2]him [1]pleased.*

le pro-dig ne.s kon-tan-tè pâ.d s.an ran-plir,
Le prodigue ne se [1]contentait pas de s' en [2]remplir,
*The prodigal *himself [was] [2]contented [1]not *of [5]himself (of it)–[6]with [7]it– [3]to [4]fill,*

i- l.a-san-blè tou lè ra du voi-zi-naj: ve-né, mè z.a-mi, di-zè t.il,
il [1]assemblait tous les rats du voisinage: †Venez, mes amis, †disait-il,
he assembled all the rats of the neighbourhood: Come, my friends, said he,

ve-né; vou vi-vré z.i-si dan l.a-bon-dans kom moi; s.è t.un
†venez; vous †vivrez ici dans l' abondance comme moi; c'est un
*come; you will live here in *the abundance as I [do;] it is a*

tré-zor ke j.é dé-kou-vèr. i- l.u bô-kou d.a-mi, je n.an dout
trésor que j' ai †découvert. Il eut beaucoup d' amis, je n'en [1]doute
*treasure which I have discovered. He had many *of friends, I *of *it doubt*

pâ: a-mi.d ta-ble, je veu dir: i- l.i an n.a bô-kou
pas: Amis de table, je †veux †dire: il y en a beaucoup
*not: [2]Friends *of [1]table, I (will)–mean –to say: *it [1]there [4]of [5]them (has)–[2]are– [3]many*

par-mi lè z.om. span-dan.l mê-tre du grin, voi-yan k.il
parmi les hommes. Cependant le maître du grain, †voyant qu' il
*[6]amongst *the men. Meanwhile the owner of the grain, seeing that it*

di-mi-nu-è de jour an jour, koi- k.il n.i tou-sha pâ,
[1]diminuait de jour en jour, quoiqu' il n' y [1]touchât pas,
*diminished from day (in)–to– day, though [1]he *to [2]it (might touch)–[2]touched– [4]not,*

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ré-zo-lu d.l.ô-té du gre-ni-é: il le fi dè.l land-min:
†résolut de l' ¹ôter du grenier: il le †fit dès le lendemain:
resolved •of ³it ¹to ²take ⁴away from the granary: he ²it ¹did (from)—on—the following day.

voi-la ronj ma-ill a la bsas. eu-reûz-man, di t.il,
voilà Ronge-maille à la besace. Heureusement, †dit-il,
behold Squire Nibble (to the wallet)—reduced to beggary.— Happily, said he,

j.é.d bon z.a-mi: il ne.m lè-sron pâ man-ké; il me l.on
j' ai de bons amis: ils ne me ¹laisseront pas ¹manquer; ils me l' ont
I have •some good friends: ¹they ⁵me ²will ⁴let ³not •to want; ¹they ⁵to ⁶me ⁴it ²have

ju-ré san foi. le ra kon-tè san son n.ôt. il va shé sè
¹juré cent fois. Le Rat ¹comptait sans son hôte. Il †va chez ces
³sworn [a] hundred times. The Rat reckoned without his host. He goes to his

z.a-mi; je.n vou ko-nè pâ, di l.un: un n.ôtre, vou z.êt z.un n.in-bé-sil;
amis; je ne vous †connais pas, †dit l' un: un autre, vous êtes un imbécille;
friends; I ⁴you ¹do ³know ²not, said •the one: an other, you are a fool;

un troi-zi-èm; vou z.êt z.un pro-dig; s.è vot fôt, si vou z.êt dan la
un troisième; vous êtes un prodigue; c'est votre faute, si vous êtes dans la
a third; you are a prodigal; it is your fault, if you are in •the

mi-zèr: la plu-pâr lu-i fèr-mèr la port ô né.—
misère: la plupart lui ¹fermèrent la porte au nez.—
misery: •the most part [of them] •to •him shut the door (at the nose)—upon him.—

la mêm shôz a-riv dan.l mond. êt vou rish é pu-i-san,
La même chose ¹arrive dans le monde. Etes-vous riche et puissant,
The same thing happens in the • world. Are you rich and powerful,

tou.l mond vou flat é vou ka-rès: vou.n man-ké
tout le monde vous ¹flatte et vous ¹caresse: vous ne ¹manquez
(all the world)—every body— •you flatters and ²you ¹caresses: you ²want

ja-mè.d pa-ra-zit ki.s diz vô z.a-mi. si vou de-vné pô-vre,
jamais de parasites qui se †disent vos amis. Si vous †devenez pauvre,
¹never •of parasites who ²themselves ¹call your friends. If you become poor,

il vou z.a-ban-don, é mêm vou z.in-sult dan vô ma-leur.
ils vous ¹abandonnent, et même vous ¹insultent dans vos malheurs.
they ²you ¹abandon, and even ²you ¹insult in your misfortunes.

Line 1st—At the beginning of this Fable is the *Figured Pronunciation*, representing the words *divided into syllables, as heard in conversation and common reading, and not as heard and counted in poetry;* for instance *con te nan ce*, which is a word of 4 syllables, will be reduced to 2, *kont-nans;* whilst *fruit, bien*, &c., which are words of one syllable each, will be divided thus, *fru-i, bi-in*, because the two sounds forming the diphthongs *ui, ien*, are heard distinctly, although pronounced very closely. To this close pronunciation, too much attention cannot be given in sounds constituting any of the numerous diphthongs of the French, which are all concisely arranged in a table in the book.—Observe also, that this close pronunciation, must always be carefully attended to, when the final consonant of a word is joined to the following word:—for instance, *vous avez*, although separated thus, *vou za vé;* must not be pronounced *vou...za vé;* pausing after *vou*, and saying afterwards *za vé;* it would be very bad pronunciation. The consonant that links, as it were, two words must be pronounced very softly, and as if the syllables of the two words were the syllables of a single one, *vou‿za‿vé*.

Line 2d—Is the text—The numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4, prefixed to some words, indicate they are regular verbs of one of the four regular conjugations. This mark † before a word indicates it to be an irregular verb.

In the *Elementary Grammar* the author is now publishing, the regular and irregular verbs will be arranged in such a manner as to enable the scholar, *from his very outset*, to trace every verb in his Fables to the *Present Tense of the Infinitive Mood*, to which every other Tense must be traced, in order to find the verbs in the Dictionary. This knowledge, which the scholar will acquire as he proceeds with his translation, and his learning the verbs in his Grammar, will be of great service to him when he has no longer the *ready facility of any key*, but merely the *occasional assistance* of his master. The object of these Elementary books, is to facilitate the progress of the scholars, by removing many obstructions that lie at the entrance of his path, and that *not unusually discourage all voluntary exertions*, and also to serve him as *leading strings in the absence of his master*, until he has attained sufficient confidence and strength to move on willingly, and without extraordinary aid.

Line 3d—Contains the Literal and the Free Translation, arranged in such a manner as to enable the scholar to acquire practically, with little trouble and no loss of time, what he will at the same time learn theoretically by the Grammar; *namely*, the difference between the French and the English arrangement of the words in the same sentence, and the difference of the idioms of the two Languages.

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Directions for using this part of the Book.

The Scholar must be made very familiar with the sounds of the consonants, and the primitive sounds of the vowels, as explained in *two tables in the book, and concisely put at the top of every page, after the example of* WALKER's DICTIONARY. Then with the aid of this Key, he is to prepare the lesson assigned him, so as to be able, when called upon, to give his teacher—1st the right pronunciation of words—2dly, a literal translation of each word—3dly, a free translation, or translation of *ideas*, of each sentence, *without looking at the Key*. With regard to the free translation, which is necessarily somewhat inelegant, the Scholar needs not, and must not be allowed, to adhere strictly to the one given; but must vary the expression when possible, according to his taste and ability: by this means, he will acquire, besides the French, if judiciously guided, a great command of expression in his own language, which is often neglected while learning a foreign one.

In preparing the reading lesson, for the sake of pronunciation, the scholar must remember the primitive sounds, which his master must pronounce for him; and also observe that letters, divided by a *dot*, must be pronounced with the syllable before or after them, without regard to the dot, which has been introduced to prevent confusion; for instance, tout à vous, *tou t.a vou;* votre ami, *vo tr.a mi;* tout le monde, *tou.l mond;* ai-je, *é.j;* j'ai de bons amis, *j.é.d bon s.a mi.*

Although the author is aware of the impossibility of teaching the pronunciation of any language by signs, he can assert, without fear of being contradicted, that all his pupils have derived immense benefit from his *Figured Pronunciation*, and have acquired such a pronunciation, as he had never been able to give to any pupil before. Any body that has paid the least attention to orthoëpy, will not be astonished at the assertion.

In preparing the Free Translation, the pupil must bear in mind, that an asterisk * is placed before words which are to be left out—That the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c., placed before the English words, show the English construction, or the order of words in each sentence—That a parenthesis ( ), embrace those English expressions, which, in order to give a tolerable translation of *Ideas* of the French, must be changed into those English expressions, which follow the ( ), and which are placed between two hyphens - -;—And that sometimes in order to complete the sense of a sentence, it has been necessary to add some English words, which in this case, stand between brackets [ ].

☞ As the Orthoëpists, Dr. Kenrick, Sheridan, Nares, and Walker, whose works are well known to every English scholar; and in French, Catineau, de Wailly, Gattel, and very recently Noël, Inspecteur General of the University, and Chapsal, Professor of General Grammar, have not thought it useless in their valuable Dictionaries to mark the pronuciation, and to divide words into syllables as they are pronounced, to answer the purpose of a guide to pronunciation; the author of the Fables, hopes that his little work will not be considered a useless one: however, as he is aware that those who can read French will, if they try to read the *Figured Pronunciation* of the Fables, declare it more difficult to be read than the Text, and consequently worthless, he begs of such persons to defer their judgment until they have read the directions, and made themselves acquainted with the principles of it. Any person who reads English, will certainly read with greater facility the two following lines:

> Though my tough cough, and hiccough, plough me through,
> O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue :

in which the same combination of letters, *ough* has no less than 7 different sounds, than he would read the *Figured Pronunciation* of them as given by WALKER;

> THò mì tŭf kôf ând hìk-kŭp plôû mè *th*rò
> òr lìfs dårk lŏk mè kòrs ì stìll pŭr sŭ.

Yet no persons can deny, that a foreigner, after having acquired the primitive sounds of the English, as laid down by WALKER, would, after his master is gone, find a great deal of assistance in the above *Figured Pronunciation* to help him to revise and fix in his memory the above different sounds. Let it be well understood, that the author does not profess to teach French pronunciation by his *Figured Pronunciation* of the Fables, but merely to facilitate the acquirement of it; and that to derive any advantage from it, the scholar must be first well acquainted with the 20 primitive sounds, to which all the various combinations of the vowels have been reduced.

The author, in some future number, intends to give, for the benefit of those who shall be willing to profit by his experience and constant observation, more particularly for those who, in the country are called upon to teach French, for want of a French master, a statement of the method which has given him the best results. He will also endeavour to point out the advantages of the Interlinear system, as he now offers it; (*those who are acquainted with the* Hamiltonian system, *will readily perceive that the above, differs widely from that* Magical system, *by which one could be taught a language in* 48 *lessons*;) likewise those of the Old system, with the Grammar, and those of Mr. Dufief's; for each of these systems has excellencies, that can be combined to make a more perfect scholar in a shorter time, than could be made with either of these three systems, without the assistance of the two others. He will at the same time show, that it is not less ridiculous for the advocates of the Interlinear system, to condemn every part of the Old system, and the use of the grammar, than it is to the advocate of the Old system to condemn the Interlinear system, without having examined it—without having tried it—but merely because they either saw or heard of a man who made a *quackery* of a thing like it, and like what has been recommended by Ascham, by Locke, by Condillac, and executed for the Latin in a masterly way by Dumarsais; who never made extravagant promises, nor excluded the study of Grammar.

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These Fables, and Telemachus, now announced, were published nearly two years ago; they were prepared for the use of the pupils of the HIGH SCHOOL, and would never have gone abroad, if the author had not been called upon for some copies by teachers of different states, who visited the HIGH SCHOOL, and who, satisfied with the progress the French scholars had made, by means of the present system, *had determined* to try it, or have it tried in their own schools. Satisfied with the trial, they have repeated their demand for books, and have thereby, at last, engaged the author to make the books more known, and to affront the appellation of *innovator*, and the sneers of those prejudiced persons, who think, that nothing in the way of facilitating the acquirement of languages can be contrived to stand against what has been, they say, followed for ages; and who, on account of their indifference respecting the progress of their scholars, will not even take the trouble of examining things before they condemn them.

Among the numerous establishments in which, for nearly two years, these books have been found very beneficial to the progress of the scholars; it gives the author pleasure to be able to name Mrs. Willard's, at Troy; Round Hill School, at Northampton; and the High School, at New York. Though the adoption of the books in the above establishments, says much in favour of the plan; the author cannot help mentioning, that Mr. W. R. Johnson principal of the High School of Philadelphia, being satisfied with the progress of the French scholars, in his establishment, judged necessary for the advancement of scholars in other languages, to have books prepared on the same plan. Mr. Johnson is publishing himself the Greek Delectus, and Mr. Walker, a Latin book.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Had the specimen of the books given in this advertisement, not been thought sufficient to enable any person to judge for himself; the author would have procured and published a number of recommendations; he will, however, give an extract from a letter, he received some time ago, from the Rev. Philip Lindsley, formerly Vice President of Princeton College, and now President of Cumberland College, Nashville. "I have examined your Fables and Key, and also the Télémaque and Key, and I heartily approve them. I shall recommend them to our teachers of the French language in this country whenever I have opportunity. I have already advised our booksellers to procure them for our own pupils. I think favourably of the specimen of the Greek Delectus, and shall be glad to see the work when completed. Accept my best wishes for your success in the noble enterprise in which you are engaged."

FROM THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

To the above, the author will add an extract of a notice about the Fables, which appeared in the Journal of Education, published in Boston, (November last.) "This book, as a work for elementary instruction in the French language, is, in all respects, the best that has yet been published. To render the correctness of this opinion evident, we have only to say, that it embraces all that is truly valuable in the method of literal translation, divested of its supposed disadvantages. It contains all that may justly be termed recent improvement, and secures, along with the facilities of the 'literal' method, a course of discipline more than securing all the benefits arising from the use of a dictionary, and the independent exercise of the learner's own mind, as on the common plan. The peculiar advantages of the author's method, however, were fully stated in a Review in a former number, (April last;) and we have only to add that the present form of the work renders it at once the cheapest, the most accurate, and the most comprehensive class book of the kind. We would invite those teachers who have not yet seen it, to put themselves in possession of it, and all who have not yet decided on an introductory work, to examine this, before making a final selection."

French becoming more and more a necessary part of the education of young people, the author sees no reason why parents, who, in the country attend themselves to the education of their children, (*although unacquainted with the French*,) could not, until they have the opportunity of having them taught pronunciation and grammar by a master, take advantage of some leisure hours, to teach them how to translate with the assistance of the above announced works—let a lesson be assigned to the child, let him write out of the Key the Fable he has for his lesson, not as it stands in the Key, that is, the English under the French, but as follows:—Suppose he has for his lesson the above Fable—*un* a—*rat* rat—*vivait* lived—*dans* in—*l'* the—*abondance* abundance—*près* near—*d'* of—*un* a—&c. without putting any of the figures, or any of the idioms; this way of writing it, will force him to notice the meaning of every word separately; whereas if he was allowed to write the English under the French, as it is in the Key, he would soon, instead of writing a French word, then the English word under it, write a whole line of French, and afterwards the line of English under it, and pay very little regard to the meaning of each word separately—this proves to be an excellent exercise to help the scholar to fix in his memory the meaning of words, to teach him the orthography of the French, and to improve him in the spelling of the English. After he has written that literal translation, let him study the Key until he is sure he can translate the lesson assigned him, having before him nothing but the text. Let the person who is to hear him his lesson take the Key, and correct his errors in translating; (*this any person, without knowing a single word of French, can do.*) If the scholar is old enough, and has a good knowledge of the English, take his Key from him when he thinks he is well prepared to translate his lesson, and cause him, from his own written literal translation, to write a free English translation. Any person who shall submit himself to that kind of discipline, is sure, before he has gone through the Fables, and the first eight books of Telemachus, to be a pretty good translator; afterwards, he may have a master for the pronunciation and the grammar To say, that after a person has gone through the above books in that way, he will be a pretty good translator, will not appear an extraordinary assertion to those, who know that many people have been able by themselves, and the help of two bibles, one in their own language and the other in the language they wanted to acquire, to gain such a knowledge of the language as to be able to read any book with pleasure.

FROM THE NATIONAL GAZETTE.

The advertisement of M. Bolmar, an eminent Professor of the French in this city (Philadelphia,) merits the particular attention of all who wish either to make progress, or give instruction, in that language. His method has been much applauded in literary journals, and strikes us as well adapted to facilitate the object of both teachers and learners.

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THE
ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,
SON OF ULYSSES:
BY FÉNELON.

INTRODUCTION.

The immortal *Fénélon*, in this very useful Poem, shows the entire anatomy of the human mind and heart; for he knew man and men. He had studied one within himself, and the other amidst a flourishing court. He divided his life between solitude and society; he lived continually attentive to the truths which instruct us within; he knew how to suit himself to all men in order to sound them. The author of Telemachus joins the most important instructions with heroic examples. It is SUBLIME in its principles, NOBLE in its motives, and UNIVERSAL in its use.

1. *Sublime in its Principles*, it arises from a profound knowledge of man.—The author introduces the reader into his own heart; he shows him the secret springs of his passions, the latent windings of self-love, the difference between false and solid virtues. He, in every page, makes us sensible, that the Infinite Being incessantly acts in us, in order to make us good and happy: that he is the immediate source of all our knowledge and all our virtues: that we are not less indebted to him for reason, than for life: that his sovereign truth ought to be our delight, and his supreme will the rule of all our affections; that for want of consulting his universal and unchangeable wisdom, man sees nothing but seducing phantoms, and for want of hearkening to it, hears nothing but the confused noise of his passions: that, solid virtues are something foreign; that they are not the effects of our own endeavours; but of power superior to man, which works in us when we do not obstruct it, and of whose working we are not always sensible, on account of its delicacy. He shows us, that without this first and sovereign power, which raises man above himself, the most shining virtues are only the refinements of self-love, which confines all its views to itself, makes itself its own Deity, and becomes at the same time the idolater and the idol.

It is thus that the morality of the author tends to make us forget ourselves, in order to refer every thing to the Supreme Governor of the universe, and to make us adore and worship him, as the end of his politics is to make us prefer the good of the public to private advantage, and to induce us to love the human race: the grand principle on which the whole turns is, that all the world is but one republic, of which God is the common father, and every nation as it were one great family; from this beauteous and delightful idea arises what politicians call *the laws of nature and nations*, equitable, generous and full of humanity. Hence arise a love for strangers, and a mutual confidence between man and man.

Our author also shows us, that the glory of rulers, is to govern men, in order to render them good and happy; that their authority is never better established than when it is founded in the love of the people; and that the true riches of a country consists in retrenching all the imaginary wants of life, and being satisfied with necessaries, and with simple and innocent pleasures. He hereby shows, that virtue not only contributes to the fitting of men for future felicity, but that it actually renders society as happy as it can be in this life.

2. *Noble in its motives*, its grand principle is, that the love of virtue, ought to be preferred to the love of pleasure. The author shows us also, by the excellent morality which he puts in the mouth of his heroes, and the generous actions which he makes them perform, what an effect the pure love of virtue may have on a noble heart. A man, therefore, cannot read Telemachus without seeing the generous sentiments of a noble soul, whose conceptions are all great; of a disinterested heart that continually forgets itself; of a philosopher who does not confine his views to himself nor to his own country, nor to any thing in particular, but directs every thing to the common good of mankind, and all mankind to the Supreme Being.

3. *Universal in its uses*, Telemachus is extensive and fruitful, suited to all times, to all nations, and all conditions. We there see the art of governing different nations, the way to maintain peace abroad with our neighbours, and yet always prepared for war. Here are given precepts for agriculture, trade, arts, government and the education of children.

In fact, the style is polite, clear, flowing and magnificent; the author is never guilty of repetitions. All his periods fill the ear by their numbers and cadence; there is nothing shocking, no hard words, no abstruse terms, nor affected turns. Nor is this all; the descriptions of this Poem are not designed only to please: for they are likewise instructive. If the author speaks of the pastoral life, it is to recommend an amiable simplicity of manners. If he represents the horrors of a shipwreck, it is to inspire his hero with firmness of soul, and resignation to the will of heaven in the greatest dangers.

ARGUMENT.

The taking of Troy had been fatal to all the Greek princes, conquerors of that famous city, which, mistress of Asia, would have one day subjugated all Greece. Troy resisted during ten years; and during this long period of time, the greater part of the states of Greece, remaining without chiefs, became the prey of usurpers. Nearly all these tyrants, on the return of the legitimate princes, opposed their landing.

Ulysses, king of Ithica, a small island in the Adriatic Sea, and sovereign of Acarnania, was obliged to wander ten years longer about his own dominions, without daring to reenter them, on account of a faction which had arisen there. It consisted of a number of great lords of the kingdom of Ithica, and of a number of neighbouring princes, all of whom sought the hand of Penelope, wife of Ulysses, and who united in the project of banishing, for ever, Ulysses from his dominions, and of killing him if he entered them. They therefore spread abroad the report of his death, and neglected nothing to persuade Penelope of the truth of this news, and that she should enter into a second marriage.

This princess was a model of beauty; but her virtue and her prudence were still greater: in order to elude such ardent entreaties, she promised to make a choice among the suitors, when she should have finished a tapestry, on which was to be represented the Trojan war, and the principal exploits of Ulysses, her husband. She worked at it daily with a remarkable assiduity; but the work did not advance, because she took care to undo at night what she had done during the day.

Minerva, goddess of wisdom and of the fine arts, and who presides over the exploits of legitimate warfare, had not ceased to inspire Ulysses during the Trojan war. By the counsels and the courage of this wise prince, the Greeks had finally triumphed over their enemies. The goddess desired that Ulysses, her favourite, should join to his glory a consummate prudence and wisdom; it was she who incessantly removed him from Ithica, caused him to traverse all the countries of the known world, that he might instruct himself in the usages and manners of the people, and acquire a courage and wisdom proof against every thing. Minerva had the same project for the young Telemachus, son of Ulysses and Penelope; she inspired him with the desire of travelling, with the generous design of discovering his father, and of reentering triumphantly with him into Ithica: and she resolved to accompany him herself under the figure of Mentor, his instructor.

Dangers and labours of all kinds, were to oppose the return of Telemachus, his happiness and his glory. If the young hero, faithful to the inspiration of Minerva, overcame every obstacle, he was to be the most happy of kings, after the death of the sage Ulysses; if he yielded to the seductions of voluptuousness and indolence, Minerva was to abandon him; Telemachus was never to see his father again, and was to die unknown on some distant shore. Such were the designs of Minerva respecting this young prince, and such is the origin of the adventures which are to be related.

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Calypso ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse. Dans sa douleur, elle se trouvait malheureuse d'être immortelle. Sa grotte ne résonnait plus de son chant: les nymphes qui la servaient, n'osaient lui parler. Elle se promenait souvent seule sur les gazons fleuris, dont un printems éternel bordait son île; mais ces beaux lieux, loin de modérer sa douleur, ne faisaient que lui rappeler le triste souvenir d'Ulysse, qu'elle y avait vu tant de fois auprès d'elle. Souvent elle demeurait immobile sur le rivage de la mer qu'elle arrosait de ses larmes; et elle était sans cesse tournée vers le côté où le vaisseau d'Ulysse, fendant les ondes, avait disparu à ses yeux. Tout-à-coup elle aperçut les débris d'un navire qui venait de faire naufrage, des bancs de rameurs mis en pièces, des rames écartées çà et là sur le sable, un gouvernail, un mât, des cordages flottant sur la côte; puis elle découvre de loin deux hommes, dont l'un paraissait âgé, l'autre, quoique jeune, ressemblait à Ulysse. Il avait sa douceur et sa fierté, avec sa taille et sa démarche majestueuse..

Specimen of the Key to the first eight books of Telemachus.

Calypso ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse. Dans sa
*Calypso [2]not [1]could [4]herself *to [3]console [1](of) the departure of Ulysses. in her*

douleur, elle se trouvait malheureuse d'être immortelle. Sa grotte
grief, she [2]herself [1]found unhappy [2](of to be) immortal. Her grotto

ne résonnait plus de son chant: les nymphes qui la servaient, n'osaient
[2]no [1]resounded more [3](of) her singing: the nymphs who [3]her [1]waited [2]upon, [5]not [4]dared

lui parler Elle se promenait souvent seule sur les gazons fleuris,
*[7]to [8]her *to [6]speak. She *herself walked often alone on the [2]turf [1]flowery,*

dont un printems éternel bordait son île; mais ces beaux lieux,
[3](of) which an [2]spring [1]eternal bordered her island; but these beautiful places,

loin de modérer sa douleur, ne faisaient que lui rappeler le triste
far from [4](to moderate) her grief, [5](did but to her to recall) the sad

souvenir d'Ulysse, qu'elle y avait vu tant de fois auprès d'elle.
*remembrance of Ulysses, whom she [3]there [1]had [2]seen so many *of times near *of her.*

Souvent elle demeurait immobile sur le rivage de la mer qu'elle arrosait
*[2]Often [1]she stood motionless on the [2]shore *of *the [1]sea which she bedewed*

de ses larmes; et elle était sans cesse tournée vers le côté où
[6](of) her tears; and she was [7](without ceasing) turned towards the side where

le vaisseau d'Ulysse, fendant les ondes, avait disparu à ses yeux.
the vessel of Ulysses, cleaving the waves, had disappeared [8](to) her eyes.

Tout-à-coup elle aperçut les débris d'un navire qui venait de faire
Suddenly she perceived the fragments of a ship which [9](came of to make

naufrage, des bancs de rameurs mis en pièces, des rames écartées ça
*shipwreck,) *some benches of rowers [10](put in) pieces, *some oars scattered here*

et là sur le sable, un gouvernail, un mât, des cordages flottant sur
and there on the sand, a rudder, a mast, some cordages floating on

la côte; puis elle découvre de loin deux hommes, dont l' un
*the coast; then she discovers [11](of far) two men, [2]of [3]whom *the [1]one*

paraissait âgé, l'autre, quoique jeune, ressemblait à Ulysse. Il avait sa
*appeared aged, the other, although young, resembled *to Ulysses. He had his*

douceur et sa fierté, avec sa taille et sa démarche majestueuse.
mildness and his loftiness, with his stature and his [2]gait [1]majestic.

---

[1]for.—[2]in being.—[3]with.—[4]soothing.—[5]only recalled to her mind.—[6]with.—[7]continually. [8]from.—[9]had just been wrecked.—[10]broken to.—[11]at a distance.

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THE

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'BENEDICERE HAUD MALEDICERE.'

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THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1829.

ON THE PROGRESS OF POLITICAL AND LITERARY OPINIONS ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

[Concluded from page 280.]

BUT we have said enough of these details. We shall conclude with some remarks on objects of a more general interest, from which, as subordinate to them, the subject of the preceding pages derives whatever importance it may possess. We believe that he who now refuses to walk, must apprehend to be left behind in unwelcome company. Knowledge, no more to be arrested in its impetuous progress, must overthrow national prejudices as obstacles in its way. Whoever therefore wishes to contribute his share to that great end, the progress of knowledge—in a wide or in a limited sphere, among his friends and those to whom he most wishes well, or as a public man before his country, will combat these prejudices with the arms of calm and severe reason. Otherwise he would prove that he has entirely misconstrued the tendency of the cause which he pretends to advocate, or that he is mistaken in the choice of his means. For immense is the accession of knowledge which may be derived from the free and hearty communion of nations, invaluable the advantages from which otherwise they would be excluded. If that intercourse were impeded by disastrous but passing events, a war for instance, irritated energy and ingenuity would overcome the most serious obstacles, and an ardent eagerness to repair the loss would follow their removal. But national prejudices, forbid the use of inviting opportunities, consecrate as a quality in a nation what in an individual would be hated or despised, and impose upon an individual as a member of a nation, what, if carried into society, would render him intolerable. The noblest minds have often been reduced by them to a forced silence, which argues the shame of their countrymen. Error

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has been persisted in because it was national, it has reached even elevated characters, and the young and inexperienced have been brought up, fed with black and heinous sentiments, which doubtless have exercised the most injurious influence not only on the mind, but on the heart. True, there are not a few who think that inveterate prejudices contribute to patriotism; persuade they say, an Englishman that he can beat three Frenchmen, and he will do it. What, knowledge which increases the thousand bonds of mutual interest and dependence, of attachment and esteem, of affection and gratitude between an individual and those among whom providence has placed him, will extinguish his love for them?

We omit to mention the great advantage that industry and learning may derive from the rapid and friendly passage of thought from country to country. Whoever has studied the history of any branch of learning, whoever knows the present state of any science whatever or of a single division of it, in different countries, is in possession of convincing proofs for our assertion. But it is perhaps not so generally felt that the most thoroughly handled question, sometimes even after having emanated from us, may return to us, newly elucidated, not because more amply but because differently discussed and elaborated in the variously prepared minds of foreigners. It seems to us that sufficient weight is not laid upon the circumstance that by early and national education minds are moulded into a shape which they often preserve through life. This, however, explains how highly cultivated—Italians, for instance—can firmly entertain opinions which here the most common mind would confidently reject as absurd. May that not in particular respects be true of all nations?

The progress of civilization, that product of the union of individuals and nations, to be correctly appreciated, must be considered, not in its immediate often disappointing effects, but in its general bearings and ends. That will teach to distinguish vain, ill-understood efforts, from effectual measures, the deluded enthusiast from the active promoter. The presence before the mind of a vast design, in which, however, many can co-operate because it bears its instantaneous reward, will assign the place, the propriety, the relative utility of each act. But the field is immense, the paths of error every where open, and it is not given to many, to follow with reason the flights of imagination and feeling, to recall them when straying, to lead them, still always to remain animated and supported by them.

Soundness of knowledge, severity of reasoning, cautiousness and courage, deep penetration with great ends, too earnest to break out in dazzling declamation, but eloquent by dint of truth and seriousness, the careful distinction of the timely and the untimely, and of

Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent,

deep rooted tolerance and calm energy: these would be the principal traits in the picture which we might draw of the man whom we should judge worthy of a distinguished place among those who in all countries lead the present generation in her advances to improvement.

We know that there are not a few whose sympathy and interest reaches not beyond their immediate contact. But many there are also—and the diffusion of knowledge and the expansion of mind which follows it, will continually increase their number—who love to follow the stream of time

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and believe that, as instinct bids the animal to provide for those that come after it, so reason bids man, the only being improvable through himself and capable of transmitting his improvements, to contribute to the amelioration of his race. And far from regretting the labour they thus bestow upon those they shall never see, they will feel satisfied that they could not better fill the time which care for those whom nature rendered dependent upon them, left vacant and unemployed.

And do such exertions not react upon the mind, not elevate it? Will such a mind fall into weariness? Do not such occupations bring them near to those they most esteem? Does not every act add to the store of their ennobling retrospect? Do they not create to themselves a world of unceasing interest, a world of hopes? Hopes which make up so great a part of the sum of our enjoyments? And when they reflect how much easier the acquisition of knowledge will be, with better methods, completer systems, without errors to unlearn; what dangerous pleasures the pleasures of knowledge will supersede; that knowledge impels to virtue because it unveils the hatefulness and falseness of vice; how astonishingly it increases the active powers and even prolongs the physical existence of man; when knowledge appears before them as a building indestructible, though never perfect, never finished, yet always drawing nearer to divine perfection; when they follow the prospect of human perfectibility of which their reason cannot assign the limits;—will they not be left in wonder, will they not be prouder of the imperishable mind which can create, express and transmit such ideas of undying beauty and harmony?

The true philosopher who will not disdain to descend into the recesses of application, who will carefully avoid to divert the attention or overreach the capacity of the wavering tyro, by abstractions, may occasionally be allowed to indulge in these encouraging and elevating reflections. So, the valiant Teucer, before he bent his way to seek a new Salamis, did not know, where it was, how far it was—but certain he was to find it, *certus enim promisit Apollo!* So, ere he abandoned his bark to the waves, he cheered up his tried companions to seek in the joy of the moment, strength and fortitude for the dangers of the voyage.

O fortes pejoraque passi
Mecum sæpe viri: nunc vino pellite curas,
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor!

We return, in our final remarks, once more to the original subject of this article. That national prejudices, the parody of patriotism, are more exclusive, more inveterate, more self-deluding in Englishmen than in men of equal education and patriotism in other countries, cannot be denied. Since, therefore, America has the privilege to possess, as common property with England, the riches of a glorious literature, she owes, on the other hand, to her own dignity, not to transplant on her genial soil the rank luxuriance of growth, the sad offspring of past strifes, of bad feelings in which she need not share, and of jealousies which, in America, are not fostered by wounded and fearing self-interest. Otherwise foreign prejudices and enmities might be superadded to those which, in a limited degree, in an infinitely smaller degree than the English, hardly any nation can help imbibing from her collision with foreign interests.

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Whence those prejudices arose, who may be charged with their origin and their heinous effects, may hereafter be matter of curious history. To us it seems a theme little inviting. We shall not put the brand of recollection to a dying flame. For we confidently assert, dying it is, although we well know, it never can be entirely extinguished, no more than ignorance which more than any thing else gives it life and nourishment. But we hope we shall be seen more and more to approach the day when those prejudices will be recognized and stigmatized like presumptuous ignorance.

A TOUR.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER, 1829.

Dear Sir,—Returned from an excursion of two thousand miles, I fulfil my promise to give you some account of it. The public, I know, has been fed upon tours and travels to satiety, and would probably shed no tears in being withholden from my chronicle of moving accidents by flood and field. Yet it can hardly happen, that a traveller, with his eyes open, and his heart not ossified, can pass from this place up the many hundred miles of the Ohio, traverse the wide range of the Alleghanies and the Atlantic country, from Washington to Boston, in the constant changes of the modes of travelling by river and sea steam boats, and alternating them with stages, and almost as often changing his companions as the aspects of nature, shifting under his eye, and not have many new thoughts elicited by variety of adventures, sodality and circumstances, can hardly avoid deriving some information, which, however trite to the dwellers on one part of his route, may be entirely new to those on another. I certainly saw scenery, public works, and public institutions, fresh lions, and various odd fishes, not to mention the Siamese boys, which were entirely new to me, who have been, so far as regards American space and scenery, rather a hackneyed traveller. Whether I amuse, and instruct you and the public or not, I at least fulfil my promise, and unburden my conscience. On you be the guilt, if I inflict penance. To the W. M. be the advantage and glory, if I impart either profit or pleasure.

On the eighth of August I began to ascend the beautiful Ohio. The weather had been, for some days preceding, unusually sultry. But as soon as the buckets of our little steamer, the Amulet, were in play, the fresh water Naiads began to fan the silver wave with the bland and cool south-west, yielding us its delightful ventilation all the way to Wheeling.

Much of the discomfort and unpleasantness of travelling, as every one must have observed, arises from the jealousy of fellow travellers, thus brought together, that their claims, on the score of dignity and self estimation, will not be duly allowed. If it were not on the whole annoying, it would be amusing, to see the strangers, so united, draw themselves up in their imagined consequence, and assuming a belligerent air and countenance, regarding all those, whom chance has thus associated with them, as they were spies, engaged in contemplating the nakedness of the land;

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when, perhaps, after the acquaintance of a day, they will find themselves on the footing of friends. Such is the native pride and jealousy of human nature, that the term stranger, even now, that all the world is on their travels, is but another name at first for enemy. Pity, that we cannot every where carry with us a sufficient fund of reliance upon our innate dignity, and of love for our species, to regard every individual, when seen for the first time, neither with jealousy nor ill will, but with complacency and good feeling. This single capability would infinitely enhance the pleasure of travelling.

On the second evening of my passage on the river, a passenger of the cloth seemed disposed to enter into conversation; and as the evening candles were lighting, and the customary card tables preparing in the cabin, we began to confabulate. I discovered, that the gentleman was unconscious, who it was, that was conversing with him. In discussing matters and things in our city, I soon became, as I had foreseen would happen, the theme of his remarks. The uncertainty of the light enabled me to command my countenance beyond the fear of betrayal. In a conversation of a good long hour 'by the Worcester clock,' I had the advantage from my good natured friend, of hearing my posthumous and historical valuation addressed to the conscious and concrete flesh and blood, as though it had been an abstract thing without parts, or passions. Wo is me! May our friends annoint us, while we live, with their most bland and precious oil; for on our cold stone such rencounters teach us we may expect little but the true caustic acid. The gentleman was a zealous religionist, regarding my views of religion, as heretical; and you may imagine what kind of a portrait I obtained from this patient and protracted sitting. But we of the West, who have seen alligators, felt blisters, and tasted calomel, learn not to make wry faces at swallowing a bitter potion. Nevertheless, when I informed him, that I was the gentleman, whom he had condescended to discuss, I would have preferred, for the moment, to have been the subject, rather than the painter.

I crossed the mountains on the national road from Wheeling to Baltimore, and once more experienced mixed emotions, in looking back, from the table eminence of the first mountain, upon the dim and interminable blue of the Ohio valley, which I had left behind me. Under my eye were patches of the road, by which we had wound to the summit, like a winding russet ribband traced through the forests. Below me were outstretched towns, farms, houses, smokes, a wide section of the course of the Monongahela, and a world beyond, of which, even the nearer extremity was lost in the haze. Among its forests and prairies were still a million dwellers in log cabins. Peace to your secluded homes!

> 'Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
> 'Their homely joys, and destiny obscure.'

Imagination travels rapidly, and what is better, unexpensively. My thoughts traversed the immense spaces, in all points of this vast valley, where my footsteps had been impressed, and where I had received my appointed measures of joy and sorrow. The thought of its seclusion, simplicity and sheltered freshness was not less pleasant to view, now that I was bound to more opulent, populous and cultivated regions.

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It gave me no small pleasure, to find this most important of all the passes over the mountains repairing. In common with thousands of our state and Kentucky, I had feared, that this once noble road would be sacrificed to the pitiful spirit of party politics. Nor was it without gratified emotions, that I perceived the capitol at Washington, both in its exterior and interior, much improved, since last year. The disjointed and unfinished aspect of the grounds around it has disappeared. The fronts are nearly completed; the terraces are beautiful; and it appears that unique and magnificent and imposing edifice, which is fit emblem of the majesty of the nation.

From Washington to Boston, as things now are, is a rapid, and beaten flight. I pass over the occurrences of a few days stay in the intervening capitals. With you I surveyed once more the country, the friends and the home of the morning of my life. Together we looked back upon the scenes, through which we had passed together, now receiving the mellow hues of distance and memory. It was a sober sadness, by which, I trust, our hearts were made better, to reflect, how few such interviews could possibly be in reserve for us in the future.

I spent, as you know, more than a week, in a detailed survey of your metropolitan city of granite palaces. The simple grandeur of the churches impressed me. The blending of the noble and useful in Tremont house, places it, I presume, out of comparison with any other hotel in the United States. The market strikes me, as one of the most beautiful buildings, I ever saw. Massachusetts Hospital, in the neatness and airiness of its apartments, in its arrangement for the comfort and restoration of its resident invalids, far exceeds any infirmary, which I have ever visited, and may well be shewn, as a proud monument of the charity of the state, at once economical, wise, and munificent. What a scene is witnessed in the house of correction! alas! if such, and so many are the victims brought up in this city of order and good institutions, what a spectacle must the Magdalens of more immoral and dissolute regions present. Here the tatters, the shame and the broken down guilt of humanity, spread in individual cases over the community, is grouped in the revolting aggregate under the eye. I regretted that I could not comply with the invitation of some kind friends, to see the mode, in which the prisoners in the state prison are recently disposed, in their new arrangement of solitary cells. It seems to be generally conceded, that the necessity of this improvement was suggested by experience, and will have a clear tendency to the moral improvement of the unhappy felons. I surveyed with delight, not unmixed with astonishment, the noble dock yard at Charlestown. What a giant has man become, since he has strengthened his arms with the mechanic powers! with what facility the huge stones are wielded, and deposited in their beds. By the politeness of a resident officer, I was shown over the ship Columbus. How much more majestic is the plainness and simplicity of the cabins and staterooms in this formidable floating city, than the flaunty gaudiness of a New-York and Liverpool packet, or the gorgeous and fiery red drapery of one of our steam boats. From this vast ship with its stores of iron and fire my thoughts naturally went forth to the meeting of two such hostile ships on the tempestuous and illimitable brine! what a sublime idea of human daring, power, contrivance and triumph of art over nature; and what an

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affecting emblem of the reckless, mad, and wanton wrath and folly of nations!

A spectacle of a very different kind was that of the famous Siamese boys; a sight, I admit, at first view a little revolting; and yet one, which furnished me with food for thought, and which I would on no account have missed seeing. The common lithographic engraving of them gives a very just and faithful impression of their appearance. Foreheads so high, and faces so long, and tapering to the chin by such a singular elliptical curve, I have not before seen. From the first glance at their countenances, you need not be told, that they were brought "from distant barbarous climes," and from India beyond the Ganges. An indescribable outlandishness is written in the very tinge and in every lineament of their faces, and in the expression of their eye. They expressed no reluctance, when the Captain, who brought them to America in his ship, requested them to lie down for my inspection. At my leisure I surveyed, and felt the astonishing bandage of flesh, by which they are thus strangely united to each other. According to my recollection, it must have been six inches in length on the upper and three or four on the lower edge. It is of the thickness and nearly the width of a man's hand, and seems of the tenacity and firmness of sinew. Nevertheless it has nothing of the dried feel of parchment, or a feverish surface, but the soft and natural feeling of flesh in healthful circulation. Though firm, and towards the body of either rather ossified, something in the form of a joint, or hinge, by which they are enabled to stand almost back to back, it has no feel of unpleasant rigidity. It seemed to me to originate a little below the pap on the breast of either, precisely, as if it had been a bandage of leather attached to the flesh, which at the point of attachment appeared perfectly natural. When by considerable effort they strained their bodies apart, the skin arose from the breast of either, precisely as would have happened, had they been bandaged together with leather. They were tall, and perfectly erect, elastic, quick, and muscular in their movements in an uncommon degree. A lad started to run with them across the long hall, where they were shown; and he traversed it no quicker, than they. Thus strangely, strongly, and indissolubly united, I could with difficulty, and only crediting my own eyes bring myself to realize their alert and perfectly simultaneous movements. They spoke not to each other. They cast not even their eyes upon each other; and yet their perfect concert of action was, as if they possessed one volition, and one soul. Whatever the one wished to perform seemed strangely to originate cotemporaneously in the purpose of the other. The Captain, who brought them from Siam, informed, that in playing draughts, which they have recently learned, when the one has made a move, the other makes the ensuing one, apparently without any mental consultation with his brother; and yet one, which seems to be received by the other, as the manifestation of his own thought. They eat, drink, sleep, wake and perform all the natural functions of the system simultaneously, and by the same apparent impulse. The awaking one by a touch at the same moment opens the eyes of the other. They had never taken medicine, and had not been known to be indisposed but once, and that was on their voyage to the United States. The Captain was about giving them medicine. But nature operated a crisis of relief at the same moment for both.

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He remembered but one instance, in which they had shown temper and opposite wills, in relation to each other. It was on the question of taking the cold bath, which the one desired, and which the other refused. The common propensities of the species had been developed in the fulness and precocity appropriate to the dwellers in the tropical regions. Their origin and early training had been in the humblest condition of life, and they had the train of thought, the phraseology, and the action appropriate to their sphere. But along with these, they had an uncommon quickness of apprehension and obvious delicacy of tact, which enabled them to divine with surprizing accuracy many points of decorum in our usages, and proprieties of deportment in relation to them. They had once manifested fierce and unqualified anger; and it was, when the queen of one of the countries, through which they passed, insisted upon submitting them to an examination of her ladies in their birth-day suit. They cursed her ugliness [illegible] all the copious vocabulary of execration, which their language afforded. In connection with this remark, the Captain observed that he had probably been the instrument in rescuing them from death in their own country, as the ruling sovereign had more than once intimated a purpose to have them put to death as monsters, and in their approach, on their journey to the sea coast, to his capital, he issued an edict forbidding their passing through it.

The experiment had not been made, whether alcohol or opium taken by the one would affect the other. Nor had any other trials been instituted, whether they possessed a common circulation. Volatile alkali, when smelled by the one, only seemed to stimulate the curiosity of the other to experience the same sensation. A circumstance on ship board compelled them both to leap at the same moment. The leap was of great extent, and to have fallen below would, probably, have been fatal to them. But the leap was perfectly simultaneous and of an extent, which few individuals could have made. They mounted to the mast head as readily as the most experienced sailors on board. They seem exceedingly attached to each, walking constantly with each an arm round the neck of the other, as they appear in the engraving. They readily apprehend the pursuit, profession and relative standing of the spectators. One of the visiters, when I saw them, might have been taken, from his dress, for a clergyman, and they seemed to feel themselves bound to suppress something of their playful waggishness, while he was present. They converse readily about their present condition and future expectations, manifesting language and desires similar to other lads of their years. The prick of a pin in the central point of the bandage of flesh, that unites them, affected both alike.— Removed from that centre, it affected only the one to whose body it was nearest. By looks, gestures, and every movement they evidenced the most affectionate feeling, and the most unbounded confidence towards their captain.

Such are my recollections of an interview of some length and particularity with these twins of the monstrous partnership. Inexplicable emotions were excited, in which there was certainly a degree of loathing, although every thing relating to them, save this strange union, showed of health, cleanliness, elasticity and joy. I should in vain attempt to analize my thoughts in words. You feel at the sight, as if you contemplated a

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new tenure of existence, which might, perhaps, throw light on the master secret of our being; and the mind of the beholder teems with impressions, that light will somehow be elicited from their case, in relation to the mysterious tenure of that union of vital and intellectual action, which we call life. It seems as if, were they possessed of our combinations of thought, and our modes of explaining them, they could tell something, the one of what consciousness is in the other. But the more we examine, the more we are convinced, that shadows and darkness still envelop this subject.

One thing is evident, that whatever of vitality and circulation they possess in common, they have volitions, as independent and distinct, as any two other individuals. To look in their faces is to be convinced of this. Their countenances clearly indicate different temperament, the face of the one being decidedly more saturnine and melancholic than the other. Mr. Owen would look upon these lads, as the most impressive proof that could be produced of the truth of his doctrine of circumstances. The mother had borne eighteen children, sometimes three and never less than two at a birth. Nature bequeathed that difference of temperament, which his system admits. But they were otherwise born under precisely similar circumstances. Their food, training, and every thing relating to them had been the same. The circumstances of their partnership had compelled this.—The consequence is, that two minds are produced in the perpetual equipoise of similar motives and circumstances. They become physically and morally the same, with volitions similar and consentaneous, until some strong circumstance acts unequally upon them; and that inequality is aided by their difference of temperament, in which case distinct and opposite volitions are produced.

Might they be separated? This is a question now in agitation among the learned. They seem perfectly satisfied with the terms of their union, and dread, we are told, the remotest hint of a separation by the surgeon's knife. Whether death from *hernia*, or some other consequence of the disruption, would ensue, could only be ascertained by experiment. To me it seems clearly probable, that, laying the bearing of the operation upon the danger of life out of the question, such a disruption of all their early associations, such an isolation of all their affections, such a revulsion of all their feelings would ensue, as would render the remainder of their life a dreary blank.

I pass over all the pleasant interviews with old friends, and with agreeable new acquaintances, many of which remain in my memory, amidst the common place intercourse of life like the *oases*, the green spots of the desert. Like the happy periods of history, they are to be passed in silence. I ought not so to pass over the ministry of our common friend Dr. Tuckerman, which reflects credit alike on him, and Boston, and with which, as a matter of interest and curiosity, I became acquainted, while there. It ought to be more known, that in other cities the benevolent may 'go and do likewise.' Affluent himself, with feeble health, and a heart keenly affected by the errors and miseries of the poor, he has devoted himself to a ministry of those unfortunate in the city, whom circumstances have placed out of the reach of other stated moral and religious instruction. The poor, of all the hundred anomalous classes, from those who become so by accident and error. to those who become so by the

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thousand complex and nameless misfortunes that flesh is heir to; poor, who barely exist by the earning of twelve cents a day, to those females who by incessant labors at the needle earn fifty cents a week; poor, from accidents at sea, from sanguine and disappointed expectations, from the want of economy, from the death of the efficient operatives of the family; in short, all the tenants of dark, narrow and humble places, who endure not only the present pressure of want, but the incessant anxiety of still more bitter apprehensions, who moisten their coarse and scanty fare with tears; poor, whom few are disposed to heed, whom the unfeeling regard as born to suffer, and who are forgotten by the living, even before the grave has closed over them. This numerous, squalid, neglected mass of invalids, widows and orphans, are the subjects of his ministry; and to gather them in a congregation, to preach to them and become their almoner was the vocation, to which he voluntarily devoted himself.

At an early stage of his ministry, he had already had communication with two hundred and fifty families of this description. It is probable, he says, that the proportion of those, who worship in some religious society to the population is greater in Boston, than in any other city. Yet from a most careful and exact examination, Dr. Tuckerman believes, that there are there four thousand two hundred families left without a ministry. What an appalling fact not only for that city, but for cities still less favored with the means of moral and religious instruction! The poor make a great element in the whole mass of society. In addition to their unavoidable physical sufferings, they are thus doomed to be left out of the pale of intercourse with ministers, subject to destitution of religious instruction, removed from the restraining influence of public opinion, and left exposed to vice, and to conflict with misery, without God and without hope.

It required that some one should arise, in the spirit of a Howard, not only to undertake for the poor of this city, but to call the attention of the benevolent in other cities to their case. To their cause this gentleman has devoted all the energies of his body and mind. His printed reports, as well as his ministry and example, eloquently appeal to the public in their behalf. To him it is clear, that the world cannot be moralized, and regenerated, without collecting, gaining the confidence, encouraging and bringing under the influence of religious instruction this essential element of the population of our cities; and next to his own individual ministry, his great effort is to arouse the benevolent of the other American cities to the same enterprise.

Among the most impressive spectacles, that I witnessed, was the neat church, the numerous and attentive congregation, and the religious services of this gentleman. Well may his numerous people, to whom he is guide, counsellor, and almoner, bestow upon him the honorable epithet of father, by which he is familiarly addressed. On my return, you are aware, that I was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. P. nor will you, who have also eyes to see, and a heart to love nature, fail to imagine the pleasure, which I proposed to myself, in the accompaniment, on this long tour, of one so eminently qualified at once to enjoy the scenery, and to impart, while receiving this enjoyment, by sharing it with another. Nor was I disappointed. Though an experienced traveller from the remotest Atlantic south to the

farthest north, this route from Philadelphia to Cincinnati was all new to him; and he appeared to behold it with the eye of a poet; and the freshness of one, who had seen nature, as for the first time.

We crossed the Susquehannah at the junction of the Juniata, and took the extreme northern route from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, which was as new to me, as to my companion. Although we paid for our pleasure by travelling a bad road, in mean carriages, and were twice broken down, I believe we neither of us regretted the expense, at which we purchased our pleasures. I have crossed the Alleghanies by three other routes, and I find this decidedly more interesting, than either. It gave us a long view of the canal, that is to connect Philadelphia with Pittsburg, the longest canal, and the most gigantic in enterprise, that has yet been attempted in our country—we followed it for nearly a hundred miles, the greater part of which is now completed. The wiser men become, the more they are disposed to follow the simplicity and the wisdom of the teaching of nature; and she has here found for the projectors of this great work a beautiful, easy, and secluded path quite through the line of the central mountains. Here, for nearly a hundred miles, the canal winds along a gentle and practicable acclivity, following the bed of the river, which at its then low stage, brawled along over its pebbles, as clear, and as handsome a mountain stream, as I have ever seen. It excited sensations, which are easier imagined, than described, to see the hundreds of laborers digging, hammering and blasting among these central mountains, in these hiding places of nature, where a cit would feel, as if he were a discoverer like Columbus. Here rose the shanties of the laborers, and here were the ruddy faces, and the merry brogue of the green islanders at their toil amidst two mighty ranges of mountains, rising from the limpid Juniata, like two green leaves of an immense opening volume. These mountains, apparently arranged to the course of this stream, seem to lie almost at right angles to the great parallel ridges. The Juniata finds a passage by a very equable and gentle declivity through all the mountains, but the last ridge that parts its waters from those of the Ohio. More beautiful forms of mountains, than these which skirt this river, can no where be seen. Sometimes, for many miles together, they rise, smooth, verdant and unbroken, by equable slopes, from the very verge of the stream to the height of twelve hundred feet; and here, apparently, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, the rocky summits of the mountains were dismembered at the same time. For miles together, and in many places the whole sides of the grand slope, from summit to base, are strown with these fragments of the mountains.—Countless millions of huge blocks, most of them seemingly of regular forms and of beautiful building stone, cover the whole broken down sides of the mountains, and it is inconceivable, how smoothly and completely these fragments line the sides of these mighty hills. Layers of these rocks cover thousands of acres, for a depth apparently of forty or fifty feet, as if giants had been sporting there, in covering the sides of the mountains with level and smooth floorings of stone. For a considerable distance, the road is formed by the removal of this flooring along the roots of the mountains, and the carriage winds along many hundred feet above the canal, which is perpendicularly below.

In other places more recent slides of the earth and rocks from the sum-

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mits of the mountains have cut away a visible and uniform path, sweeping trees and every obstacle before it, until the spoils are accumulated at the foot of the mountains. In fact every foot of this route of a hundred miles is, as far as my acquaintance with scenery extends, of unexampled sublimity. Nor can I imagine any thing nearer to the romance and marvellous of the Arabian Nights, than the white canal boat, with its gay lading of fashionables, fresh and nice from the bandbox, drawn along the sleeping waters of a canal scooped out between such mountains, wild, solitary, vast, and whose rock encumbered sides show, as if nature threatened ruin to every thing with life, that should venture among her own retirements. I can imagine no higher treat for the tourist and the lover of nature, than the first canal boat trip from the Juniatta crossing of the Susquehannah to Pittsburgh.

While my companion and myself were contemplating the central and most striking passages of this route, as our stage wound slowly up and down the sides of the mountains, with silent admiration we came upon a canal fete, a few miles below Lewiston. The young gentlemen and ladies of that village, the elite, I presume, of the region, for there were great numbers of fair and fresh faces, the wild roses of the mountains, were assembled to celebrate the letting in of the waters. They had come down from the town in the first canal boats, with bugle and clarionet and horn, as gay, as mountain air, and youth and such a spectacle could render them. We were courteously invited to leave our jolting conveyance, and take a place on the boats, along with the gay and fair, in their triumphal return to the town. The countenance of my clerical companion kindled, as the band echoed among the hills, and seemed, as if he were mentally doing the whole into verse. But fatigue and the severer admonitions of years, counselled selfdenial; and we saw the merry group moving off to a march on the band, as we resumed our jolting vehicle. We passed the night at Lewiston, and in the stillness of its watches heard the tones of the band, and the sounds of joy, as the party arrived at the village.

As an offset to this cheerful and spirit stirring scene, next day our carriage broke down; but fortunately without accident, and just as we had arrived within sight of the tavern, where we were to change horses. This accident imposed upon us the necessity of resuming at the tavern a crazy and dilapidated stage coach, which had been laid up, as *unroad worthy.* In this miserable conveyance, without lanthorns, we rode through our last stage of some miles in Egyptian darkness, over more than one bridge without railing, through gloomy woods, over execrable roads, chequered with ravines and paved with nature laid stones. None could be so insensible to danger as not to feel the chances of our way, as we moved over the bridges, and through the forests, now poised for an overturn on a rock, and then surging to a counterpoise in a gully. By the protection of providence we arrived safe at our welcome inn, after ten at night. The next day, our frail machine broke down completely, and left us in showers and deep mud, to make our way up a mountain, as we might, five miles to a place, where we were to find a carriage. Our course was through one of the majestic forests of that wild region, with huge hemlocks and poplars intermixed. We took shelter from a shower in the cabin of an Irish settler. Never was dirtier establishment, or more beautiful children, or appa-

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rently more happy inmates of the lonely hills. We moved on cheerfully through the mud and showers, my companion making the woods vocal with gay snatches of recited fragments of verse. Soon after, as we were once more replaced in a new carriage, one or two of the fullest toned vollies of thunder burst among the ancient mountains, the echoes dying away in the forests;—and we could not but be sensible, that we were indulged with all the usual luxuries of travelling in mountainous regions, muddy and bad roads, broken down carriages, ordinary fare rendered luxurious by keen appetites—and last, though not least, a tempest of rain and mountain thunder.

West of the mountains we passed through the rapidly increasing town of Blairsville, which we entered, while one of our facetious companions, who had furnished us no little amusement, was singing a parody, to me the most laughable and inimitable of all parodies. It was a German travesty of a hunting song; and as he sang it, and two or three other western young men joined in the chorus, to me it was perfectly irresistable, and would have relaxed to a smile all sadness, but despair. I remember a stanza or two, but the verses want the tune, the tones and gestures of the singer.

> **The tusky night came down from the skies,**
> **Und brought a peautiful morn;**
> **Und the hoonds they make a hellniferish noise,**
> **Und the drumbeter sbeaks mit his horn.**
>
> **Some rides horses, and some rides mares,**
> **Und some rides colts joost porn;**
> **As the hoonds, they make a hellniferish noise,**
> **Und the drumpeter sbeaks mit his horn.**

The remaining stanzas turn upon the excitement of the honest Dutchman's heart, by the beauty of the day, to the purpose of going a hunting. Betts, his fair wife, 'throws her arms around his neck,' and begs him not to expose himself to the dangers of the chase. But amidst the scampering of horses, mares and colts 'joost porn,' and the spirit stirring, and 'hellniferish noise of the hoonds,' and the 'sbeaking notes of the drumpeter,' nothing will detain the German. He unlocks the fair detention of his prison keeper, and says, 'for I will go a hoonting to-day; for I will go a hoonting to-day.'

Whether the verses are to the point or not, nothing could exceed the gaiety produced by the song; and in full chorus of that tune we began to descend the mountain, that opens to view the immense valley of the west. The prospect, not new to me, enchained the eye and the attention of my fellow-traveller. We reached Pittsburgh without accident. We mounted together the heights of the Monongahela; and from the eminence witnessed the meeting of the waters, that form the Ohio. We soon, and joyfully floated on its waters. But of short duration was our joy. We were grounded a few miles below Pittsburgh, and remained with what patience we might, two days, exhausted in efforts to get off. Another steamboat anchored not far above us. In an evening of rain we exchanged our grounded conveyance for a floating one. Next morning we moved triumphant-

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ly by our late boat, still fast on the bar. But brief was our triumph. Our new boat was soon brought up, and we had another trial of our patience for two days and three nights. We then floated away, and landed without accident at Cincinnati.

Travels in North America, in the years 1827 *and* 1828. *By Captain* Basil Hall, *Royal Navy.* 2 vols. pp. 669. Carey, Lea & Carey: Philad.

We forewarn the reader that our requisitions upon his patience shall be moderate. We do not mean to add to the inflictions, which the public have already endured from this book, and will strive to do, what we have to say upon it, as much as possible into short metre. The author shows, from beginning to end, of leaden head and iron bowels, stupid, unfeeling, ungrateful, a narrow minded tar, whose range of intellect has diminished, in proportion, as his voyages have been extended; with the burly box of his craniological apex more than commonly stuffed with the select bigotry and prejudice of John Bull. Yet this same Loo Choo Theban of a Captain Basil Hall, pretends to know all about us, from alpha to omega, and discusses our manners, improvements, our government, our present comfort and future prospects, as though his twaddle were *ex cathedra*, and quite a pennyworth. We answer, that if this long tissue of stupidity had been brought forth by an anonymous American traveller, it would not have paid the ink with which it was printed. But let the man of the Royal Navy condescend to eat our pudding and pies, and displace our southern families from their villas for his special accommodation, and his ponderous pages are scattered over the land by the popular breeze, as they were thistle down.

Truly, it was a perverse thing in Jonathan, so to tease this man with hospitalities and shows; but the meekness with which he endures Capt. Hall's reproaches, and repays them by printing and purchasing his book, evinces, that, like a good puritan, he has been trained to kiss the rod. So may Americans always be repaid, when they run to dance attendance upon foreign travellers among us, who do not bear some marks of being men of sense and gentlemen.

We remember to have read the story which some dozen of English travellers have told of us, within the last twenty years, from the veracious Mr. Ashe, who translated the language of our bears, made lake Erie discharge into the Miami, and stole Dr. Goforth's collection of Mammoth bones, down to the present book. Some of them find that our houses, and especially our churches, are movable and mounted upon wheels. Others, in the pure brilliance of invention and mother-wit, have discovered that a log cabin is not St. Paul's, and that corduroy is inferior to M'Adamized turnpike; and bless themselves in instituting comparisons between Grosvenor Square and an incipient town in the American woods. To them it is a 'big shame,' that our wilful generation should not be taught to wor-

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ship God after the ancient, orthodox and approved fashion by church and state Bishops. Much are they annoyed with our cruelty in not apportioning to the petted and spoiled first born mama's darling, a double portion, for the misfortune of primogeniture. Another admires, that the Americans can raise flour to sell, without planting wheat in drills, and can eat fat mutton without trench plowing, and alternating crops of turnips and clover. We were recently discussed by a famous chip of an oaken block, Lieut. Roos, of the *Royal Navy too*, whose book was found dyspeptic, even by John Bull himself, who can digest a pine knot, like an alligator. Last of all, the Captain himself, all block from heart of oak, comes over the sea, infinitely disposed to think well of us, and travels from the remotest north to the shores of Missouri, and finds our hospitable importunities tiresome, our people at once boorish and insufferably vain, our strength, improvement, national importance, and future auspices grossly over-estimated. To him every thing he sees and discusses gives an opportunity of unfavorable comparison with the same things in his own country. He every where suffers from the want of the requisite distinctions in society, and the grand glitter and gilding of aristocratic polish. To him it is no moot point, that a hundred thousand cabin cotters breathe the free air of the umbrageous primitive woods, and eat their fowls and pones and hog and hommony, when and how they choose, since they are more than balanced in England by one duke with a dominion of ten leagues in extent, who can bathe in cream, and show an example of elegance and comfort worthy of all imitation. It relaxes him not to more favorable feeling, to record, that we import our opinions, our literature, our books, our manufactures, arts and elegancies from that country. At the close of his travels, and in giving the summary of his impressions, he is disappointed in us, he says, and thinks, that no close intimacy between the two countries is like to spring up, nor, all things considered, that we ought to desire it.

It is a fact out of question, that we of the United States have a deep laid and innate wish to be well with the parent country, to feel affectionately, and to think reverently in relation to it. The government has to thank such wooden headed chroniclers, as Captain Hall, *et id omne genus*, if a national hatred be fostered between the two people, as deep and exterminating, as the suicide Dido invoked between Carthage and Rome. No wonder, that the people of the little island, so noted, the world over, for their native pride and prejudice, should think of us, as they do. No wonder at the accounts of us in the London Quarterly, and the other publications, which convey to us the manifestations of ministerial and cockney estimation of us. Let them look to this result, after the lapse of that brief interval, which will be requisite, to give us triple the population of the two islands of that empire. An enlightened traveller from England, a man of sense, a gentleman, with a sprinkling of mental enlargement and philosophy, who should sojourn among us, and impartially relate the good and the evil of our country and institutions for the instruction of his own, would be a benefactor to both people. But from the analogy of the past, we have no right to hope such a phenomenon.

In regard to the manner of the book in question, we imagine, but one opinion has been elicited. The mass of matter is dull, cerulean, heavy, without a single scintillation, or a kindly gleam from beginning to end;

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the revolting twaddle of a rude, narrow minded English sailor, commenting upon institutions, a government, and systems of political economy, about which he is well nigh as ignorant, as a Cherokee of Arabic. He talks sentiment too, abundantly, and has store of pity for this case of misery and that, and declaims with his own peculiar eloquence, against slavery. But the manifest and palpable impress of the whole book, from commencement to close, is of a sneering, selfish, ignorant Englishman, solely engrossed in his own individual comfort, following his assiduous entertainers to see our lions, and returning to put down in his tablets such notes of us, as he and Madam Hall talked over in private, laughing at us in the same style with the vile parasite, who goes from the table and the courtesies of hospitality, to travesty, ridicule, and traduce all, that he has seen and partaken. But enough of this. Let us see a few of the good natured views, which our traveller has presented of us for ministerial comfort and illumination.

At first putting foot upon our shores, he found the circle at his boarding house entrenched in cold, imperturbable and unsocial formality. The most common of all his complaints is, being teased and annoyed with civilities. The people vexed him with enquiries, how he liked our country; and when he could not give unqualified praises, were dissatisfied. At the fires in our cities the boys made horrid noises, in running after the engines. He visited a school in New York, and the mistress sustained a pupil in reading *shivalry*, after the French primitive, instead of *tchivalry*, after the orthodox canons of Walker. The pictures in New York were flat, cold and '*woodeny*'! He heard an orator praise the country immoderately; and, good, easy man, he swallowed it all for gospel; and lo! it was found all a hum. Nothing was more unexpected, than to see so many men in arms at trainings. But a fig, says Capt. Hall, for our militia. He is clear, that men, who had never been trained at all, could more easily be disciplined to service, than this wretched show of arms. 'I find from my notes,' he says, 'that the most striking circumstance in the American character is their constant habit of praising themselves, either in downright terms, or by some would be indirect allusions, which were still more tormenting.' At one time Capt. Hall and Co. piteous to relate, worn down with sightseeing, were incontinently hungry, and feasting their imaginations with the veal cutlets and red cabbage pickles of merry England, when instead, God bless the mark! they were obliged to set down to bread and butter, hung beef, which had been kept much too long, and a plate of eggs, altogether, a very poor dinner.' They had not expected much, for it was an unfrequented road. What will the reader believe, Capt. Hall of the Royal Navy did in this case.. Why instead of grumbling, as he well might, 'he made a good laugh!' Oh! you naughty surcharged wit of the Royal Navy.

But worse remains. After this 'scraggy' dinner, he went to look for the driver; and here was my gentleman in the kitchen, dining comfortably on an honest joint of roast lamb, large enough to have served all the party, the said driver inclusive. But the fellow 'with a half sort of grin' explained the whole affair in a manner, which our traveller sets forth in detail; and such is a fair specimen of the miserable twaddle of these volumes, so bepraised in the London Quarterly, and the greater part of the English

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journals. At Little Falls, a pretty young woman, daughter of the inn-keeper, when her attendance was not necessary, sat down in the window with her work, as if she had been one of the party; and in proof, that he knew nothing of the distinctive rank of his company by their dress, he notes, that the same person, who had twice over night served him with a glass of iced water, sat down the next morning at tea with Capt. Basil Hall, of the royal navy! 'what profanation.'

In various places in the book, our Captain thinks, that all the seeming perception, which the Americans have of scenery, is a mere made up affair of disgusting affectation. All the world over, he says, 'I suspect, the great mass of the people care *mighty* little about scenery,' and among eleven two legged, unfeathered millions, our thin skinned, sensitive, ecstatic traveller lays the flattering unction to his soul, that he is the only one, who has an eye to see, and a heart to feel the beauties of scenery! Near Trenton falls was an Album in a shed. It was filled, says Captain Hall, 'as are all Albums, with the flattest trash, that human dullness, inspired by compulsion can produce.' Wherever the man of the sea goes, the conspicuous and odious word *Bar* stared him in the face. Hence he infers, that the first business in our country is the selling of ardent spirits. We offer no vindication of our manners, when we say, that every tavern, steamboat and resort of this kind has, and ought to have one bar. If there are too many of these places, competition naturally corrects itself. But *we* have not *every where* seen this '*eternal bar*,' of which Capt. Hall complains, and the reason is, that our habits do not incline us to seek our pleasures in view of such places. Capt. Hall would, probably, have seen 'an eternal bar,' if there had been but very few. A bar seeker will be sure to be a bar finder.

This delicate travelling monster has a great horror at our compact, dark, and to us grand and impressive forest. To him it is fraught with images of death, and the doctor. And yet he is in a perfect spasm at the view of girdled trees, and the villainous murderers of these noble fellows of the forest. He says, most complacently perpetrating wit, 'the stumps are seen poking their black snouts above the young grain, like a shoal of seals. Snake fences are certainly the most ungraceful looking things, I ever saw.' He laughs at the classical names of the towns in the western parts of New-York, and hits off every thing, that he sees in passing, observing by way of parenthesis, that the people pay altogether too little attention to dress. 'The hat is never brushed, the shoes never polished.' Let those, who know the rather studied dandyism, with which these things are every where observed on our great routes of travel, learn from this specimen Captain Hall's character for veracity, and capability of just observation.

Captain Basil Hall scarcely stops any where, but forth comes his *camera lucida*—we will venture any thing, that this dull dunce fumbled out his *lucid* instrument for the same reason, that many a noodle wears green spectacles, to pass for a Solomon, and make the natives stare, and admire. Certainly, if all the use of this *lucid* instrument was to enable him to take those unshapely caricatures of our scenery, which were published with the edition of his travels at Edinburgh, this necromancing gull trap was any thing, rather than *lucid*.

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We pass over all that part of Vol. 1 page 113 to page 219, because, although Captain Basil Hall talks much oracular matter—*a la mode Solomon Gundy,* he talks it on his majesty's ground, and as soon as Captain Basil Hall finds himself across the Canada line, the air is changed; the men are changed; the country is changed; and the man of the royal navy is, as it were, in Europe, or in paradise; and the knowing one, like him of Virgil's fable, only talks sapient, when he is pinched, and troubled, and straightened by our bad people and vile institutions. He crosses back to the American side of the St. Lawrence, page 219, and we find him once more lugubrious, and of course sage. Jonathan is as an evil eye to him, and the blue devils instantly tinge his vision anew. 'Of all kinds of travelling,' says he, 'that by steam is the most unpleasant, noisy machinery, tinkle, tinkle, stop her, a staring lamp, snoring passengers, some hunting for cloaks, some coming in, and some going out, and twenty other steamboat miseries. In a very 'muggy' atmosphere, and apparently in a very *muggy* state of mind, he sees Plattsburg and the scene of McDonough's victory.

At Saratoga the potent Captain is annoyed much with hearing about Burgoyne. It was very natural, that Jonathan should think him jesting, when he declared his entire ignorance of matters connected with the Burguoyne business. For our part, we deem the Captain's head piece none of the best; but we doubted his veracity in this case, more than his memory, or information. We regret, that we cannot give the reader the amusement of page 224, and onward, where he is talking about Saratoga, and the question, whether England ought on the whole, to regret the loss of the colonies. Dull as Captain Hall generally is, and we confess a heavier chronicler never passed under our eye, there is really amusement in his writing, while discussing these themes. If the reader will suppose an ass enacting cynic, and swearing, that the lash, and the harness, and heavy loads and short fare are no pain, no real evils, he may then imagine the burly gravity of him of the royal navy, in this most grave and reverend discussion. On the whole, he avers with due solemnity, that he never, except in two instances, heard the slightest expression 'of sympathy with the exertions, which England, single handed, had so long made to sustain the drooping cause of freedom.' Oh tempora! Hard hearted Jonathan! Not to have dissolved into one thaw of weeping over the sustentation, which Mr. Bull, time out of mind, has given to freedom, from Ireland to the Ganges!

On page 228, v. 1, he accounts for the fact, that the Americans know much more of England, than England does of America. 'We get every thing, says he, from England. Nearly all we have of arts, of letters and science has been, and still is imported, with very little addition or admixture of a domestic growth or manufacture.' 'England is our chief market, intellectual, as well as commercial.' So says the Captain; and though, like the greater part of his assertions, it is utterly false, there is more material, out of which to fabricate the falsehood, than we could wish; and if the American people shared our mind, things would soon be otherwise. But the induction of the man of the Navy is obvious. We get every thing from England. She gets nothing from us. Of course, it is very natural, that we should know a great deal about her, and she noth-

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ing about us. All this evil must be remedied, now that Capt. Basil Hall has published *his travels*. He admits a great amount of bad feeling, on their part towards us, and has no hope, such is our stupidity, of changing the opinions of the Americans of what is passing in England. On this topic, he says, 'we are *reason proof*.'

After finding at Saratoga, that we have no permanent distinctions, no steady wealthy class, no hereditary descent of riches and honors, none of the requisite polish, and fastidious tact and niceness of the Corinthian column, Captain Basil Hall descends to Albany, and talks oracularly about the State legislature. Things, as might be expected, are in a bad way in the house of Assembly; nothing right—no cries of hear! hear! in short, nothing like Parliament. A member had spoken often. After the debate, he came with a chuckling air of confident superiority, to Captain Basil Hall of the Royal Navy, and says, 'well, Sir, what do you think of us? Don't we tread very close on the heels of the mother country?' Our oracle replies, 'it is hardly discreet to make comparisons!' Here he comments upon the utter impolicy of our descending to so many arts to extort praise from foreigners.

At Albany there was a party. Captain Basil Hall and his lady were there of course. The gentlemen were in one drawing room, and the ladies in another; and this separation of the sexes in the United States is one of his standing themes of animadversion. Here on page 240 commences another long tirade against our teasing him for praise, our ignorance of all countries, but our own, and the like. Towards the close, he finds great fault with our English, and avers, that in all his travels among heathens and Christians, 'he had never found it so hard to make himself understood, as by the Americans;' and we take it, that, instead of requiring an elaborate philosophical elucidation, this whole mysterious difficulty grew out of the foggy atmosphere of the truculent Captain's murky brain. Upon our ignorance of England, compared with hers of us, hear the Captain himself.

'The fact of the greater part of all the works which are read in one country, being written for a totally different state of society in another, forms a very singular anomaly in the history of nations—and I am disposed to think that the Americans would be a happier people if this incongruous communication were at an end. If they got no more books or newspapers from us, than we do from France or Spain, they would, I really believe, be much happier, as far as their intercourse with this country has any influence over them.

'Surely this reasoning holds true in the case of England? Are we not happier in this country, in all that concerns our relations with America, where the great mass of the people never read an American volume, and never even see or hear of one? Do we worry and fret ourselves about what is said of us in America? Certainly not! Yet this does not arise from indifference but from ignorance. If American newspapers, books, pamphlets, and reviews, were by any strange revolution in letters, to be circulated and read in this country, I will answer for the sensation they would produce being one of irritation—perhaps not less than what is excited in America by our publications. While, after all, at bottom, the countries respectively may be writing not for each other at all, but for themselves ex-

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clusively, and thus, as I have explained, virtually using two different languages.

'If therefore, the Americans choose to import from us, by every packet, what is disagreeable to them—but which was really never meant for their perusal, they ought not to blame us for keeping in that state of blissful ignorance of their daily opinions and feelings with respect to us, which—as I well know!—it would be a very foolish sort of wisdom on our part to destroy, by extending our acquaintance with their literature and history beyond its present confined limits.'

Captain Basil Hall finds the debates in the Senate miserable enough, 'and spun out to a most unconscionable length of wordiness and common places.' Some compunctious visitings came over the Captain's mind on page 246–7. He acknowledges, that he teased the people for information, that he always found them most willing to lend their assistance; and he feared, and we think justly, that he very often 'bored' them. He finds, too, what every man will find, who is not a lover of truth, 'that his memorandum of one day is often flatly contradicted by that, which follows.'—We quote the very words of this rare fool at confession. In a subsequent discussion of our politics, he finds us much more interested about our candidates, than their principles. He complains that we are never free from the fever of constant elections, and admits, 'that himself in an electioneering campaign in England, completely lost sight of the ultimate purpose, and became only anxious for success, merely for triumph.' There seems to be a great deal of human nature in this same Capt. Basil Hall.

He of the navy leaves Albany, and takes a long detour through what are called the New-England states, and though he had found every thing execrable, it is affecting to see, how the good natured soul is distressed at leaving his dear friends who had striven so earnestly for his comfort. This matter is a real and strong touch of the sentimental; and the reader can scarcely refrain from blowing his nose, when captain Basil Hall tells him, that, 'much as he wished once more to see his dear, kind and considerate friends of Albany, he afterwards travelled many thousand miles, but Albany never saw more.'

We will not draw upon our own or our reader's patience, in giving details of our traveller's opinions of what he saw on this trip. In general he is disappointed, finds things no better than they should be, and descants largely upon the intemperance of the New England Puritans, making use of the statistics from the harangues of the temperance societies in proof. He sees all the shows in that country,—questions the propriety of teaching girls algebra—is scandalized, that ladies did not attend at the cattle show at Brighton. He is pleased with some things in Boston, the asylum of the deaf and dumb at Hartford, and the officers of our navy. A most edifying discussion takes place between him and Mr. Webster, the philologist, in which he of the Navy stoutly resists the introduction of Americanisms,—and forthwith we find the great man of the sea at New York again. Here we leave him for the present, recurring for a moment, by way of episode, to his account of his trip to Canada. This is much occupied with illustrations of the modes of settling that country, as they are now in progress. In giving the history of many of these settlers, and their advance from the first commencement in the wilderness to comfort and substance, he composes some very tolerable novelettes, the only endu-

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rable writing, that we saw in the book. We confess a more ludicrous want of keeping never was witnessed by us, than to imagine this stupid, iron hearted, ignorant tar, with a double portion of all the arrogant imagined omniscience of John Bull, tasking his inspirations of pudding and porter to enact the sentimental and write novels. We wish to produce a sovereign recipe for the cure of the propensity to make dinner speeches, for which we deem ourselves authorized to take out letters patent, and if mortal man remaineth afterward disposed to make a dinner speech, we shall consider him beyond the hope of cure. We will not mar this most precious speech by dismemberment, but give it with all its unrivalled wit, taste, invention and inimitable bathos entire.

There was a public dinner, it seems, at Brockville, to which Captain Basil Hall of the Royal Navy was invited, and Captain Basil Hall, that he might testify to the suspected loyalty of his majesty's subjects, and see the *magnates* of the land, went. In the course of the evening his health was given. And now, a hem! dear reader, I give thee Capt. Basil Hall's dinner speech.

'My health was given in the course of the evening, by the Attorney General, and, according to the usage of the Old Country, I was obliged to make a speech in reply to the fine things said on the occasion. While I was cudgelling my brains to think of something to say, it suddenly occurred to me to go a little out of the beaten track, in order to try the effect of some of the notions which had been put into my head, by the last two or three months intercourse with the new people and new things, amongst which I had been living. After the usual flourishes and excuses, therefore, I took occasion to remark, that "Although I had the honour to be a servant of his Majesty, I held myself, for all that, to be as independent as any man can or ought to be.

"It appears to me, gentlemen," I went on to say, "that the words dependence and independence are sometimes not a little misunderstood. For my part, I consider that no thoroughly independent man is worth a fig."

'Here my speech was interrupted by an ambiguous sort of laugh, and I could see a puzzled expression playing on the countenances of many of my audience.

"Who amongst this company?" I asked, "is strictly independent? I presume there are married men here? The laws give the husband the authority—I grant that—but what man on earth can say he is independent of his wife?"

'Here the laugh was less ambiguous.

"The usage of society is to call one person superior, the other inferior; but who can say that he is indepéndent more or less on the good will, or the good temper, of his partner, his children, or even his servants? What parent, who now hears me, is not dependent on those very children, over whom he pretends to exercise such absolute authority?

"After all, however, these things are just as they should be; like every other part of the relations of society, they are but links in that great and mysterious chain which holds us all together. The truth is, there cannot, and ought not to be any such thing as entire independence. The whole scheme of human nature, consists in mutual obligation, and mutual compromises, or in other words, in mutual dependence and mutual sacrifice; and the greatness and happiness of England and of her flourishing colonies, would soon be at an end, if this were not true.

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"I don't mean of course to say, that this obligation between man and man, or between colony and parent state, is always exactly equal in degree, though it may still be strictly mutual. For example, if I were to take it into my head, like Tom Thumb, to swear I would be a rebel, and decline his Majesty's farther employment, I don't conceive the King would be quite so ill off, as I should be, were his Majesty, on the other hand, to signify that he had no farther occasion for my services. But, if the whole Navy were to turn traitors, and withdraw themselves in a body, the mutual nature of these obligations would for a time, undoubtedly, be felt in the highest quarter;—though, in the end, I guess, we should be the losers.

"I fear, gentlemen, you might say I meant to be personal, if I were to make out any analogy between the absurd-looking case I have just put, and that of England and the Canadas. But as there is a more apposite illustration near at hand, I shall say no more than beg you will study it, for your own edification.

"What is true of individuals, is not less true of nations; and though it be the customary form of speech to say, that the mother country is over the province, these are mere words—mere pieces of courtesy in language—for the dependence is strictly and essentially mutual, and the relative obligations are, to all intents and purposes, the same. Nothing, therefore, I think, can be more idle than what is sometimes said on this subject, by people on both sides of the Atlantic, and on both sides of the frontier I am now looking at out of the window. I am convinced, in short, that a colony in relation to the mother country, may perform all its duties to the parent state; all the duties that can ever be required of her by any rational, or truly parental statesman, and yet be as thoroughly independent as any country in the world.

"It has been my good fortune to visit many countries, and to see governments of all known denominations, and all ages; from that of China, which has existed as it stands for some thousands of years, to that of Peru, of which I witnessed the very birth—and a queer looking political baby it was! It has also fallen in my way to see another description of infant, which, as you well know, was of age on the day it was born, but whether it has grown older or younger, stronger or weaker, by time, I leave you to judge. Amongst all these different countries, I have seen very few which unite so many advantages as Canada—where the soil—the climate, and what is vastly more valuable, the public government, and the tone of private manners, are so well calculated to advance the happiness of mankind. You are not yet so unfortunate as to be independent of England, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—neither is she of you; but you are much better off—you are allied, heart and hand—a glorious privilege, I am sure you must feel it to be—with a great and free country;—you have an equally free constitution—you have hardly any taxes—and you have ample health and wealth, long, I trust, to endure—and last, though not least, you have a very excellent Attorney-General, whose health I now beg leave to propose, with three times three."'

There are certainly points in this speech of such inimitable silliness, and such unsurpassable bathos, as we are sure must give refreshing matter of comparison to all persons, that have had to cudgel their brains for matter of dinner speech making, since the beginning of time.

We wish not to render our reader dyspeptic with sweet meats; and we reserve another dessert from the second volume for another entertainment. If it should be objected, that the only way, in which to treat such books,

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as this in question, should be with silent disregard, we can only answer, that in one point of view these volumes are important. All the ridiculous and contemptible twaddle—all the trivial and nauseous garrulity, all the ignorance and misrepresentation will not neutralize its influence upon either nation, whom it concerns. Such overgrown urchin travellers, however foolish, are still mischievous. In both countries there are minds enough, to whom all this is food and drink. The acclamations with which it was received by the ministerial portion of the community in England, prove, that it was an acceptable article of fare; that such are the views and feelings, which it is desired, the community in the parent country should entertain of us. To us it is matter of deep and serious regret. Heavy and contemptible as this writing seems to us, nauseous and repulsive as strike us the vulgar flippancy, the utter worthlessness and insignificance of three fourths of the details of the whole of this recorded gossip, we remember, that to us it is additionally offensive, because we love and honor the country, whose hospitality he thus requites. We do not forget, that similar feelings may induce the English reader to overlook the mean and meagre schedule of details and incidents, and impart interest and eloquence to what would otherwise strike him with disgust. We are well aware, that the English community, though purblind with prejudice, and a little heady with national vanity and self importance, is still a noble community, worthy, thinking and great. The greater is the pity, that two countries peopled with descendents from a common ancestry, and speaking a common language, and having a mass of national views and historical remembrances in common, drawing laws and institutions from the same source, should be systematically trained by a succession of boobciules to despise, and hate each other, to be taught as in these volumes, that they are more unlike each other, than any nations in Europe; and that in this way should be kindled, and fostered those interminable and exterminating family quarrels, which are proverbially more bitter in proportion, as their origin is more trivial and unmeaning. Far be the wish from us, to think unfavorably or disrespectfully of the parent country. It is but too true, that the first and last books, we read, are English. Our early associations of beautiful scenery, of noble mansions, of courteous gentlemen and fair ladies, in short the chief elements in our notions of love, beauty, intellect, honor and greatness, were drawn from England; and with all her arrogance and faults, the American people would love her still. But, as long as such fools come among us, abuse our hospitality, and ridicule our kindness, and prate about us in books, like Captain Basil Hall's, can it be expected of us, that our people should not be hateful to hers, and her people to ours? Can it be supposed necessary, to carry our warm hearted, high minded young men to the altar, when they assume the toga of manhood, and administer to them an oath of eternal hatred and hostility to a nation of the same language and general character, who have been taught to believe, that they have degenerated in the woods to a sort of ridiculous barbarism? Between two such nations, as the English and Americans of the United States, there must exist either deference and decided good feeling, or bitter and hostile hate. The circumstances of the two countries seem to us to preclude relations of moderate and indifferent feeling. It cannot be a matter of question for a moment, what effect such

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books, as these, made by a kind of nationally accredited traveller, and universally read by a people, admitted in the books to be entirely ignorant of us, will produce. A worm can perforate, and sink a seventy-four; and the future explosion of ships, and burning of towns, and murderous tug of battles, and miseries and tears of war may be traced to a germ of evil, as contemptible, as these labors of Captain Basil Hall, of the Royal Navy.

A new and elegant Map of the United States, on a scale of thirty miles to the inch, five feet four inches long, and four feet two inches high. By H. S. Tanner. Philad. 1829.

Memoir of the recent Surveys, Observations and Internal Improvements in the United States, &c. &c. Intended to accompany his new map of the United States. By H. S. Tanner. Published by the author. pp. 116. Philad. 1829.

What an imposing aspect does our great country present, as we take a bird's-eye view of it on this splendidly engraved map! Look at the Mississippi and Missouri, converging their almost interminable lengths to their junction. Survey the St. Lawrence, draining the vast, solitary fresh water oceans of the interior. Glance the eye upon the two grand barriers of their respective valleys, the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains. Survey the inexplicable tissue of the thousand rivers, and the hundred lakes, reservoirs, bays and ponds, that spread their watery mirrors in the interior. Trace our extent of parallels from Passamaquoddy to the Sabine, and from the Lake of the Woods to Florida point, and see every feature of vastness, grandeur, variety of soil, production and climate. A thousand proud and blended thoughts crowd on the mind, as the eye takes at one cope all of nature and all of art, that is embraced in this wide and diversified country, as it is here presented.

Mr. Tanner has adopted in this map, the improvements of the French geographers, in the construction of maps, a mode which approximates delineation on a plane surface to the accuracy of that on a sphere. He has given sufficient reasons for adopting the meridian of Washington, and he seems to us to have studied a great degree of accuracy in that adjustment. The several states of the Atlantic country are given from the maps of those states, of the most recent and approved authorities; and of the west, with still greater accuracy, from actual surveys; and while remarking this circumstance, he takes occasion in the memoir to inform us, how the United States' surveys, in that section of the country, are conducted. We are afterwards informed in the memoir of the laudable and well known industry and enterprise, with which he every where sought the documents, necessary to the construction of the map. A great mass of important information was thus obtained, which has been carefully incorporated in the body of the map. Much new matter is given touching new counties, towns and political divisions; and the most recent accounts of the progress and completion of the great internal improvements, such as canals and rail ways.

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Of these very striking and accurate profiles are given, which show at a glance the extent and the elevation of the summit levels of these canals. A complete compendious history of the internal improvements, now in progress, or in contemplation, in each of the states and territories, is given in the memoir. The view of Canada and the Welland canal we consider as particularly interesting.

A summary of the contents of this map is as follows. It delineates 156 new counties; 540 new towns; more than 1500 rivers, lakes and bays, not found in any other map; more than 22,000 miles of new roads, with the distances from place to place distinctly delineated; 36,000 square miles of recent surveys; 4057 miles of canals and rail roads, the greater part of which have never been traced on any other map; all the sta •s beautifully and distinctly colored, compiled from the most recent surveys; the altitude of 600 important points, distributed throughout the U. S.; and comprising an aggregate of more than 310,000 square miles of actual and accurate surveys.

It contains, besides, plans of most of the principal cities, and maps of the environs; a general map of the Oregon and Mandan districts; a chart of the outlet of the Oregon river, and of the south part of Florida, profiles of 14 of the chief canals and rail roads; a statistical view of the western districts; and a statistical table of the U. S., exhibiting capital, latitude, longitude, population, date of constitution, time of meeting of legislature, day of general election, population of 1820, and of 1829, of every state and territory in the union.

We found the plans of the cities accurate and detailed, so much so, that with one of them a stranger may make his way in either of these cities, as by the larger plan, from which it is reduced. The map of the environs, too, struck us as new and exceedingly useful. Here every road of approach to the metropolis, all the villages and distinctive objects of notice are marked, furnishing an itinerary of the city-environs to us both striking and original. The notation of distances, invaluable to a traveller, must have cost the industrious author an infinity of labor. In short, the enquirer, who wishes for broad and general views of our country, can here see at once spread under his eye information, which it would cost weeks of turning over geographies and itineraries to collect, and travels of thousands of miles, to judge in any considerable degree from actual observation. When ignorant and unprincipled projectors present themselves, with their representations and schemes, to the untravelled capitalist, with this document before him, he can immediately test the general accuracy of their representations, and convince them, that he can judge on the general scale, as well as themselves. Crude and unfounded ideas are thus exploded, and visionary projects discarded, and the general features of the physical aspect of our great country, its localities, its feasibilities, and impracticabilities grouped in one view.

In devoting some hours to a detailed survey of this map, we were struck, as every observer must be, with the infinity of lines marking the almost numberless rivers, mountains and other geographical memorabilia of our country. What a country, and what a people in the generations to come, *Si sua bona norint!* It seems impossible to group more, or more valua-

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ble information on such a surface. The condensed result of volumes of geography, and travels, of the labors of thousands of surveyors and tourists, of contractors and engineers, of legislatures and projectors, of political economists, of compilers of city plans and directories, are here given in one beautiful engraving, and can be all comprehended almost without changing the position.

We noted some instances, in which, we think, the industrious and ingenious compiler had been misled by false information, and a few instances of departure from orthography, which seems to us to have been settled alike by euphony, analogy and the best use. These are small matters; but, we doubt not, will undergo the revisal of the author. A few obvious improvements of this sort will render this beautiful and useful effort a proud national monument.

A selection of Hymns and Psalms for social and private worship, by J. P. DABNEY. Ninth edition. Cambridge: Hilliard, Metcalf & Co. Published by Thomas Wells. Boston, 1828.

This is a selection for the use of liberal and Unitarian churches. We see among the names of the contributors put in requisition the most distinguished writers of sacred poetry. Mr. Dabney has exercised a taste, severe almost to fastidiousness, both in making the selections, and in removing coarse and otherwise exceptionable phrases from the lines, and substituting more appropriate and polished language. It will be, possibly, a matter of question with some readers, whether he has not sometimes carried these alterations too far, and in becoming more exact, literal, and conformable to critical rule, whether he has not become critical at the expense of ease and energy. As far as our examination extends, this is decidedly the best version of hymns extant, for the class of Christian worshippers, for whom it is intended. The great number of editions, through which it has passed, is proof conclusive of its acceptableness to the public. We beg leave to recommend the adoption of this version to the churches of liberal Christians in this quarter. To the learned author we will venture to observe, that in future editions of this excellent collection, we deem, that he would find it for the interest of the Christian public to exchange some of the hymns of the present edition for others, that might be selected from the rich mine, opened in Mrs. Taylor's 'Sabbath Recreations,' of which a new and beautiful edition has been recently republished by Rev. Mr. Pierpont. When we can at once repair to such a deep fountain, there is no excuse for retaining one tame, spiritless and undevotional hymn. Certainly from that volume of sacred poetry, alternately abounding in the most finished specimens of the tender, pathetic, devotional, and sublime, a much more perfect collection of church hymns could be made, than has yet been offered to the public.

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The new Latin Reader, containing a literal and free translation of various Latin exercises, arranged so as to point out the difference between the Latin and English idioms. By S. C. Walker. Philadelphia. pp. 194. Richardson & Lord, Boston.

These translations consist of familiar Latin phrases, part 1; Historiæ Sacræ, part 2; 19 Narrationes Selectæ, part 3.

We have recently so fully and unequivocally borne our testimony to the utility and importance and superior advantages of the Hamiltonian and Bolmarian method of teaching languages, that it would be trespassing upon the reader to enlarge farther upon the subject in this place. It is a fact out of question, that the circle of indispensable acquisitions for a student trained after the present modes is so much enlarged, that time is not left for the appropriation of those seven or eight years, which used to be required in classical schools for the acquisition of languages, particularly the Latin and Greek. It has become a matter of necessity, either to relinquish these studies altogether, or to devote such reduced portions of time to them, as would preclude acquiring them after the ancient mode. To remedy this inconvenience, and to teach the idiomatic difference of the Latin or Greek languages from the English, the most difficult part of the labor of learning a language, this is what these methods propose to accomplish, and what, in our judgment, they are assuredly able to accomplish. We have not a doubt, that a clever boy will learn more words, and more of the idiomatic difference between the English and the Latin, by this book, and by books on this principle in a week, than he will by the use of a grammar, dictionary and the common mode of ancient instruction in a month. This, in our judgment, is the fair ratio of comparison between the common and the Bolmarian method of learning a language. We are pleased to learn, that the same principle of teaching, which has been so successfully applied to the French, is here adapted to Latin, and that books in Italian, Spanish and German are preparing with the same kind of literal interlineary version.

The mode of teaching after the plan of this book is simply this. '1. It gives the literal meaning of each root in the original. 2. By means of the prepositions and auxiliaries, it gives the meaning of each root, as modified by inflexion. 3. It gives a translation of phrases, or idioms, by which the true import of the original and the difference of the idiom are learned with precision. 4. The Latin words are arranged after the English order in the key. 5. The pupil is required to translate from the pure Latin text, which is given at the latter part of the book.

The pupil begins to translate, and to study Latin grammar at the same time. He is directed to study for recitation a small lesson in grammar, and by the aid of the key to prepare for translation a suitable portion of the Latin text.' In this way he is beguiled without difficulty or pain into a knowledge of the first principles of the language, and in a little time, applied to other similar exercises, will be able to throw away these mechanical aids, and read a Latin author without them. In the progress of the pupil, we have no doubt, that an intelligent master will be able to test by his own experience the falsity of the position, on which adhesion to the ancient modes of learning languages is predicated, to wit, that what we

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learn with difficulty, we retain long. As a general principle, the direct reverse is true. Whatever falls in with the mental appetite is easily, if we may so say, assimilated, and is long remembered. Many an unhappy boy has been whipped, by great expense of time, money and pain into a little Latin and Greek, which, the moment the unhappy prisoner breaks his fetters, is forgotten forever, as offensive food is rejected from the stomach. Every scholar of the old times, that has learned a language, has in some contraband way smuggled to his aid literal translations, either by the help of a more advanced scholar, or by the labors of some one who, with other views, has given a literal translation. We have not a doubt, that the general progress of reason and truth, and the gradual expulsion of monkish prejudices will shortly triumph, completely and forever, over the absurd practice of torturing an ingenious and active boy with a lexicon, a grammar and a difficult and inverted Latin or Greek author, with no other clue to the meaning, than the naked text.

Introduction to the National Reader, designed to hold the place in the Common Schools of the United States of Murray's Introduction. By JOHN PIERPONT. pp. 168. Richardson & Lord. Boston, 1829.

This book completes a series of school books by the same compiler, and is made with the same severe taste and felicitous judgment, as the 'National Reader,' of which we took a former notice, which we are pleased to learn is not only making a wide progress in the schools of the West as well as the Atlantic country; but has recently been re-printed in England, and with flattering prospects of success adopted into English schools. The present book is more generally selected from American writers, than the former, and as well as that, may be offered, as presenting the best and most chaste specimens of American composition. This book is of course intended for a different progress of mental advancement, and the compositions are of an order corresponding to the intent. We repeat what we said on a former occasion, that no task is more difficult or perplexing, or requires severer judgment, more mature talent or finished discipline, than to make a good selection, with a given object, from the whole compass of a language. It is seldom, that a richer and more brilliant mind, guided by a taste severe almost to fastidiousness, is put to such a task, than that of the author of this selection. His attainments not only in this walk, but in original composition, are too well known to need any attestation of ours. The selections are without exception well adapted, chaste and beautiful; and the execution is in that durable and superior style of paper, printing and binding, by which the Boston school books are so favorably discriminated from those of most other cities. If they come to the purchaser, in consequence a little higher, there can be no doubt, that intrinsic worth and durability considered, they are, after all, the cheapest in the end. New-England seems determined to retain the proud pre-eminence of the reputation of the country for the best schools, and the most improved teaching, by putting in requisition her best minds to furnish school books, and good paper, correct printing and substantial binding, in which to publish them.

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The Pyramidal Beehive, or the art of raising Bees without destroying them, of obtaining from each family, annually, a box full of wax and pure honey, of hatching the eggs by the heat of the sun, of converting honey into white sugar, and of making hydromel, &c. Abridged and translated from the French of Ducouedic, by Silas Dinsmoor; pp. 103. Carey, Lea & Carey, Philad.

This is a beautiful, convenient, cheap and compendious manual for those concerned in this branch of rural economy. The only objection is, that it is rather too compendious for those, who wish to study the detailed theory of the grand pastoral of Bee raising; and too elaborate and full for those, who have neither time nor inclination to pursue the speculations of theorists upon their generation, progress, modes of nourishment, government and political economy. A treatise, in some points more abridged, and in others more full, embracing only practical directions, touching the modes of preserving them, the forms of their hives, the arrangements best suited to an apiary, and generally practical information, without a single particle of speculation or theory, is yet a desideratum, for the preparing of which this treatise would serve as an excellent text book. But there are very few farmers, who raise bees, so incurious, as not to be able to find a high treat of pleasure in these amusing speculations upon the mystery of the generation and habits of Bees, from the simple music of Theocritus to the splendid fables of Virgil, and the pastoral songs of Thompson upon the subject. For us, the thousand mysterious speculations that have been raised upon the wonderful origin, and the yet unexplained history of the political economy of these astonishing little animals, and the admirable wisdom and energy of their absolute monarchical form of government, have been a subject of untiring interest from our earliest years.

Who, that has eyes, senses and a heart, can fail to take an interest in the history of Bees? With them are naturally associated the memory of the first, simplest, and purest pleasures of the spring time, at once of life and the year. Who remembers not the first tasting of the most delicious music, when reclined on the starting grass of the spring, under the half formed foliage, just trembling in the voluptuous air, which seems to come down from the haze, that tempers and reddens the brilliance of the sun, he has heard the bees, like so many continuous wires of an Eolian harp, as they sped away to the search of their cells of nectar in the petals of the earliest flowers of the season? How delicious and dream-inspiring was the hum, which diminished in the ear, as the dark point faded into air, as the eye traced the unerring track through space to the nearest explored home of fragrance and beauty in the flower cup! What odor is like that diffused about their nectarean domain? What images of paradise are connected with the willow blossoms, on which the music of the bees, searching their daily food, is blended in one confused and yet melodious murmur! To watch their laborious and well ordered kingdoms, to listen to their ceaseless and dreamy hum, to mark their incessant return and departure, to see them crowding into their city gates, their limbs loaded with a golden burden, to regale the senses with their balsamic aroma, to note the signs of their setting forth in swarms, to search for a new empire, to traverse the woods and the fields, and mark their weight

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bending down the tiny flower petal, to note their mazy courses, as they explore the blossoming trees or the deposite of honey dew on the leaves of deep summer,—these are the pleasures of the lovers of bees; pleasures pure and healthful; pleasures redolent of the spring of life and the year; pleasures associated with whatever is most charming in nature, or remembrance. These are the joys appropriate to the dwellers in the country, to the inhabitants of copses, to those who turn the spring turf, and brush away with their footsteps, the earliest dews of morning; pleasures, which God has reserved for his favorites, the husbandmen; pleasures not only cheap, but profitable, and more healthful, heart cheering and satisfying to the unsophisticated spirit, than all the inventions of Paris, or proud fetes of a luxurious nobility to banish ennui, or music of stringed instruments, or affectation, glitter, scandal and prattle of all the galas, levees and soirees, that pride and vanity ever attended. Strange it is, and passing strange, that this delightful branch of rural economy, yielding supplies not only of honey, but by an easy process of sugar, of a cheap and pleasant wine in hydromel, or metheglin, and the basis of comfits, sweet-meats, and many pleasant drinks, but also an important article of domestic consumption, and foreign commerce; a species of industry not only not laborious, but even a relaxation and amusement, and which is a necessary adjunct in good taste to the pleasantness of the rural abode of a farmer, should be almost wholly neglected in the United States:—we mean, the amount of honey made being compared with what might be made, and what ought to be made.

Considering the general appetite to accumulate money, and the toil and research, that men will encounter for new ways of attaining the secret of wealth, it is positively astonishing, that this most delightful and easy resource is so generally neglected. The book, from which our author translates, supposes that France is capable of producing bees and their products to the value of twenty-nine millions of dollars. The United States, with four times as much territory, and more than a third of the population, and much greater general facilities for raising bees than France, ought then annually to produce from this branch of industry fifteen millions of dollars. We have probably a million and a half of householders, who could raise bees; and certainly ten dollars gain to a family, from this branch of industry, would be a moderate allowance. It is out of question, that this amount might be quintupled. We do actually make, it is probable, from this source, one million of dollars a year. A thousand most weak and unworthy superstitions are very generally prevalent, in relation to bees, such as the possibility of overstocking a region with them, and that the stocks are apt to fail, when the head of the family deceases, and many other idle dreams, that relate to the management of bees, equally unfounded.

From this little manual before us, every requisite to the right and profitable managing this branch of rural economy is brought within the purview of the reader. If every competent householder in the United States would avail himself of what might be extracted from this treatise, we fully believe, that in a few years the United States would have twenty millions of dollars added to the value of our annual useful products. Need we remark, how much of moral attraction would be added to our country residences? How much innocent pleasure would be enjoyed in this acqui-

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sition? Such thoughts apart, let us take a more detailed survey of the book before us.

The common bee—*apis* in Latin,—is a four winged fly, of which in different regions a number of varieties have been noted. The common domestic bee in a wild state builds in a hollow tree or rock, suspending the waxen city at the top, and protracting it downwards. The habits of the insect are very little varied by the arrangements of its domesticated condition, in which it is placed in a hive. The insects form a despotic monarchical republic, in which every thing relating to the commonwealth appears to be settled on principles far more exact, than those of any human society whatever. The community consists of three classes, neuters, queens and drones. The neuters alone make honey, and are armed with stings. Much as they appear alike to us, they distinguish each other, as accurately, as do men. Some communities are much more irascible than others. The queen is the mother of the whole hive, being endowed with a most astonishing fecundity, depositing many thousand eggs, each in a separate cell. A few of these will hatch queens, a larger number drones, and by far the largest proportion neuters. The queen never receives the access of the males or drones; but they impregnate her eggs, one by one, by an astonishing process. The drones are males, stingless, and make no honey. When they have performed their assigned functions, they are killed and cast out, as useless. But one queen has dominion in a hive at a time; and after a swarm has emigrated, all the supernumerary queens are destroyed. The bees will not go into a state of society without one. If she is cast away in swarming, which as she is less expert in flying than the rest, often happens, the swarm returns disorganized and discouraged to the parent hive, to wait for a new queen. The swarms can be managed, by seizing the queen, as she comes out, and depositing her where it is wished the swarm should settle. The eggs of swarms that have perished, may be hatched, and the swarm resuscitated by the heat of the sun, thus verifying the beautiful fable of Virgil in the Georgics.

The infinite advantage of modern over the ancient management of bees is, not only that swarms can thus be resuscitated, and be better preserved by better understanding their habits and necessities, but that, by the simple invention of the pyramidal hive, a box full of honey may annually be taken from each healthful swarm, without the abominable practice of murdering the bees, or even driving them from one hive to another. It is their nature to build downwards; to fill by some inexplicable instinct, a series of cells above with honey, then close them and leave the stores thus accumulated, as though they had not been. It is presumed, the wisdom of the instinct is the habit of the animal to act upon one almost miserly principle of cautious accumulation against a day of need. If they are rightly managed, that day never comes; so that the taking off the upper story of the pyramidal hive, which is filled with honey, does them no harm, as they remain unconscious of the robbery. It is is useless to describe this pyramidal hive. It consists simply in putting hives one under the other, as is required by removing the box, that is filled. All the adaptation required is a hole in the under hive top, through which the bees may descend to fill it. It is customary besides, to have a little window in the centre of the front of the hive, secured by a sliding shutter, to enable the

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owner to look in upon the progress of his bees. In this way more honey and of a better quality is made, than by the ancient mode of destruction; and at the same time the cruel process is avoided of stifling them for their nectareous labors; and all the swarms, destroyed on the ancient process, in this are perpetuated, and help to increase the aggregate of productive swarms.

An apiary ought to be in a retired position, cool in summer and warm in winter. The hives should be regularly arranged under a tight roof. Flowering trees ought to be near, trees of pleasantness and shelter, and fit for receiving the swarms, and yet not such thickets, as are calculated to attract the birds and insects, that are their enemies. They are remarkable for requiring neatness in and about their establishments. The immediate contiguity ought to be free from tangle of weeds and briars. A rolled gravel level would be best. But smooth shaven grass sward should be near— and the ripple of pure waters, and extent of flowers and aromatic shrubs, and, if possible, range of open woods.

Every thing relating to their swarming is well known, except the fact, that by very simple and easy processes their swarming may be accelerated or retarded. By lifting the hive two or three inches from the bench, or by any process, which renders the hive cooler, they may be longer retained in it. By subjecting them again to greater degrees of heat suddenly applied, the swarm may be mechanically forced out upon the experiment of cooling themselves.

Honey is not extracted directly from any substances, but becomes so by the process of assimilation in the stomach of the insect. The well known matters, which they prepare, are *honey*, wax and propolis. The latter answers the purposes of varnish and cement in their building. The well known delightful field of plunder of the bee is the petal of flowers of every scent and hue, from which they extract their aromatic and saccharine matters; and none have been so heedless, as not to have observed the industrious little rifler, nervously trampling about the brilliant and ambrosial chamber, covering its wings with the gilded dust, and loading its thighs with the concentrated aroma, and forthwith speeding away with its treasures and a soothing hum to search and plunder another flower. Honey dew, the well known material for the manufacture of the greater part of their honey, is not, as has been hitherto supposed, a real dew from air or earth, but an extravasated saccharine viscous fluid, flowing from the leaf, on which it is found, and being a portion of the secreted saccharine matter, which enters, more or less, into all vegetable formation.

There is another kind of honey dew, to which the ancients ascribed a celestial origin; but which is found to be, instead of the exhalations of the nectar and ambrosia of Mount Olympus, the excrement of a bug (puceron) and a filthy one too. The bee, little particular about the sources of its acquisitions, so that it gets honey, follows the track of the loathsome animal. The puceron extracts the saccharine material from barks or other sources, and emits it, as aforesaid, and the bees gather it up, and with very little, if any change by their assimilation, deposit the matter, thus acquired, which is forthwith the cleanest and most fragrant honey. There is nothing aristocratic, or particularly flattering in the origin of either man or honey.

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By a very simple refining process, honey is converted into sugar, as white, but not so well chrystalized, as that from the cane. We have seen the French creoles convert common honey into a substance of a consistency and whiteness, resembling butter so nearly, that we mistook it for butter, by a process, which we understood to be the following. The honey is put into a close bag, and suspended, in clear and cool weather, as high as conveniently may be. It is left to filter through the bag, which it does in long fleaky drops, like threads, and to fall into large platters, where it is suffered to form but a thin surface. It is thus blanched, granulated, and as the common phrase is, candied. From pure honey and the washings of the comb, a hydromel is prepared, which, when filthily or unscientifically made, is a sufficiently execrable drink. But, when neatly and properly made, forms a rich and wholesome cordial drink, in flavor and strength not unlike Malvoisie wine.

Of the diseases and of the destroyers of bees it would be superfluous for us to speak. Our chief object in this notice has been, first to call public attention to the neat, useful and judicious compilation before us, in the hope that the author would be rewarded for his valuable and judicious labor; in the next place, to say a few words touching the elementary principles of bee raising. But lastly, and more than all, to call the attention of the American people, and especially in the interior, and more than all in the west, to this beautiful, important, and profitable species of domestic rural economy. What good reason can be given, why every farmer in the west should not have his apiary—his manufactory of nectar and ambrosia, rifling waters, woods and flowers of their sweets, by industrious little manufacturers, who cost him nothing, who gather rich plunder from the whole vegetable creation, injuring nothing, from which they extract their treasures; and which, instead of requiring painful toil, offer a source of innocent and rational pleasure—affording the lover of nature a study, a retirement, to which he will delight to repair, to forget the factitious creations, the frivolous pleasures, the self created wants of man, in contemplating the labors of these industrious animals, inhaling the aroma of their dwelling, soothing his ear with their incessant hum—marking their arrivals and departures, and seeing, in their perfect order, their admirable policy and their unerring instincts, the pointing of that finger that toucheth the stars, and they run their course rejoicing.

The Cincinnati Directory for 1829. By Robinson & Fairbank.

It gives us great pleasure to see such a useful and necessary book, executed with so much exactness and fidelity. The plan of the city is a most convenient and excellent appendage; and the whole work is finished with a praise-worthy labor and research, accuracy and detail, which assuredly merit, and we hope, will receive the sustained patronage of the public.

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The Boston token for 1830. *Edited by* S. Goodrich, and published by Carter and Hendee. Boston.

Among the contributers to this volume, we notice the names of the most talented young men, and best known to fame in that division of the country, well understood to abound in disciplined and aspiring writers, who have a steady eye on the pinnacle of that temple, at the highest seat of which they are aiming. The vigorous and enterprising editor had no overwhelming influence of a thousand booksellers, no publisher of capital and resources sufficient to push any work, to aid him in his arduous undertaking. But we, the sovereign people, have an honorable impulse, sometimes to work against the stream; and we are told that this work has wonderfully succeeded.

We have neither space nor inclination for a detailed review of the articles. The 'Captain's Lady' is coarse and pointless; as is, still more so, the 'Height of Impudence,' introduced, it might seem, to show what a monstrous absurdity the brain could coin, or to weave into it a living, and, we hope we may add, a respectable name, in a manner in keeping only with a brainless boy throwing stones at decent passengers. The thankless task would be easy, to point out other blemishes. But the bestowment of merited praise is much more consonant to our inclinations; and we are pleased to be able to do this with a clear conscience and a full heart. The inspiring *Address to the Ocean*, and the eloquent inculcation of *Submission to the will of Providence*, are magnificent and befitting porticoes at the gate of ingress and departure; and impart chastened and pious associations at the commencement and close of the work. We were charmed with the editor's verses in the 'Token' of the past year, and still more so with those of this. We see in this writer another horn of power destined hereafter to push with Willis. Time would fail us, to pay our merited tribute to the greater number of the pieces. Where so many beautiful tales and poems succeed each other, it would seem almost invidious, to dwell particularly upon any one. There has been no volume of miscellaneous writings of this class superior, perhaps we might say equal to this, and the few unworthy pieces may possibly have been introduced with the customary acuteness of eastern management, to operate as foils, to reflect the brilliance and beauty of the other pieces to more advantage. The engravings strike us with pleasant effect; and they have one merit, apart from their intrinsic elegance, which cannot fail to make its interest with every genuine American. They are all by artists of our own country.

For the mechanical execution, the printing and paper, the chief essentials, are said to surpass those of any other annual. The external is in dove-colored silk, plain and yet rich, precisely the highest taste. We deem, that this noble simplicity of attire, renders it a much more appropriate present from a young gentleman to a young lady, than a book gaudier than butterfly or humming bird, which a real reader would fear to handle, and a nervous one to bring near gun powder. A book richly but modestly dressed is hieroglyphical. When presented to a young lady, it intimates, that the giver attributes to her the taste to prefer rich plainness to gaudy show, and has a conviction, that she values a book for its contents, rather

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than its covers; in other words, that he aspires not to the character of a dandy, nor considers her as a vacant headed insect, to be caught with a piece of red morocco.

Elements of English Grammar, with progressive exercises in parsing. By JOHN FROST, principal of the Mayhew grammar school. Boston. Richardson & Lord. 1829.

This little book is on the model of Murray's abridged grammar, and in simplicity, and in being neither redundant, nor deficient, has decided advantages over that popular work. Every word tells in this treatise, and the young learner has not to commit a single word more, than is necessary. It is an absurd prejudice of our schools and of our day, to require the analysis of language, as an introduction to the knowledge of the language; in other words, that the pupil should analyze the language, before he has learned it. But so long as this fashion is followed, and followed it will be, it appears, for a long time yet to come, we recommend this grammar, as the easiest, most condensed, simple and useful introduction to a knowledge of our language and of parsing, that we have seen.

In this connection we take leave, also, to speak of Frost's Boston school edition of *Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy,* a neat and cheap edition, two volumes in one. It would be altogether supererrogation, to speak of this admirable work, so properly introduced, as an exercise, into our higher schools. The advantages of this edition are the convenience of the form, being 12 mo., and its containing at the close 35 pp. of questions, arranged at once for the advantage of the master and the pupil. It is a thing of some difficulty, requiring long practice, and no little study, to know, how to ask the most proper questions. They are here prepared to the master's and the pupil's hand, and will tend to render the study not only more easy, but more thorough and useful.

Discourse pronounced upon the inauguration of the Author, as Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University. By JOSEPH STORY. Hilliard, Gray, Little & Wilkins. Boston, 1829. pp. 60.

Mr. Dane of Beverly, Mass. a hoary veteran of the law, made a donation of ten thousand dollars, to found a professorship of law at Harvard University. Judge Story was appointed first professor, and this is his inaugural discourse. It partakes of the well known attributes of the eloquent mind of this distinguished gentleman. It is full to exuberance, simple and luminous; and one theme glides into another with smooth and grateful transition. The learned Judge, inducted into a professorship founded by a most laborious lawyer, of the old school, 'who had,' says

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the author, 'for more than fifty years, devoted more than twelve hours a day to the study of law,' remembering, too, the condensed abridgements in 400 folio volumes, and the neat and compact little marriage contract in the appendix to Blackstone, of 48 close printed octavo pages, to be read as a damper, on the bridal day by the young candidates, and emulating the puritan fidelity of the ministers of pilgrim times, who held, that they had not given their hearers an honest ration of bread, till they had turned the second hour glass, enchained the attention of the audience, we are told, without their showing yawning or weariness, to mark the succession of ideas through sixty octavo pages. Higher tribute to the beauty and eloquence of the discourse could not have been given.

It opens by an eulogy of the study of law in its general principles, and the *common law* in particular. In pursuing this theme, every one in the least acquainted with the fullness of his mind, and the immensity of his reading, will readily anticipate, that a great number of fine remarks will be advanced, classical remembrances awakened, and ancient sages of the law laid under contribution for their most pithy sayings. Yet Judge Story, the very Jupiter Tonans of the old school bar, cannot refrain a sort of smile, even in this holiest place, and priesthood, and worship, as he recurs to some of the texts and doctrines of the immense Vedam of ancient jurisprudence; for instance, Bracton and Coke's reasons for the law of descent of estates; viz. because *they are heavy, and go down on the principle of gravitation. Contingent titles in abeyance* are most luminously said to be in *gremio legis, vel in nubibus*, in the bosom of the law or in the clouds. The doctrine of *estate* conveyed to *trustees*, for *existing uses*, and future *contingent ones*, is most lucidly defined *scintilla juris*, a spark of law, which kindles at the very moment the new uses spring into being. Stephens, in his lecture upon heads, and, more than all, in his famous case *bullum* v. *boatum* must have been, we think, in the mind's eye of the learned and eloquent professor at the same time. He could hardly have forgotten the ingenious device of laying the action in the county of Cornwall, when committed in the south seas, by which happy contrivance, the common law annihilateth space, if not time. We, the least learned in the mysteries of the law, have sometimes glanced an eye over the declaration in a case of libel, where 48 pages availed to bring before the court and jury, that defendant had called plaintiff a *liar and an ass.*

Every one has experienced a medicinal laugh, in reading or hearing the most admirable common law exposition of a case of suicide by the grave digger in Hamlet; and we express our thanks to the learned Judge, for referring us to the original of that parody, scarcely less inimitable, than the parody itself.

'Shakspeare has immortalized by his genius the report of a case in that book of painful learning, Plowden's Commentaries, in which Lady Margaret Hales, by the suicide of her husband, lost an estate by forfeiture to the crown, which she held jointly with him. One of the learned judges upon that occasion, in order to establish the legal conclusion, that the party killed himself in his lifetime, reasoned in this manner: "The felony is attributed to the act, which act is always done by a living man, and in his lifetime; for Sir James Hales was dead

and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning. And who drowned him? Sir James Hales. And when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales, being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man, who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive, when the punishment comes after his death?" &c. &c.'

From page 12 the professor descants, and that with no common force and eloquence, upon the high mental endowments, and the important moral prerequisites necessary to the first attainments in the profession. He insists, that a knowledge of the broad principles, or what may be called the philosophy of law, is an important element in the requisitions of those, who take any part in sustaining our invaluable republican institutions; necessary to qualify them to legislate, and, above all, to enable them to understand the evils, and correct the mistakes of imperfect legislation.

On page 19 is a fine illustration of the rashness of abrogating existing laws, without extended views to the ultimate consequences.

'The oak, which requires centuries to rear its trunk, and stretch its branches, and strengthen its fibres, and fix its roots, may yet be levelled in an hour. It may breast the tempest of a hundred years, and survive the scathing of the lightning. It may even acquire vigour from its struggles with the elements, and strike its roots deeper and wider, as it rises in its majesty; and yet a child, in the very wantonness of folly, may in an instant destroy it by removing a girdle of its bark.'

On page 20 he turns from general views to address those, who contemplate choosing the profession of law. He affirms, that Christianity is a part of common law. It repudiates every act done in violation of its duties of perfect obligation. It pronounces, as illegal, every contract offensive to its morals. He declares, that lawyers are more often called upon, than any other men, to practise good faith, incorruptible virtue, and chivalric honor. They should be not only pure, but unsuspected. He is indignant at the idea, that *leguleius cautus et acutus, præco actionum, cantor formularum, auceps syllabarum;* in other words, the requisites for a pettifogger, should be allowed by opinion to enter into the necessary endowments of a lawyer.

On page 24–5 he is vigorous and impressive in his very best manner in pointing out the high duties, which an advocate's profession calls him to discharge—the sacred and all important interests, that in the ordinary course of things, fall into his keeping. Here his interest, his popularity may tempt him one way, and the sacred lore, the calm responses of law another. He may be called to sustain the poor and powerless victim against her rich and reckless seducer. Bigotry may have employed the seeming of religion, to raise phantoms about the death bed, by which widows and orphans may be plundered. He must magnify his office, and without fear or favor, stand forth with an ear only open to the great moral obligations of his profession, and the eternal precepts of religion.

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We consider him singularly happy and just, in his statement of the intellectual requisites for distinction in his walk. A sanguine temperament—a fluent speech, elementary reading, a kindling imagination, self confidence, graceful action, the inspiration of a judge, jury, trial and impending reputation are generally estimated, in our region, at least, to be all the requisites to the finish of a lawyer. Genius alone, cannot win the heights. There are no royal M'Adamized roads. The passes are sometimes narrow; sometimes precipitous; sometimes dazzling with brilliance, reflected from their naked fronts, and sometimes bewildering, from the shadows projected from their dizzy heights. These are metaphors, but not those of a common mind.

A thorough knowledge of law can only be the acquirement of immense labor. Lord Hale will allow the law to have no rival with the student; and the learned judge cautions him, that she is jealous, and only to be won by constant courtship, and lavish homage. One sage has called this attainment 'the gathered wisdom of a thousand years;' and another, not the products of one man, society or age; but the wisdom, counsel and experience of ages of wise and observing men. Its deep foundations are natural reason; its top stone doctrines moulded to the infinitely complex forms and the last finish of the social state.

He, who would mount to the summit of this glorious ancient temple, must gird up his loins, and not eschew black folios, graced with flowing wigs, nor barbarous Latin, nor worse French. Greek books may daunt a little; and the Abridgements of Statham, Fitzherbert and Brooke, startle his mental mastication. He may give Plowden the slip. But Coke he must digest, tough bone though he be. He must then feast some years upon Fearne. He may afterwards, by way of journeyman effort, try his hand a little upon that darkest of all mysteries, *a last will and testament.* 'So true it is,' says the facetious professor, smiling, we are sure, under his cap, 'that no man knows his own will so ill, as the testator.'!!

If, after this immense feasting, he finds himself a little dyspeptic, he may be allowed, as a kind of holiday and invalid diet, to expatiate awhile in the 300 English, and the 200 American volumes of reports. Five hundred volumes of this sort of dyspeptic bread, cannot fail to invigorate his stomach to a new and healthful action. To these should be added the study of philosophy, rhetoric, history, and, more than all, of human nature. To be serious, the eloquent professor has not at all, we presume, exaggerated the difficulties, nor overrated the heights to be surmounted. He is himself precept and example. Per hæc limina Victor Alcides intravit. We are glad, that he has been plain and faithful. The temple is crowded already; and a thousand supernumerary aspirants have set their faces in the same direction. Let them see, that they can hope no more than decimation in the scale of success, after all this toil. Let them understand, that to invest the forehead with a panoply of brass, however burnished, to write barrister and counsellor in letters of gold—to provide an office, and a due supply of the narcotic weed, are not the only requisites, to come forth master of all degrees in the science of law.

In a brief, but impressive inculcation of the necessity of drinking into the spirit of true philosophy, he has a personification, so sustained and beautiful, that we quote it entire.

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'Nor should he stop here. He must drink in the lessons and the spirit of philosophy. I do not mean that philosophy described by Milton, as

"a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns;"

but that philosophy, which is conversant with men's business and interests, with the policy and the welfare of nations; that philosophy, which dwells not in vain imaginations, and Platonic dreams; but which stoops to life, and enlarges the boundaries of human happiness; that philosophy, which sits by us in the closet, cheers us by the fireside, walks with us in the fields and highways, kneels with us at the altars, and lights up the enduring flame of patriotism.'

In comparing the eloquence of the bar and the pulpit, pp. 37–8, there are some passages so splendid, true, and important, that we should be glad to embellish our pages with the whole. But, as it is a pamphlet, which every lawyer will choose to read entire, it is the less necessary.—This is the close of the strain.

'But I forbear. I seem, indeed, when the recollection of the wonders wrought by eloquence comes over my thoughts, to live again in scenes long since past.—The dead seem again summoned to their places in the halls of justice, and to utter forth voices of an unearthly and celestial harmony. The shades of Ames, and Dexter, and Pinkney, and Emmett pass and repass, not hush as the foot of night, but in all the splendor of their fame, fresh with the flush of recent victory. I may not even allude to the living. Long, long may they enjoy the privilege of being nameless here, whose names are every where else on the lips of praise.'

At p. 41, the professor unfolds the objects, and draws an outline of the studies, required by the professorship, and necessary to constitute the subject matter of the lectures. In an address so exuberant, splendid, varied, figurative, so stored with fine sayings and rich classic allusions, it might seem hypercriticism for us to remark, that we deem, that the usual rigid and luminous views of order, apparent in Judge Story's writings, would have given this expose at the commencement of the address. It would then have begun with the general and ended with the particulars. The author is more aware than almost any other person, that a chief point of distinction between superior and inferior minds, is that the former show forth a whole in every mental production; the trunk, the branches, the leaves, even the gossamer of the blossoms, all in their order. Nothing of the beautiful order of nature belongs to the productions of the latter. We thought, too, that the same thought, a little varied, occurred twice or thrice; and that some of the delightful remarks stood too much, like aphorisms, not belonging to one place, rather than another, and introduced for the sake of effect. But we are perfectly aware, how much easier it would be, to find fault with such an address, than to be able to commit faults, which the eloquent professor will contrive to render so delicious and glorious.

The first subjects of the course of lectures of the Dane professorship are *The Law of Nature, the Law of Nations, Maritime and Commercial Law, Equity Law*, and *The Constitutional Law of the United States.*—A brief view and appropriate remarks, by way of outline, are presented touching each topic. Upon the law of nations Grotius and Puffendorf

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are the most valuable elementary authors. Wolfius, Ward, Vattell, and Bynkershoeck are also spoken of, as text books on this branch. Sir James Mackintosh, and Lord Stowell, living jurists, are also adverted to with the customary felicity of the author. In regard to commercial and maritime law, 'the golden chain which connects the nations of the earth,' a branch, in the knowledge of which the professor is supposed to stand alone. The *customs of trade* were first embodied on the shores of the Mediterranean. The *consolato del mare* is a collection of these rules, adopted in England chiefly by the aid of Lord Mansfield; and her commercial law has since commanded the admiration of the world.

In his outline of the constitutional law of the United States, the venerated names of Hamilton, Madison and Jay must tend to fire the mind of the young student with emulation and reverence at the same time. A brief but appropriate and affectionate survey of the labors of the venerable founder of the professorship brings the address to a right and graceful close.

To him we owe the general revisal of our provincial statutes, our collection of colonial and provincial statutes, and above all, the celebrated Ordinance of 1787, which constitutes the fundamental law of the states northwest of the Ohio. 'It is a monument of political wisdom and sententious skilfulness of expression.' This digest and abridgment of American law is comprised in eight large octavo volumes. He seems to have intended the foundation of this professorship, in this most munificent donation, as adding the top stone to the monument, which he has been rearing by the unexampled labors of fifty years.

There is no passage in our language, which exceeds in energy, and comprehension, that, by which the author has brought his splendid address to its graceful finish. It is a personification of law by Algernon Sydney.

'It is void of desire and fear, lust and anger. It is *mens sine affectu*, written reason, retaining some measure of the divine perfection. It does not enjoin that, which pleases a weak, frail man; but without any regard to persons, commands that, which is good, and punishes evil in all, whether rich or poor, high or low.— It is deaf, inexorable, inflexible."

The Journal of Health, a semi-monthly periodical; each number containing 16 pages, 8vo. Price $1 25 in advance. Published by Judah Dobson, No. 108, Chesnut street, Philad.

We have seen some numbers of this periodical. The writing is generally chaste, simple, intelligible, perspicuous. Of all our earthly physical interests, it touches infinitely the most important. The maxims of wisdom and experience are treasured on the subject, and imparted in words, which he who runs may read and understand. There is no family in the Union, that would not be benefited many times the price of this publication, by reading, and perpending its contents. We are clear, that, as far as it goes, we have read no similar work, so calculated to subserve the interests and well being of the community, in relation to health, in an equal degree, and we wish, that the prudence and good sense of the community may accord to this work a liberal patronage.

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Mr. Biddle's *Address at the opening of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.*

We take leave to express our unmingled satisfaction, in reading this eloquent and appropriate address. We survey the execution of such gigantic enterprizes, as opening schooner and steam navigation between such important points, with pride and pleasure. Charmingly has the orator delineated the results of the immense and constantly increasing facilities of intercommunication between the remotest points of our vast country. The Southron, in surveying the north, the Northerner welcomed to the hospitality of the south, the remote planter of the far south western streams, on the margin of the sea, the Atlantic wanderer in the west, all meet men, where, it may be, they thought to find monsters. Gross prejudices are annihilated by the revulsion. Good feelings are kindled in their place. New ideas, comparisons, rivalry, improved manners,, enlarged views, a new impulse to furnish the means for these travels, a proud consciousness, that our great land is neither east, nor west, north nor south, but one land, and consequent genuine patriotism, are among the influences, that might be theoretically expected to flow from this great and growing intercourse. Any one, who has travelled on the chief routes of communication, from the extreme south to our northern limits, as often, and as many years in succession, as we have, cannot but have seen the actual verification, in the urbanity, mutual interchange of good offices, and appearance of kindness and politeness, that mark the deportment of the moving mass of travellers from Charleston and New-Orleans, by the lakes, or by the sea, to the sea shore of the northern states. These are public Lyceums and high schools, more efficient than all others, to polish manners, to impress the indispensible requisites of honor and integrity, to pass as a part of good society, and to bind every portion of the union together in the golden chain of mutual good feeling and respect. The northern public resorts wait the return of their southern friends, as they do the vernal migrations of the wood warblers and the bland breeze. They overlook not the advantage, that they bring their welcome with them. While the cultivator of cotton and sugar, as he feels the recurring miasm of the sultry June, bethinks him of the oxygenated atmosphere, the cool breezes, the ruddy cheeks and elastic steps of his free born friends and entertainers of the past year. Demagogues and Catalines may preach disunion; but these guests, meeting from such remote points, will each find, that the people of the most distant sections of the country of their abode are alike necessary to each other.

Addresses, gentlemanly, conciliatory, philosophic and just, like this of Mr Biddle's, tend to the same great issue. May the American people read, meditate, and act on the spirit of this speech.

Discourse on the Sins of the Tongue. By Rev. Alexander Young, pastor of Church Green, Boston. Bowles & Dearborn: 1829.

We are glad to see, that this very useful sermon has already passed to a second edition. We render his Latin motto thus: There is a time in which nothing, and a time, in which something may be said; but no time

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for saying every thing. Another charming motto is quoted from Addison. I must confess, I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I am at is, to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular, of those little jarrings and dissonances, which arise from anger, censoriousness and gossipping. In short, I would always have it tuned by good nature, truth and sincerity.

The text is one of peculiar emphasis and import, and to stir up the reader's mind, by way of remembrance, we quote it. *If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.*

No part of the formation of man more clearly demonstrates the wisdom and power of the Almighty, than the structure of this voluble instrument of speech, far more efficient in the concerns of our world, than the 'wheels of nature,' or 'the music of the spheres.' The vast empire of thought is thrown into visible coloring by it, and its regulation involves more of the light, comfort, and enjoyment of our world, than any other endowment of human nature.

The author eloquently applies the rules of reasonable and scriptural regulation to the great abuses of speech, *perjury*, *obscenity*, *falsehood*; gross violations, of which no man can be palpably guilty, and remain a respectable member of any society. The consequences of the general countenance of falsehood are thus eloquently portrayed.

'There would be no end should I attempt to portray the appalling and heart-rending scenes, which the general violation of truth would bring before you, on the stage of common life. Suffice it to say, that when Truth left the earth, she would not leave it alone. Justice and Honesty, her first born, would forsake it too. The kindly feelings of our nature would wither and droop. The broad face of this beautiful earth would be converted into one vast arena, where men, with passions more inflamed than those of the hunted lion, would prowl and prey upon each other without mercy, and without end. The populous city would become a desert place. Man would flee from the likeness of his own form. His abode would be as vacant as the hermit's cell, and as still as the dwellings of the dead. The quick step would no more be heard upon the pavement; the busy hum would be hushed; the voice of gladness be no longer heard; and deserted, desponding man, a stranger in his native place, an exile in his own land, would wend his lonely way among forsaken tenements and dilapitated walls, and weep in vain over the ruins of virtue and truth.'

The guilt of *white lies*, or falsehoods of apprentices in this species of abuse of speech, falsehoods told for entertainment, is delineated with the pencil of a master, as is the malicious lying of *ill-will* and *spite*. The last, and by far the most universal and injurious abuse of speech is *slander*. His discussion of it is brief, plain, perspicuous, and eloquent. We could wish it were circulated in the form of a manual or tract, and read by every person in the United States capable of reading. We think it quite as well calculated to work effectual reformation in the community, as tracts, that intend to operate only on the miserable and slavish principles of fear and credulity. The weaker shades of slander are traced to *talkativeness* and *curiosity*.

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We need make no apology for such an extract as the following.

'Did I suppose there was one in this assembly who is meditating a tale of calumny, I would say to him, in the language of solemn entreaty, Slanderer! stop; think on what you are about to do. You are on the point of tarnishing the fair fame of one who, perhaps, has nothing else in the wide world that he can call his own. It may be, he had wealth; but it has vanished; the flames of midnight made his dwelling a ruin; the winds left his vessel a wreck, and the waves ingulfed her rich merchandise. He had friends; but the faithful, Providence has taken, and the faithless fled at the approach of misfortune and poverty. He had children; but they too are gone; the cold grave contains their ashes. From the wreck of family, of friendship, and of property, he has saved what he deems more precious than all these—an unsullied reputation; a good name among his brethren. Will you rob him of this, his last, his best, his only treasure? My brother, I know you will not. Your generous heart revolts at an act so inhuman. You cannot plant a thorn in that quiet bosom, and bring down the gray hairs of that innocent man with sorrow to the grave.'

We wish we could transcribe the *cautions* and *preventives*, in relation to slander. In a word, they are *judicious silence; industrious attention to our own business*, and cousequent inability to take charge of that of our neighbor; *strict and literal truth* in our comments upon others, and a generous spirit of charity, always inclining us to *vindicate*, rather than asperse.

We give the concluding paragraph; earnestly wishing that this pertinent and useful discourse could be perused entire by our readers.

'Before concluding, I have one favor to ask of you, my hearers, and as it is not an unreasonable one, I trust it will not be refused. If you have at this time heard any thing that is true, if you admit that any sketch which has been attempted bears a resemblance to nature and reality, I beseech you, instead of looking round among your acquaintances, to determine whom the portrait resembles, sincerely and candidly to put it to your consciences, whether some of the features do not correspond to those of your own disposition and conduct. And if you find this to be the case, I solemnly conjure you to abandon your abuse of this noble gift of Heaven, and to resolve that as long as you live, you will take heed that you sin not with your tongue. Remember, that for every idle word you will have to give account at the day of judgment. Thus, verily, life and death are in the power of the tongue. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.'

The Second Century Lecture of the First Church, Salem, Mass. By Rev. Charles W. Upham, Pastor of said Church. pp. 72. Foot & Brown. Salem: 1829.

We have formerly observed, that here was the first fully organized Protestant Church in America. We quote, as an interesting document, the caption of the Century Lecture, that preceded the present one.

'Salem, August 6, 1729. On Wednesday was celebrated the First Century Lecture, in the meeting house of the First Church here, in commemoration of the good hand of the Lord, in founding that Church on August 6, 1629; just

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one hundred years ago; enlarging and making her the mother of several others, and preserving and blessing her to this day. She was the first Congregational Church that was completely formed and organized in the whole American continent, which was on the day abovementioned, when the Rev. Mr. (Francis) Higginson was ordained the teacher, and the Rev. Mr. Skelton their pastor. Governor Bradford, and others, deputed from the church at Plymouth, coming into the assembly in the time of the solemnity (having been hindered by contrary winds) gave them the right hand of fellowship; wishing all prosperity and a blessed success to such good beginnings.'

"The Century Lecture began with singing Psalms CXXII. 1 to 8. The Rev. Mr. Fisk then preached a very agreeable sermon from Psalms LXXVIII. 1 to 7. We then sang Psalm XLIV. 1, 2, 6, 7 verses. The Rev. Mr. Prescott then prayed. We then sang Psalm C. first metre, and the Rev. Mr. Fisk pronounced the blessing.

"There were thirteen ministers present, and a considerable confluence of people both from this place and the towns about."

'The Records of the Church contain a similar account. It denominates the occasion "THE FIRST CENTURY JUBILEE," and concludes by expressing the petition that "the Lord would accept the offering of thanks which had then been made."

The very interesting discourse before us is the second Centenial Jubilee of the same church, by its youthful and eloquent junior pastor. We have called the attention of our readers to it, as having found it one of the most impressive historical documents, with which we have met. We shall consider it chiefly in this point of view, and shall deem, that our readers will not regret our adverting liberally to it for quotations. The same quaint hymns were sung at both jubilees. They are from a collection, known by the name of the 'Bay Psalm Book,' and were in use in most of the churches, for more than a hundred years. We quote the following, as a sample, because it is the shortest.

PSALM C.—TUNE, OLD HUNDRED.

A Psalm of Praise. First Metre.

Shout to Jehovah all the earth.
2 With joyfulness the Lord serve ye:
Before his presence come with mirth.
3 Know that Jehovah God is he.
It's he that made us, and not we,
His folk, his pasture's sheep also.
4 Into his gates with thanks come ye,
With praises to his court-yard go.
5 Give thanks to him, bless ye his name,
Because Jehovah he is good:
His mercy ever is the same,
His truth throughout all ages stood.

The first worthy among the departed pastors, whom the author commemorates, is Francis Higginson—a great and beloved name. The author gives a felicitous biographical sketch of him.

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We quote the following, and it is seldom, that a more affecting quotation is given, in the same number of words.

'The christian graces shed such a beauty upon his daily life, that the hearts of all who witnessed it were charmed into love and admiration. It is related, that, when he left Leicester, the place of his residence in England, to embark for the forests of America, although at the time he was suffering beneath the frowns of the government, the people of every rank and party rushed forth from their dwellings to bid him farewell. They crowded the streets through which he passed. Every eye was filled with tears, and every voice was imploring blessings upon him! Our imaginations should often present him to our hearts, as he called his family and fellow passengers around him, leaned over the stern of the vessel, in which he was borne in exile from his native home, while the cliffs of his country, still dear to his soul, although it was driving him out to perish in the wilderness, were disappearing from sight, and uttered that memorable benediction, than which there is nothing more affecting, more magnanimous, or more sublime in the records of history: "We will not say, as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England—farewell Babylon! farewell Rome!—but we will say FAREWELL DEAR ENGLAND! farewell the Church of God in England, and all the christian friends there!" Our bosoms must always experience a softened and melancholy emotion, when we reflect upon his rapid decline and premature death. His delicate constitution could not bear the rigors of the new climate, and the privations incident to the early settlement. The sufferings of one short year, the severities of a single winter carried him off. As the termination of his life approached, he seemed to have been admitted to clearer views of the results of the great enterprise which he had been called to conduct. His soul soared into those higher regions, from which the scenes of futurity can be discerned. In his dying hours he repeatedly uttered the prediction, which has already been so wonderfully fulfilled. "He was persuaded," he said, "that although the Lord was calling him away, he would raise up others, to carry on the work that was begun, and that there would yet be many churches of the Lord Jesus Christ in this wilderness." While he sleeps by the side of their fathers, may our children of every generation venerate his character and cherish his memory.'

Samuel Skelton, the first pastor of the first church, was the friend of John Endicott, the defender of Roger Williams, the asserter and guardian of the freedom and independence of the congregational churches, and has left a memory of imperishable honor.

Roger Williams, the well known persecuted patriarch of Rhode Island, fled from Salem to Providence, and first in America fearlessly declared the folly and wickedness of any attempts to unite church and state. He stands recorded, as the sincere friend and benevolent patron of the Indians.

Hugh Peters was his successor. Passion, prejudice and interest combined to calumniate him. History, says the author, is called to one of her sublimest duties, in rescuing his fame, and in presenting his zeal and eloquence, as a divine; his ability and courage, as a patriot, statesman and soldier, his wisdom and energy, as a citizen, his benevolence and in-

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tegrity, as a man.' He was educated at Cambridge, England, and was a most popular lecturer in London. Calvinistic in sentiments, he was the bold and uniform asserter of liberty in religion and government. A specimen of his mode of illustration is given on the theme *The leaven of the Pharisees.*

'Leaven hath three properties. 1. It sowers. 2. It tuffens, or hardens. 3. It swells the lump. Therefore that opinion which sowers mens' spirits against their brethren, and it may be against authority, that swells them, that hardens them, and makes tough, and not easily entreated, beware of that opinion, as of the leaven of the Pharisees. Errors in us, are like corn, in the sowing of it; if it lie above ground, it may be gathered up again, but if it be plowed in and harrowed, and lie under the clod, there is little hope. Whilst errors lie in the understanding, scripture, reason, argument, time, sweetnesse and tendernesse may do much to the cure: the danger is, when they lie under the will, when we shall say, we will have what we will, or all shall crack; with *Sampson*, pull down the two great posts, that others may perish with them. Beware of this leaven of the Pharisees. You shall ever find pride the fomenter of differences. * * * * But those opinions that find a soule in a lowly frame, and after received, keep the soule so, and carry it to Christ, they need not trouble State nor Church.'

Persecuted by Archbishop Laud, and driven from London, he fled to Holland. The celebrated Ames, the champion of the reformed churches, moved to Rotterdam, to enjoy his society. Amesius, the professor, breathed his last on his bosom. He removed to America, and in two years was elected pastor of the church at Salem. That ancient town dated the commencement of its wealth and enterprise from his ministry and patronage. He stamped his genius on the agriculture, manufactures, fishery and navigation. Many ships were built, some of three hundred tons. He checked the tendency of the people, to dissipate their time, in attending lectures and conferences. Great success attended his ministry. He was afterwards appointed agent from the plantations to the home government, and was selected to preach a sermon before both houses of parliament, the court of the city of London, and the assembly of Divines. In that sermon is the following remarkable testimony to the character of the puritans in the transatlantic forests. 'I have lived in a country, where, in seven years, I never saw a beggar, nor heard an oath, nor looked upon a drunkard.'

He afterwards visited Ireland. The sight of the poverty and misery of the lower classes there affected him. He returned to Holland, and as a test of his influence among that money-getting and calculating people, he collected thirty thousand pounds sterling—an enormous charity, not only for those times, but would be such even in these times, when luxury has increased, as money has depreciated.

During the government of the protector, he was republican, stern and uncompromising. Charles the second, on his restoration, caused him to be selected for the tower. He was sentenced to execution. During his confinement, he wrote a small volume for the benefit of his daughter, entitled 'a Dying Father's last Legacy,' of which the author speaks in high praise, and justifies his encomiums by copious extracts. We select the following, as a fair sample.

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'Remember, a good Conscience and Sin cannot live together: Let but this bird sing sweetly within, and let Heaven and Earth come together,—thou shalt be safe, my poor child.'

'I wish you neither poverty
Nor riches,
But godliness, so gainful
With content;
No painted pomp nor glory that
Bewitches:
A blameless life is the best
Monument:
And such a soul that soars a-
Bove the skie,
Well pleased to live, but better
Pleased to die.'

'I wish that Prince and Rulers,
All that guide,
May be good, and do good; which
Is god-like;
And that their care appear, so
To provide,
That those of strength do not the
Weaker strike;
The end of rules from Christian
Polity,
To live in godliness, and
Honesty.'

A most affecting account of his courage, firmness and tenderness of heart, in his last moments, is given. He preached to his fellow convicts the day after his condemnation. He was dragged to the place of execution on a sledge, and compelled to witness the execution of his friend, Cooke, the former solicitor general. Some one insulted him with assisting in the murder of the King. Peters answered mildly, 'that he did but trample on a dying man,' assuring him, 'that he had nothing to do in that affair.' The executioner having finished his work, rubbed his hands besmeared with blood, before him, and asked him, 'how do you like this work, Mr. Peters?' 'I am not, I thank God, terrified at it,' replied the dying hero. 'You may do your worst.' We scarcely remember any thing, that goes more directly to the heart, than his language, deportment and messages on the scaffold. His last words were 'Oh! this is a good day,' and, says the venerable historian, 'he smiled, when he went away.'

Edward Norris, his successor, who had been a clergyman in England, exercised a peaceful and useful ministry, and died universally beloved, and lamented.

The history of the ministry of his successor, John Higginson, is identified with that of the colony to its seventieth year. 'He was,' says the author, 'a beautiful specimen of the primitive New England ministers.' He survived to see ninety three years. Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* is hallowed by a delightful prefatory commendation, written by him at the age of eighty-two. In an honorable and virtuous old age, cheered by the full hope of heaven, his grey hairs were encircled with their appropriate crown of glory. Time and space would fail us, if we were to follow the author in his happy outlines of the character of 'the reverend and famous' Nicholas Noyes; the promising George Curwen, whose sun set at noon; the talented and energetic Mr. Fisk, whose ministry was turbulent and unhappy; the beloved and lamented John Sparhawk; the acute and refined Thomas Barnard, and the admired Asa Dunbar, who resigned his ministry, after he had exercised it seven years. He was succeeded by the present senior pastor of the church, well known for his attainments in natural philosophy, and for an improvement of the air pump, known as widely, as the em-

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pire of science. The acquaintance of the writer of this article with him, both as a clergyman and a gentleman, has already extended beyond thirty years.

The claims of this church, to be considered the earliest protestant establishment of the kind in America, have been admitted on the ground, that it was the first, which became a distinct and fully constructed religious society. The excellent and pious pilgrims at Plymouth, it is true, had maintained Christian worship for years, previous to the organization of this church. But they considered themselves a dependent branch of a society, whose church and pastor were in Leyden.

The author proves by reference to the founders, that the original congregational church platform, as established in 1629, was a form strictly independent. The following was the definition of such a church.

1. 'In the first place our Fathers defined the matter of a Congregational Church to be a body of men gathered by voluntary association, proposing to form themselves into an organized community for social worship as Christians, and possessing in themselves, previous to a covenant, or profession, or to the assumption in any form of the ecclesiastical estate, all the powers, rights, faculties, and privileges, which are needed to construct and constitute a church of Christ.'

A second cotemporary principle grew out of it, and has been asserted by all pure congregational churches from that time to this. It is *the independence of the congregational churches of all external jurisdiction.* With guarded jealousy did the stern and unbending men of those times watch over this principle. Roger Williams was conspicuous, in asserting this doctrine. He had already become obnoxious to some of the ministers, who liked something, that looked a little more like a hierarchy.—*Associations*, and *consociations*, and *presbyteries* were well understood to contain in them elements of a hierarchy, a bench of bishops, a conclave of cardinals, and finally a pope. Our forefathers were much in the opinion, that worship and religion are invisible concerns between God and the soul; that they need not numbers, nor laws, for their exercise, and that whatever of these great pursuits is not purely voluntary, is worse than mockery.

But Roger Williams acted upon the doctrine too early in the day. In a winter of storms, through dark and icy forests they cast him out; and he wandered on in the firmness of an unbroken and free spirit, to a place, which in grateful commemoration of a sustaining Providence, he called by that name. There, as every one knows, now stands the second largest and most flourishing town in New England.

We desire, that the reader may know, how this good and persecuted man said, and sang, (for he was a poet too) his gratitude to the Almighty.

'"As the same sun shines on the wildernesse that doth on a garden, so the same faithfull and all-sufficient God can comfort, feede, and safely guide even through a desolate howling wildernesse," or, as he has expressed the same sentiment in verse, for Roger Williams also was a Pilgrim Poet:

Lost many a-time, I've had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree.
In stormy winter night, no Fire,
No Food, no Company—

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God makes a path, provides a guide
And feeds in Wildernesse;
His glorious name, while earth remains
O that I may confesse.'

He cultivated perfect good will with the Indians, and invariably received kindness in return, which he thus sings.

'How kindly flames of nature burne
In wild humanitie.
God's Providence is rich to his,
Let none distrustful be.
In wildernesse, in great distresse
These Ravens have fed me.'

In the year 1636 the celebrated Sir Henry Vane came from the parent country, governor of Massachusetts, a man of various and extraordinary accomplishments, but at the same time a religious fanatic. The excitement, produced by Mrs. Hutchinson, was at its height. He plunged into it, heart and soul, and would have used the power of his office to determine it. But Hugh Peters 'sharply rebuked him to his face,' and plainly insinuated, that if governors would concern themselves only with the things of Cæsar, the things of God would be more quiet and prosperous.

Every reader versed in English history, knows that the death of Sir Henry Vane is deemed one of the sublimest incidents, which it records. The weak king forfeited his word, proved his worthless ingratitude, and allowed him, whom he had called friend, to be sacrificed. A friend requested the dying hero to petition the king to fulfil his promise. 'No,' said he, 'if the king does not value his word, more than I do my life, let him take it.' He would have spoken to the multitude when on the scaffold. The music drowned his voice. 'That is a bad cause,' said he, 'which will not bear the words of a dying man.'

Abundant attempts were made to introduce creeds, uniformity, and the like. The pilgrims would never submit to any on authority. Nothing would force upon them even a psalm book, which they did not like, unless the party requiring could bring a text of scripture to bear upon it!

Second only to the simple and perfect independence of the puritan churches within themselves, was this grand principle, necessarily connected with the first, and growing out of it.

'"While they take care, according to Apostolic injunction, that all things be done decently and in order, it is their duty not to impose any thing, by way of subscription or declaration of faith, upon those who desire admission to the ordinances, which may not conscientiously be complied with by sincere Christians of all denominations."'

These grand axioms, if we may so call them, are the broad and immutable foundation of religious liberty, cousin german to civil liberty, the two necessarily subsisting together in mutual dependence.

The author proceeds to unfold the historical evidences of the fact, that this first protestant church in America has invariably adhered to the position, that every church is strictly independent of all others. He proves, that once, if not oftener, it has resisted the interference of the influence

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of all the churches in New England, in the form of a council. He forcibly delineates the mischiefs, that always have resulted, and from the nature of things, always must result from this sort of religious domination. Every church, he thinks, ought to confine itself to the jurisdiction of its own concerns; and he has drawn, in strong relief, the character of those would be cardinals and popes, of which our churches have always had their full share, who, by superior talent, diligence, energy and capacity for jesuitical and court management, have always contrived to take a goodly portion of what the French call *petits ministres* in tow, whirling them to their direction, as feathers fly round a mill-stone. 'These are your old lady minister gossips, who go about the country, and manage revivals, and blow them up, if they are too flaccid, and let some of the gas escape, if the steam is too high. These are your men, who gather a disaffection in a parish, and give two or three silly and consciously incompetent quarreller's ghostly counsel, and impart to them the grace of perseverance in the quarrel, and rules to manage it, until it finally becomes a respectable broil, that makes itself felt by minister and people. These are the men, that instruct the disaffected in what point their minister is heretical. These are the men, who sound the tocsin, and raise the war cry, *heresy! heresy! The church is in danger. The pillars of the moral world will totter, if these things are not changed.* The church history of our country is full of the biography of *congregational cardinals* and *Presbyterian popes.*

The author regrets the prevalence of this domination, and raises his warning voice to recall the churches to that spirit of contentment with the management of their own interior concerns, which would once more bring peace and concord to the church of Christ. We seldom meet with eloquence more brilliant and impressive, than the closing exhortations, and the affecting recollections of this discourse. We could quote many of the author's figures, which seem to us to evince great vigor of imagination, as the following, illustrating the truth, that rightly conducted disagreement of opinion leads to true concord.

'The clear and simple truth would proceed from the multiform shapes of human opinion, precisely as the serene and translucent light constituting that "circular splendor which we call day," is produced by an endless variety of shades of color, mingling and melting into a compound in which they each disappear.'

We should hope but few would read the following passage without being affected.

'Time, in the revolutions of the seasons, will have crumbled the very stones. raised by faithful affection to mark where our dust may repose. The musing and contemplative, as they bend over their worn surfaces, will endeavor, perhaps in vain, to decipher the language which sorrow and love may have written there. Our spirits will have been restored to Him who gave them. Oh, how short and fleeting is the life of man! We look backwards, and the only objects which meet our view, are the crowded tombs of our ancestors! We look forward—and, almost at our feet, we see ours opening to receive us! Beyond, there is nothing disclosed to mortal vision, except those summits of time raised by oc-

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casions like this. We see their lofty peaks, lifted dimly, one after another, along the interminable space, with centuries of untried being lying shrouded in darkness between them.'

No one of our readers, who bethinks himself for a moment, of the principles involved, and the recollections evoked in this discourse, will think, we have dwelt too long upon it. The history of the germ of those churches, which have since extended from the sea to the remotest interior forests, cannot be uninteresting. Nor can it fail to instruct us, to recal the venerable shades of the very *elite* of the puritans, as the author has done, that we may see, what sort of persons, these ancient men, of whom we have heard so much, in reality were. We can say, in simple truth, that we do not remember, when we have perused a historical document at once so instructive and interesting. We assure our readers, that, in our judgment, no pamphlet will more amply repay perusal, than the entire, of which this is but a meagre abstract.

We close by one remark, which has been most forcibly suggested to us by this document. The bells of the orthodox churches have chimed the tune, *The spirit of the pilgrims.* Orthodox creeds, they assure us, are in the spirit of the pilgrims. So far from it, every page of the early history of our churches shows, that even Calvinists would not allow the articles of their creed to be drawn out to be subscribed by others. Not a word of Calvinism in the covenant of this first protestant church in America, though it is admitted that the church was originally of Calvinistic fabric. They allowed no one to dictate faith to them, not they. To persecute others was an amusing sport; and it kept their hand in the use of the craft of the age. But when they were themselves invited to put on the yoke, which had been prepared by a creed maker, a cardinal in domestic knit blue stockings, or a doctor in Israel, whatever were his garb, or pretensions, their necks were of brass, and their sinews of steel.

Outline of an Essay on the future progress of Ohio.

The following smacks of a full, though immature and youthful mind. The writer has said many true things, some important ones, and some things, which he would not have so said, after he shall have disciplined his brilliant mind with the discrimination and experience of years. We do not think it either wise, or safe, or useful, to predicate any reasonings on the supposition of the failure of our union. These are predictions, talks, and conjectures, which have a manifest tendency to verify their own calculations. The *dissolution of our union* ought to be an interdicted and ineffable phrase. Ed.

Whether the state of Ohio be contemplated by the politician in anticipation of her future wealth and grandeur, or by the philanthropist, as the secure home and fruitful birthright of future millions, the prospect is equally gratifying and ennobling. Considered as a member of our national confederacy, her geographical position is most fortunate. Her in-

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habitants have ready access to the ocean on the south, and to a market of ever growing demand for the various surplus productions of their prolific soil. Lake Erie and the New York (and in a short period the Baltimore and Ohio rail road and the Pennsylvania canals,) will afford the means of speedy intercourse with most of our populous cities on the sea board. The Canadian canals will eventually open for our citizens another mart in the extreme north. No other western state will enjoy, in the same degree, these important facilities. Such will be the rapidity with which men of business may communicate with the East, that we shall cease to feel any inconvenience from our transmontane position. We shall be affiliated by the closest ties with our eastern brethren; at the same time, that we shall have no cause to divest ourselves of our western interests and predilections. Imbued with the sentiments springing from these considerations, Ohio will always have the strongest motives for adherence and attachment to the Union. From the political weight, which must ever be attached to her present national show of dense population, she will be able to interpose with authority, should any of the transmontane states waver in their allegiance to their Union. Pennsylvania has been called the key stone of our political arch; but in the progress of time, it will be found, that the apex is Ohio; and that she will cement the magnificient structure. There is one fact, which characterises this state, which has not perhaps, attracted much attention, but which cannot fail to add to her influence in the national councils. The territory of Ohio is not crossed in any direction by a ridge of mountains. It has been justly observed, that mountains divide nations more completely, and engender antipathies more lasting, than rivers or lakes. The former are obstacles surmounted by the cupidity of traffic, or the restless ambition of conquest. The territory of Ohio is homogeneous. Such must necessarily be the character of her population. Their great and cardinal interests will be the same. There will not eventually be (whatever there is now in our infancy) a western and eastern, a northern and a southern interest in Ohio; but our state will compose one interest,—pursue one predominating policy, and all hearts and energies be directed to a single object,—its grandeur and prosperity.

Our representatives in the national councils will not be found, on great questions affecting our interests, arrayed against each other, but combined in one solid phalanx, and presenting in numbers and unanimity an influence, which will make itself felt. We think it may be said, that no other of the states, of the first class, is more fortunate in this respect, than Ohio. New York feels sensibly, at home and at Washington, the calamity of divided interest. The opulent and ancient counties, and the commercial metropolis of that formidable state, already quail when the west makes its voice audible, above the clamours of Albany intrigues, and the din of the Wall-street stock jobbers. At Washington, neither in politics nor interests of more importance, do the New York delegation harmonize. The same may be said of the states of Pennsylvania and Virginia. However the intercourse between the western and eastern division of these states may be improved, we doubt, if some disunion of interest, real or imaginary, will not always continue to exist. Notwithstanding the Alleghanies are now no longer a barrier to the most frequent

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communication with the Atlantic states, who will fix the period when the inhabitants of the eastern and western sides of those huge boundaries of nature, will forget their prejudices, and become as one people?

The importance of an united delegation at Washington, cannot be too highly appreciated. Temporary and peculiar circumstances enabled Virginia long to enjoy this ascendency. And the effects of it will be felt, perhaps, when the remembrance shall exist only in history. In the progress of time, the divisions incident to the geographical character of her territory, began to be felt, and for years she has no longer been able to marshal on all questions, her entire body of representatives under the same banners. We doubt not, that it will be found, that neither the wisdom nor the statesman-like talents of her convention, will restore the unanimity which was once her boast—or counteract the decrees of nature.

With the ocean washing their shores, and the vessels of foreign nations crowding their ports, the politicians of the east may smile in momentary exultation, at our interior and remote position; but when the representatives of a million of free men, on any question pronounce their determinations, the scale of decision on doubtful points will be no longer balanced, but must incline to the side in which is deposited the will of the members from Ohio. The genius of our citizens, acting upon their facilities, indicates the future growth and prosperity of arts and manufactures in our state. Capital and machinery may abound, but if the means of subsistence must be brought from a distance, the wages of labor will consume the profits of the manufacturer. From the prolific nature of our soil, this state is probably capable of sustaining a more dense population, in proportion to its extent, than any other of equal dimensions, or perhaps of any other equal area of soil on the globe. The eastern states, from their possessing more capital, may for awhile out strip us as manufacturers; but eventually, and that at no distant time, our advantages of a teeming population, and greater cheapness and abundance of subsistence, will enable us successfully to rival and undersell them in the markets of the west. The bread stuffs of the eastern states are in part brought from a distance: Consequently they come to the consumer enhanced with the price of transportation. Who will fix the period, when Ohio shall be unable to supply her own consumption of breadstuffs, or when she shall cease to export flour and wheat to the Atlantic? She will prove herself, we doubt not, the Poland of the Americas—the granary to which the hungry will repair, when famine stretches her gaunt and withering hand over other and distant lands. By the great river, which marks the southern boundary of the state, she can diffuse the products of her citizens over every quarter of the valley of the Mississippi. Her very remoteness and interior situation will give our manufacturers important advantages over eastern competitors in the supply of the western market. Enjoying these facilities of manufacturing industry, and the material for the most profitable agriculture,—the future destinies of this state are a subject of interesting contemplation. Ohio must always stand in the van of the western members of the confederacy. Compared with Indiana and Illinois, her soil is more diversified, though not richer; and from the undulatory character of its surface, as well as its proximity to the Alleghany ridges, the climate must be more salubrious. There is not in the west, a

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state whose territory is so compact. She bears the same comparison to the other states, as France does in the compactness of her dominions, to the kingdoms of Europe.

When we consider the unparalelled growth of Ohio, the mind is filled with astonishment. Our admiration is due to her free institutions, which have been the primary cause of this developement of population, industry and happiness. These will ever produce the same effect, when operating under similar circumstances. Fifteen years since, who would have predicted the completion of an Ohio Canal within fifty years? And who will predict, what achievments will be too vast, for the enterprise and resources of the State? The great works now in progress, *will compel us to accomplish greater*. Improvement, in this age, never retrogrades, where the people are free. One great enterprise terminated, only prepares the way for the achievment of others, and suggests new modes of increasing the progress of society. The Legislators, whose decision and sagacity have induced her to attempt internal improvement, by the construction of canals of a magnitude unsurpassed in the old world, will find successors equally courageous and enterprizing, who will not fail to signalize the day of their power, by projects of similar magnificence and extent. Ohio has not yet existed, as a state, thirty years: and yet, what have been her advances, and how great her achievments? And who will say, what projects another thirty years will see completed?

It has been observed, that the internal commerce of flourishing nations greatly exceeds that with foreign countries. If the facilities for intercommunication, which Ohio enjoys, be only considered, it will not be thought a sanguine anticipation, that from different points on her surface a most extensive internal commerce will spring up. Many incipient villages will perhaps swell into great central towns and tread in the advancing steps of Cincinnati. The largest and most opulent cities of antiquity did not rise up on the sea coast, nor were they nurtured by foreign trade.—The internal commerce of vast, populous and productive regions, was the source of Babylonish grandeur, which built up Jerusalem and Thebes, Rome and Bagdad. The same causes have contributed to the growth of many of the largest modern cities. The period is not distant, when the retailing merchants of the numerous villages and towns of the west will no longer be compelled to cross the mountains for supplies, but will find at home the wholesale dealer provided with all the commodities, which the luxury or necessities of the western consumer may demand. While the warmer climates of the southwestern states supply Ohio with the productions of the tropics, she must advantageously exchange with them the manufactures and the staple products of the more temperate regions.

The importance of the great Lakes on our northern boundary has not perhaps been ever duly considered. When the shores of those inland seas become the homes of civilized men, when the hidden resources of the vast countries which lie beyond them are fully explored, a lucrative and spirited commerce between the inhabitants of that quarter and the citizens of Ohio cannot fail to spring up. Through this State much of the foreign supplies of those countries must be drawn, and many of their exports seek a market. It matters not what may be their form of political government. Their relations for better or for worse, will forever be blended with ours.

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The early history of Europe demonstrates, how favorable an influence Mediterranean seas exert upon the progress and civilization of man. They afford the means of rapid and commodious intercourse and a ready exchange of the productions of industry. They facilitate the transmission of knowledge, and the improvements, which the ingenuity of the different nations on their borders may adopt or discover. It was along the shores of the Euxine, the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, that the arts and sciences were first cultivated with success. The records of early history are confined to the narrative of the rise and progress of the empires and dominations of the people, who once lorded it over the coasts of those waters. And even now, although oppressed for two thousand years by the worst inflictions of tyranny, those shores are still the homes of an active, aspiring, restless and commercial people, who if relieved from the weight of political thraldom, would start up, and in the dignity of freedom, assert their rights.

Along the southern shores of Lake Erie, and within the State of Ohio, flourishing and numerous villages already rise up, and are growing to populous towns. At more than one point along this shore may we expect to see the spires of a city cast their long shadows over the chrystal surface of the Lake. We doubt not, that twenty years will verify this prediction. Who shall say, that when decay shall have laid his finger on the pride of Atlantic greatness,—when luxury and corruption shall have defiled the cities and overspread the shores of the great *Salt Lake;* when their science shall have degenerated into sophistry, and their liberties have become the prey of tyranny, when the splendor of their early history shall have ceased to kindle emotions of patriotism—who shall say, that the glories of the American name may not beam with unabated lustre over the waters of these inland seas? Here may science and the arts take refuge, and the spirit of liberty intrench itself, secure from the taint of foreign influence. Here may the central abode of American power be established, and the bulwark of republican institutions remain secure and unassailable. The mind is bewildered with the magnificence of the views which present themselves, when it speculates upon the destinies of these beautiful and prolific countries. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the American confederacy, (may it last forever) we console ourselves with the belief, that no revolution will ever impair the attachment of these States to a republican government. To destroy their affection for free institutions, the aspiring tyrant must people our lands with a new race, and extirpate the last freeman in whose breast the memory of Washington and his compatriots survives. Through all the vicissitudes of nations, the true American will never cease to cling to those institutions, and to reverence those principles, which have created in the wilderness empire, wealth, the abounding means of social happiness and political security. S. J. B.

Anne of Geierstein.

We quote the following extract, touching this work, from the Southern Review. It coincides with our judgment, and is equally eloquent and just.

'From the eminent success, of this descriptive effort, and from the striking beauties of every description, scattered over the work, we venture to congrat-

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ulate the public on the unabated vigour and unimpaired powers of the distinguished author! Long may he live to delight, adorn, instruct and purify the age! There is no dimness in his mental vision—no faltering of his elastic step—no quailing of his manly spirit! Fallen though he be, "into the sear and yellow leaf," he seems to be endowed with a patriarchal vitality—and we may apply to him, with slight change, what Ænobarbus said of the sorceress of Egypt—

> "Age cannot wither him—nor custom stale
> His infinite variety."

'We have heard it surmised that our author would exhaust himself—that he had travelled over so wide a circuit—discussed such variety of topics—exhibited such diversities of character—that he must have tasked his powers of invention, even to weariness—fatigued his fancy—worked up all his materials of knowledge, and exhausted every field of research—so that pained by mere satiety of conquest, he might sigh (a literary Alexander) for other worlds to conquer! We have never participated in this. That the frost of age might one day congeal it, we were well aware, but that a fountain so full—whose gushing waters had so recently overflowed, fertilizing and refreshing wherever they rested, should suddenly fail and be utterly dried up—we never did fear. We recollected—when the history, antiquities and manners of Scotland had been sketched in all their aspects and bearings—what spirited incursions our author had made on English ground, and we had seen token in "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth," that like some of his own border ancestry, he had returned red-handed from the foray, and laden with the spoils of the South! We remembered with what spirit he had pitched his tent, and reined his war-steed before the walls of Jerusalem, and that the fair fields of France had lent their laurels to enrich his literary chaplet. With these memorials of his prowess by us, we did not fear that he could exhaust himself, while new regions remained to be explored, new incidents to be examined, and new modes of life to be delineated. Accordingly, in the work before us, he has broken new ground—sketching, with his accustomed felicity, the terrific outlines of Alpine scenery, and delineating in the stern hardy features of Swiss republicanism, modes of political existence, heretofore unessayed. Such modes, it must be owned, are better calculated for enjoyment than description. In the contented domestic traits and unvarying tenor of such a life, there is but little aliment for the novelist—and they must, consequently, be as distasteful to him, as the long periods of national tranquility, have ever proved to the historian. Sir Walter, we apprehend, is soon aware of the truth of his reflection, for he quickly descends from the inconvenient elevation of the Swiss mountains, to enjoy in the valley of the Rhine, a more congenial atmosphere. He has no sooner surrounded himself with the emblems of monarchy and aristocracy, than he breathes freely, and feels himself again in his element. He is no longer confined to the unvarying expression of Swiss bluntness and honesty—but characters worthy of a novelist; rogues of every hue and dye, and villains of the richest turpitude, are immediately at command. Robber nobles, apostate priests, murderous land knetchts, start unbidden from every bush—and the only distress of the author seems to be that of selection.'

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THE

WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1830.

REVIEW OF CAPTAIN HALL'S TRAVELS.

(Concluded from our last.)

We exceedingly regret to leave out the larger, and perhaps we may add, the better written portion of an elaborate Review of the whole work in question, furnished us by a learned friend. But we have already kindled a running fire amongst the grass and leaves of the first volume. The public are getting weary of this same eternal Captain. The Southern Review, in a long article, finds him quite sensible and tolerable; but holds nez en l'air, in disdain of him. We give the latter part of our friend's article, because it turns chiefly on the second volume, and because it brings to view, and ably discusses his own opinions respecting American literature and education, upon which the said Captain has made strictures. Some of these views, as far as we have observed, have been taken by no other reviewer, and, we trust, they will amply repay perusal.—ED.

We have next to encounter our tourist in Philadelphia. The account he gives of that city, which is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful and interesting in the world, is, considering his subject, one of the most beggarly and contemptible of his whole work. It is a failure or a mockery, according to the light, in which it may be viewed; the former, if an attempt was made to describe; the latter, if it be offered as a real description. It fills but about twenty pages duodecimo, and contains nothing to inform or gratify a reader of liberal curiosity. After perusing it, a stranger, who had never seen the metropolis, of which it affects to treat, would have no more satisfactory knowledge of the place, than if he had been informed merely of its name and position, and nothing more. It contains scarcely a remark or a thought, worth remembering, on the subject of buildings, public or private, commerce, trade, manufactures, manners, customs, institutions, works of public improvement, finished, in progress, or only projected, the condition of the city whether stationary, advancing or declining, the appearance and character of the inhabitants, as identical with those of other places, or different from them, nor indeed on

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any other object or thing, that would be likely to attract the attention and excite the inquiry of an enlightened traveller.

Our author, after reaching the city, had scarcely time to swallow a meal, and then complain of it, until we find him at a Wistar party, a kind of male conversatione, fashionable in the place. Here, as he had already been elsewhere, he was again exposed to a "running fire" of questions, propounded to draw forth his opinion of the country. And he so completely engrossed the attention of the whole party, that while one or more gentlemen (selected we presume for the purpose) were pressing him with interrogatories (deemed suitable) the others could do nothing else but crowd around him, look on, and listen to his replies. Thus was he, as on all other occasions, the *Magnus Apollo* of the place and hour; the real "lion" for every one. to gaze at. From his account of the matter, it is clear, that he came to the country not to see and inquire, but to be seen and inquired at; to impart information, not to receive it. As if truly able and enlightened Americans could possibly feel any interest in the sentiments of a foreigner, of very moderate abilities, and limited information, who had, but a few months before, arrived in the country, travelled post along a few public roads, stopped at a few places, seen a few people, and intended to do a few things more, and be off again.

From the Captain's own remarks, it is obvious, that elevated as he virtually protests their opinion of him was, the gentlemen of the Wistar club had some suspicion that his examination of things might be hasty and superficial, and his opinions, therefore, not altogether oracular. He, however, sturdily maintains the contrary. He even starts the paradox, and stubbornly contends for its truth, that if a traveller wishes to understand the state of a country correctly, a short residence in it is better than a long one. Now, for aught we know, this may be deemed good sense in England, or rather by Englishmen like Captain Hall; but we are sure that it is nonsense, in the United States. The Philadelphia gentlemen seem to have imagined, that the term of three or four years, would not be more than time sufficient to enable a stranger so thoroughly to inform himself of the affairs of the country, as to do justice to it in his narrative. And we fully concur with them; and even believe that the period allotted by them is too limited. We do not hesitate to say that we know it is. The Captain however, single handed, resolutely wars with the whole party, pleads his ample experience, as a traveller, opposes it to their actual *home-bredness*, which he alleges very greatly cramps and narrows the intellect, pronounces a year or eighteen months long enough to study any country, especially to a "*traveller of capacity and previous discipline*," and in his own British judgment, which it would be presumption in any American to question, "floors" the "natives" in a lump, sets his arms a kimbo, and stands astride of them. And thus ends the contest. On the subject of this controversy, we shall make a few additional remarks, toward the close of this article.

The pages of his book, which ought to have been occupied by a picture of the beautiful and cultivated city of Philadelphia, as it is, our author has filled up by a long and wordy discussion on the subject of prison and penitentiary discipline. The point on which this misplaced disqui-

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sation immediately rests, is the comparative merit of the Philadelphia and Auburn prison systems, of both of which the Captain proves himself "mainly ignorant." How, in truth, can it be otherwise? He has had neither actual experience, nor abstract study, to instruct him. And it is not likely that he brought into the world with him, any more than other men, a stock of innate knowledge on the subject. Nor would there, indeed, be any great harm in his ignorance, would he keep it to himself. It would then neither expose him, nor annoy others. But to soil with it page after page, which ought to contain something better, either in the shape of information or amusement, disgusts the reader, and renders himself an object of derision. In a particular manner, for such a know-nothing to attempt to instruct the experienced, and to settle a question in ethics and the philosophy of mind, which has employed the pens and tongues of some of the ablest and most enlightened philosophers, after a deliberate and profound examination of it, is an act of impudence, the very existence of which, but for its occurrence, would be deemed incredible. But ignorance, blind to other things, is often blinder to itself. Hence the most ignorant are often the most obtrusive with their notions. After reminding his reader again of the vast civilities every where lavished on him, and exhibiting himself at the American Philosophical Society, "armed all in proof" to try another tilt with the "natives," telling a long story about "book-publishing," of which he knows as little as he does about prison discipline, glancing at the several public libraries in Philadelphia, and making "a pilgrimage to the tomb of Franklin," he "takes to boat" and "steams it" to Baltimore. But a genius so bright in itself, and the source of so much brightness to others, must not be idle. Accordingly our kind and considerate traveller, instead of doing homage to the "drowsy god," employs the time of passage from city to city, in giving a very learned history of the invention of steam boats, purely for the edification of the "natives." And, wonderful to be told, after most profoundly puzzling himself, to say nothing of his readers, struggling, like Sysyphus, at his uphill labour, he arrives at the conclusion, that Fulton, although a "native," was actually the inventor of the boat. Aye, truly, but "Boulton and Watt," who were not "natives" but genuine Englishmen, made for Fulton his *first engine!* A steam boat, therefore, is to be regarded hereafter, not as a pure American, but a mongrel anglo-American invention! *Sic dicit*—"Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy," and where is the American, "blighted and blinded by democracy" that will dare to gainsay him!

We have neither time nor disposition to accompany the Captain, in his rambles through Baltimore. To speak plainly, we are beginning to be heartily tired of his company. And so we fear are many of our readers. It would be unjust in us, however, to pass, without notice, the equivocal compliment he pays to the Baltimoreans, although it is at the expense of all the other inhabitants of the United States. And as a writer is best understood, when he speaks for himself, we shall give his sentiments in his own words.

'Generally speaking, however, we found the society of Baltimore more reasonable upon all matters relating to their country than the inhabitants of most

of the cities we had previously visited. They appeared, I thought, to be better acquainted with the manners of the rest of the world, and to have learnt, that overpraising their own things was not the most effectual method of establishing a favourable impression on the mind of a stranger, and that the best way, after telling him every thing openly and fairly, was, to leave him to form his own conclusions and make the proper allowances.'

We have called this compliment "equivocal," but we consider the epithet too weak, not to say inappropriate. The terms employed by our author are so peculiarly qualified, as to be offensive and insulting. "The society of Baltimore" he found "more reasonable;" and he "*thought*" (but was not certain) that they "*appeared* to be" (but perchance were not) "*better acquainted with the manners of the rest of the world*"*!* Was ever such insolence witnessed before? Captain Basil Hall, possessed of knowledge, perhaps, to "hand, reef, and steer," but without the gentlemanly breeding of the quarter deck, the self-constituted censor of American manners! *Proh! pudor!* But, as we are anxious to "part company with him" we leave him, for the present, where he is, and shall endeavor to take a little breath, and lay in a fresh stock of patience, to serve us during another interview with him in Washington.

Congress is in session, and we find our tourist at the seat of government, overlooking, in his wisdom, the affairs of the nation. To that city, the political capital of a great empire, he pays his respects in the following terms.

"The streets, *where streets there are*, have been made so unusually wide, that the connexion is quite loose; and the whole affair looks as if some giant had scattered a box of *children's toys* at random on the ground." The "Capitol" he finds to be "a *large stone building*, well placed on high ground." We marvel that he did not describe it as a large, coarse, shapeless pile of stone, awkwardly stuck on the side of a knoll, or in other terms equally disrespectful. Of that magnificent edifice, he farther remarks; "By some strange *perversity of taste*, however, for which I never could learn to whom the public were indebted, this fine building has been covered over with a coating of paint!" We will tell him why this "coating of paint" was laid on the "building." It was to conceal the blackness of the walls produced by the vandalic act of his own countrymen, in setting fire to it. If this answer does not satisfy his taste, it ought, at least, to silence his tongue.

His observations on the society of Washington, with which we shall not trouble the reader, he ushers in, as on former occasions, with quite a pompous representation of the distinguished attentions he received from it. He adds, that such was the high observance shown him, that when he repaired to the Capitol, to attend the debates of the House of Representatives, he had a seat assigned to him, among the foreign ambassadors. In reply to this, we would only observe, that we once saw a lion and a jackall in the same cage, and have often witnessed ill scented gourd-vines grovelling along, and diffusing their odour amidst rose-bushes and orange-groves.

On the debates, and general process of legislation in Washington, his

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remarks are much the same, in substance and spirit, with those he had previously made on the same topics in Albany. They are equally destitute of candour, good nature, and truth. In neither the Senate nor the House, did he find high eloquence, close and powerful argument, adroitness in debate, nor talents apt and well disciplined in business. In discussion, all was loose and slovenly, and mostly irrelevant; the object before the Senate or House was often lost sight of, and matters quite unappropriate were "lugged in and descanted on."

We shall here propose to our tourist a question or two, which he may answer at his leisure. If the inhabitants of the United States are, in all things, so inferior, and especially so incompetent to the management of public concerns, and their government so bad, wherefore is it that they advance with such unprecedented rapidity, in wealth, and knowledge, and every thing that pertains to national greatness? And why is Great Britain so much more jealous of them, than of any other people, not excepting even France and Russia? And again; if the natives of the "British Isles" are so superior to those of the United States, in either body, mind, breeding, or general accomplishments, whence is it that they never manifest that superiority, while they sojourn among us? For that they never do manifest it, we positively affirm; nor will any one, except an Englishman, gainsay us. On the contrary, there has never yet appeared in our country a native of Great Britain, who was not greatly surpassed, by very many of our own natives, in all the higher attributes of humanity. When has that Island produced, in all the essentials of *native greatness*, a Franklin, a Washington, a Hamilton, a Jefferson, and many others whose names might be mentioned? Certainly not within the last or the present century, if ever. Nor is this all. Englishmen rarely fail to *improve*, by a visit to the United States, both in *good sense*, and *good manners*. And if some of them do not thus improve, it is because their conceit or stupidity, renders them example-proof.

But what seemed to our author more peculiarly defective and blameworthy, during the debates in the House of Representatives, was the profound silence that prevailed, while a member was speaking; more especially the absence of "cheering" and of the perpetual reiteration of "hear! hear!" This circumstance, although trivial in itself, is full of instruction, and speaks to us in a language that ought not to be neglected, and cannot be resisted. It shows our tourist to be under the influence of such deep-set and narrowing English prejudices, as to be utterly unfit to judge dispassionately and decide fairly on any thing American. He has heard, in the House of Commons, the notes "hear! hear!" approving, admiring, or condemning, according to the tone, in which they were uttered, mingled with other sounds of applause or disapprobation, and learned to regard the uproar, as a model of perfection. Why?—because it was incorporated with his earliest impressions and recollections, on the subject of legislative debate, and *because it is English*. But let us assure him, that that which, in the British Parliament, appears to an intelligent stranger, most singular and improper, and is most annoying and offensive to him, is the very tumult which he admires. When an auditor is following, with deep interest and breathless attention, the course of an orator, in an elo-

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quent address, nothing can be more grievous to him, than to be incessantly interrupted by exclamations of applause, on one side, and censure, on the other. And it is only during speeches worth listening to, that such exclamations occur. But we have another objection to this cheering and applauding, and coughing and condemning system. It is not dignified. There is too much of the mob in it. It converts the House of Commons into too much of a bear-garden. The profound silence of the Senate and House of Representatives in Washington is not only more decorous and dignified, but more deeply impressive. It is characteristic of deliberation and wisdom. It is worthy of the representatives of free and enlightened States, and a great nation. Let the rabble hoot! and huzza! their praise and censure. But let the law-givers of an empire, listen in silence, and express their approbation or disapprobation, by their arguments and their votes. It is not the man, who vociferates most loudly "hear! hear!" that can most ably oppose or sustain what he does hear.

Our Captain really seems to think, that nothing can be well done, that is not done in a bustle. He would appear to have been always accustomed to the noise of a ship in a storm, when the commander issues his orders through a speaking trumpet. He was dissatisfied with the Brighton "cattle-show" because the scene was too sober and *silent*. There were present no romping hoydens, and little demi-savage male imps, to halloo and make a noise. The assembled multitude was grave, and thoughtful, and conversed only in a gentlemanly undertone, and, therefore, our tourist was scandalized at their deportment. Wherefore?—because he had been bred up in noisy society. This taste for low and loud revelry, he brought with him to the representative hall of the nation, and was again offended, because it was not gratified. He alleges that cheering gives additional spirit and energy to the speaker. On this we shall only remark, that the legislator of a great people, whose interests are connected with his deliberations and decisions, that does not feel himself sufficiently animated by the subject of debate, and the workings of his own excited intellect, had much better remain on his seat, and vote in silence. Let horses be cheered to the draught, and soldiers to the onset; and let actors banquet on the applauses of the house; but, for Heaven's sake! let the orator go on, in the high council of the nation, from his own impulses.

With the delay of business, in the House, by long and numerous speeches, and various kinds of trick and management, our traveller finds fault. In this we concur with him. The practice is certainly an evil, and calls for reformation. It consumes unnecessarily much time, and wastes much money to little purpose. Ample debate should be admitted. It develops the subject, and, while it enlightens the people, gives them a knowledge of the talents and fidelity of their Representatives. But there are limits, beyond which it ought not to spread. To prescribe those limits, however, is a herculean task, and to enforce them, much more so. Freedom of speech and debate, like all other blessings, are subject to abuse; and the Americans being emphatically "a talking people," are exceedingly liable to incur the evil. We seriously apprehend, that Congress is made up too much of lawyers, whose practice, in the words of a great statesman, is "to question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour." Were there-

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in the Senate and House of Representatives, fewer of them, by a half or two thirds, we conscientiously believe, that the business of the nation would be much better conducted, and transacted in less than half the period, that is now consumed in it. Nothing, however, but time and experience can alter and amend the course pursued by Congress at present. Precepts to that effect would be given to the wind. On this topic, we shall offer but one remark further. We have listened long and attentively to debates in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in the Houses of Lords and Commons of Great Britain, and in the Chambers of the Peers and Deputies of France. On these occasions, we have divested ourselves, as much as possible, of national partialities; and we sincerely affirm, that we have never found cause to blush for our country. On the contrary, we have been much more inclined to a spirit of exultation. We have listened to as able, and we think much more eloquent, addresses, in the House of Representatives of the United States, than in any other deliberative body we have ever visited. In this remark, we include the House, as it was, during the presidency of Washington and Adams the elder, as well as in its condition, at subsequent periods. Of one thing we feel confident. In proportion to the number of members in the three bodies, there are very many more, that must be called *good speakers*, in the House of Representatives of the United States, than in either the English House of Commons, or the Chamber of Deputies, in France. In this persuasion, enlightened strangers, who have had opportunities to inform themselves, and with whom we have conversed, have almost universally concurred. We recollect not, at present, a single exception.

The sneer of our tourist at the President's Levee, we pass unnoticed, except to say, that it is marked with his spirit of habitual bad breeding. And as we are utterly exhausted, and sickened, by his rudeness and nonsense, we can accompany him no further. We must suffer him, therefore, to make the remainder of his journey alone. Leaving Washington, he visited Richmond. Norfolk, Fayetteville, Camden and Columbia, in his route to Charleston. In the course of this journey, he utters an abundance of very stale common-place, about African slavery and American democracy, and complains bitterly, we suspect not always without cause, of bad roads, fare, and lodging. In Charleston he danced at a ball, visited the slave market, was present at a place where horses scampered over the ground, in a contest called races, and saw a boxing match between a sailor and a farmer, which was not conducted so much to his mind as things of the kind are in "merry England." The following remarks made by him, on the ball, will furnish proof of some things we have said of him.

'The room was large, the ball handsomely got up, and every thing ordered in the best style, with one small exception—the ladies and gentlemen appeared to be entire strangers to one another. The ladies were planted firmly along the walls, in the coldest possible formality, while the gentlemen, who, except during the dance, stood in close column near the door, seemed to have no fellow-feeling, nor wished to associate with the opposite sex.

'In the ordinary business of their lives—I mean their busy, money-making,

electioneering lives—the Americans have little or no time for companionship, that I could ever see or hear of, with the women, still less for any habitual confidential intercourse. Consequently when they came together for the express purpose of amusement, those easy and familiar habits which are essential to the cheerfulness of a ball-room, or indeed of any room, are rarely to be found.

'In place of that unreserved but innocent freedom of manners, which forms one of the highest charms of polished society elsewhere, I must say that I seldom observed any thing in America but the most respectful icy propriety upon all occasions when young people of different sexes were brought together. Positively I never once, during the whole period I was in that country, saw any thing approaching, within many degrees, to what we should call a flirtation.

'Such a degree of freedom of manners cannot, I fear, exist in a society like that of America, where, from its very nature, the rules of behaviour cannot yet have become settled. The absence of all classification of ranks, prevents people from becoming sufficiently well acquainted with one another to justify such intimacies. Or, it may be that in places where an artificial system of manners, appropriate to each class respectively, has not been adopted by general consent, to regulate the intercourse alluded to, there might be some difficulty in keeping matters within due limits.'

I need not tell the reader how impudent and unfounded all this is. His good sense will perceive it without a prompter. Here again we are told by the Captain, of the number of distinguished excellent friends, that flocked around him, and almost overwhelmed him with civilities. Had he the heart of a tortoise, a sense of the return he has made, would overwhelm him altogether. In his journey from Charleston to Savannah, something occurred which led him into a discussion on the comparative strength of the African and European intellects. The most obvious inference to be drawn from his remarks is, that he has neither intellect nor attainment sufficient to fathom the subject. He has clearly demonstrated that he knows nothing about it.

From Savannah he passed by a private conveyance, across the states of Georgia and Alabama, to the town of Montgomery, situated on the left bank of the river Alabama, about three or four hundred miles, by its own windings, above where it meets the waters of the Gulf. The distance, in a straight direction, is one hundred and sixty or seventy miles. His narrative of this portion of his journey, although brief, constitutes the most interesting part of his book. On entering the wilderness, through which he had to pass, his prejudices and ill nature seem to have fallen asleep, most likely because he saw but few of the "natives" to exercise them on, and, in their turn, such bitter feelings as he possessed, to have broken their slumbers, and come into action. Had he written throughout in the same style and temper, he would have profited his readers, and done credit to himself. His picture of the various difficulties and privations he encountered, with his description of his Georgian landlady and her family, of sundry specimens of forest scenery, of his perilous passage of the Yam Grandy creek, of a grand "Indian ball-play," but more especially of his "embryo city in the wilderness," has so much interest as to make

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some little amends for his previous failure. But this mere modicum of his travels, occupying only three chapters out of fifty, is a solitary *oasis;* the only spot of life and verdure, we meet in the *desert.* With this, all that is really interesting begins and ends. Of what had gone before we have already spoken, and of that which follows we disdain to speak. It is unworthy of a single mark of our pen. Our tourist has but just entered the valley of the Mississippi, by far the most extensive and magnificent portion of the United States, we might say the most magnificent of our globe, and to one capable of contemplating profoundly scenes and things as nature has made them, and of foreseeing and pondering them, as man is about to make them, infinitely the most interesting and impressive--he has just *entered,* we say, this valley, containing already one third of the empire, and shortly to contain a majority; and, courteous reader, what do you imagine he does next?—*simply goes out of it again!* His account of it occupies but *thirty-five* pages, out of *six hundred and sixty-one,* which his work contains!—According to his showing, he went to New Orleans, witnessed a "battle royal" on the deck of a ship, looked at the Mississippi, saw a poor fellow drowned in it, heard people talking about it, and records some of their *on dits* on the subject; then took to boat again, steamed it up to Louisville, thence to St. Louis, back to Louisville by land, thence to Cincinnati, thence to Pittsburgh, thence through Philadelphia to New-York, and thence, on board the packet ship Corinthian, to the tune of "over the seas and far away," to the beginning. Such are his writings through the valley of the Mississippi; and his beggarly account of them, he has the assurance to call "Travels"!

The last chapter in his book is as mere a fiction as any thing contained in the "Tales of the Genii." It purports to be a detail of a "conversation with an American, respecting the points of comparison, between his (the American's) country, and England." As respects its *form,* we say, it is doubtless a fabrication; a mere dramatic mode, which the Captain devises to tell his story, and make known his opinions. No such conversation was ever held by him. Of this its very tenor is satisfactory evidence. No American of any intellect, could talk so foolishly. But no matter. It exhibits our tourist's opinions, and that is sufficient for his purpose, as well as ours. It relates chiefly to three topics; the superior advantage which Great Britain derives from *loyalty,* an *established church,* and a caste of *nobility.* By loyalty as we understand him, the Captain means, the attachment of subjects to their sovereign, as distinct from their attachment to their country. Added to patriotism, he alleges that this factitious sentiment renders a people doubly resolute and determined in defence of their country. Of course, other things being equal, the subjects of a monarchy make better soldiers than the citizens of a republic, who feel no attachment of loyalty to any individual, but are actuated only by a love of country.

Did Captain Hall possess the slightest knowledge of the real intellectual constitution of man, he would never have fallen into so gross an error. And by a brief exposition of that constitution, in its relation to the case before us, the error might be easily and effectually exposed. But as the disquisition might possibly be deemed too metaphysical, for an article

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like the present, we think it most advisable to decline it. Besides, if we are not mistaken, our object can be attained as effectually, by a simpler and not less conclusive process, the adduction of examples.

Does the history of nations inform us, that the subjects of monarchies are, *in fact*, the most strenuous and determined defenders of their country? or, that they manifest, in any way, the most devoted attachment to their country, and what it contains, sovereign and all? We apprehend they do not. The contrary appears to us much nearer the truth. For many centuries after the establishment of their commonwealth, the Romans had no one who wore the crown and the purple. Yet their love of country, and their firmness in defending it, were surpassing then, and are proverbial now. In the monarchies they conquered, there was nothing comparable to them. Hence, a leading reason, why they did conquer them. Nor did their patriotism decline materially, in its force and ardour, until they had a throne and an emperor, to claim their loyalty. After that change in her form of government, Rome never produced either a Curtius or a Regulus.

The republics of Greece had no king. Yet where was there ever a people more patriotic than their citizens, or more lavish of their blood in defence of their country? When the poet or the orator means to cite an instance of patriotism and bravery pre-eminent over others, he points to Thermopylæ. True, the heroes of that celebrated pass fought under Leonidas, who was denominated their king. But he was, in reality, their general, and nothing more. He fought for his country, and so did they. They were attached to him, as a brave soldier, and an able leader; not as an abstract personage, with the title of king. But to descend to modern times.

The Swiss have never had a king. Yet has their attachment to their mountains, and their bravery in defending them, been, for ages, a theme of admiration and praise. Of the Hollanders, at a certain period, the same is true. During the Protectorate of Cromwell, the English had no king. Yet were they as patriotic and brave, under that chieftain, as they are, at present, under George IV. Nor, between the decapitation of Louis, and the coronation of Napoleon, were the French less patriotic and desperately brave, than at any other period. Were events consulted, and allowed to speak, we might perhaps find reason to think them more so.

In their late desperate struggle with the Turks, the Greeks have had no king. Yet have their love of country and heroism been illustriously displayed. Nor have the Americans, since the Declaration of 1776, shed their blood for their country less gloriously than the subjects of Great Britain. Away, then, with the silly notion, that loyalty to a king makes men either braver, more patriotic, or, in any way, better, than they would be without it! It is a mere dream of the advocates of royalty, and is contradicted alike by science and history.

On the subject of an established religion, our tourist contends, that it aids in supporting the government, which supports it. Be it so. Perhaps the allegation is true; and we believe it is. We shall dismiss the subject, therefore, with a brief remark. We deem but lightly of that religion, which requires the aid of a government to support it; nor do we think more favourably of the government, which needs the prop of an

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established religion. Where either case exists, "there is something rotten;" and, where they both exist, the condition of things must necessarily be worse. Let religion be true, and its teachers be men of talents, pure and exemplary in their lives, and faithful and zealous in their ministry, and it will support itself. Of government the same is true. For its permanency, it is only necessary that its principles be sound, its organization judicious and wise, its administration able and honest, and its citizens virtuous and well informed. With these requisites it has nothing to fear. Without them, it neither can stand, nor ought to stand, whether it be backed by religion or not. To allege, then, that the British government needs an established religion to maintain it, is to give it a bad name. Nor is it less derogatory to the established religion of England, to assert that it requires to be sustained by government. Silence on that subject would have shown, in the Captain, much more of prudence and wisdom, than his descant on it does of talent.

As relates to *titled nobility*, we *believe* it to be a rank indispensable in a monarchy; but we *know* it is not so in a republic. A monarchy is a form of government altogether *artificial*, and must, therefore, be supported by *artificial* props; of which description is a titled nobility. But a republic is *natural*, and relies on none but *natural* aid. Every where, indeed, there is, always has been, and always must be, a *nobility*—raised, by their talents, and virtues, and attainments, far above others. And by these, must government, and every thing else that is elevated and valuable, be established and directed. They are, by nature, the nobles and rulers of the land. Heaven has so ordained it; and their "right" and "fitness," to that effect, are truly "divine." But, holding their title from the MONARCH of the skies, they have nothing to ask of earth-born monarchs. The titles which they confer would degrade them. Such nobles were Epaminondas, Cincinnatus, and Cato, of old; and Chatham, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Washington, and hundreds of others that might be cited, in modern days.

To our tourist's tirade on negro-slavery, it was our intention to offer a brief reply. From this, however, as well as one or two other disquisitions, we are deterred, by the inordinate length which our article has already unexpectedly attained.

But it is wise to listen, even to an enemy, and to profit by his remarks. In Captain Hall's animadversion on the state of learning, in our country, there is too much truth. Some of his views respecting it are, indeed, unfounded; but several others are correct. Our youth hurry too rapidly through grammar schools and colleges, and graduate and commence business at too early a period of life. The standard of our education is, therefore, two low, and our scholarship too immature. In a particular manner, classical learning and belles lettres, are culpably neglected. The cry is for modern languages, and what are called the "exact sciences," to the exclusion of almost every thing else. This is an evil, which time and experience we trust will remedy; but at present, it certainly exists. The worst is, that, to say nothing of public sentiment, and the avowed opinions of many individuals of great influence in society, it finds not a few advocates even among teachers in colleges and universities. It is too much the fashion to represent classical and belles lettres attainments as a

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mere luxury, with which ***republicans*** can well dispense, and with which, perhaps they ought to dispense. Men in public life, and high stations, have even declared them an ***aristocratical trapping***, which, in a republican government, ought to be thrown aside. Not to call this a vulgar sentiment, it is utterly unworthy of any sensible individual, much more of an enlightened people. Athens was a republic; yet there, polite literature attained its highest perfection. Even in Rome it ultimately flourished, and was esteemed and admired; although it had long been disregarded and kept down.

But why do we discuss the subject of the advantages and *necessity* of the *highest possible mental cultivation* in a *republic*, as if the question were doubtful? It is *there in particular* that it ought to prevail. It should be the cherished object and idol of the state. It is the life and soul of republicanism—the bond that holds the fabric together, the spirit that governs it, and the only power that can preserve it from decay.—Neglect it, and the government must inevitably pass through the storms of anarchy, to the calm of despotism.

The people of the United States have a deep and portentous stake, in the education of their youth. Let them become weakened and corrupt, and its fall is inevitable. But it is competent education alone, that can strengthen and purify them,and fit them for their task. And to prove competent, education must embrace both classical and belles lettres learning.

Mental cultivation, in its true extent, includes two leading requisites: the power and disposition to think and feel and act correctly, and to express thoughts and feelings, with suitable propriety, elegance, and force. From classical and belles lettres attainments alone can the latter be derived; because they alone can make ripe scholars. It would be superfluous to say, that the citizens of the United States want neither vigor, inventiveness, nor activity of intellect. They possess those qualities in as high perfection as any other people on earth. Of the truth of this proof is attainable from sources innumerable. Nor, to say the least, are they inferior to any others in morality and virtue. They, therefore, think powerfully, judge soundly, and feel and act with great propriety. But their deficiency in classical and polite learning, prevents them from expressing themselves with that correctness, purity, and elegance, of which, under competent training, they would be abundantly capable. It prevents standard authorship, and the production of sound national literature.—But, while deficient in this high and important desideratum, our country can never be deemed truly independent; nor can it reach that exalted and glorious destiny, to which it ought to aspire; and which, provided it pursue it, with wisdom and energy, is within its grasp. We confidently add, that toward the accomplishment of all this nothing else can so effectually contribute, as the establishment of a great national university. From an epitaph, in character, prepared for himself, by his own pen, it appears that Jefferson, one of the most illustrious of men, rested his renown on three achievements of his life; his being

"THE AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, OF THE STATUTES OF VIRGINIA, FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM, AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA."

Highly as we think of these three great monuments of talent and wis-

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dom, either of them sufficient to immortalize any one, we deliberately declare, that we had rather be the founder of a national university, on a suitable scale, than the author of them all. So confident are we of the mighty and beneficial effect such an institution would produce.

But, from the sentiments here expressed, let it not be imagined that we concur with Captain Hall and others, in their assertion, that learning, in our country, is on the decline; or that our general attainment in letters, as a people, is inferior now, to what it was before the revolution. That the reverse of this is true, appears from evidence that may be easily adduced, and cannot be contested. Learning, in the United States, is progressive, although not so rapidly as its advocates wish, and as the honor and interests of the nation require. The productions of the press abundantly prove, that within the last twenty years, the number of respectable American writers has increased, greatly beyond the increase of our population. If the latter has doubled, the former has augmented in, not less perhaps, than a tenfold ratio. At the commencement of the present century, and even as lately as twenty years ago, a periodical journal, literary, scientific, or professional, was a sort of phenomenon in our country. And those that did exist, were sufficiently meagre. But now, publications of the kind are numerous, and some of them are conducted with great ability. While the North American, American Quarterly, and Southern Reviews would do honor to any metropolis in Europe, there are several medical periodicals no less respectable. Of monthly and weekly Magazines and Reviews possessing taste and merit, the number is considerable. And some of our annuals, under the titles of "Tokens," "Souvenirs," and "Forget-me-not's" rival in excellence, those of England. With ably conducted newspapers we are plentifully supplied; while those of moderate standing, yet containing occasionally well written original articles, are much more numerous than in any other country. Nor is it our periodical literature alone that has advanced in respectability. Volumes and pamphlets, of other descriptions, not only appear much more frequently, but are abler and more reputable than in former years. Nor must the American Muse be forgotten or slighted. On many late occasions her voice has been raised with a sweetness, power, and general excellence, that must procure for her a name beyond the Atlantic. Still, however, we are below the standard which we should struggle to attain, and surpass, if possible. We have yet produced no writers equal to some that have flourished in Europe. There is no American Bacon, Shakspeare, Voltaire, or Johnson. But let literature be duly cultivated and encouraged, and such names will adorn hereafter the annals of our country.

Such are some of the multiplied follies and departures from truth that disgrace the pages of the work we have been examining, and affix a stigma on the reputation of its author. Shall we ask, and spend a moment in answering, the question, "Wherefore is it, that this noted tourist, has done such signal injustice to our country?" The reasons, we apprehend, are various. Among them are, a predetermination to defame, a mind warped and blinded by deep-rooted prejudices, a hurried and superficial examination of every thing, and a total unaptitude for so weighty a task. Of the first of these causes we have already spoken at sufficient length. A few observations on the other three shall close this article.

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From the prejudices of early education, and the influence of early sympathies and antipathies, no one is exempt. The strongest mind is unable completely to dissever the trammels, and dissipate the charm. Nor is it, in all respects, desirable that the object should be effected. But, to the delusion arising from this source, some men are much more liable than others. This is particularly the case with those who feel strongly and judge weakly; and who remember much, and reason little. And such a man is Captain Hall. From each chapter of his book evidence to this effect may be abundantly drawn. While he sees every thing with feeling, he examines it only with British eyes and a British memory. He endeavors to recollect (and his recollection is good) how it is, or looks, or is done, in England, Scotland, or Wales, and any deviation he instantly condemns. This one-sided and unfair procedure arises, in part, from the original constitution of his intellect, and, in part, from the limited education he has received; an education which has not rendered him liberal, taught him to study nature, and see things as they are. The British standard is his model, British presumptive perfection his idol, and in proportion as they are differed from, does he dislike and condemn.

But no matter for our tourist's original prejudices. Had he arrived on the American shore completely divested of them, his stay was too short for the accomplishment of his object. Thirteen months, at farthest, by his own showing, was the only time he devoted to the examination of a country, as extensive as the civilized portion of Europe. Nor was its extent the greatest difficulty that presented itself. It was in all respects new to him; not merely because he now visited it for the first time; but because it was totally different from all he had ever seen before. It was to him a world as new in its moral and political aspects, as in those of its rivers, lakes, and cataracts. Its first effects on a mind like his were necessarily to bewilder it; and this he has had himself the candor to acknowledge. Nor does it appear to us that he completely recovered from this state of confusion, during his sojourn in the country. The unlooked-for and even unthought-of grandeur of every thing, like that of the Falls of Niagara, produced in him a "dreamy" state of existence, totally unsuited to correct observation, and sound judgment. Were the most able, enlightened, and unprejudiced man, in the British empire, to visit the United States, and spend but thirteen months in them, he would leave them unqualified to tell their story; especially a story so extensive as that which Captain Hall has attempted, and which literally purports to give an account of every thing, and to discuss every thing. Many months would be necessary to wear off the deceptive gloss of novelty, that the eye might see, and the mind judge of matters as they are. Besides, where did the Captain really go, and what did he see, to enable him to give an account of the United States? He simply visited the large cities, rode post along a few public roads, sailed on a few rivers and lakes, and one canal, and calls that "seeing the country"! Of the interior and great body of the country, with its soil, inhabitants, productions, institutions, and improvements, he knows no more, and can know no more, than his infant daughter that accompanied him on his tour. Let any one examine, on a map, the route he travelled through the United States, and that will completely expose the futility and unfairness of his attempt to

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give an account of them. On this ground alone, his book is as arrant an imposture, as was ever palmed on a deluded people. We pretend not to prescribe the exact time that a traveller whose object is to give a full and fair view of this vast and singular country, ought to spend in a faithful examination of it. But we feel perfectly persuaded, that a period of from three to five years would be sufficiently limited. Natives, as we are, and much more travelled in the United States than Captain Hall is, did we seriously meditate to write an account of them, we should deem it essential, as well to justice, as our own reputation, to devote yet several years to travel, and preparation.

But the worst is to come. Our tourist has no capacity to write such a work as that which he has attempted. His faculties are far below his attempt. Loo-Choo is as different from the United States, as he is from a great and gifted man. The very fact, that he succeeded in giving an account of the former, was an earnest that he would certainly fail in his account of the latter. He that trifles most dextrously, can rarely do any thing but trifle. Captain Hall wants scope of intellect. He sees and can examine things only *individually*, not in their *relations*; especially not in their *highest* relations. His mind is too narrow to comprehend the present condition of our country, and possesses neither vision to foresee, nor profundity to fathom her coming destinies. Nor has it vigour to handle them, could they even be unfolded to it, and placed in its possession. In conversation he is a novice. He cannot reason and argue. He only dogmatizes and disputes. His specimens of attempted reasoning, are about as silly things as can be found in print. He cannot either trace effects from causes, or causes from effects. As often, therefore, as he attempts to travel either up or down the chain of conversation, he is sure to lose himself, and get to a wrong place. We have rarely known a writer so incapable of generalizing, or incurably helter-skelter in every thing he attempts. He possesses neither sobriety nor deliberation. The consequence of all this is, that in examining things, he knows neither where to make allowances, nor what allowances to make. On looking at a tract of country, and learning the age of its settlement, and somewhat of the pursuits, means, and modes of life of its inhabitants, he has no reasonable or matured conception of what further he ought to expect to find there. Nor, in contemplating any given state of society, has he the faintest idea what phenomena it should naturally exhibit. He is eternally looking for things as they are in England and Scotland, although those two countries are themselves very unlike each other, and totally dissimilar to all others inhabited by man. Were not the institutions, customs and practices, in the United States, different, in many respects, from those of Great Britain, they would not be suited to the exigencies of the inhabitants Their differences, then, bespeak incontestibly the good sense of the people. The Americans are not servile imitators. They look attentively, scrutinize severely, judge for themselves, and act accordingly. Hence their customs, habits, and general proceeding are about as well adapted to the nature of the case, as they are in any other country. Why is it that no two nations in Europe, we may add, in the world, look, and think, and act precisely alike? It is because they are placed under different circumstances, where to aim at an exact resemblance of each other

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would be foolish in itself, and injurious in its effects. Why are the people of Loo-Choo unique? Because their situation in the aggregate is the same. But all this is Arabic to Captain Hall. As well may a traveller expect to find a similar state of things in Switzerland and France, as in Great Britain and the United States. Although descended chiefly from the people of Great Britain, the inhabitants of the United States are not bound to imitate them, any more than the people of other nations. Nor *will* they imitate them, except so far as may comport with reason, and suit their own interests. Nor will any man of sense expect such imitation.

To conclude. As far as it may have influence, Captain Hall's book is calculated to do mischief, by deceiving one nation, and irritating another. It will, moreover, confer on him somewhat of the reputation which the setting fire to the temple of Minerva did on the incendiary who had not the capacity to perpetuate his name by a better deed. In a particular manner, it must necessarily prevent, in future, English tourists from receiving, in the United States, the attentions, hospitalities, and facilities, which its author experienced, and so flagrantly abused. The best security against its bad effects, is to be found in its own silliness and want of probability, and in the good sense of the British and American people.

C.

Par Nobile Fratrum.

We have taken infinite pains, and some of our friends annoint us, by saying not without effect, to draw from obscurity the worthy and the notorious, of the West. We asked no more, than the humble and common meed of fame, gratitude and money. The western people have shown themselves unaccountably indolent and indifferent to these, our reasonable expectations. N'importe. We shall walk with a more erect front, feeling that henceforward no morcenary touch of motive will pollute our efforts. We shall for the future fight gratuitously for the honor of the western flag, and shall boast honorable scars, unsalved by money, patronage or pension.

[From the Missouri Intelligencer, Nov. 1829.]

The history of Mike Shuck, was originally published in the Missouri Intelligencer, in 1822. Presuming that many at a distance, as well as in our immediate vicinity, would be gratified in seeing it, we now re-publish it.

MIKE SHUCK.

There appears in the character of the inhabitants who reside immediately on a frontier, certain doubtful features that render it difficult to determine to what side of the boundary they belong.—Thus it is with our borderers of Missouri, who have taken up their residence in the neighborhood of the Indian lands, and in many instances have adopted the habits, manners and costume of the natives

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Michael Shuckwell, or, as he has been more familiarly denominated, ***Mike Shuck***, may be presented as a sample of those voluntary Barbarians. Amongst the early settlers of Kentucky, Mike Shuck was known a white-headed hardy urchin, whom nobody claimed kin to, and who disclaimed connexion with all mankind.

He was inured to danger in the course of the Indian wars of that period; and when the celebrated Colonel Boon migrated to this country, Mike was one of his numerous followers. Advancing as the settlements progressed, for the convenience of hunting, he has at last found himself pushed beyond the boundary of that tract of country to which the Indian title has been extinguished. At present Mike Shuck claims a portable citizenship, or a floating title to a residence that he locates for the time *being*, wherever he may chance to lay himself down for the night. His subsistence he draws from nature's grand storehouse, by means of an old rusty rifle, that has been his constant companion since his first campaign under Gen. George Rogers Clark.

He possesses, in an eminent degree, a knowledge of all the minutiæ of trapping, and he appropriates his autumns, the proper season for this branch of his business, in exploring the small creeks that put into the Missouri above the settlements. He is frequently discovered "at the peep of dawn," bare-headed and bare-footed, pursuing the meanderings of these water-courses, bending under a load of traps, to learn whether or not his bait has attracted the cautious victim; or for the purpose of locating his traps more advantageously.

Such is the accuracy of his skill, that Mike Shuck can make up a pack of beaver, where an Indian, with all his rude knowledge of natural history, would esteem the prospect hopeless. A gentleman who was in the pursuit of elk, about the middle of November last, discovered this modern Crusoe at evening, laden with his effects, that by great good fortune at this time amounted to about a pack horse load. He proposed to encamp with him for the night.—Mike muttered a kind of a grumbling assent, and led the way, first through an extensive hazle thicket, thence descending into a ravine, he proceeded by a devious route through a compact grove of swamp-ash, and at length arrived at a cheerful fire that had previously been lighted up by our hero; but for which the place would have been as dreary as purgatory. The owls themselves, however pressing their necessities, could scarcely have flapped their way into this dismal labyrinth. But Mike and his *plunder*, as he very properly termed it in this instance, (for it was the legitimate property of the Indians) was safe. Mike Shuck threw down his burden, and turned to his follower with a malicious smile, or rather a hysteric grin, and desired him to be seated. The hospitality of his board, if a bear skin spread on the ground deserves the name, was tendered with very little ceremony, and consisted of a beaver tail and an elk marrow bone, both of which were prepared on the coals by mine host in his own proper person.

Mike, as I have before remarked, claims no family connexions; and if he ever had any, he has outlived them: he is therefore making no provisions for legacy hunters.—But he is always, when he deigns to make use of his tongue, grumbling about his arrangements for an easy, independent old age, and speaks of it as if it was very far distant, although he has

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attained almost four score. When the trapping season is over, he betakes himself to his *craft*, as he is pleased to term a cotton wood canoe, and proceeds to market with his usual indifference towards the elements. On one occasion, when his cargo was fairly afloat on the angry current of the Missouri, and Mike had extended his weather worn limbs upon the shore for repose, his bow-fast (a grape vine) parted, and his frail bark put to sea without a pilot. On making this discovery in the morning, he was chagrined, but not discouraged by the event. He lost no time, but instantly set off in pursuit of his fortune, and having coasted down the river, on the third day discovered his craft self-moored under the lee of a raft of drift wood, without having sustained the smallest injury in hull, rigging or cargo. Michael was so much rejoiced, that, by inspiration or instinct, he was induced to offer a hasty prayer of thanksgiving; but whether it was directed to God, man or the Devil, I have not been informed. As old Michael disdains to decorate his pericranium with the beaver he may entrap, his hair has been suffered to grow into a matted gristly substance, and at present very much resembles the borrowed wig of a strolling player. His features too are worn by time and the storms of nearly eighty winters, into the inflexibility of a barber's block. With all these evidences to the contrary, he professes to be exceedingly happy. He insists that he relishes his meals infinitely better than a professed epicure; and he contends that Madeira can by no means bear a comparison with spring water.

I do not envy him his happiness, nor would I recommend copying his pursuits, yet I believe most religiously that such a life of active exertion, by giving to the blood a vigorous circulation, will ensure health and cheerfulness to the spirits, while an inert, sedentary life, will be fruitful only in blue-devils.

COL. PLUG.

A northerner resident in the West sometimes feels his pride wounded, as he finds so few of the first famous 'residenters' to have been born north of the Hudson. I take pleasure in having it in my power, to redeem one memorable exception from oblivion. Traits of the horse, alligator and snapping turtle are not exclusively western instincts, as I will make appear.

Col. Fluger was born in the county of Rockingham, in New Hampshire, and in a town, where they still call a kitchen a *scullery*. He had a slight at cards, and a knowing instinct in relation to watches and horses, almost from his babyhood. The boy, who wanted to be unburdened of his coppers, had only to play 'hustle,' or 'pitch-penny' with him. He was supposed to have a reverend dread of mortal hurts, but could 'lick' any boy of his size at fourteen. Being a youth of broad red cheeks, muscle and impudence, and withal, abundantly stored with small talk, from eighteen to twenty-one he was a decided favorite with the fair, and had had various love affairs, being reputed remarkably slippery in regard to the grace of perseverance. At twenty-four he had mounted epaulettes, was a

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militia colonel, had a portentous red nose, and was in bad odour with all honest people. Soon afterwards, he went under lock and key for want of some one who would bail him for twenty dollars. The colonel, on his release, in a huff of unrequited patriotism, discovered, that the people had no taste of merit; and incontinently in his wrath abandoned his country, setting his face towards the western woods, which had just began to be a subject of discussion.

Little is remembered of him on the upper waters of the Ohio; though it appears, that he attempted to 'lick' the contractor, who built a flat boat for him at Pittsburgh, because he insisted upon paying the man in rum, and other yankee notions, among which was a promissory slip of paper. Col. Fluger was soon made out to be remarkably 'cute,' even to a fault; and the people of that sharp dealing town were not unwilling to wash their hands of one, to whom it was both more agreeable, and more familiar, to bite, than be bitten.

Flat boats had begun to descend the Ohio to New Orleans in considerable numbers. But from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, was, for the most part, a vast, unpeopled wilderness. At Fort Massac, and thence to the Mississippi, on the north shore of the river, harbored a gang of those detestable villains, whose exploits were of such terrible notoriety in the early history of the navigation of this beautiful river. Numerous Kentucky broad-horns, generally with whiskey and provisions, and sometimes with cutlery and piece goods, were seen floating down the forests. They were manned by an unique people, tall, athletic, reckless, addicted to strange curses, and little afraid of thunder. Withal they loved a reasonable dram, were fond of playing cards, and were easily parted from their money. These honest fellows were the fowls, that the rogues of Massac and Cash delighted to pluck. They would entice the broad horns to land, and play cards with the crew, and cheat them under the cotton wood shade. They would pilot their boats into a difficult place, or give them such directions from the shore, as would be sure to run them on a snag. Failing that, they would creep, like weasels, into the boats by night, while they were tied up to the willows, and bore a hole, or dig out the caulking in the bottom. When the crew found their boat sinking, these benevolent Cash boys were busily at hand, with their periogues and crafts, to *save* the floating barrels and boxes. Rightly they named it 'plunder' in Kentucky parlance; for they rowed the *saved* goods up the Cash, and in the deep swamps next day no trace of them was to be seen. If one or two of the crew chanced to straggle away in pursuit of their lost cargo, they scrupled not to knock them in the head, shoot, or dirk them, and give them a nameless grave in the morasses. A volume of narratives of these boat-wrecking scoundrels might be collected. Nor will you ever float by Fort Massac, the House of Nature, or the mouth of Cash, with an old residenter for a companion, without hearing hair-bristling stories of the knavery, cruelty and murders of the villains of Cash.

Col. Fluger floated to these wretches by the attraction of like to like. The faded scarlet and the tarnished yellow of his epaulettes, his red nose, his 'cuteness,' his strange curses, his utter recklessness stood him instead of initiatory 'grips.' He was one of them forthwith, in honor and trust; and in a month he was the Napoleon of the desperadoes of Cash. His

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slang-curses were ultra Kentuckian on a ground of yankee; and he had, says my informant, more of this, 'than you could shake a stick at.' The fund of his real fighting courage was questionable; but he was improving in that line; and for cunning and cruelty was an incarnate devil. Finding, that in that commonwealth, titles were not only not in demand, but matter of envy, he doffed his. To fall in with the laconic and forcible stile of his troop, who came over all appellatives by the shortest, he cut down his family name to Plug. Being, says my informant, of a delicate ear, and rich in Booktionary lore, he undoubtedly thus condensed the name for its euphonic compactness. For night and secret work Plug had a fleet of Bucksnatchers with chosen crews, to row up and down the river. Not a warehouse between Louisville and Cash had a lock, for which this gang had not a model key. The enormous bunch of black and rusty keys, shown at Dorfeuille's Museum, as having been found in the Ohio, near the House of Nature, undoubtedly belonged to the banditti of Col. Plug. We have no doubt, that they will hereafter be viewed with suitable reverence, as an antique relic of no mean mystery and importance.

Plug had his episode of love and marriage on this wise. A periogue load of French and Spanish traders were descending from St. Louis to New Madrid, where they resided. They landed on the point, nearly opposite the mouth of Cash, whether for hunting or divertisement, or for what object does not appear. Plug, like his prototype, was roaming up and down, and to and fro at the head of his gang. They came upon the camp-fire of the traders, as they had dined, drank their whiskey, and were taking their pipes, and reclining in the shade in paradisaical reverie. These meek citizens cared as little to see Plug, as him of the deep sulphur domicile. They cleared out in their periogue in a twinkling. A damsel of their number had wandered away some distance to gather pawpaws. The party intercepted, and made her prisoner. They found her a giantess in size, of varnished copper complexion, and evidently bearing the blood of at least three races mixed in her veins. But, though deserted by her friends, she neither wept, made verses, or betrayed fear, or surprise, not she. A real cosmopolite,

> Her march was o'er the fallen logs,
> Her home the forest shade.

Her dialect was as fair a compound as Plug's, though not very intelligible to him, being composed, in nearly equal proportions, of south of Europe, Negro and Indian. But love has its own language. She and the Colonel saw, loved, and mutually conquered. The subordinates might envy; but who would contest the claims of Plug to the fair one? The sex and the relation of the quarteroon to her husband were designated by the same tact, which cut down Fluger to Plug. She was thereafter known by the name Pluggy.

Five miles up the Cash, on the verge of a vast swamp, surrounded by deep cane brakes, and inextricable tangle, was the log bower of the Arcadians. Some millions of unemployed musquetoes kept garrison in the swamp. Bears, wolves and panthers were no strangers there; and moccasin snakes renewed their vernal skins at their leisure. But the inmates, as the Kentucky orator said, 'in this sublime state of retiracy among the

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abrogoines' had their skins generally too full of the happifying water of life, to feel, other than an agreeable tickle, the nozzling of the proboscis of musquetoe; and had moccasin bitten them, it is a question, if the serpent had not been poisoned, instead of the bitten.

Many a load of whiskey and flour, and many a box of piece goods had disappeared in this swamp, through which ran the Cash; and if fame be not egregiously a liar, many a boatman's body was disposed of, uncoffined, and in a nameless sepulchre; and here, no doubt, were deposited the avails of Dorfeuille's bunch of keys. Here bandit scenes transpired, which only needed Schiller's painting, to have been as famous, as those of Venice, or Germany. In a few months Pluggy's renown rivalled that of her husband. Her height, fierceness and rough chin, and a kind of long moss at the corners of her upper lip, not unlike mustachios, often raised bantering questioning among the banditti, in their cups, when the leader was absent, if he had not really taken a man, instead of a lady, to the partnership of his abode. In fact, it had become a joke among them to affirm that Pluggy was a man in the dress of a squaw. In due time a little wailer Plug raised a lusty cry in the woods, being, that the poor thing had not taken a musquetoe dose, and its skin had not yet acquired the habit of being bitten. Dr. Mitchell and others had not yet raised nice physiological distinctions; and this little one, in the rough cast reasonings of the gang, was deemed proof conclusive in regard to the sex.

Their only domestic broil of public notoriety occurred some years afterwards. An intercourse, not altogether platonic, was suspected to be in progress between Pluggy and the second in command. The courage of the commander had waxed, by this time, to the sticking point. He called the lieutenant, known by the *Sobriquet* 'Nine-eyes' to the field, or rather swamp of honor. 'Dern your soul,' said he, 'do you think this sort of candlestick-ammer (meaning, perhaps, clandestine amour) will pass?' 'If you do, by gosh, I will put it to you, or you shall to me.' They measured their ground, like two heroes, and there was no mistake in the affair, which was settled by rifles. Each carried in his flesh a round piece of lead, as a keep sake of the courage and close shooting of the other. Each became cool and even affectionate, admitting honorable satisfaction. 'You are grit,' said he of Rockingham to Nine-eyes. The other swore 'that his captain had deported, like a real Kentuck.' A little curly headed Plug attended, as a kind of bottle holder. He was directed to place a bottle of whiskey mid way between them. Each limped, *pari passu*, to the tune, one, two, three, &c. to the bottle. Over it they drank, embraced, and attested each other's honor. They must lie by in dry dock awhile; but they comforted each other, that they were *too well up to these things to be fazed by a little cold lead.* It was understood, too, that Nine-eyes had been platonic and Pluggy immaculate; and the historian averreth, that he is of undoubting opinion, that no duel hath been more reciprocally creditable to the parties from that time to this. How many boats they robbed, how many murders committed, or abetted, it were bootless to think of compressing into our limits. The country had begun to settle. An officer, named a Sheriff, began to perambulate the country armed to the teeth, and bearing the sword not in vain. Boats, that stopped near Cash were manned, and armed for resistance. Plug discerning

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the signs of the times, drew in his horns, mended the exterior of his manners, and saw the necessity of achieving by craft, what he had formerly carried, *coup de main*. The greatest success of the gang was in the line of gambling; and their main resource in piloting boats into dangerous places, and in general, acting the part of boat-wreckers and moon-cursers. An occasional boat, feebly manned, sometimes fell into their power in a dark and stormy night. It went up the Cash; and in the morning neither plank, nor vestige nor crew was to be found.

Ajax, Achilles and Napoleon had their reverses, and so had Plug. A Kentucky boat had experienced some indignity, and was prepared for revenge, the next autumn. Five or six persons, well armed, landed above, and kept in sight of the boat, as they descended the woods in flank with it. Their hands rowed the boat ashore at the mouth of Cash, where Plug and four associates were waiting, like spiders in ambush for flies. It was a sultry September afternoon, and the weather betokened an evening of storm and thunder. They were courteously invited to land; and were piloted up the Cash for the security of a harbor from the tempest. The three Kentuckians affected simplicity, and proposed a game of cards under the cotton wood shade. They were scarcely seated, and their money brought forth, before Plug whistled the signal of onset. But he reckoned this time without his host. The concealed reserve sprang to the aid of their friends, and the contest was soon decided. Three of Plug's company were thrown into the river, and at least one was drowned. All evaporated from their captain, as June clouds vanish before the sun. Poor Col. Plug resisted to no purpose. They stripped him to his birth-day suit, and thonged him so, that his arms, per force, embraced a sapling of the size of his body; and, for the rest, they fixed him as immovably, as he had been in the stocks. As his epidermis was toughish, and parchment-like, they faithfully laid on the cowhide to mollify the leather of his back, to facilitate the operations of the musquetoes. These little musicians, by a spirit of concert, the secret of which is best known to themselves, issued forth, to the number of at least half a million, each emulous of reposing on some part of his flesh, and tasting his lymphatics. Not an arable spot of his body, of the size of a musquetoe, but bore one; and the industrious little leeches often carried double, and even triple, in the contest for precedence in experimenting his composition. As soon as one sped away with his sack sufficiently red, and distended, a hundred waited for his place. Plug chewed the cud of fancies altogether bitter, and wished himself lapping cream in his native scullery. He *derned*, and grunted, but could not move a muscle sufficiently to interrupt a single blood letter in his operations. They heeded his curses and writhings as little, as a sleeping parishioner in hay time does the fiery 'fifteenth' denunciation of his parson.

Poor Pluggy in her lone bower knew, by the failure of the return party, that there was reason to snuff bad omens some where in the gale. She set forth to seek her beloved; one of the young Plugs in breeches and another in petticoats following her steps. She trailed the party; and in half an hour came upon the vanquished one, running the christian race, stedfast and immovable. He embraced the tree, as in the most vehement affection, with his face towards it; and his naked body was one surface of musque-

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toes. She soon decyphered his position. But instead of incontinently cutting him loose, she clasped her hands theatrically, crying out, 'Yasu Chree! O mio carissimo sposo, what for, like one dem fool, you hug de tree, and let the marengoes suck up all your sweet brud!' If Plug cursed her unadvisedly, let it be urged in extenuation, that his spirit was stirred in him, and any thing rather than complacent. Be that determined as it may, he cursed her most unconnubially, and bade her 'not to let on' any of her jaw, until she had cut him loose.

Plug begat him sons and daughters, and was in a fair way to have defrauded the gallows, and to die peacably in his bower. But he was caught, eventually in a trap of his own springing. A boat had landed not far above Cash; and the crew were in the woods to shoot turkeys. A Mississippi squall was coming on. To equalize the danger, Plug was in the vacant boat, digging out the caulking at the bottom. While he was yet in the act, and the crew were running from the woods to get on board, the gale struck the boat from the shore, broke the fast, and drove it into the stream, with only Plug on board. The waves from above, lashed to fury, and the leak from below filled the boat, and it sunk. Plug had disengaged a barrel of whiskey, and took to this favourite resource, to enable him to gain the shore. But it rolled him off on one side, and then on the other. Plug drank water instead of whiskey, which he would have preferred. His sins came up in terrible array, and his heart beat quick and pantingly. In short, he found a watery grave. Thus fell the last of the boat wreckers.

Is it expedient for the United States to obtain possession of Texas?

As a matter of opinion, we have the misfortune to differ from most of our friends in having, from our first acquaintance with the Western country, uniformly felt the conviction, that Texas belonged of right and expediency to our republic. 1. By original purchase. 2dly. By configuration, being in that respect, physically, a part of the Mississippi valley. (Vide part 1. Geography and History of the Western States.) 3dly. By being the proper escape valve from the danger of too great an accumulation of blacks in the slave states, dividing, and diminishing the gangs, and thinning the population, by diffusing it over greater surfaces, being the natural progress towards universal emancipation. 4thly. By its being a valuable addition to our cotton and sugar raising districts. 5thly. By the salubrity of the climate of the interior, furnishing a desirable domestic resort for invalids from the effects of northern climates. 6thly. By its being indispensable to our domestic resources, for procuring within ourselves the mules necessary for the southern planters. 7thly. By its being, probably, the only country in North America, where raising the best breeds of sheep, for their wool, will be found profitable and congenial with the soil, climate and circumstances of the country. 8thly. From its inexhaustible mineral supplies, it furnishing silver, platina and mercury, minerals not known to abound in any part of our present territory, and

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which are important requisites to our resources. 9thly. By its being at present a nucleus for vagabonds from the United States, who assail our frontiers with impunity, while they take refuge from justice in it, as a foreign territory. 10thly. From its possessing a coast and a frontier, through which negro slaves have been, and while a foreign territory, will be, extensively smuggled into our country. 11thly. From the value and importance of the harbors, and its extent of sea coast along the Gulph of Mexico.

Upon each of these topics, we have no doubt, that we could raise a long dissertation, which, if it had no other effect, would discipline the patience of our readers. We are amused with the sapient strictures upon our views of the country by travellers, who have traversed it in pursuit of mules, or traffic; and who measure every thing, and fix a general standard by a belt of the country, five miles in width, which their own eyes have surveyed. It is very easy to be positive and ignorant. Many people possess the endowments from nature. To form general views from comparison of innumerable particulars, to fix enlarged and philosophic estimates, and to settle the common features and characteristics of a great division of country is the capability of but very few; and as far as our knowledge extends, of not a single traveller in that country, with whose works we are acquainted.

As a sample of the style of Texas travellers, we refer the reader to an article, which appeared in the Gazette of this city, which swept away, with the *ipse dixit* besom of the said traveller, all, but his own writing, which had yet appeared on the subject of Texas, and restrained sweeping farther only from extreme delicacy. We could make nothing of any part of the transcendent information, which he imparted, instead of the annihilated labors of his predecessors, except, that somewhere in his article, he assured us, that the end of all things was so near at hand, that the acquisition of Texas was a matter of little comparative importance. Such sapient seers are certainly most excellently fitted to be philosophic travellers. Pity, he had not been more definite, in giving us day and hour. It would, no doubt, have very much affected mortgages, and titles to real estate!!

We have not personally explored the country. But we have lived many years near the western limits of Louisiana. We have been far up the Arkansas, and in contiguous regions. We have received personal information from at least one hundred travellers in the country, two of whom have explored it farther and in more various directions, than any traveller who has favored the public with printed views of it. From these premises, we have formed an undoubting impression for ourselves, and our readers may make the most of it, that *Texas does not contain any great amount of live oak*, any charges of inaccuracy, in so saying in the Geography and History of the Western States, to the contrary notwithstanding. We believe, that the greater divisions of the country are mostly prairie, or bushy barrens, covered with Musquetoe wood, and other thorny shrubs; and that it has wide districts covered with the prickly pear, *cactus ferox*, &c. We believe, that the north western divisions of the country are least fertile, and abound in silver, and the accompanying metals, as much as any portion of Mexico. We believe, that its prairies are covered with a

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short, sweet grass, far more agreeable and salutary to mules, sheep and cattle, than that of the prairies of our western country. We believe, that it has a climate subject to atmospheric phenomena, and changes of weather, as regards temperature and rain, widely different from any portion of our country,—except belts contiguous to Texas. We believe, that the interior, from St. Antonio to the mountains, has a drier atmosphere, and a climate more salubrious, and conducive to longevity, than any portion of the United States. We believe that far less rain falls in the interior, than in any given division of the same extent in our country. We believe, that portions of the alluvial and maritime country are as fertile as any part of the world, but that, on the whole, the country is not susceptible of a dense population over its surface generally; that it is not calculated to be, or ever will be, a country densely peopled with slaves; but that it much more strongly invites shepherds and miners; that it is a country peculiarly fitted to the habits, predilections, and necessities of the people of the southern and western states. Such are some of the articles of our creed, in respect to Texas. We have interrogated and sifted much to obtain them; for the dry air and sunny climate are circumstances, upon which an invalid, much dependent for comfort upon atmospheric accidents, will naturally cast a wistful look, from wintry inclemency and ever changing aspects of the sky. We give these views only as matter of our opinions.

The purport of this discussion is specifically to meet, and obviate, if we may, two objections to the acquisition of Texas. 1. That it will weaken our republic, too unwieldy already, by an additional extension of territory and consequent increase of debility. 2. That it will give an undue ascendency to the southern states, and perpetuate slavery.

Our opinion is adverse to both these positions, and we shall state our reasons, why they are so.

I. Our territory is too unwieldy and extensive already.

The American people have inhaled from their birth, and have cherished such an instinctive love of liberty, the liberty of pursuing their own enjoyments in their own way, that when they imagine they can secure the objects of their pursuit better in one country, than another, no matter whether in Canada or Mexico, there they conceive, they have a right to emigrate, and there, so long as they are free, they will be found. If their country should become a step-mother to them, in attempting to deprive them of this charter of range, and to insist upon their belonging to her soil, they would no longer love her, as the nurse and protectress of their freedom. The government can only retain citizens within its own domain, by offering in that cope a greater show of these objects of pursuit, than can be furnished elsewhere. If Texas show tempting aspects, in regard to any of his real or imaginary wants, will a parallel of latitude, a star of a constellation, or an invisible line keep the wanderer from the point, where his imagination and his wishes have already emigrated? It will be objected, that these rovers have no patriotism, or they would never have left the maternal jurisdiction of the stars and stripes. We altogether deny the fact. There are in the Canadas, in Texas, and in other countries, citizens, who, by leaving the United States, instead of relinquishing a particle of affection, or honor, or pride, or patriotism in relation to the mother country, have found them all concentrated on a foreign soil. Ask

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the farmers of the west, if they love their country above all others? They will instantly, and proudly answer yes! But to them their wives and little ones, their flocks, their herds, their farms, their shelter, their subsistence, these are their first points. We cannot expect any other patriotism from any one, but an office seeker, or a rich office holder. If Texas, then, be wanting to fill the objects of our desire and pursuit, and if it can be easily and honorably acquired, let us leave no temptation to our citizens to remove beyond our borders, which we can prevent by supplying their wants at home.

No reasonable objection can arise, as we think, on the score of the danger of a territory too widely extended. The first most valuable and infinitely more important of all national possessions, after liberty, is the soil, the sacred soil, the common nurse of our race, and the mother of us all. The greatest evil, that a government can suffer, is an excess of population. Famine, war and pestilence, then become comparative blessings, in default of which, the government must operate the same results by design in its institutions. Is existence a blessing? It is a blessing, which cannot be extended in such a country, as Holland, China, and England. If children and the aged are not exposed to perish, the institutions must bring about a similar issue by design. Marriages? Who will marry in a very artificial and crowded state of society? The young brought up in the midst of metallic calculations, soon understand the sagacious views of their parents, and become prematurely cold blooded and prudent. The towns are crowded with prostitutes and debauchees. As long as the new married couple can occupy a piece of fresh land, rear a log cabin, and give the spot, that will furnish them food and clothing, the sacred name of *home*, this can never occur. Why do not the numbers advance from census to census in Massachusetts and Connecticut? There is no adequate space for new farms. The excess of population emigrates to the new and unpeopled regions. Nor do the parents consider the birth of a child, as an omen of evil. The father greets his new born son, and says 'courage; there are plenty of wild lands in the west.' What will be the fate of the children, when we have no longer vacant lands? Would we dry up the sources of the perpetuation of our race; or have our people, like the children of Saturn, to devour one another? Russia, an absolute despotism, increases in population in a ratio next to that of the United States. Why? Every one answers in a moment, because she has immense tracts of fertile and unoccupied territory. There were many in the old states of the original confederacy, who deemed, that the west ought to have been forever consigned to the bears and the Indians. Had such wishes prevailed, would the four millions, who now people this country, have been in existence? There were those, who drew every sinister omen from the purchase of Louisiana. Have any of the predicted evils been realized?

What are the natural resources of a country? Fertile and unoccupied lands, because the radical material of population. Why do the United States advance in numbers, improvement and enterprize, more rapidly than any other country? Every political economist will agree, because she offers to her young citizens and foreign immigrants, great selection among fertile lands, in different climates, and uncommon facilities for intercom-

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munication between the remotest extremities of her territories; and good laws to spread security over all these fair regions, where to choose their resting places, the Ægis of protection and liberty. Under such circumstances, when can a country become too extensive? Only, when the means of communication and transport are too slow and difficult, or too uncertain or dangerous, and where, in consequence, the country becomes too unwieldy for defence, and where her paramount obligations to defend her territory are increased, beyond her means and her power to sustain them. Such was the case with Spain, upon whose colonial territories the sun never went down. Such, it has been a thousand times averred, notwithstanding her unexampled strides in power and grandeur, is the empire of Russia. Do the predictions, that she would crumble and fall of her own weight, and from the discordant materials of her motly component nations, seem likely to be verified? Does England, who has most frequently advanced these predictions, show in her bitter and undisguised jealousy, that she is sincere in the faith of her own prophecies?

The latter Roman empire is always cited in this connexion, as one that was strong and energetic, when small and compact; and that found the elements of dissolution in the dropsical extension of her declining days. Will any one say, that there can be any parallel instituted between the republic of the United States, with a territory compact and unique, and with means of rapid and easy communication, beyond any country of the same extent, that has existed or does exist, and Spain, with colonies distributed in the opposite quarter of the globe, and the Roman empire, which would have fallen three ages sooner, if its extent had been limited to the bounds of Italy? The Roman empire contained within itself the seeds of dissolution, if it had been an empire no larger than San Marino. Who predicates the downfall of Great Britain on the extent of colonies, that stretch in every quarter of the globe, and contain a hundred million of inhabitants? Who will say, that the Spanish colonies were lost to the mother country in consequence of their extent, or that a small domain in America would have remained to her longer, than a great one? Still less resemblance is there in the case of the Roman empire, in reference to its extent, compared with ours. So utterly dissimilar were the circumstances of all the ancient empires from ours, that no reasoning on their strength and perpetuity, in relation to their extent, can be predicated upon our case. All those empires, to note no other circumstance of dissimilarity, contained in their bosom great conquered nations, with their own language, history, and proud remembrances of an origin more noble and ancient, than their conquerors, and thirsting for liberty and revenge. They were surrounded externally by powerful and numerous nations, still unsubdued. Not a feature of resemblance exists between their case and ours. Besides, had they the lakes, the Ohio, the Mississippi and its hundred laterals, canals, rail-roads, McAdamized turnpikes, and steamboats, the press, and a mail, emulating, in its swiftness and perpetual progress, the march of time to accelerate communication?

In regard to rapidity and facility of intercommunication, consult our merchants. Does the distance of one port from another deter the approach of their ships, if money is to be made? Are not voyages even to Liverpool performed in half the time, required fifty years ago? Is not in-

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tercourse between Boston and Vera Cruz now more rapid and certain, than it was formerly between that place and New-Orleans? It is within the memory, perhaps, of living persons, when the pious Yankees used to hand in a note to the minister, requesting the public prayers of the congregration on the sabbath, when about to adventure on the long and perilous journey between Boston and Philadelphia! For all the essential purposes of a calculation, like the present, Passamaquoddy and the remotest point in Texas, were it a part of our country, would be nearer, than New-York formerly was to New-Orleans. Or would our northern merchants prefer a voyage of the same distance to a foreign port, rather than to one in our own country?

In a word, the great complaint of the merchants is, that they are cramped, and shut out from distant ports by competition. Our domestic travellers feel already, that their excursions will not tell well, unless they have travelled annually from New-Orleans to Quebec. Does the speculator, starting with his cottons from Dover in New-Hampshire for Matamoras, at the mouth of the Rio del Norte, complain that the distance is too great? Or does the contractor refuse to bond supplies to a military post, because it is on the Kiamesia, nine hundred miles up Red River? Nothing of all this. The danger now is of confining the elastic spirit within limits too narrow. A spirited young American, with his face set towards securing an establishment for his widowed mother or his fair one, would venture *ultra flammantia mœnia mundi*, if money could be made there.

Give us scope. Allow us range. Let our adventurers have distant domestic, instead of foreign voyages. Their minds will enlarge, as their vision extends from New-York to the Lakes, the sources of the Mississippi, and the Rio Bravo to its mouth, where, in our possession, another New-Orleans would be but the growth of a few years. Have we, in these remote points, any reason to apprehend conflict with such enemies, as produced the downfall of the Roman empire? Or if we had, does not the extent of a country offer as great difficulties to the assailant attacking, as to the defender? Will our three hundred steam boats, and our thousand unemployed vessels not be able to transport troops, provisions and munitions to the point of assault? We answer, Bolivar, more than once, employed U. S. ships to transport his Columbian troops round Cape Horn. Enlargement of our territorial limits, by the addition of Texas, would require little more, than that we should push our advanced posts eight hundred miles farther west.

Our country cannot become too extensive, unless the extension be attended with expense, without any adequate return of revenue, or advantage; or endanger our union, or our liberties. In regard to the first point, we shall institute no discussion. We surely would not advocate the acquisition of Texas, unless it were worth what it cost, and in fact a great deal more. Every one knows, that objections were raised to the purchase of Louisiana on the score, that it would never indemnify the U. S. for the purchase. We shall not undertake to compare the country in question with that. But merely remark, that we go on the presumption, that other objections being obviated, the country would be an acquisition to the national wealth.

We come to the most formidable objection of all. Would the acquisi-

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tion endanger our liberties and our union? The objection seems to be founded on the abstract presumption, that after a certain extent of domain, a government, a republic for example, endangers its union, liberty and perpetuity, in a ratio corresponding to its increased extent. We have for many years entertained the conviction, that the safety of the liberties of a republic, on the contrary, grows with its extent, unless it be increased beyond any distances, such as those between the remotest point of our portion of the continent. It seems to us, that the liberties of a large republic are safer, than those of a small one, almost in the ratio of its size. We deem it to be matter of history, almost without exception, that republics of the smallest territory have been of the shortest duration; because, intrigue, bribery, deception, and the arts of the aspirant to empire, have had a fairer scope, in proportion to the concentered focus of their operation. A demagogue can operate successfully upon his native town, district and circle of influence. But weaken the sphere of his exertions, by extending its diameter, and while he is every thing in his own province—the man of all wisdom, eloquence and worth, the doctor of all arts, and the king of all hearts, travel into another state, or another section—they know nothing of him, but the mere shadow of his name.

Constitute an independent democracy, as large as the Federal District, and how long would it exist, without having either the one or the thirty tyrants of Athens? How long, before the one or the thirty could operate upon the whole existing territory of the United States, with its various interests of climate, sectional interest and sectional feeling? The life of Methuselah, the hundred eyes of Argus, and the hundred arms of Briareus would be inadequate. Before the people of one great division could be brought to bear upon the purposes of the demagogue, the people of the contiguous division would be in arms to oppose them. An accursed league of disunion, for the concealed views of despotism, might be fostered in each one of our metropolitan cities at the same moment. But there could not be adequate concert between the demagogue of Portland, and of New-Orleans. The interests and projects of one would mar those of the other; and thus the sectional feelings of the lumberers on the frozen streams of Maine, and the sugar planters of the coast of the Mississippi, if not carried to the extreme of prejudice and bitterness, would make out of nature's discord nature's peace. Under a contingency, unknown in history before, and which may never occur again, Napoleon established a despotic empire over a country of a fourth part of the extent of the U. States, and a people, perhaps, more unique, and one in interest and feeling, than any other. But did not his difficulties, in the way of universal domination, increase in the ratio of the extent of the countries held under his sway? And in grasping at all, did he not finally lose all? Suppose him in his cabinet to have been meditating conquest at Washington, with one eye on the mountaineers of Vermont, and another on the Georgians. By what motives, by what magic, could he have operated to have induced the yeomanry of the one country to have harnessed themselves on the one side of his car, and to have drawn in concurrence with those of the other on the opposite side?

In our extended domain we hold the security of our republic, as we deem, on the same tenure, as we do our security against a famine over our

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whole land. Experience teaches, that the Almighty blasteth not the four corners of the world with the desolation of famine at the same time. If the rain is withholden in the east, it is not kept back in the west. If the Atlantic border is parched, the shores of the lakes are green. If mildew or insects cut off the hope of the year in one point, another is free from the devourer. If one division is in want, another is in redundance. Here is an immense physical resource, furnished by an extensive domain, with a great range of latitude, and variety of atmospheric aspects and accidents. It furnishes, too, in our view, an admirable analogy of the security of union and liberty in an extended republic. The remoteness of one point from another, the materials of our population, heterogeneous, without being discordant, one portion wedded to the Atlantic, another to the lakes, one portion to the seas and another to the rivers, and even in the west the sub-divisions of the northern, middle, and sugar planting country offer a mass too refractory to be moulded by one spirit into the project of a tyrant. Or to vary the figure, while the egg of treason was in incubation in one point, the genius of liberty, our American Hercules, would crush the Lernean viper, from some more favored division of the country, before it was warmed into life.

Besides, what has been the issue of experiment in bringing a foreign territory under the benign influence of our institutions? Lands immediately acquire a triple or a quadruple value. Towns spring up, like the prophet's gourd, in the silence of the night. The country may contain murderous, disorganising and reckless spirits, out-casts from more settled institutions. But the proudest eulogy ever pronounced upon American liberty, is in the well known fact, that our laws go as quietly into operation there, as in the *good old thirteen;* and there is just the same confidence in the titles registered in the land office, and the same docile submission to the mittimus of the most ignorant and inefficient J. P.

Is it all empty pomp of words, and meagre and threadbare web of song, that we say, and sing on the glorious fourth of July? Or does not every genuine citizen of our country sympathise with the ignorant and the oppressed every where? Are we so sordidly selfish, that we are not willing to throw the Ægis of our inestimable institutions over as many human heads, and as wide an extent of country as possible? The people of Mexico would be free, if they had sufficient knowledge diffused among them to be so. As it is, they are a people, who have set up for themselves before they have sufficient household knowledge among them, to be able to manage a national family. Quarrel will succeed to quarrel, and revolution to revolution, until the people shall have learned by the slow teaching of years, and the bloody lessons of experience, how to exercise self government. Texas is at present chiefly peopled with U. S. citizens. The Catholic worship is established by law. Need we any other proof, that the country is in a state of semi-bondage? We have no doubt, that a commandant there, as in the Spanish regime in Louisiana, is ipso facto, despotic. What cares he for the decisions of the many headed monster, at the immense distance of the city of Mexico, from whom he hears scarcely four times in a year. There are, no doubt, a few Mexicans of intelligence. But what are the people, their morals, their instruction, their institutions? They hew their planks by hand with a broad axe. Their

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priests, we are told, are seldom without their mistresses. Will it be a consummation not to be wished, to diffuse freemen, liberty, perfect freedom of worship, and the healthful and spirit-stirring influence of the competition and concurrence of our institutions over this wide country? Or is our notion of liberty such, that whoever enjoys it, must have it in the measures, and in the extent, and under the circumstances, that the original contracting parties in our confederation see fit to deal out to them? *Country* is a proud word, and is associated with the idea of authority, lictors, badges, and claims upon allegiance. But LIBERTY, and the *right to pursue happiness* are still prouder words. The former must always be subservient to the latter, and not the latter to the former.

A few words upon the last objection. *This acquisition will give the south an ascendency over the north. For the balance of the north, we must proceed, pari passu, in the acquisition of Canada.* Be it so. If we continue, as we have done, Canada, and we may add, Cuba will fall, in due time, naturally, and as fruit detached by maturity, into our domain. Could we acquire them, as the supposition admits we can acquire Texas, we should have no regret to see our institutions extended over the whole North American continent, to the Rio del Norte, or the Mexican mountains, where Nature has erected the barriers of another country and another government. We should alike deprecate a spirit of conquest, and a spirit of selfish and cold blooded want of sympathy with the ignorant and the oppressed on our immediate confines.

Shall the question, whether liberty shall be extended over a great country, be suspended on the jealousy of the north, or the south, mutually exercised? Will it be said at the north, that the south has been the first to set the example? Be it so. It is a bad example. Let the north have the magnanimity not to follow it. It is childish and unworthy, to bring these narrow and degrading and ruinous calculations, as watch words, into our discussions, operating to create that of which they speak, as cause and effect, action and re-action, with a terrible energy in our national councils.

Further; the northern interest, if such hateful phrases must occur, affirms, that the country is weakened by these dropsical accessions. Indeed! Then the south experiences this debilitating influence almost exclusively. The north retains her compactness, her concentered physical energy of dense population, while the south, with a population, compared with the more populous districts of the north and the medial regions, already in the ratio of only one twelfth, will be weakened still farther, by having the disproportion extended to an eighteenth, by diffusing that population over the surface of Texas.

On the showing of the opposition, the debilitating influence will not operate equally upon all portions of the Union, but must act indirectly on the north, through and by the south. Hence, the south will experience the direct and first mischief, and will be weakened in an undue proportion, compared with the effect upon the whole Union.

But the south will gain an undue influence in the Senate, by the erection of eight or nine new states. All writers and travellers seem to have agreed, that but a small number of states could be carved out of the territory. The probability is, that in process of time, there would be northern and southern states there, with sectional interests, and differences of

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climate at least as great as between Maine and Louisiana. Such at least is the difference between Santa Fe and Matamoras. We are reluctant to discuss a subject intrinsically odious to us. We would wish, that the tongue, that gives utterance to the note of disunion, and the hand, that harps the key of northern and southern difference of interests, and the pen, that blazons this palpable appeal to the vilest prejudices of our nature, were furnished with better employment.

The last objection has two parts—southern preponderance, the creation of a great number of slave states, and the remoter perpetuation of slavery. We shall give our views of this part of the objection in very few words. There are but few slaves at present in the country. A country rather fitted for miners, shepherds, and small planters, than great slave establishments, we are of opinion, that it would never be covered with a dense slave population. The northern and mountainous division, with a climate of considerable severity, would probably reject involuntary servitude. The only mode, in which the great evil of slavery can be finally eradicated, seems to us to be a mode, which the proposed acquisition would directly facilitate. It is to distribute the slaves over a greater surface. It is to increase the ratio of the white population, and render the slaves sparse, distributed in smaller numbers and fewer in individual hands. The evil is already wearing out in two or three states, that we could name, in this way. To us it is clear, if the slaves in the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiania, the only states, where slavery is not decreasing, were distributed in twice as many states, and in twice as many hands, the interest for the perpetuation of slavery would not be increased. A country, where the slaves are as numerous as the whites, has too great an interest in the perpetuation of slavery to merge it. It could not dispose of such a proportion of its property. Neither could it emancipate such a number of slaves, if it would.

It seems to us, therefore, that no evil need be apprehended to our liberties and to our union, no danger of an ascendency of the south over the north, no tendency to increase the power of the slave states, or perpetuate the evils of slavery, would arise from the acquisition of Texas;—but various and great advantages to the U. S. which we shall not at present weary the patience of our reader by rehearsing.

But while such are our views, in relation to this subject, we impugn not the motives, nor question the integrity of those, who maintain the contrary opinions. There are those among the wisest and best of our citizens, most tried in our councils, and proved in the confidence of the country, who thought adversely to the purchase of Louisiana in the same way. We shall have, eventually, to learn the great lesson of charity, and while we hold firmly to our own judgments, allow, that others may be equally honest in diametrically opposite opinions.

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An exposition of the Old and New Testament, containing the whole of the sacred text, and practical comments upon it. By Matthew Henry. First American edition, to which is prefixed a preface by Archibald Alexander, D. D., Professor of Theology in the Seminary at Princeton, N. J. Philadelphia. Published by Towar & Hogan. 1828.

To mild and kind hearted orthodoxy we have no objections; for it is our deepest conviction, that religion has its domicile much more in the heart, than the head, and receives far more influence from the prevalent tempers, than the theoretical speculations. Henry's exposition was the comment upon the scriptures almost solely in use in the churches in New England in our young days. This voluminous work is thus identified in our mind with the ministers and worship of those happier religious days of the golden age—the period of flowing wigs, when ministers aiming at no other, were allowed to exercise an unquestioned paternal authority. One village had but one church, and he who occupied it, was as an angel in the golden candlestick, a man of real and deep reverence, living in the hearts and affections of the people, his goings out and comings in noted, not for calumnious scrutiny, but from filial veneration. Those were not the days of the reign of a hundred angry and polemic sects. Religion was understood to be a matter of practice and good feeling; and the theories by which good men became religious were little investigated, the people being more concerned to gather good fruit, than to search out the elementary principles of its origin and development. We have not a doubt, that the influence of religion in our land was more real and efficient, than it has been, since men have diverged *toto cælo*, and become the antipodes of each other. The same village has now its rival spires of temples dedicated in form to the Prince of peace; but really showing as hostile fortifications of a party with a distinctive flag—an Ebal and Gerizzim—where the people entrench themselves, with each their little history of hostility, gossip, scandal and incident, out of which grow fixed and perennial feuds and family divisions, and society altercations, and ultimately wrath, confusion and every evil work.

These immense mischiefs, so ominous in our view to the future influence and extension of religion, seem to us to have grown out of the universal error of the day, that people in religion, both as regards theory and practice, are much influenced by speculations, called Calvinism, Arminianism, Hopkinsianism, Liberalism, Unitarianism, and the like. The impression is, that people, who inscribe these names on their banners, must of course exhibit the full influence of their speculations in corresponding conduct. We expect no such thing. We have not so studied human nature. We meet with men every day, whose actions are continually at war with their professions. One man is fierce and persecuting, with moderation and meekness on his tongue. Another contends for *regenerated renewal*, with the palpable evidence of a most unrenewed spirit; while the mild and kind dispositions, the self government and the subdued spirit of another, who denies the doctrine of his neighbor, touching regeneration, show, that he has felt the reality, of which the other arrogantly assumes the name.

The congregational churches of New England, fifty years since, as it

regarded doctrinal matters, were chiefly fed from such writers as Watts, Doddridge, Baxter, and more than all, Matthew Henry, men of a spirit, of which our world was not worthy; men whose names should be consecrated to immortal renown, men whose piety consisted not in the wisdom or excellency of their theories, but in the evangelical sanctity of their lives. We may affirm of all of them, that while they were what is now called orthodox in theory, so far as regarded consistency with their theories, they were heretical in practice—that is, if the phrase and term of their creed was Calvinistic, their life and practice were Arminian. We find very little speculation among them, touching the Athanasian doctrines of the Trinity. When the requirement of affirmation or negation comes in their way, they affirm as Trinitarians. The question had not been agitated in their days, as in ours: But with us there is no question, what these excellent men would have answered, had they been obliged categorically to reply to the question, 'do you believe in the simple, strict unity of the Divinity?' If we were to put down a whole volume of words to explain our thoughts, we could not better declare our views of the character and spirit of Henry's exposition, than by saying, it is orthodox in term and phrase, but evangelical and liberal in temper and spirit. A class of ministers and christians sprung up moulded by their writings to the same spirit, with the form of what they called 'sound' words, and a mild spirit of suavity and liberality, which measured professors entirely by their lives, and not at all by their speculations.

It is to us matter of regret, that those days cannot be expected to return. All professors have since arranged themselves resolutely under their banners; and ministers, who used formerly to interchange labors and pulpits, preaching unconsciously and substantially the same truths, when brought up to the term of their creed, have unfortunately found, or imagined they have found, that their sentiments are so heretically diverse, that they can no longer exchange ministerial courtesies, or the one admit that the other is a christian. Scott, meanwhile, has almost superseded Henry, possessing much learning, much labor, much piety, but unfortunately rigid, unbending Calvinism in the letter and in the spirit, which is made the *sine qua non* of christian life and character.

Princeton, with its noble endowments, its learned professors, its central advantages, has adopted one standard of presbyterian orthodoxy. Andover, physically nearer the warm crater of 'notions,' with more books, more such models as Edwards, Hopkins, Emmons, and Worcester, with indefatigable and eccentric professors, is well known by the initiated, to have raised almost as much question between these two great Divinity schools, touching each other's orthodoxy, as exists between either of them and the Unitarians.

We rejoice in the publication of an American edition of this great work, for a number of reasons. It is auspicious to the great and general cause of charity among us. Henry is, as we remarked, orthodox in theory, but catholic in spirit. The great scope of this work is not to elicit theory and speculation, but practical Godliness. This excellent man never aspired to be the leader of a party, or to institute an exclusive theoretical badge. We rejoice in it, because the ranks of orthodoxy embrace, and probably will for a long season to come embrace, a great and respectable religious

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community, who do exercise, and will exercise a prodigious influence upon the religious public. So long as such a community exists, it is much more desirable, at least to us, that ministers and people should drink into the spirit of an author so mild, so evangelical in temper, rather than such decided and polemic works, as those of Scott and the more fierce and vehement orthodox commentators.

The best English editions of Henry are in a number of folio volumes—a work of very great expense—and of course rare, and growing into disuse in our country, owing at once to its scarcity, and its price. Great numbers of the milder spirits among the orthodox have always thought, that no commentaries, yet published, are in all respects worthy of superseding Henry. To furnish the requisite supply, and to introduce this catholic work once more to common use in the orthodox churches, the spirited American publishers have undertaken a beautiful sterotype edition of this great work, in six octavo volumes, of so large and full a page, as might well pass for quarto. The whole work cannot comprise much less than six thousand pages. We have been informed, that the plates would amount to nearly ten tons, and we presume that the expense cannot fall much short of $50,000. So far as we have examined the work, it is of great beauty and excellence of paper and printing, and exactness of execution. They have shown the most unlimited reliance upon the patronage of the orthodox churches; and we will not allow ourselves to believe, that they will be disappointed in that reliance. We have had the satisfaction to hear, that, so far as calculation can be based on the patronage, compared with the time for its manifestation, they have every reason to hope, that their great enterprise will be crowned with success.

Instead of attempting any analysis of the contents of this great work, which could not be thought of within our limits, we shall compound with the reader, by offering a very brief sketch of the life and character of the prince and patriarch of English orthodox commentators on the scriptures, Matthew Henry.

His father, Philip Henry, was ejected, *by the act of conformity*, from his living in the parish of Warthembury in Flintshire. Our author was born the same year of his father's ejection, 1662. In his early years he was of feeble health, and was not expected to survive to maturity. His abiding impressions of religion arose from a sermon of his father's, which fastened upon his mind at the age of ten. He was remarkably quick in learning, retentive in memory, and close in application. He was exceedingly attached to his father, and remained under his instruction, until he was eighteen. His academic training was at Islington, under the care of Thomas Doolittle, where many young men were trained, as dissenters, for the ministry.

At twenty one he was highly improved in learning, and eminently pious. But the times were dark and discouraging for dissenting ministers; and he entered in Gray's Inn, 1685, for the study of law. Various circumstances, apparently providential, proved that his endowment, his impulse and his prospects of success pointed alike to the ministry. The court beginning to relax its severity, in regard to interdicting dissenters from ordination, he received a kind of informal call to settle at Chester. He obtained also a sort of equivocal presbyterian ordination, on which oc-

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casion his thesis was *an justificemur fide absque operibus legis. Affirmatur.* From this it appears, that he was, in theory at least, rigidly orthodox. A house was fitted up for him at Chester, and he commenced his ministry with flattering prospects of success. Three of his sisters married respectably in that city; and shortly after he was connected in the same way himself. In a year and a half from his marriage, his wife died of small pox, leaving him an infant son. He married, not long after, a second time. In the space of twenty-two years, he had nine children, of whom eight were daughters, and three died in infancy.

Few ministers have exhibited a more earnest, occupied, and exemplary ministry. Besides the vast work before us, he published a great number of *doctrinal and practical sermons.* He labored many years on a *body of Divinity*, and made a collection of *family hymns.* He published a *plain catechism for children*, and another for the *instruction of those, who are to be admitted to the Lord's Supper.* His ministry was remarkably successful; and he was a shining example of ministerial wisdom and fidelity. He was eminently profitable in his preaching to the prisoners and malefactors in Chester jail; and he was greatly instrumental, in forming a *society for the reformation of manners.*

In 1700 his society built him a spacious and commodious church. In 1703 he had above 360 communicants, and an enlarged church in perfect unanimity. But as his reputation had now become extensive, he had various invitations to take charge of other congregations, particularly in London. After much solicitation, he became pastor of the church at Hackney, where his career was similar to his former one at Chester; between the people of which society and him, there always remained an intercourse of the tenderest regard. There is little to startle, or create the interest of surprize in the tenor of his calm life of unremitting ministerial labor. Few ministers preached, or wrote, or labored more, or were more instant in season, or out of season, in every labor, in which the welfare and salvation of souls was concerned. Although he labored, and lived, as one bound to a better country, he had, as usual, his measures of care, pain and sorrow in this. He was subject to frequent attacks of a most terrible and painful disorder He had preached at Chester, and was on his way, fulfilling different appointments, to London. He preached at Nantwich, and after service was taken ill. Next day he expired of apoplexy, June 22, 1714. As they were putting him on his death bed, his friend Mr. Illidge stood by. The dying man addressed him in these memorable words: 'You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men. This is mine, that a life, spent in the service of God, is the most comfortable and pleasant life, that one can live in this world.'

The following traits characterise his great work before us. That part of it, which was finished by him, (for he did not live to complete the whole, and the latter part, viz. from the Acts of the Apostles, is by other hands,) evinces inexhaustible fertility of good sentiment, the most exact practical biblical knowledge, and a certain amenity and cheerfulness of feeling, which are naturally transfused into the mind of the reader. He advanced no claims to the mere redundant exactness, of what is now considered adequate biblical criticism. But, that there is quite enough of learning in this book for common readers, will appear from this fact, that

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Pool's very learned compilation *Criticorum Synopsis* was constantly before him, during the composition of this work. It is remarkable for being written in the pure, old classical English; and although so voluminous a work, is so singularly concise and condensed, that every word tells, and that scarcely a phrase can be struck out as redundant. There is also a pleasing quaint vivacity, an ease and gentleness, which seem to flow from an amiable and happy mind. The reading it has a constant tendency to create the same cheerfulness, which seemed always to beam on the mind of the writer. There is often a play upon words, which was a characteristic of the writings of the time.

But the distinctive trait of this exposition is its abundance of antithetical and pithy apothegms. It is a magazine replete with an immense amount of proverbial expressions. From this repository might be drawn a whole volume of these pointed and laconic remarks, these treasured condensations of the wisdom and experience of the age, thrown into the form of proverbs.

No commentary has ever appeared, more full and happy in elucidating the text in question by all its parallel passages. The association of passages by ties only perceptible to the commentator before discovery, but afterwards easily visible to every one, evinces peculiar ingenuity and quickness of perception. His mind was opulent with the treasures of the sacred volume. His views are presented with a directness and simplicity worthy of all praise, uncombined with human philosophy, unencumbered with the technical distinctions of scholastic theology, and unobscured by the mists of incomprehensible metaphysics. He is no polemic, nor controversialist. Calm and yet convinced he marches to his point, as if not aware, that it had ever been called in question; and probably no commentary has ever been written, in the general views of which so many of the shades of orthodox opinion have been met. From the calm and gentle tenor of the work, from its mild and peaceful spirit, from its quaint simplicity, from its lucid plainness of old and unpolluted English, from its unequalled richness in the comparison of parallel passages, from its bearing directly upon its great aim, *to make men wise to salvation*, from its avoidance of the show of learning and the discussion of disputed points, it is peculiarly fitted to be the commentary of the plain, straight forward, way-faring man; at the same time, that it is perhaps the best guide and the safest model for the wisest and most acute divines of the persuasion, for whom it is fitted.

It is hardly necessary to add, that so far as the excellent author speculated with the Westminster assembly of divines, in their peculiarities, we do not speculate with him. We only express a favorable opinion of this work, compared with any other orthodox commentary, with which we are acquainted. In preparing this beautiful and cheap edition for the American, religious, orthodox public, the indefatigable and enterprising publishers have performed, as we think, a most acceptable and important service to that numerous and respectable community; and as they have incurred an expense, perhaps surpassing that of any work ever before stereotyped among us, we are sure, that the religious public will not suffer their enterprize to pass unrequited.

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Annotations on the New Testament, compiled from the best critical authorities, and designed for popular use. By J. P. Dabney. In two parts. 8 vo. pp. 560. Cambridge. Hilliard & Brown: 1829.

Mr. Dabney, the author of this work, is well known, as a clerical scholar, of unwearied application and perseverance, residing in the shade of our most ancient university, and having access to far the best library, for labors of this sort, on the western continent. Strong powers and an earnest and fervid mind applied to his various literary exertions, have enabled him at an early period to accomplish purposes, which already tell in their bearing upon the interests of the Christian church. We had recently occasion to mention his popular version of hymns, which has already passed to the ninth edition.

The work before us takes a higher aim, and is designed to fill an important chasm in the requirements of readers of the New Testament; a plain, familiar, condensed, cheap and intelligible view, by the most learned and diligent biblical critics and expositors, of the common difficulties, and questionable passages in the gospel. Every person who venerates the divine writings, must have felt the need of such a familiar and brief canon of annotations. Even a professed biblical scholar, a divine for example, in the pressure of his laborious duties of composition, cannot always command leisure and patience to repair to folios, perhaps in a foreign language, where the point in question is elucidated. To him, as well as to the common reader, it must be a great help and relief, to have the pith and body of explication upon dark and difficult passages presented at one view, by seeing the parallel and opposite opinions drawn up, side by side. Such is the help to the learned and unlearned reader, which this work is intended to supply.

There are a great number of works, with views somewhat similar to this; but none, to our knowledge, of the brief and popular character of Mr. Dabney's work. It is well known, that the features of these annotations present it prominently, as one of liberal character, and calculated to sustain liberal views of Christianity. But we see, among the authorities quoted, not a few of the most noted of the orthodox. To Calvin, and particularly to Beza, he often refers for their views of the import of a passage. It is a curious fact, that the biblical critics, and the learned commentators, who wrote in the early periods of the reformation, and before modern party questions began to be agitated, though reputed orthodox, are very frequently found arraying their authorities on the liberal side of scripture interpretation.

That the compilation before us must have cost the author a great amount of labor, is obvious upon the slightest inspection. That familiar criticisms and illustrations of difficult, obscure, or questionable passages of the New Testament, ought to be before the eye of the reader, who reads to understand, it might seem almost superfluous to say. The number of critical and illustrative authors, whose opinions upon passages are continually brought under the view of the reader of this work, exceeds fifty, and they embrace all the names of any note in that walk of investigation, that have appeared. There are the condensed views of the laborious miners in Hebrew literature. There are the names of the worthies, who threw light

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upon the scriptures, immediately after the reformation. There are the views of the catholic commentator, beside those of his protestant opponent. There are the views of the ultra orthodox, contrasted by those of the ultra liberal; and Beza and Calvin confront Priestly and Wakefield.— The reader compares the opinions and views of these great men, eliciting light, if he will, from their contrarieties, trying and proving all things, and holding fast that which is good.

To give our judgment respecting the convictions which evidently predominated in the mind of the author, and which the balance of authorities places conspicuously before the reader, would savor of arrogance and assumption. We have not leisure nor strength so to examine the work, as to prepare our mind for a decision, calling for so much labor and research. We have preferred to present the reader with the intentions of the work, and the manner, in which it is prepared, and the authorities, upon which it is based, and the uses, which it is calculated to supply, and withal to state, that it is the work of a diligent, and intelligent scholar, with the most ample means of books and information, which our country can furnish. We wish the author the success of seeing this work go into general and popular use.

Sketches of American Character. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, author of Northwood, &c. Boston. Putnam & Hunt, and Carter & Hendee, 1829. 12mo. pp. 287.

Mrs. Hale writes verses, and what is better, impressive and fine verses, which are read; and that is more, than can be said of more than half the material, that in these days is so lavishly blotted on paper, and called *poetry*. We do not affect originality, when we announce, that the original and true import of 'poetry' is a creation, meaning *de novo*. Most of the letters and syllables, now done into metre and rhythm by young gentlemen and ladies, is as far from 'poiesis,' or a making out of whole cloth, as can be imagined. A certain craniological magotry they undoubtedly feel, and thinking it the spur of the muses, down sit they, and the materials committed to memory from reading the verses of others, are cut down, re-moulded, and re-appear in a new form. In some the old seams and the original sewing appear. In others, as on the stolen plate, some of the letters of the original manufacturer's name are left unerased, to mark the theft and the identity of the original property. In most instances the copies are the shadow of a shade, perhaps a thousand descents from any original basis of truth and nature. Who of our verse makers, like Burns and Byron, really bring forth the uncopied images of their own minds, and draw their thoughts and feelings from the depths of their own bosoms? Mrs. Hale sometimes, not always, does so. There is a felt, but undescribed and indescribable reality in truth and nature, which gives truly original writing, even if plain and unadorned, a force, a power, which nothing artificial and copied and borrowed ever did have, or can have. This is exactly the difference between a real and a factitious writer. Of the thousands, who are continually minting their treasures from

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the press; you rarely see writing, that is not made up, that is not wrought out of other's thoughts, new moulded; and we take true criticism, the real discrimination of mental tact, chiefly to consist in this capability of the reader, to distinguish real, native born and original thoughts from factitious and made up writings, the mere products of mechanical labor, the digestion, and re-composition, and showing in a new form the writings of others.

Mrs. Hale is an original writer. We enquire not, whether her inspiration were from the beginning, or, has been from drinking the salutary, but bitter waters of affliction. Plain good sound sense is her ground work; and her thoughts, even if they have been derived from reading, have been so perfectly elaborated, and assimilated in her own mind, that they have the charm of appearing to be her own unborrowed thoughts, expressed in her own way, forming that peculiarity of expression, that we call style.— Strange as it may appear in a lady and a poetess, she is one of our plainest and most unadorned writers. Like Swift, to whose excellencies only the comparison relates, she seems to avoid figurative and ornamented diction, when it comes in her way. She tells her straight onward tale with such a plain, calm simplicity, that the reader, under the illusion of *vraisemblance*, feels, that he is reading real matters and things, about which there can be no mistake. We think, she carries this terror of ornament too far. There is a power in words, which such a mind as hers cannot but feel; and there is something almost unnatural, in seeing a lady, whose invention is so opulent in imagery, always standing forth, in prose at least, in such severe plainness.

We read her 'sketches' with interest and respect, for another reason.— All your factitious and made up writers think, that to have interest the scene must be abroad, and far away. Dukes, princes, and noblemen, and above all, English noblemen, fairies, daughters of the sun, in short, delicate, foreign and out of the way monsters can alone constitute, according to them, an adequate and worthy theme. Mrs. Hale has discovered, that there is as much human nature in the people of New Hampshire, of Boston and its environs, as in England; and that a Yankee is as genuine a penny worth for a writer, as a daughter of the Incas; and that Thomas Moore can write much more to the point, when he describes lady loves, than the 'loves of the angels.' She is a true tariffite, a hearty and staunch advocate for the genuine American system. If we had a few more such, we would find the loves and courtships, the adventures and incidents, the joys and sorrows of our own dear countrymen and women, as true materials of interest, as the maudlin, made up, artificial, and slang characters, with which we are treated by the English writers, who describe to us a worn out state of society, a miserable wit, composed of a factitious language—the dialect of the *cognoscenti*, a knowing style, as ephemeral, as a female fashion, and as far from grace and truth, as a modern fine lady's dress is from the Grecian drapery.

These sketches are well told stories, with an admirable moral to each —and they beguile the reader from point to point with a downright simplicity and truth of keeping, which gives the reading for the time the illusion of reality. They are all fine. But we were most struck with 'the Wedding,' and 'the Funeral.' We should take pleasure to transfer it en-

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tire to our pages. It would be a far more useful tract, upon the horrible effects of intemperance, than some of the prosing writing, which is published under that form. The catastrophe is truly tragic and thrilling; and although Mrs. Hale says, she does not love bloody stories, is at least as terrible as any of ours, to which she can object. It is useless to wish her that patronage of the public which she already enjoys. We can only desire, that those, who throw away their money, to buy maudlin books of tales delineating English manners, so *fade*, as the French say, so devoid of heart, so silly, and so made up of cant, slang and Bond street *patois*, as to be to us unreadable, would pause, and buy instead an American book, which gives us views of our own people, in the felt interest of their actual identity.

The Constitution of Man, considered in relation to external objects. By George Combe. First American, from the Edinburgh edition. Boston. Carter & Hendee. 1829. 8 vo. pp. 310.

The author of this work is a zealous phrenologist, a man of clear, broad, discriminating and philosophic mind, in a degree to have few compeers in his age. We have never met with views of the reciprocal relations of man to the universe, and of that to him, more profound, impressive, and useful. He has an eye to look through the creation; and instead of coming to the desolating conclusions of atheism, he has traced new links in that golden chain, which binds man, in common with all things else, to the throne of the Divinity. He has discovered new indications of wisdom and benevolent arrangement, and has inferred merciful intentions in those dispensations, that might most obviously offer to cavillers, as proofs of the contrary. Here is a real philosopher, unfolding the design of final causes with a calm, humble and modest wisdom; finding the Creator every where in benevolence and power, offering new inducements to learn the first and last lesson of religion, and the ultimate attainment of human wisdom, resignation to the will of God. Here is a book, which develops the real laws of our nature, and conditions of our being. Here is an earnest, wise and eloquent inculcation of the necessity of giving the first place in education to the cultivation of the moral faculties, rather than those, which have for final object wealth, pleasure, fame and power. Here is a solemn and emphatic lesson upon the folly and enormity of war, and the misery consequent upon lending the whole efforts of a nation merely to the acquisition of wealth. Here, in short, is an eloquent and profound book, which vindicates the ways of God to man, and proves, that so long as we do not understand the laws of our being, and transgress them ignorantly, or so long as we wilfully and consciously violate them, misery to ourselves must be the inevitable result. In a word, the author has proved, that the Omnipotent has forged every link of the chain, that connects transgression of the laws of our nature with our own misery; and that we can never hope to be happy, till we first understand the conditions of our being, and in the next place conform to them.

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That such a writer, as Combe, should be a phrenologist, that he should zealously defend the system, that he should predicate the admirable treatise before us upon the truth of it, that he should insist, that education and human improvement can be based upon no other view of human nature, ought at least to shield the science from the attempted ridicule of sciolists and smatterers, whether God has given them the grace of wit in fact, or only an inward estimation to that amount, received by none but themselves. Let those, who know more, and can write better than Combe, ridicule phrenology, and he will see but very few merry-makers in relation to him. We shall deem, that we can perform no more acceptable service to our readers and the community, than by putting down, in our own way, a very condensed abstract of some of the more useful and prominent thoughts and views in this book, not wholly unmixed with reflections of our own, which have been elicited by reading it. These views and thoughts are equally true and important, whether they are predicated upon the truth of phrenology, or on the received mental theories of the day; and although every day's experience and investigation inclines us more and more to believe, that phrenology is the true mental system of human nature, to avoid the introduction of opinions, for which, probably, but a small portion of our readers are yet prepared, we shall construct this article without any reference to the author's phrenological faith. In other words, we shall lay the phrenology of this volume out of the question.

We premise, then, that this work on the constitution of man is intended, as a broad foundation for a true and efficient system of education, embracing its moral, intellectual, and physical departments. These preliminary principles must be invaluable and indispensable to the great point of commencing at the beginning of that all absorbing subject, and enabling the instructers so to commence their rudiments, as not to have to pull down, and build up again and again. Experienced teachers have always found, that to unlearn their pupils was quite as laborious and necessary, as to learn them.

We find an existing universe, which all our doubts and disputations cannot alter. We are sure, there are final causes. Why things are, as they are, whence is evil, how benevolence and wisdom are reconcilable with pain and ignorance, are questions which human intellect has not powers in the present existence to solve. But as far as our researches can go, every step opens wisdom, design, order and kindness even in the instances, that ignorance would interpret to contrary conclusions. Right reason, guided by true humility, would infer, that where we cannot discover wisdom and benevolence, it is proof only of our weakness and ignorance. The wisest find most reasons to love, trust, and adore God; and the profoundest philosophy brings the mind and the heart nearest to Him. If we could know more, and were more fully acquainted with the relations of all the parts of God's universe, we should be able to understand, why it rains on the waste ocean, and why there are droughts in populous countries; why there is ignorance, misery and death in this world, and a great many other mysteries to our present faculties. But since, as far as we can understand relations, wisdom, and more wisdom, goodness, and more goodness are continually unfolding upon us, and conducting us always nearer to the righteous throne of the Divinity, surely we ought

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thence to infer, that where we cannot see wisdom and goodness, it is owing, not to their not existing in those instances, but to the shortness of our ken, and the feebleness of our mental vision. The natural laws of the universe are invariable, universal, unbending. A ship floats, water descends, and all physical tendencies are the same over the globe.— Wherever men enter life in harmony with the organic laws, and continue to obey them, there is no instance where disease and pain result from that obedience. Men never enjoy health, vigor and happiness, in disobedience to those laws. These laws are in harmony with the whole constitution of man, and the moral and intellectual powers are always supreme. The world abounds with infinite contrivance, which, as far as we are acquainted with it, is always directed to beneficial purposes. The author specifically states, that he leaves man's spiritual and future interests out of this investigation, as belonging to the subject of revelation.

The laws of nature, which most directly affect man, are his organic laws. As proofs, that the universe is formed in harmony with those laws, we instance the following:

In the tropical regions, the muscular energy is less in the same proportion, as the natural fertility of the soil is more. Less labor is requisite for food and shelter. In colder latitudes muscular energy is increased, and the ruder elements and the more sterile nature have proportioned their claims accordingly. In the arctic regions, no farinaceous food ripens; and the companions of Capt. Franklin, and all sojourners in those countries, concur in finding, that bread and vegetable diet did not answer them for the requisite nutriment; but that pure animal food, and the fatter the better, was the only sustenance, that maintained the tone of the system; that the quantity required was much greater, than in milder latitudes, and that it imparted a delightful vigor and buoyancy of body and mind. Strange as it may seem, those dreary countries abound in infinite numbers and varieties of animals, fowls and fish. The climate favors the drying and preserving animal food, which is thus prepared to sustain the inhabitants, when nature lays on her chains of ice, and wraps herself up in her mantle of snow. In fact, range over the globe, and the food, climate and circumstances, will be found accommodated to the inhabitants; and they, where they obey their organic laws, to their climate and mode of subsistence.

In all climates the organic law calls aloud upon man, to range in the open air in cheerful exercise, calculated to develope sound and vigorous muscular and nervous systems. The laborer digs, and the English squire chases for health and cheerfulness. The penalty of indolence, or the violation of the organic law, is debility, bodily and mental, dyspepsia with all its horrible train, and finally death. The penalty of over exertion, or of artificial stimulants, or of debauchery, tend to other forms of disease and misery. These laws, though not so palpable, not so frequently in the mind's eye, are as invariable, and inevitable, as those of attraction, or magnetism. Nine in ten, however, even in enlightened countries, and what we call enlightened days, recognize, and obey them not. The certain penalties which follow from age to age, the disease and misery, that ensue from the constant violation of these invariable and universal organic laws, are the eternal heralds of the Divinity, proclaiming to all people,

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is all languages, that his laws carry their sanctions with them. As soon as men recognize these laws, labor, which is now painful and ignominous, will become as pleasant, as it is useful. Circumstances compel what are called the lower classes to labor; and this is another indication of benevolence, that the greater portions of our race have not the choice of destroying themselves by indolence, and are driven to the course of their best interest.

Phrenologists divide the human faculties into 1. Propensities. 2. Sentiments. 3. Intellectual faculties. Of these all are arranged to one great end, and are alike necessary, though not alike useful and important. Every faculty is good in itself; but all are liable to abuse. The law of our nature is framed with reference to the supremacy of the moral sentiments and the intellect. Other things being equal, this supremacy as certainly tends to happiness, as a stone thrown into the air returns to the ground. The animal part of our nature is first developed, and the order of human events, and the misguided blindness of education, as hitherto conducted, has almost uniformly tended to give it the ascendency in our natures. The moral and intellectual supremacy will not be obtained either by instinct or chance. The mind must be enlightened, and trained by a wise and virtuous education to it. When the dictates of the moral and intellectual nature have strength enough to be heard over the clamor of the propensities, then men will be happy; and then man will be in harmony with the law of his nature.

For example: a variety of the propensities are gratified in conjugal union. But this union must be such, that one, or more shall not militate with the rest. That feeling, that we call love, inclines to the union. The one party surveys in the other marks of improvidence and immorality, indications of error, which the moral and intellectual nature cannot approve. But under the impulses of the propensities, which are honored, and veiled with the nature of love, the union is consummated. The propensities are satiated and languish. Who could not foretell, that repentance, and disgust and disaffection and loathing, in proportion to the remembered raptures forever past away, should fill that union with discord and misery, by a law as certain, as that, which propels water down the precipice?

The perfidy and the inconstancy of friendship has been sufficiently said, and sung. Examine our nature, and see whence it is. One person contracts a friendship for another, founded on the lòve of approbation and self esteem. There was little of moral consideration, and less of moral and intellectual preference in the tie. So long as both are prosperous, and none of the circumstances of the original compact changed, the sympathy of self-esteem and love of approbation remains. But one, instead of remaining a rich and popular friend, becomes poor and forsaken; and the harmony between the selfish faculties, on which the union was formed, is broken. Is it strange, that the remaining rich and esteemed partner will transfer his friendship to another individual who will restore the balance of sympathy and gain? Is it strange, that he should forsake the poor and attach himself to the genteel friend? The cast-away will find, if he examines his own mind and heart, that in the reverse of cases, he would have taken the same steps with his perfidious friend. In other words, a friendship founded simply on selfish considerations, can exist no longer, than the existence of the causes, on which it was based.

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The author exemplifies a similar principle in the case of Sheridan, and in the language of phrenology. 'If,' he says, 'we examine the head of Sheridan, we shall perceive large adhesiveness, self esteem and love of approbation, with deficient reflecting organs and moderate conscientiousness.' He abounded in those organs, which gave him talents for observation and display. His reputation was brilliant, and he was surrounded by friends, to whom he probably felt attachment in return. Destitute of morality, his regard was neither true, disinterested, nor honest. He abused their kindness, became poor and wretched, and ceased to confer honor, or gratify their love of approbation. They all forsook him; and what marvel, that a connection, founded on selfish principles, should terminate with the annihilation of the basis, on which it was founded?

Again: a manufacturer became rich, and built a princely mansion, and furnished it in appropriate splendor. He invited all his customers and humble friends to see it. He led them through the numerous apartments, and dazzled them with the splendor and magnificence, and displayed, in its full blaze, his grandeur and taste. He imagined, that he was confering a pleasure, and filling their minds with admiration of his greatness. What was the result? Their selfishness was revolted by his. They saw no love, no benevolence to them, no regard to the general good in the grand fabric. They were all aware of the motive, from which it sprang. His humble brethren walked through the princely halls, saw the rich carpets, mirrors, gilding, burnishing and array, and read his exultation, his consciousness of importance of his claims upon their admiration, and his desire, that they would minister food to his vanity. The worst portion of them hated him. The better pitied his folly, and the silliest were the only party gratified; and their pitiful pleasure arose from a source as selfish, as his. In their own circle they could boast, how great a friend they were intimate with, and in how grand a style they had been entertained. Who, that has seen such scenes, cannot remember similar displays at least in kind? One ray of real and genuine benevolence in the rich man would have reversed the whole effect.

In investigating the sources of human happiness, the first and most obvious circumstance of the condition of man is, that his enjoyment must arise, in a great measure, from the activity of every constituent of his system. The wisdom and benevolence of the laws of nature must then appear in the arrangements of creation, to excite the various powers, corporeal and mental, to activity. This is actually the case. A certain portion of nervous and muscular energy is infused every twenty four hours into the human frame, and there is a positive pleasure in expending it. The whole frame, every thing within and around it, are continually inviting to this expenditure. Gaining knowledge is delightful for its own sake. Novelty gratifies, because it is novelty and therefore exciting. Comparison furnishes an agreeable mental occupation; and thus there is spread before us the causes of continual excitement and occupation.

Suppose every thing, we comprehend, and acquire, had been infused into our minds at birth by intuition. Suppose the first meal, we had ever eaten, had prevented forever the recurrence of a second hunger, would our condition have been happier? Does the acquired wealth of the avaricious yield him the same enjoyment, as that, of which he is still in

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pursuit? Napoleon in exile said 'let us live upon the past.' But he had not a temperament, nor formed habits to live upon the past. In a word creation, in its present form, shows more wisdom and benevolence, in creating the desires, in furnishing the incitements, and in attaching to the pursuit still more pleasure, than to the acquisition. Nature furnishes materials and facilities, and man has faculties to invent, to combine, to apply, and to discriminate the salutary from the poisonous. Water at a certain temperature becomes steam, and acts, when confined, with prodigious power. The intellect, in its ponderings, finally invented the steam engine; and who does not see, that it were better, that the natural powers should attain it, than that it had been matter of inspiration?

Much has been said of the extent of human ignorance. We know not this extent, until we can know how much of our ignorance arises from not having used our capacities to their full extent. Final causes, the beginning and the end of things we, probably, have no faculties to know. But if it be true, that we can only be happy by understanding the nature and issues of our relations with the universe, and if it be true, that the ulterior purpose of our Creator is our happiness, we may safely conclude, that we have mental capacities, when rightly exercised, and to their proper extent, adapted to the comprehension of these relations.

Let us survey a few detailed instances of what has been done. Before the knowledge of astronomy and the mariner's compass, what an impassable barrier must have seemed the illimitable ocean? Who could ever have dreamed, that a ship would safely circumnavigate the globe, in storms and darkness? Consider the recent ravages of that scourge, the small-pox? Who dreamed, fifty years ago, that it would be almost blotted from the list of human evils, by the vaccine inoculation?

The human race may be regarded, as only in its infancy. The art of printing is but of yesterday. Twenty years ago, what would the solitary Kentuckian, starting in his skiff from New-Orleans, to row against the currents to Port William, have thought of an invention, carrying him, while he slept, all the distance, by a brute mechanical power, in eight or ten days? To him it would have been quite as incredible, as that in twenty years to come ærostation should enable men to cross the Atlantic. Sir Isaac Newton observed, that all bodies, which refracted the rays of light, were combustible, except the diamond, which he could not burn. A century afterwards, chemists made the diamond blaze with as much lustre, as he had done a wax candle. Let us proceed calmly, but earnestly in the expansion of our faculties, being assured, that increased knowledge will furnish us with increased means of doing good, and being happy.

The great object of education should be, to give the moral and intellectual faculties an ascendency over the propensities. Every individual ought to devote so many hours to the exercise of his nervous and muscular system, so many in studying our relations to external objects, and so many to the cultivation and gratification of our moral sentiments. Every faculty of nature ought to have its proportionate place, exercise and gratification, exactly in proportion to its relative importance, compared with the organic laws of our nature. A community was formed at Orbiston, on Mr. Owen's principles. Music and dancing and theatrical entertainments were provided; but the people tired of them. They had not corresponding moral and intellectual instruction.

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Why has man existed so long, and made so little advance in the road to happiness? Because, from ignorance and infringement of the laws of his nature, he has almost as often retrograded, as made progress in that knowledge, which can only be crowned with enjoyment. Has man really advanced in happiness, in proportion to his increase in knowledge? Notwithstanding all that has been declaimed and sung about the golden age, which never existed, but in poetry, the present condition of savages, compared with civilized people, answers the question. Enter a wigwam on the borders of our lakes, in a wintry snow storm, and satisfy yourself. Examine the physical laws of creation in reference to the lower animals. The race of monkeys is formed to climb trees. The animals possess muscular energy in legs, claws and tail, far surpassing that bestowed on the legs and arms of man. The goat browses on the edge of precipices. Its hoofs and legs are admirably formed to give precision and stability to its steps. Birds, which sleep on branches of trees, are provided with a muscle passing over the joint of each leg, and stretching down to the foot, contracting their claws so, as to make them cling faster, the greater is their liability to fall. Examine the beak of our paroquet. It is said to sleep hanging by that prodigiously powerful bill from a branch. Most wonderful of all, we see a fly walking on the smooth ceiling over our heads, and know, that it is just as subject to the law of gravitation, in proportion to its weight, as an elephant. It has a curious hollow in its foot, from which it expels the air, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the outside holds it fast in its position. The sea horse, which climbs the sides of ice hills, has a similar apparatus. The camel, which traverses the sandy deserts of the torrid zone, has a broad spreading hoof, like an Indian snow shoe, to support it on the loose soil. Fishes are furnished with air bladders; by dilating, and contracting of which, they can accommodate themselves with perfect precision to the law of gravitation.

Is man less an object of love with his Creator? Certainly not. His means of protection are different, but when rightly understood, and applied, equally complete. But at the present moment no class of society is systematically instructed in the constitution of their own minds and bodies, in relation to external objects, and the necessity of the supremacy of the moral sentiments. A mass of inert *mentality* every where exists around us, and countless evils spring from its continuance in this condition.

The most impressive sections in Mr. Combe's book are those, which relate to the evils of mankind from the infringement of their organic laws. We glance at a few.

The first law of an organic being is, that the germ should be complete in all its parts. 2. That it should be supplied with food, light, air and aliment from the moment it lives. 3. That it shall duly exercise its functions. If God is benevolent, when these laws are obeyed, the being must enjoy pleasure from its organized frame. In proof, that men may so enjoy, Captain Cook observes of the New Zealanders, that they enjoyed perfect and uninterrupted health. Among the crowds of old and young, men and women, he never saw a single person, that had a bodily complaint, or the slightest eruption on the skin. Their wounds healed so astonishingly easy, that he thought they must have some peculiarly efficacious vulnerary

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balsams. Multitudes were in extreme age, bald, toothless, and marked with years; but none decrepid, or wanting in cheerfulness and vivacity. They drank nothing but water. They have gained from civilization firearms, artificial wants, venereal disease, and rum; and these blessings resulting from communication with us, are found to operate upon Zealanders, just as upon Americans. It is hoped that our christianity will compensate all.

The infant germ certainly ought to be complete, for vigorous developement and happy existence. Yet the feeble, the immature from youth, the sickly, the exhausted with age, intermarry without thought or compunction. Miserable beings are the result, the very rudiments of whose existence are tainted with disease. To the right development of this germ alternate exercise and repose, strict temperance and regard to its organic laws are necessary, and every one knows, how little this is the case. It is absolutely necessary, too, that all the functions shall be duly exercised.

The author is led by his theme to a more particular view of the penalties, that attach to the neglect of exercising the brain. It is the fountain of nervous energy to the whole body, and that energy is modified by the mode, in which the faculties and organs are affected. When misfortune and disgrace impend, a noxious nervous influence is communicated from the brain to the heart and other organs, and thence to the whole body. The pulse becomes feeble and irregular; digestion is deranged, and the whole corporeal frame wastes. When the brain is altogether agreeably affected, the exact reverse ensues.

When the French were retreating from Moscow, the enfeebled soldiers sank to the earth, through exhaustion and cold, and seemed perfectly reckless to life and every thing. The Russian guns sounded in their ears, and the bayonets gleamed in their eyes. They sprang to their arms, as though they were fresh for the field. The enemy were repulsed, and the moment after, they sank to their former indolence and recklessness. The author instances other examples, and traces the mode of this mental operation to the theory of phrenology for explanation. The fire king has recently shown, that a man can live in an oven, which is hot enough to cook flesh. What a proof, how far the organic law is superior to the physical.

A few centuries since, most of the cities in Europe were periodically desolated with the plague, as New Orleans is now with the yellow fever. The ignorant people of that age attributed these scourges to particular judgments of God for their wickedness. Divines tell us, that these places are still more wicked now. But no pestilence visits them. Why? They then infringed their organic laws; and how much more honorable to the Divinity to fix those laws as unchangeably as gravitation, than, like an imperfect mechanician, to be obliged continually to interpose, and give particular regulation to the movements! The sin, that was directly connected with the plague, was narrow and filthy streets, mean, dirty and crowded apartments, and those violations of the organic laws which resulted either from ignorance or wickedness. The vaccine disease saves ninety-nine out of a hundred, who used formerly to die of smallpox. A half a century ago, six miles west of Edinburgh, the country was so un-

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healthy, that the farmers and servants were regularly seized with the ague. These visitations were then charged to Providence. But the country is drained and cultivated, and there is no longer fever and ague. Out of the thousands, who are swept away every second or third year from New Orleans, how many would be saved, if instead of the expenses lavished upon balls and theatrical entertainments, the money were appropriated to dusting the streets daily, with quick lime, to purifying the apartments regularly with chloride of lime,—and the people universally were to take occasional medicine, and live through the summer months in habitual reference to the pestilential temperament of the atmosphere; and more than all, if rigid laws of cleanliness regulated the police, and an extent of some miles on each shore of the river were rescued by levees from stagnant water? Who will doubt, that under these circumstances yellow fever, as an epidemic, would disappear. But in order to this, fifty thousand people must be made acquainted with the organic laws, and feel them sanctioned by their natural love of life and dread of death.

We really feel regret, that we have not space to put down all the admirable illustrations, which the author has given of the fact, that attention to the organic laws shields from the evils, to which we are exposed, and infringement of them brings those evils as inevitably, as the physical powers of nature pursue their courses. God has ordained, and will not change them. It is our business to understand, and respect them.

A very interesting letter is given from Capt. Murray of the royal navy. The amount of it is, that by cleanliness, temperance and cheerfulness, he preserved the crew of his ship in perfect health in the arctic regions, and directly thence to the most sickly climates in the tropical countries. Precisely the most formidable places on the earth are mentioned, where not a man of his crew sickened. The crew consisted of 150. Other ships, following the common arrangements on the same stations, lost 30 to 50 men each, in the space of 8 to 10 weeks.

On p. 150 the author seizes so resolutely on phrenological illustrations, that we cannot give his meaning without his phrenological language. In regard to domestic evils, he assures us, that the most fruitful source is the union of persons, whose tempers, talents and dispositions do not harmonize. If it be true, that talents and dispositions are connected by the Creator with particular configurations of the cranium, then it is obviously His intention, that persons forming a union should take them into the calculation. He says, that if an individual, with the splendid cerebral developement of Raphael should, from mere animal impulse, unite himself for life with a female possessing a brain like a certain Mary Macinnes, whose cast is shown in the shops for a particularly bad head, it would be, as if a man were to surround himself with ice, to remove the sensation of cold, as relates to expecting happiness from such a union.

Bodily conformation and diseases are certainly hereditary and transmissible, of which innumerable instances might be cited. We believe as undoubtingly, as the author, in the hereditary transmission of mental talents and dispositions. The Stewarts, with one exception, have been remarkable for obstinacy. The children of the Brahmins are ascertained beyond question to be more acute, intelligent and docile than those of the lower castes. Quoting Dr. Gregory in Latin, he says, that the Claudian

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family produced Tiberias, Claudius, Caligula, Agrippina and at last the terrible Nero. A collection of Hindoo, Charib, Negro, New Holland, North American (Indian) and European skulls in juxta position show a combination of organs corresponding with the mental characters of the respective tribes. Crossing of these breeds generally improves them; more especially if the one race have a better development than the other. The nobles in Persia are the most highly gifted among that people; and they are the offspring of beautiful female Circassians, whose cerebral development is of the highest order. The degeneracy and idiocy of many of the royal and noble families of Portugal and Spain is owing to their intermarrying near relations, contrary to an organic law. The parents of Bonaparte on both sides were remarkable for uniting the peculiar talents which he possessed. The author proceeds to cite a variety of cases, in which particular traits, evidently arising from particular circumstances and impressions upon the mind of the mother, were transmitted. When the parties marry very young, the development of the offspring is more unfavorable, because the animal faculties are most vigorous in early life, and are most readily transmitted to the offspring. Children generally, though not universally, resemble their parents in their mental qualities.—The exceptions, we remark, probably relate to a particularly prevalent temperament of the parents at the time of conception. These positions are laid down, not as certain, but as rendered highly probable; and he admits, that it is a subject yet involved in obscurity. But, as it is one upon which the improvement and happiness of mankind essentially depend, it ought to be studied with the utmost diligence, and all possible light obtained from the multiplication of facts, cases and examples.

The author remarks, that it is astonishing, how closely pecuniary interests excite men to study the natural laws. Before a life insurance, the insurers scrutinize the character, health and habits of the person to be insured most severely, and on the best evidence. But a connubial connection, involving on an average the health and happiness of five human beings, is consummated with infinitely less enquiry and scruple.

The author here meets the question, why man had not the certainty of instincts given to his development? and by an elaborate and ingenious exposition of the circumstances of our condition, he concludes, that our actual position, by which good and bad qualities are transmitted, is fraught with higher advantages to the race, than the entire abrogation of the law of transmission.

(To be continued.)

Life of Arthur Lee, L. L. D. &c. &c. By Richard Henry Lee, A. M. H. A. M. author of the life of Richard Henry Lee. 8vo. Wells & Lilly: Boston. 1829. Vol. 1. pp. 431.

History is commencing her task in presenting our revolutionary men in their true light. Glorious Roman and Grecian statues of this sort are beginning to be dug out of the rubbish of oblivion. When brought to the light for inspection, of what imposing mental symmetry and dimensions!

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How worthy of the theatre, in which they acted; and that how worthy of them! This is a book, which will be eagerly read by all, who desire to sift to the bottom the main movements, and to know thoroughly the master spirits of the revolution. The biographer, as is right, deals very little in comments, views and opinions of his own. There is little rhetorical declamation for effect, and he does not aspire to copy Burke, or Robertson, Gibbon, or Hume, Sir Walter Scott, or Hallam. He has an object more befitting his task, and more worthy the reader's interest and patronage.—It is to present his subject in a straight forward, simple and succinct narrative, the materials of which are almost entirely the letters of his subject and those of his correspondents. The reader is thus admitted behind the curtain. He has a confidence, that he is penetrating the character and views, not of the biographer, but of his subject. He obeys the prescription, *se rapit in medias res.* In moving rapidly, and steadily to his purpose, he has embodied a great mass of documents, essential to the future historian, most of which have not before been given to the public. The acknowledged talents of Mr. Lee show to great advantage in his letters; and we have scarcely seen a more interesting volume of memoirs. We come directly at the writer's thoughts. We penetrate the warm movements in his own bosom; and we cannot forget, that we are perusing the views and interests of a man, struggling with conflicting passions and prejudices. It all breathes of life and humanity. Nor need we recoil, if we find, that the writer was a man, and that he had to do with men, with all the liability to passion, error and infirmity, that belongs to human nature.

History has consecrated, almost canonized certain conspicuous actors in the revolution. A thousand voices have blazoned them, as immaculate, impeccable and altogether radiant in greatness and glory. Each has become a *beau ideal.* Is it better as poets and amateurs thus to contemplate them, as mere ideal models, or to allow impartial history to raise the veil, and show us men, like ourselves, in error, in prejudice, in passion? Some will say, that it lowers our estimate of human nature, gives scope to misanthropic propensity, and creates inward complacency to our own unworthy motives and passions, to find one of these venerated ideal models, to have been altogether such an one as ourselves. If men could live, as amateurs and poets, perhaps it might be best, to dwell through life in prismatic brilliance, in the illusive splendor of the mind's own creation. But the stern and steady ken of truth will penetrate beyond the dazzling radiance of the rainbow, and will investigate the cerulean mist and darkness, upon which it is painted. We cannot make an illusion of life. Investigation will not be put off with demigods. For us, we wish to walk in the light of truth. We desire to see things, as they are. We have no fear of truth, though it sometimes offers spectacles, which revolt preconceived opinions. Let every thing be inspected in the full light of day. Let us all admire the Grecian hero, who only desired light. In truth, characters are a thousand times more interesting to us in the lights and shadows, in the virtues and weaknesses, in the alternations of human versatility, than in the improbable keeping, in which poetry and eloquence have presented them. It is matter of history in the past, and of observation in the present, that there are no angels among the dwellers in the dust, and when we see characters so presented in history, the *vraisemblance* which is in-

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dispensable in that walk, disappears, and leaves us neither the pleasant illusion of romance, nor the plain and satisfying food of history. We are not, therefore, revolted by seeing in this book more searching views of certain revolutionary characters, than have been taken before.

Arthur Lee, the subject of this memoir, was a Virginian, of an ancient, talented and respectable family, born 1740. He was brother to Richard Henry Lee, so well known as one of the distinguished revolutionary characters. All his brothers acted conspicuous parts in the revolution. He was educated in England, in the celebrated Eton College. Intended for the medical profession, his professional preparation was at the university of Edinburgh, rendered illustrious by such names, as Cullen, Munro and Black. When he obtained his diploma, he gained a golden medal for a treatise on *Peruvian bark*. The university ordered it published, and it is a specimen of pure and correct Latinity.

After his graduation, he travelled on the continent, of which tour he gave a pleasing sketch. He returned from it, to practice medicine in Williamsburg, in his native state. The revolution was then in a state of incipient fermentation. His brothers entered warmly into it. His ardor impelled him to London, there to yield his aid to the cause. To render himself capable of doing it efficiently, he studied law in one of the inns of court, where he became acquainted with the afterwards famous Sir William Jones. The intimacy lasted through their lives. He soon obtained a profitable practice, as a lawyer, and also became famous as a political writer, under the name 'Junius Americanus,' and 'Monitor's Letters,' published, and extensively read in England. He had, also, acquired the friendship of a number of the great men of the age, among whom Edmund Burke stands conspicuous. He was a member of various literary clubs, and finally of the Royal society. He wrote warmly and zealously against the principle of American taxation without representation; and his writings had a celebrity and effect, like the 'Farmers Letters,' and 'Common Sense.' His 'Appeal to the English nation' was long attributed to Lord Chatham.

In his multifarious and voluminous political writings, he finally came in contact with the renowned and dreaded Junius, who indirectly assailed his opinions. Mr. Lee wrote him an answer, and drew from him a decided compliment, and a request, that he, (Lee) would aid him, when he thought him right.

In 1770–1 parties pitched a high note, and the Wilkes affair was enacting. Mr. Lee was appointed to draught the address of the society of the 'Bill of Rights,' which was much admired. His various writings in favor of the Americans had endeared him to the colonies. In 1770 he was appointed by the assembly of Massachusetts, agent in London for that colony, in case of the death, or absence of Dr. Franklin, who then held the place. A friendship of long standing grew up between them, which was subsequently interrupted, as the reader will see. In this connection, the author introduces the remains of a sketch of the history of the American revolution commenced by Mr. Lee, of which but a few sheets remain.— This is the more to be regretted, as his brilliant powers, as a writer, together with his official acquaintance with the leading characters, springs and incidents of the revolution, would have given him pre-eminent ad-

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vantages to have produced a history equally interesting and just. One of the results of this appointment, as agent, was, that he was made acquainted with the distinguished Boston patriot, Samuel Adams, between whom and Mr. Lee an intimate epistolary correspondence ensued. About the same time the excellent Dr. Rush wrote him an interesting letter, which the author has given. An eloquent and striking letter from Mr. Lee to his brother, in 1774, presents his epistolary talents in a very favorable light; and describes with great force the gloom of that boding period.

At this time Mr. Lee constantly listened to the debates in the house of Commons, and vindicated the rights and the honor of the colonies, when they were assailed, as, for example, most grossly by Mr. Wedderburne, to whom he addressed a spirited letter. He caused American petitions, remonstrances, and state papers to be presented, read and circulated; and entered into correspondence with Mr. Burke, a very polite letter from whom is given in this connection. Mr. Richard Penn, agent for Pennsylvania, of the Penn family, became associated with Mr. Lee in these duties. Together they had an interview with Lord Dartmouth. They warned him, that the refusal of the king to receive their petitions would be the signal for the effusion of blood. The good natured minister affected to think otherwise. The event wofully verified their predictions.

The city of London addressed the king and parliament, by their officers, against the ministerial measures, in reference to America. Mr. Lee procured a vote of thanks from the American Congress, then in session, to that body. A second petition to the king, and another address to the people of England, was adopted by Congress, and presented by Messrs. Penn and Lee, and through them the king replied, that no answer would be given.

About this time Mr. Lovel, of Boston, became a correspondent of Mr. Lee's. He was one of the first and most prominent victims of British oppression. In 1775 congress appointed a 'secret committee,' a chief object of which was to ascertain the feelings of foreign powers, in regard to the dispute between the parent country and her colonies. Mr. Lee was appointed secret agent in London. It was an appointment equally delicate and responsible, requiring great circumspection and impenetrable secrecy. Count de Vergennes, *premier* of Louis XVI. sent a confidential person to meet him in London. He was instructed, that France thought not of a war with England, but would assist America with 200,000£ worth of arms and ammunition. In the winter of 1776, Mr. Lee repaired to Paris, under the direction of the secret committee, conferring in private with the minister, who treated him respectfully; and laboring to produce favorable impressions towards our cause on all influential men, to whom he could obtain access. He published in the French journals short and impressive statistic accounts of us, our numbers and resources, and the commercial advantages, we held out to France. Among the friends, thus obtained, was the celebrated M. Turgot. He executed this agency at Paris to great acceptance to the committee, from the spring to the autumn of 1776. He had made favorable impressions upon the ambassadors of other powers resident there, particularly to a confidential extent on the Spanish minister. The colonies had declared themselves independent in the preceding July. Mr. Lee, Silas Deane, and afterwards Dr. Franklin, were appointed by

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congress, to conduct our diplomatic intercourse with France. As soon as they were united, they entered on the business of their mission, stating to the minister the mutual advantages of their aiding us, particularly with arms and ammunition. In 1777 Mr. Lee was appointed sole commissioner to Spain. His brother, William Lee, Esq. American agent in Holland, was at the same time appointed to the same office at Vienna and Berlin. France was too sore from her sufferings in the preceding war with England, to enter readily into an open alliance with us. But the cabinet were well known to entertain kind wishes towards us, and our cause was carried by the acclamations of the French people. Money and warlike stores and every aid that could be secretly rendered, was granted. The American prospects were exceedingly dark in the winter of 1777. Mr. Lee drew up another pressing memorial to the French cabinet. An U. S. vessel was captured by a British cruiser so near the coast of France, as to induce the commissioners to represent it, as a violation of the neutrality, and an insult to the dignity of France. The memorial to this effect was drawn up by Mr. Lee. From Bordeaux, on his way to his mission at Madrid, Mr. Lee informed the committee of congress, that ten thousand Germans were hired, and on the way to join the British. As an example of the mean pivots, on which great transactions turn, Mr. Lee informs the committee, that *tobacco* was the most weighty engine, we could employ with the French court. It was indispensable to the *farmers general*, and the farmers general were indispensable to the government.

The British made haughty remonstrances to the Dutch, for alledged countenance of the rebels, and sent strong caveats to the Spanish court against receiving our commissioner. The king of Spain was awed, and desired Mr. Lee not to come to Madrid. Dr. Franklin, too, was adverse to applying to powers for aid; and insisted, that our dignity required, that we should wait for their application to us. Nothing can be more spirited and ingenious than Mr. Lee's memorial to Spain, nor better calculated to induce her to an alliance. He was finally allowed to proceed to Madrid, and ambiguous promises obtained from the court, that it would aid us, with France, in money and arms. Though he did not fully succeed in his mission, he impressed that court with respect and cordiality for us. In the spring of 1777, Mr. Lee returned to France, and resumed his joint commission to the French court, which had not been superseded. The Spanish government finally granted a large loan. It was found expedient to retain Mr. Lee's brother in Holland, where he had been agent for the colonies, and to send him to Berlin, to which mission his brother had been appointed. His letter from that city to Washington, giving an account of the Prussian army and its equipments, and full of other interesting details, is a very striking one. In congratulating Washington on his being appointed to the chief command of the American troops, he says, 'I remember with pleasure, that when I was at your house, 1768, you declared, *that you were ready to take your musket on your shoulder whenever your country called upon you.*'

Mr. Lee, under very discouraging circumstances, commenced his mission at Berlin, by a memoir of admirable ability and adroitness, addressed to the great Frederick. A few days after his arrival at Berlin, the door of his room was opened by a false key, and all his papers taken away. He

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remonstrated to the court, and the papers were restored as secretly as they were taken. This disgraceful act was traced to the agency of the English envoy. To Mr. Lee's memoir Frederick returned a note in his own hand, in French. The king assures him, that he can open a conference with his minister; and that the most profound secrecy shall be observed in regard to his overtures. The ties between the British and Prussian court were such, that Mr. Lee failed to obtain the recognition of our independence by that court; but he was promised that the king would afford no facilities to Britain, to obtain additional supplies of German auxiliary troops, and that he would not be the last power to acknowledge our independence. The news of the surrender of Burgoyne had produced an impression upon the continent, wonderfully calculated to give efficacy to American diplomacy.

We find Mr. Lee henceforward involved in a voluminous series of diplomatic labors and writings, touching the most important political incidents, relating to our revolution. Our limits admonish us, that the slightest chronological notice of them would occupy more space, than we have to spare; and as we intend, on the appearance of the second volume, to resume the theme, we are obliged to pass over the exceedingly interesting documents, letters, memoirs and historical incidents, that fill the remainder of this volume. We remark, that Mr. Lee's political writings evince extensive knowledge and learning, fire, energy, enthusiasm, brilliance and wit. His correspondence was with kings, ministers, philosophers, revolutionary worthies, and the wise and great of the age. There are very few conspicuous names of those times, which are not in this way associated with his. He was joint commissioner, in settling the alliance with France. Enemies had brought charges against him. He returned, and amply refuted them, and was respectfully received by congress, and was afterwards appointed to the most important commissions by that body and his native state.

Mr. Lee seems to have incurred numberless enmities by his vigilance in looking into the dishonest peculation and embezzlement of the numerous sub-agents of the American interests abroad. Our feeble government was an experiment. These leeches had numerous chances to misemploy the funds, and cheat their government. Mr. Lee had great energy, activity and an eagle eye to unkennel these rogues. But they had a hundred tongues and pens, and he had but one. They represented him at one time, as obnoxious to the French court; at another time, as criminally attached to the British; and still at another, as himself a peculator, and desirous of throwing dust to hide his own defaulting by denouncing others as such. They succeeded, in rendering him to a certain degree suspected, at home and abroad; and for aught that appears, without any other ground, than an uncompromising honesty and zeal in compelling peculators to caution, and a reduction of their dishonest gains. The insidious acts of these public agents finally brought about a rupture between Mr. Lee and Dr. Franklin, which was never healed. The author represents Franklin, as under the influence of the infirmities of age, and of an easy and confiding disposition. He was indisposed to labour, which required vigilance and activity; and courted repose. The vigor and freshness of unimpaired health and middle age gave Mr. Lee great facili-

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ties for enlarged action, and detailed investigation. His charges against peculators, afterwards proved to be just, were of course clamorously denied by them. Dr. Franklin, says the author, was finally induced to yield an ear to them; and denied it to Mr. Lee, thus countenancing public defaulters to the injury of the public interests. Mr. Lee resented this conduct, and fearlessly stated its consequences to the United States. The result was, as has been stated.

Non nobis tantas componere lites. We can only say, that we have always contemplated our revolutionary worthies, as neither impeccable nor infallible. Among the zealous defenders of Mr. Lee from all aspersions upon his patriotism, vigilance, wisdom and great services, were the deceased President Adams, Dr. Cooper, the late Vice President Gerry, and others. The perusal of this volume has left no doubt on our mind, that Mr. Lee was an inflexible and ardent patriot; and that few men contributed more effectually to the final success of the great struggle. No individual, probably, did so much, to bring about the recognition of our independence, and the subsequent alliance of France and Spain.

As an intellectual man, Mr. Lee was a ripe and trained classical scholar, and thoroughly conversant with the modern languages of the south of Europe; and a fine writer. In person he was above the middle size, and of features, striking and handsome, with blue eyes and an expressive countenance. His manners were elegant and polished; and his conversation, according to circumstances, gay and brilliant, or solemn and severe. It was his misfortune, that he was not married. He incurred his death, in consequence of assisting in planting out a choice fruit orchard, intended as an embellishment to an estate he had purchased. It was a cold and rainy day in December. The consequence was a pleurisy, which proved fatal, December 12, 1792, in the fifty-second year of his age.

From p. 185 to the end of the volume, more than half the work, is in the form of an appendix, being chiefly composed of letters and memoranda by Mr. Lee. They are exceedingly interesting, leading you directly to the secret springs and movements of the great events of the revolution. You feel the fervid operations pressing round you, and are transported back to be a spectator, and almost an actor in the transpiring scenes.

As this is a book of memoirs, and as Mr. Lee is almost entirely his own biographer, arrangement of the letters and papers may not appear of much importance. Yet it seems to us, that there are deficiencies in point of order. In the French there are some mistakes of the press; though on the whole, it is a book of great interest, and beautifully published.

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Hon B Pickman
Salem Mass

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THOUGHTS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION.

To that branch of education, which embraces the cultivation of the propensities, sentiments, and intellectual faculties, I purpose, at present, to direct my own attention, and respectfully solicit that of the reader.—Although few subjects have been more frequently treated, by enlightened writers, there is none, perhaps, whose real philosophy is less understood. Nor is it difficult to discover the cause. It is, that investigation has been instituted on fallacious principles, and mistaken views, of the human intellect. Education, when sound, being nothing but that training of the intellect, best calculated to discipline it to its highest state of perfection, it need scarcely be observed, that, to the attainment, a correct knowledge of the intellect is essential. As well may an artificer attempt to put together a complicated machine, with whose construction he is entirely unacquainted, as a teacher to discipline successfully the human intellect, without a competent knowledge of its constitution. And no less preposterous would it be for one, who is utterly ignorant of chemical affinities, to attempt to philosophize on a chemical process, than for him who is unacquainted with that, which is to be educated, to profess to unfold the philosophy of education.

Nor is the reason concealed, why those, who have heretofore written on the subject of education, have been mistaken in their views, and defective in their knowledge of the human intellect. They have attempted the study of it on unsubstantial ground. They have regarded it, as something so subtle and refined, that the knowledge of it was transcendental; an attainment too etherial for our capacity to grasp. The intellectual powers they have considered as belonging exclusively to the *spirit* of man, and not only independent of his material nature, but actually opposed to it.—His material portion they have regarded as little else than the dark dungeon of his spiritual, excluding the light which it would receive more abundantly, if in a disembodied condition. Notwithstanding their occasional expressions apparently to the contrary, such have been substantially the views and dogmas of metaphysical writers. As if that exquisite piece of workmanship, the human body, were fitted for none but gross purpo-

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ses and degraded offices, and were even worse than useless, as relates to the attributes and efficiencies of the human soul.

Under the influence of notions so visionary, and a system of such abstract and exclusive spiritualism, nothing useful can ever be learned.—They are as blighting to sober reason, and, therefore, to genuine and sound philosophy, as the arctic climate to the plantain and the olive; or the fervors of the tropics to the rein-deer. Whatever attractiveness of fiction such speculations may possess, they are utterly destitute of all the excellencies of practical science.

The intellectual faculties of man are not the exclusive growth of his spirit. They belong as much to his *material*, as to his *immaterial portion;* and are as essentially dependent on the former, as on the latter. The spirit of man does not *alone* think, will, love, hate, and perform all other functions of intellect and feeling, without the aid of material organs. As well may it be contended, that the vital principle alone, without the instrumentality of material organs, secretes bile, gastric juice, pancreatic liquor, and saliva; or that the will without organs, is the sole cause of voluntary motion. To the performance of these functions, the liver, stomach, and pancreas, the salivary glands and the muscles are known to be essential. Nor is the brain less so to the performance of every mental operation. The soul stands related to the brain, precisely as the vital principle does to the other organs of the body. It is the quickening spirit which prepares it to act, without which the brain would be as inert, as the liver and pancreas without the principle of vitality. But this proposition is fairly revertible. The soul itself deprived of the instrumentality of the *cerebral system*, is, in our present state of existence, as utterly incompetent to the business of intellection, as *that system*, when deprived of the influence of the soul. A dead brain, and a disembodied human spirit, are alike incompetent to human intellection, or any other kind of human achievement. Whatever man does, corporeally, he does *through* the instrumentality of organized matter. And when he is disciplined, in the performance of any function it is his organized matter alone that is educated. It is that alone which is improved in its facilities, and augmented, in its powers. To speak of educating the simple, uncompounded, invisible, immutable, and immortal spirit of man, is to use words unmeaningly, if not contradictorily. I have called the soul "immutable;" and so it must be, to render it immortal. Mutability and immortality are incompatible. All *compounds* change, and are, therefore, perishable. *Simples* do not change, and hence are, imperishable. Besides, to change a simple substance, in any degree, is completely to take from its identity. It is no longer the same substance, but as essentially different, as from any other essence. To alter the spirit, by education, then, would be, as relates to the *existing* spirit, tantamount to annihilation. This proposition can be as satisfactorily proved, as any other connected with intellectual or physical science. If you change a simple, it cannot be in part; because parts are not predicable of it. It has no parts. You must change it, *in totality;* and it is then no longer the same. You have changed its essence, which, to its previous existence, is tantamount to annihilation.

When we improve, then, by means of education, it is the condition of

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organized matter, that is improved. It is that alone which is invigorated, and rendered, by habit, more adroit in action. The invisible spirit remains unchanged; impassive, in its nature, to all the processes of art.

When, as relates to the exercises of the gymnasium, increased dexterity is acquired, every one acknowledges the improvement to be organic; that the muscles, nerves and brain alone have been augmented in their facility and power of action. No one supposes, that the spirit is altered. Yet, the movements being voluntary, the spirit is, doubtless, concerned in the process. The will is the spring of motion. But it acts with augmented effect, only because its instruments, the muscles and their system of appendages, are improved. Without these, *it* would be a nullity. The victor, who overcomes in a gymnastic contest, has no more power of abstract volition, than his opponent who is vanquished. His muscles only are superior.

As relates to improvement, by education, in seeing, hearing, tasting, feeling, the same is true. The spirit is concerned in them, but not altered. The change is confined to the organs of sense. So to improve by education, the various mental processes, whether of propensity, sentiment, or intellect, and whether, as respects the acquisition or recollection, of knowledge, or the application of it to the purposes it is calculated to subserve; in effecting this improvement, it is only necessary to improve the condition of the cerebral system, which constitutes the apparatus of the intellect. Mental improvement, then, of every description, bears to ameliorating changes in the condition of organized matter, a relation as immediate, as improvement in the power of muscular motion, or the strength and acuteness of the external senses. These several positions are susceptible of proof, and will be received, in time to come, as unquestioned axioms in the science of human nature.

If I am not mistaken, this presentation of the subject greatly simplifies our view of the process of education, facilitates our conception of it, and renders its philosophy comprehensible and plain. It gives to the mind, something tangible, on which it may act. It dissipates that shadowy mysticism, which hangs around every thing, where abstract spiritualism alone is concerned. It establishes a luminous analogy between mental cultivation and the improvement of the corporeal functions. In doing this, it makes the knowledge of each shed light on the other, and thus prepares the way for a much more correct acquaintance with the science of man.

But for the thorough understanding of this subject, a more detailed exposition of it is requisite.

I have already avowed my undoubting belief, that education has no influence in improving, or, in any way, altering, the spirit of man. The mind of a Newton is no more educated, than that of an idiot. It is alone the organ, or rather apparatus, of the mind, consisting of many organs, that education ameliorates. And that apparatus is the *cerebral system*, which like other parts of the body, can be improved in its condition and powers, only by suitable training. The entire science of education, then, consists in a correct knowledge of that system, in its constitution, faculties and functions, and of the kind and mode of exercises, by which it may be most effectually improved. And he that is destitute of this knowledge, cannot be a competent instructor.

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The brain of man, which, instead of being a single organ, is a system of organs, consists of three compartments, the animal, the intellectual and the moral. Each of these is composed of several individual organs, which are the seats or instruments of an equal number of corresponding faculties, radically distinct from each other.

Of these compartments the development and arrival at maturity are not synchronous, those of the animal being much earliest. Hence the intellect of infancy is composed chiefly of the mere propensities, those being the faculties that belong to the animal compartment. The most powerful of them, at this period are, *Combativeness*, or a propensity to resentment, and quarrel; *Destructiveness*, or a disposition to inflict pain, or injure, in mere wantonness, and to crush and destroy; *Adhesiveness*, or a tendency to form attachments to persons and things that are congenial, to that which gives pleasure, or from which benefits are received; *Secretiveness*, or a proneness to concealment, deception and falsehood; and *Covetiveness*, or a disposition to desire and claim such things, as are deemed valuable, and often to get possession of them by furtive contrivances. At a period somewhat subsequent appears, *Constructiveness*, or a turn and fondness for building, or for the invention and construction of toys, or some kind of mechanical implements, while a still later and more matured period, is marked by the development of *Amativeness*, or a propensity to physical love; and *Philo-progenitiveness*, or a feeling of the love of offspring.

While the animal propensities sway almost alone, it would be superfluous to observe, that the intellect is without balance, and of a very humble character. Correctly speaking, it is not the *human* intellect. The being possessing it is altogether *animal*, and, in many respects, inferior to some of those that belong to what are denominated the lower orders of creation. Hence, from a consciousness of their own superiority, the elephant and the dog often undertake the guardianship of children, and discharge the duties of their office, not only faithfully, but with great sagacity. It will appear hereafter that the entire catalogue of human vices and crimes, for the prevention and suppression of which laws are enacted, arises from the inordinate strength, and excessive indulgence of *five* of the propensities that have just been specified. It is, therefore, in a very particular manner, by the training and due regulation of these, that the moral department of man is to be improved, and society freed from profligacy and crime. The means of so curbing and regulating the propensities, as to establish the requisite balance of intellect, shall constitute hereafter a topic of discussion.

That the elements of this discussion may be the better prepared, the more easily understood, and the more correctly appreciated, it is necessary to observe, that, at a very early period of human life, two other cerebral organs, not belonging to the animal department, are considerably developed. These are *Cautiousness*, the foundation of fear; and *Imitativeness*, which imparts the disposition to follow example; or, which amounts to the same thing, to imitate action, and even modes of thinking.

The portions of the brain that in the progress of growth, are next developed, and matured for action, belong to the intellectual department, and are denominated the *knowing* organs. The faculties appertaining to

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them take cognizance of the properties of things, and are, therefore, the receptacles of a knowledge of the external and material world.* They apprehend also and treasure up passing events, and perceive the nature of objects around us.

The organs, with their faculties, here alluded to, are those of ***Language***, ***Form***, ***Size***, ***Weight***, ***Locality or place***, ***Individuality***, as applied to substances or objects, and opposed to numbers classified and arranged on principles of relation, ***Eventuality***, under the same restrictions, ***Order***, ***Colour***, ***Time***, ***Tune***, and ***Number***. These organs, although not fully, are considerably developed, during the period of childhood. During part of that term, they may be successfully educated. But an attempt to educate organs before they are developed, is not only fruitless, but injurious. It so strains and exhausts them, in their tender and feeble condition, that they seldom recover without great difficulty; and, sometimes, do not recover at all. These are important truths, and should be perfectly known, and regarded as such, by instructors.

Next in order come the organs, and their faculties, of relation, and those of moral sentiment. The former are usually denominated the reflecting faculties. They are, collectively, of a higher grade than those heretofore spoken of, and are not much developed, until about the age of puberty. It is now, and not before, that man, escaping from the control of his animal organs, becomes a reflecting and reasoning being, and that his moral nature begins to exhibit itself. He has attained now that elevated condition of intellect and character, which designates him strictly as a rational being. Now, therefore, is the time for the education of reflection and morality.

His reflecting organs are those of ***Comparison***, ***Causality*** and ***Wit***; and his moral ones, those of ***Benevolence***, ***Veneration***, ***Ideality***, ***Wonder***, ***Conscientiousness***, ***Hope***, ***Firmness***, ***Self-esteem***, and the ***Love of Approbation***. Imitation, which has been already mentioned, is also a reflecting organ.

When these are all developed and matured, the cerebral system is complete. A more full exposition of these faculties and functions, shall be given hereafter. We shall only add, that they are all *primitive*, all necessary elements in the composition of the human intellect, and as essentially distinct from each other, as the organs of the external senses, or those that perform the different secretions. This, were the occasion a suitable one, could be made satisfactorily to appear, by an analysis of the subject. Remove from it one or more of the faculties, that have been specified, and the intellect will be found to be essentially mutilated; as palpably so, as would be any part of the body, by the excision of a muscle, or the removal of a bone. Try the experiment, and mark the issue.

From the animal portion abstract ***Constructiveness***, ***Adhesiveness***, or ***Combativeness***. The mutilation and injury must be obvious to every one. Under the privation thus effected, the individual is incapable alike of attachment or friendship, of all manly resentment of injuries and wrongs, and of erecting buildings to protect him from the weather, and of constructing implements to aid him in the pursuit of agriculture or the arts.

Extinguish of his knowing faculties, ***Language***, ***Form***, ***Size***, and ***Colour***. What will be then the efficiency of his intellect, or the value of his knowledge? He will be unable to distinguish the figure of a triangle from that

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of a cube or a sphere, the form of a horse from the form of his rider, the size of a church from that of a bird cage, or the colour of a rose from that of a sun-flower; nor will he be able to communicate intelligibly to others, the small amount of knowledge he may possess.

From the reflecting faculties strike off *Comparison* and *Causality*, and the perception of *relations* will be completely annihilated. To the individual thus mutilated, similitude and dissimilitude, greater and smaller, cause and effect, will be terms without a meaning. As relates to these most important of topics, he will be as perfectly destitute of the power of discrimination, as a zoophyte or a plant.

Erase in any one, the moral faculties of *Benevolence*, *Veneration*, *Conscientiousness* and *Hope*, and you render him, at once, most depraved and miserable. He is deprived of the sentiment of kindness, and cannot sympathize with distress; he feels no reverence for beings and natures above him, not even for the Deity himself; he cherishes no inherent regard for right and abhorrence of wrong; nor does he enjoy, in anticipation, any coming good. He neither expects nor endeavors to better his condition. He is surrendered up, in a great measure, to the sway of his propensities, to execute evil on others, be gloomy in his prospects, and wretched in himself.

The human intellect, then, is a complicated apparatus, composed of faculties not only different in their character and operation, but opposite to each other. But, like discrepant musical tones, they are, when regulated and combined, the elements of harmony. Nor is it to be understood that any one of them is, in its nature, either useless, or of evil tendency. Far from it. They are all alike useful and tributary to the completion and efficiency of man; and it is only by their excess, that any of them ever become sources of vice. Covetiveness, Secretiveness, Combativeness and Destructiveness, are elements as essential, in the human intellect, as Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness and Hope. To render them of good effect, nothing is necessary, but their due regulation and governance; and the same is equally requisite, in relation to all the other faculties. The excess, deficiency, or wrong direction of either of them is an evil. Nor is this less true of the intellectual and moral, than of the animal faculties. *Excess* and *deficiency* are injurious, in the abstract, otherwise the terms would be without a meaning. So is every *wrong direction*, else it would not be wrong. The very names are derived from a positive aberration from right and usefulness. It is not, however, contended, that the excessive strength and wrong direction of each of the faculties is alike pernicious. It has been already intimated, and will be made hereafter more fully to appear, that the chief vices and crimes of man are the immediate product of the excessive indulgence of his animal propensities.

The perfection of the human intellect, by which I mean, its highest state of excellency, consists in the great strength and activity, and the existence of a due equipoise of its faculties. So far as any single faculty, or any combination of faculties may unduly preponderate, this perfection is impaired, and the efficiency and usefulness of the intellect diminished. The great object of education, then, is to strengthen the faculties, bestow on them habits of ready action, and establish the equipoise to which I al-

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lude; to impart to them vigor and celerity of motion, and to produce between them such a well adjusted balance, such sympathy of feeling, and harmony of action, that, instead of opposing, they may co-operate with each other in the attainment and advancement of knowledge, and in the promotion, by means of it, of all the purposes to which they may be directed. Nor is the production of such an effect either impossible or difficult, provided it be attempted at the proper period, with a due resolution, and on correct principles.

Am I asked what are these principles, and what the means, by which the contemplated balance is to be established? I answer, that the leading principle is, that to all organs composed of living animal matter, due and proper exercise gives strength, while a want of it produces in them comparative weakness. This is as true of cerebral organs, as it is of muscles, the alimentary canal, or the several organs of external sense. To establish, then, in an unbalanced intellect, the requisite equipoise, the means are, to exercise judiciously the feebler organs, and allow those that are inordinately vigorous to remain at rest.

For the sake of illustration, let us suppose the muscles of one arm of an individual to be violently convulsed, while those of the other are partially paralysed. The mode of cure will be, to suppress, by a bandage, or in some other way, the action of the convulsed muscles, and exercise the paralytic ones, to such extent as they will bear motion, without fatigue. By this process the strength of the two limbs may, in time, be equalized.

The animal organs of the brain are much larger than the intellectual or the moral. In their native, uncultivated state, therefore, the animal propensities are, in an equal degree, the strongest and most liable to excess. Hence the proneness of human nature to irregularity and vice; and hence, in all countries and ages, the comparative demoralization and profligacy of the uneducated and ignorant. Throughout the world, vice and actual crime abound in direct proportion to the want of skilful intellectual cultivation. As far as statistical science has been carried, it establishes this important truth. Hence also the extreme facility with which children fall into immoral and vicious practices, before their higher organs are developed, to counterbalance the lower.

The province of education, then, is, to strengthen the intellectual and moral organs, and render them prompt and adroit in action, while the animal, if not actually, are comparatively, enfeebled, and diminished in adroitness. And this, I repeat, is to be effected, by giving to the former the requisite kind and degree of exercise, and throwing the latter into a state of inaction.

If I am asked how one portion of the brain can be called into action, and another allowed to remain at rest, I reply, that the teacher, who has a competent knowledge of his profession, will find no difficulty in giving to the question a practical answer. He knows that to give the necessary exercise to a cerebral organ, it is only requisite to present to it objects congenial to its nature; those on which it is fitted and accustomed to act. To permit an organ, on the contrary, to remain at rest, withhold such objects.

To excite them, each to its appropriate and specific action, present

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forms to the organ of form, colours to the organ of colour, machinery to the organ of constructiveness, and to the organ of veneration a multitude engaged in acts of devotion.

On the contrary, to retain, in a state of rest, Amativeness, Combativeness, and Secretiveness, withhold from them most carefully all impure impressions, whether from objects, or conversation, all things likely to irritate and inflame, and every thing marked with falsehood, treachery, or intrigue, and your end will be attained. There is, in fact, no more difficulty in calling into action any given number of the cerebral organs, and permitting the remainder to continue in repose, than there is in producing motion in a portion of the muscular system, while the other parts of it remain at rest.

Education, then, produces, on the human intellect, a threefold effect. It balances the faculties, augments the aggregate amount of their strength and activity, and produces between them union and concert of action. An educated differs from an uneducated intellect, precisely as does a disciplined from an undisciplined army, on the field of battle. In the latter, there may be great vigour, and many instances of personal heroism. But neither general harmony nor concert prevail. Every thing is individual. But the former is united by the tie of training and habit. Its strength is one. It moves and acts harmoniously in dense and ponderous masses, and is hence victorious. The very confidence inspired by a consciousness of this harmonious and concentrated action, must lead it to triumph. But as military discipline is not designed to detract from individual valour, but only to regulate it, and give it more effect, by subjecting it to rules of wisdom and policy, the same is true, as respects the management of the animal propensities. They must not be extinguished, nor even *actually enfeebled*, by the influence of education. They must be disciplined and governed, not destroyed. They are the springs of action, and the only source of energy of character. Without them, man would be a blank in creation; because, whatever amount of knowledge he might possess, if, indeed, without their impulse, he could be induced to labour for it, he would never apply it to any useful purpose. Education, then, must only subject them to the influence and guidance of the higher faculties, which are the rudder, chart, and compass of the vessel, while they are the breeze to waft her on her course.

Education being intended to make man moral, as well as intelligent, must commence with infancy, when every thing is not only susceptible, but flexible, and no organ is yet confirmed in excess, by long continued action.

Until some of the knowing organs are sufficiently developed, the province of education is to regulate the propensities. And those propensities, which alone, in infancy and childhood, require restraint, are Combativeness, Destructiveness, Secretiveness and Covetiveness. As yet Amativeness is not sufficiently developed to come into action.

But it may be stated now, as well perhaps, as at any time hereafter, that the five propensities, just specified, are the real fountains of all the vices and crimes, that infest society, and for the prevention, suppression, and punishment of which, laws are enacted, and penalties enforced. A brief analysis will prove this position.

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From *Amativeness*, in excess, and improperly directed, arises all criminality in the indulgence of love. From *Combativeness*, breaches of the peace, and the various mischiefs of broil and battle. From *Destructiveness*, assassination, and all the atrocities of intentional maiming, and premeditated slaughter. From *Secretiveness*, the nameless and almost countless mischiefs of falsehood, detection, cunning and intrigue, among which may be specified, forgery and treason. And from *Covetiveness*, cheating, swindling, theft and robbery.

Combinations of these faculties produce, necessarily, modifications of crime. Destructiveness and Covetiveness united, perpetrate robbery and murder; Destructiveness and Combativeness, open murder, from feelings of resentment; Destructiveness and Amativeness, violation and assassination; and Destructiveness and Secretiveness, poisoning, and all other forms of secret slaughter. Other modes of crime, arising from other combinations of faculties, might be readily cited. But, examine dungeons, houses of correction, and public executions, under the sanction of law, and it will be found that, in every instance, the monument of crime, which those abodes and corrections of profligacy, vice, and misery exhibit, can be traced radically to the excess and irregularity of Amativeness, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Secretiveness, and Covetiveness. And it will be further found, that in nine tenths, perhaps nineteen twentieths of the cases, the criminals consist of *uneducated* individuals; beings of *nature*, in whom the *animal* organs have never, by means of the requisite training, been subjected to the control of the *intellectual* and *moral*.

The prevention of vice, then, can be effected only, by the due government of these propensities, by means of education. To enable him to govern with the requisite effect, it need scarcely be added, that the teacher must acquire a correct knowledge of the intellectual temperament of each of his pupils. Then, and then only is he prepared to urge such incentives to study, and to employ such correctives of individual faults, as will prove effectual.

During infancy the propensities and knowing faculties can be alone educated. The organs of reflection and morality are yet too immature to be awakened to action.

The mere knowing, have no immediate control over the animal organs. During this period, therefore, the propensities must be trained and regulated chiefly by the influence of *Adhesiveness*, *Cautiousness*, and *Imitation*, organs, which, as heretofore mentioned, are already considerably developed.

The excesses of Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Secretiveness, may be much restrained, in children, by the dread of punishment, and the apprehension of forfeiting, on account of indulging them, the affection of parents, nurses, and other persons, to whom they have become attached.

A very timid child will be controled more by its fears, and an affectionate one, by its attachments. According to the intellectual temperament of the individual, therefore, ought the one or the other of these influences to be employed. In the control and regulation of the animal propensities, something may be done, even at this period of life, through the medium of the organ of the *Love of approbation*. Many children are enamored of applause, and will act correctly, and study faithfully, from a hope of re-

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ceiving it. But every child is much of an imitator. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the instructors of children, and all others with whom they have frequent and familiar intercourse, should present to them examples of perfect moderation, correct deportment, and self-control.—These, through the influence of their organ of imitativeness, they will rarely fail to follow. Hence, in education generally, more especially that of children, the force of example should never be forgotten. It is almost exclusively the source of manners, and in no small degree, of morals and knowledge. As much of the happiness, and not a little of the usefulness of man, depend on the condition of the social affections, these should be carefully cultivated, at an early period, the organs of them being now sufficiently developed.

Under the term childhood may be comprised the time extending from about the third year of life, to the commencement of puberty. During that interesting and important period, added to an unceasing attention to the regulation of the propensities, the chief province of education is to cultivate, strengthen, and inform the knowing faculties. The organs of these faculties are now sufficiently developed and strengthened, to sustain exercise, and act with effect.

This is, therefore, the time for the study of language, both native and foreign, modern and ancient. A knowledge of objects may also now be acquired from their figure, size, weight, colour, structure, and individuality. This range of study includes writing, anatomy, natural history, botany, mineralogy, practical chemistry, mechanical employments, agriculture, horticulture, drawing and painting. In painting and drawing, the organ of imitation is necessarily exercised.

This is, likewise, the time for cultivating and improving the organs of Locality, Eventuality, Time, Order, Tune and Number. This field of instruction includes history, natural, civil, military and political geography, the simpler branches of astronomy, chronology, music, arithmetic, some portion of mathematics, and an attention to order and correctness of arrangement. As bearing an immediate relation to Time, Tune, Order, and Figure, as well as to muscular exercise, the accomplishment of dancing is included in the education of the knowing faculties.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

We propose a case to moral, and do good, and anti-sin-sorrow-and-trouble societies, which lies heavily on our mind. We hope, that some opulent and benevolent friend, (would we could do it ourselves,) will aid us with the offer of a premium of a thousand or two dollars for the best written essay on the subject,—(they may adjudge ours to be such, if they choose.) But to the case.

There are in the United States one hundred thousand young ladies, as Sir Ralph Abercrombie said of those of Scotland, '*the prettiest lassies in a' the world*,' who neither know to toil nor spin, who are yet clothed like

the lilies of the valley,—who thrum the piano, and a few of the more dainty the harp,—who walk, as the bible says, softly, lest brisker movement might snap tapes drawn to their utmost tension,—who have read romances, and some of them seen the interior of theatres,—who have been admired at the examination of their high school,—who have wrought algebraic solutions on the black board,—who have shown themselves no mean proficients in the casuistry of Paley,—who are, in short, the very roses of the garden, the attar of life,—who yet, *horresco referens*, can never expect to be married, or, if married, to live without—shall I speak, or forbear?—putting their own lily hands to *domestic drudgery.*

We go into the interior villages of our recent wooden country. The fair one sits down to clink the wires of the piano. We see the fingers displayed on the keys, which, we are sure, never prepared a dinner, or made a garment for their robustious brothers. We traverse the streets of our own city, and the wires of the piano are thrummed in our ears from every considerable house. In cities and villages, from one extremity of the union to the other, wherever there is a good house, and the doors and windows betoken the presence of the mild months, the ringing of the piano wires is almost as universal a sound, as the domestic hum of life within.

We need not enter in person. Imagination sees the fair, erect on her music stool, laced and pinioned, and bishop sleeved, and deformed with hair torn from other's scalps, and reduced to a questionable class of entomology, *secundo more, dinging*, as Sawney would say, at the wires, as though she could in some way hammer out of them music, amusement and a husband. Look at her taper and cream colored fingers. Is she a utilitarian? Ask the fair one, when she has beaten all the music out of the keys, 'pretty fair one, canst talk to thy old and sick father, so as to beguile him out of the headache and rheumatism?' 'Canst write a good and straight forward letter of business?' Thou art a chemist, I remember, at the examination. 'Canst compound, prepare, and afterwards boil, or bake a good pudding?' 'Canst make one of the hundred subordinate ornaments of thy fair person? In short, tell us thy use in existence, except to be contemplated, as a pretty picture?' And how long will any one be amused with the view of a picture, after having surveyed it a dozen times, unless it have a mind, a heart, and we may emphatically add, the perennial value of utility?

It is a sad and lamentable truth, after all the incessant din we have heard, of the march of mind, the talks about Lyceums. and the interminable theories, inculcations and eulogies of education, that the present is an age of unbounded desire of display and notoriety, of exhaustless and unquenchable burning ambition; and not an age of calm, contented, ripe and useful knowledge for the sacred privacy of the parlor. Display, notoriety, surface, and splendor, these are the first aims of the mothers; and can we expect, that the daughters will drink into a better spirit? To play, sing, dress, glide down the dance, and get a husband, is the lesson; not to be qualified to render his home quiet, well ordered and happy.

It is notorious, that there will soon be no intermediate class between those who toil, and spin, and those whose claim to be ladies is founded on their being incapable of any value of utility. At present we know of none, except the little army of martyrs, yclept schoolmistresses; and the

still smaller corps of editorial and active blue stockings. If it should be my lot to transmigrate back to earth, in the form of a young man, my first homages in search of a wife would be paid to the thoughtful and pale-faced fair one, surrounded by her little noisy, refractory subjects, drilling her soul to patience, and learning to drink of the cup of earthly discipline, and, more impressively than by a thousand sermons, tasting the bitterness of our probationary course, in teaching the young idea how to shoot. Except, as aforesaid, schoolmistresses and blues, we believe, that all other damsels, clearly within the purview of the term *lady*, estimate the clearness of their title precisely in the ratio of their uselessness.

What could a modern fine young lady achieve, if she would? Not to examine the ledger, touching the cost of her dress, or whether the word *charge*, or *paid* be written against it; look at the Doric, Ionic, Tuscan, Corinthian, Attic, Composite, Moresco, Gothic, Barbaresque structure, with its dentules, modillons, curvatures, indentations, and gibbosities, its retreats in one point, and its bishop-sleeve-advances and flourishes towards you in another. The anatomy of the human frame is not made up of a greater number of separate pieces and constituents, than a modern fine lady's dress. I sometimes open an ear to the adjacent discussions of the fair ones among themselves. I know a few languages, and a thing or two about English. But I am dumbfounded, and I understand not a word of this modern Greek. I deem it, however, peculiarly ungraceful and barbarous. Think of such terms as *mutton leg sleeves*, for example. A belle under full sail, it is said, has much resemblance to a square rigged vessel, with all her canvass spread to the breeze. There is another resemblance, as the sailors say, in the worth of the rigging compared with the hulk; and still another in the resemblance of the infinite number of separate pieces in the rigging of the one and the other. A vocabulary is already necessary. It must soon swell to a folio dictionary, and what is worse, be replaced thrice in a year.

Now, allow a young lady to have any hand in the adjustment of all these components of her dress, each of which has a contour, which the fleeting fashion of the moment only can settle; allow her time to receive morning visitants, and prepare for afternoon appointments and evening parties, and what time has the dear one to spare to be useful and do good? To labor!! heaven forfend the use of the horrid term! The simple state of the case is this. There is some where in all this an enormous miscalculation, an infinite mischief—an evil, as we shall attempt to show, not of transitory, or minor importance, but fraught with misery and ruin, not only to the fair ones themselves, but the society and the age. We have not, we admit, the elements, on which to base the calculation: but we may assume, as we have, that there are in the United States a hundred thousand young ladies brought up to do nothing, except dress, and pursue amusement. Another hundred thousand learn music, dancing, and what are called the fashionable accomplishments. Mirabeau, or some other one says, 'revolutions never move backwards.' It is equally true, of emulation of the fashion. The few opulent, who can afford to be good for nothing, precede. Another class presses as closely as they can, upon their steps; and the contagious mischief spreads downward, till the fond

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father, who lays every thing under contribution, to furnish the means for purchasing a piano, and hiring a music master for his daughters, instead of being served, when he comes in from the plow by the ruined favorites for whom he has sacrificed so much, finds, that a servant must be hired for the young ladies.

Here is not the end of the mischief. Every one knows, that the wives govern their husbands, and that the daughters govern the mothers, and that mothers and daughters give the tone, and laws—more unalterable than those of the Medes and Persians—to society. Here is the root of the matter, the spring of bitter waters. Here is the origin of the complaint of hard times, bankruptcies, greediness, avarice, and the horse leech cry, give! give! Here is the reason, why every man lives up to his income, and so many beyond it. Here is the reason, why the young trader, starting on credit, and calling himself a merchant, hires, and furnishes such a house as if he really was one, fails, and gives to his creditors a beggarly account of empty boxes, and misapplied sales. He has married a wife whose vanity and extravagance are fathomless, and his ruin is explained. Hence the general and prevalent evil of the present times, *extravagance*—conscious shame of the thought of being *industrious and useful*. Hence the concealment of so many thousand young ladies, who have not yet been touched by the extreme of modern degeneracy, and who still occasionally apply their hands to domestic employment, of these, their good deeds, with as much care, as if they were crimes. Every body is ashamed not to be expensive and fashionable; and every one seems equally ashamed of honest industry. Hence the rush of so many hundred idle and extravagant aspirants after every little pitiful office, or any resource of salary that will bring in revenue without labor. To enlarge upon this melancholy theme would be to suppose, that it was not obvious to the reader, which would be the same as to suppose, that he walked in the midst of society with his eyes closed.

A great question that ought to come before our three hundred 'busy to do good societies,' is, what is to be the fate of these one or two hundred thousand young ladies, whose sole vocation on this, our nether sphere, is to be born to eat up the corn, and diffuse the beams of bright eyes, upon creation? We have no primogeniture, no privileged young gentlemen, who are born to a coach and six, and indolence and uselessness. They are obliged to scramble, and scatter to the four winds, dandies though they may be. A young gentleman in these days must be doing well, who is able to provide for his own extravagance and his own wants, to say nothing of the expenses of a family. Of course the greater portion have the good sense and discretion, to live on in single blessedness; well aware that the partnership of a useless dandy and helpless belle can produce little, beside domestic music and brawling and want. Very few families fail in our country, which advances so rapidly in population, to have plenty of heirs, so to divide even the largest estate, as to leave no princely fortune for any one of the number. The minute subdivision of property, and the general diffusion of it are such, that the number of great estates is becoming comparatively small. So far from regretting this order of things, we rejoice to see it. The vilest of all aristocracies is that of wealth, so naturally tending to inspire ignorance, insolence and pride.

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The whole tendency of the present order of things is to prevent the accumulation of large fortunes, and so to distribute the means of subsistence, as that very few can expect to be able to live without exertion. What, we say then, is to become of the hundred thousand ladies, who have been reared to think shame and scorn of being able to render themselves in any way useful in existence? What proportion of them can expect husbands? And of those, who find them, what proportion will have sufficient revenue to go through life without any exertion? It is for parents, and the parties most interested, to settle the question. For our part, we deem, that the greatest happiness and the first duty of existence coincide, in pointing every virtuous and worthy young man and woman to the partnership of wedlock. It grieves us to look forward into the future, and see such an army of present sparklers, so flippant, so pretty, so idle, and so useless, transformed to ape leaders, wrinkled, soured, gossiping, getting up charitable societies and dealing out scandal over tea.

It is worse than useless to croak over evils, without proposing a remedy. We mean to propose ours, as we trust, a full and adequate one. We care not, whether our travelled beaux tells us, ladies are equally useless in London, Paris and Rome. Away with those worthless ones, who whisper in their ear, that it is indispensable to fashion, abroad and at home, to be idle and useless, and that a lady ought to he ashamed to be capable of doing any thing. Independent Americans ought to generate their own fashions, to have strength of mind and dignity of character, to give them currency, and render them respectable. The bitter lesson of industry has of necessity to be learned by the next generation of young ladies, if not by the present. For me, I know nothing so respectable, as to be useful. If I had the resources of both the Indies, my children should be bred to industry, were it only to provide a resource and an amusement, and a remedy for ennui, and a preventive for the *tedium vitae* of a useless and unoccupied existence, which, more frequently, than any other cause, leads to suicide—were it only to give them cheerfulness and the dignity of self-respect. That parent, who trains his child to no pursuit nor employment, nor mode of usefully occupying time, has but poorly discharged the duties of a parent, let him have given his child ever so many superficial accomplishments, and what amount of money, he may. Every one in a republic, male and female, ought to have a career, a pursuit and an employment. We eminently need a board of matrimony; and the young aspirants ought to prove before that board, that they are capable of some employment of utility, requiring physical or mental industry, before they should be allowed to marry. Then, to avail of the common truism, if they were independent in circumstances, this resource would be so much in bank, an untouched fund. If they should experience the common reverses, this treasure would still remain to come in use.

I cannot conceive, that mere idlers, male or female, can have respect enough for themselves, to be comfortable. I cannot imagine, that they should not carry about with them such a consciousness of being a blank in existence, as would be written on their forehead, in the shrinking humiliation of perceiving, that the public eye had weighed them in the balance, and found them wanting. Novels and romances may say this or that about their etherial beauties, their fine ladies tricked out to slaughter my Lord

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A.—and play cupid's archery upon Dandy B.—and despatch Amarylis C. to his sonnets. I have no conception of a beautiful woman, or a fine man, in whose eye, in whose port, in whose whole expression this sentiment does not stand embodied. I am called by my Creator to duties. I have employment on the earth. My sterner, but more enduring pleasures are in discharging my duties. Compare the sedate expression of this sentiment in the countenance of man or woman, when it is known to stand, as the index of character and the fact, with the meretricious gaudiness of a simple, good for nothing belle, who disdains usefulness and employment, whose empire is a ball-room, and whose subjects dandies, as silly and as useless as herself. Who of the two has most attractions for a man of sense? The one a help-mate, a fortune in herself, who can aid to procure one, if the husband has it not; who can sooth him under the loss of it, and what is more, aid him to regain it; and the other a painted butterfly, for ornament only during the vernal and sunny months of prosperity; and then not becoming a chrysalis, an inert moth in adversity, but a croaking, repining, ill-tempered termagant, who can only recur to the days of her short lived triumph, to embitter the misery, and poverty, and hopelessness of a husband who, like herself, knows not to dig, and is ashamed to beg.

We are obliged to avail of severe language in application to a deep rooted malady. We want words of power. We need energetic and stern applications. No country ever verged more rapidly towards extravagance and expense. In a young republic, like ours, it is ominous of any thing, but good. Men of thought and virtue and example are called upon to look to this evil. Patrician families, that croak, and complain, and forebode the downfall of the republic, here is the origin of your evils. Instead of training your sons to waste their time, as idle young gentlemen at large, instead of inculcating on your daughters, that the incessant tinkling of a harpsichord, or a scornful and lady like toss of the head, or dexterity in waltzing, are the chief requisites to make their way in life, if you can find no better employment for the one, teach him the use of the grubbing hoe, and learn the other to make up garments for your servants. Train your son and daughter to an employment, to frugality, to hold the high front, and to walk the fearless step of independence, and sufficiency to themselves in any fortunes, any country, or any state of things. By arts like these the early Romans thrived. When your children have these possessions, you may go down to the grave in peace, as regards their temporal fortunes.

To remedy the great evil of indolence and want of industry among these hundred thousand young ladies, as well as to provide for those of them, who may expect, in the present order of things, to become ape leaders in their latter days, we propose, that as many of them, as see fit to follow our advice, form themselves into a society to be entitled 'The young ladies' *to-get-married* Society,' and for want of a better, we propose the following draft for the preliminaries of a constitution.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas the ladies have recently originated three hundred societies, most of them through an improper desire of notoriety, and in the spirit of sanctified gossip, and from want of a better way of employing their time, the undersigned, not in imitation of their example, but receiving it

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as a determent and a warning, have decreed, and do decree, that they will form a society, to be known by the device and the denomination following, to wit: 'The young ladies' to get married society,' and to adopt the following preliminaries for a Constitution:

Article 1. No lady shall belong to this society, who is not young, beautiful and fashionable.

2. Every member shall have learned the piano, to chop logic, to waltz, to out talk her lover, to perform algebraic equations, and to understand every piece and component of a fashionable lady's dress, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.

3. Instead of spending the twenty hours of every day in eating, dressing, yawning, visiting, dancing, and sleeping, we each pledge our *lives, fortunes and sacred honor, to the other*, that we will devote six hours of six days in every week, to some employment, to be hereafter designated.

4. An executive committee of three shall be appointed, to consult with some mother in Israel, of good repute as a wife and a mother, for industry and alms deeds, to select, and determine to what species of industry the six hours, above appropriated, shall be applied. We specify but the following limitations, in regard to the employment. 1. It shall be useful. 2. It shall be honest. 3. It shall be such, as can exchange its avails for money.

5. On every Sabbath, health and weather permitting, we will attend public worship, morning and evening, and will devote as many hours to reading writings upon rational, practicable and liberal christianity, as during the days of the week to secular concerns.

6. A committee of three shall be appointed to draft the plan of a savings bank, in which the avails of our industry shall be deposited on interest.

7. We will lay by the said avails of our pledged industry, from the date of the operation of this institution, until we are severally married, as a sacred and untouched family fund, adding thereunto the interest accumulating upon our stock, as aforesaid.

8. At ten of the clock in the morning of the day subsequent to our marriage, we will, in bridal pomp appear before our lord, with the following speech, duly preluded by our most winning looks and graceful courtesy. 'Sir, my lord and husband, as in duty bound, I hereby present you with the avails of six hours labor of (these hands or this head, *as the case may be*) during the secular days of every week for the term of —— years and —— months, since I became a member, in form of 'The young ladies' to get married society.' Sir, my lord and husband, as in duty bound, I promise to bathe your head in vinegar, when it aches, to look cheerful in stormy weather, and particularly, when our parlour smokes. I promise my best words and best counsels, when you are in trouble or sorrow. Further—I have acquired the habit of devoting six hours a day to some pursuit of utility. I do not mean to break in upon it I determine, if possible, to look more lovely for the future, than I have for the past. I must exact one condition. If any young lady, not belonging to the society aforesaid, and devoting all her time to the customary eating, dressing, dancing and sleeping aforesaid, should visit us, and show smoother, and more cream colored fingers, and greater *execution* upon our

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piano, than I can, you must promise me to set over the real, or imagined expression of higher purpose, more dignity of character, and more usefulness in existence in these eyes, to balance the more dainty fingers, and voluble playing of my visitant.

'My lord and husband, as in duty bound, you may call me the weaker vessel; but you shall find me as sea-worthy, blow the gales prosperous or adverse, as yourself, and to encourage you to your best exertions for our common good, bear always in mind, that I have proved myself capable of being a help mate for you, whenever the necessity of drawing upon my services shall come.' The other articles of this constitution do not appear. But we think, there is no doubt, that as many young ladies, as join this society in the true spirit of it, and act up to their pledged rules, will be sure to get married, provided nevertheless, that there are enough young men of sense and spirit among us to furnish them with husbands; of which, as there are almost as many inane and useless dandies, as belles, there is some doubt. Let the ladies commence the example. Let them not think, that to dissipate their time in getting up charitable societies, other than the above, will avail. It is real *bona fide* industry, the actual spirit of independent diligence, that we contend for. If we can in any way persuade the young ladies, that the highest trait of beauty, they can possess, is a countenance of independence and sufficiency to themselves; if we can only convince them, that merely forming the determination to be useful, will make them look lovely; and, more than all, if we can actually bring them to show an example of useful industry,—smirking dandies, shop-window loiterers, little puny, tailor-made, essenced time-killers, will disappear as insects in summer are drowned in honey.

COMBE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

(Concluded from our last.)

Rules are best taught by example, and the author produces a strange case of the violation of the law of hereditary descent. A pious and intelligent, but unreflecting and uneducated man, married an unhealthy young woman, of deficient moral development, but considerable force of character. They had several children. The parents were uncomfortable and unhappy; at eighteen the children were adepts in every species of immorality and profligacy. The father knew but two resources. He beat them, and he prayed for them. He said, 'if after that it pleased the Lord to make them vessels of wrath, the Lord's will must be done.' We may pity the folly and respect the piety of this man; but every one must see, that the pangs of the unhappy father were not the fruit of a Divine decree, but of his own ignorance and misconduct. He had violated a law of his being in the marriage, of which these children were the fruit. He had violated the laws of their being, in using no other engines to correct the consequences of the first error, than the rod, and prayer. Could he expect that the Creator would change the settled laws of his government,

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in order to make those good, whom he had as resolutely framed to evil, as if it had been his purpose, so to form them?

Another instance. A man, in whom the animal developments were large, but balanced by fair moral and intellectual powers, married, against her will, a young lady of showy accomplishments, but wanting in conscientiousness. Although they were in a respectable walk, everlasting quarrel was the consequence. The family altar was the scene of constant war, and the father was obliged to send his children from home, for the security of his own life against violence. Another case is mentioned, in which some of the children inherited the father's, and some the mother's developement. The former was particularly bad, and the latter good. The children of the first class died of debauchery, short of thirty years. The children of the latter were virtuous, notwithstanding the additional impediment of evil example.

In Spain, kings marry neices, and custom allows first cousins to intermarry. The law of God, as declared in the bible, is in strict conformity to the discovered institutions of nature. Deterioration of the offspring is the consequence. The law holds in the vegetable kingdom. A provision of a very simple kind is in some cases made, to prevent the male and female blossoms of the same plant from breeding together, just as what has just been referred to, should in the animal kingdom.

The same principle in agriculture forbids to sow grain of the same stock in constant succession. If the soil and the germ are in high perfection, the deterioration, in such cases, is less visible. If the individuals are highly robust, and both well developed, the offspring may not fall far below the common standard. But there is never an exception to a law of nature. The offspring are uniformly inferior, to what they would have been, if the parents had united with strangers in blood, of equal vigor, and development. Whenever there is a remarkable deficiency in parents related by blood, it appears in the most aggravated forms in the offspring. So much for miseries arising from violating the organic laws in forming the domestic compact.

The author compares the folly of those, who expect that the laws of the Creator, in this respect, will not take their course, to that of him, who would put to sea in a paper boat, and not expect to be drowned. But he admits, that the knowledge of the marks of human development is yet too limited, to enable us to form accurate and precise judgment, what combinations of natural talents and dispositions in an individual will best fit him for a given employment. We require to have seen a variety of combinations tried in that particular department, and to have carefully noted their effects, which has not yet been done.

Baron Cuvier explains, perhaps we might say, proves, that our world was first fluid; that chrystaline matters were first; next the lowest orders of zoophytes and vegetables; then fishes, reptiles, trees in forests, forming beds of coal; then quadrupeds and birds, shells and plants, resembling those of the present era; but all of which, as species, have utterly perished from the earth; next came alluvial rocks, containing bones of mammoths; and last of all man. This shows, that destruction of vegetable and animal life was an institution of nature, before man became an inhabitant of our globe. It is not the object of the author to enquire, why things were

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so? or the state of the soul, after its separation from the body. These enquiries belong to revelation.

He considers the dissolution of the body merely in the light of a natural arrangement. Death seems to be the result of the constitution of all organized beings. The human mind, in the present order of things, cannot conceive of any other. If vegetable and animal productions from the beginning, having attained maturity, had remained unchangeably immortal, this visible world would not have been capable of containing a thousandth part of them. So that to decay and die, seems indispensable to reproduction and growth. In the vegetable world this law surrounds us with young and budding forests, in place of the monotony of everlasting full-grown woods; and infancy and childhood, and the freshness and the earnest vigor of youth, and gray hairs and retirement from the scene, like the shifting variety of an inn. Death removes the old and the worn out, and brings in their place on the stage the young and the gay.

But some will say, to have lived at all, is felt as a right to continue to live; and they question, how we can reconcile the appointment of death, as a part of the organic law, with benevolence and justice. These views are the result of the most unmixed selfishness. The author eloquently shows the wisdom and benevolence of the organic arrangement of death, in regard to the lower animals. There is no reason to believe, that they have any more conception, that they are born to die, than a tree has.—Death is to them but the transference of existence, without a consciousness of the loss, in the one which dies. We regret that we cannot follow the author in his eloquent lessons of humanity and wisdom on this head of his subject. Every sentence unfolds the wisdom and mercy of the Creator, and the wise arrangements, by which every thing, in relation to the existence of the lower orders, from its commencement to its close, is ordered by weight and measure. For example, in natural decay the animal sinks into gradual insensibility. In violent death, the lion and the tiger are so formed, both in instinct and construction, that they produce instantaneous death in their victims without pain. The eagle strikes its beak into the spinal marrow of its prey, and the agony endures scarcely an instant. Man ought to copy the example, and if he must destroy life, do it before the animal can know, that it has ceased to live.

Man, if not selfish, will remember, that it seems to be a necessary law of the universe, that decay and re-production should be constantly taking place. He has enjoyed his short repast of life, by having some one before him resign his seat to him. He ought to be just as willing to give place to another, as he was to accept that, which was offered him. Suppose we could live on, under the inevitable infirmities and decays of life, how many would sustain the load, till it became an insupportable burden! If we could live forever in this world, as we now are, who can imagine the sounds of wailing and wo, that would soon fill this bedlam of the universe with a lament more dire, than that, which the Trojan heard at the entranee of the regions beyond the Styx. By a series of eloquent reasonings and fair inductions, the author arrives at a conclusion, equally philosophic and pious, that death is a merciful arrangement of our being, an event necessary to the unchangeable order of things, which we ought neither to fear, nor desire; but, in humble preparation, calmly to await, as a part of the plan, to

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make place for another, to sit down in our place at the feast, if feast it may be called, of life.

If then we are able to show, that *the whole scheme of external creation is arranged in harmony with certain principles, in preference to others, so that enjoyment ensues upon conformity, and evil upon violation, we shall then prove, that the former is the religion and morality established by the Creator, and that all codes in opposition must be wrong.* That constitution of mind, also, must be best, which most completely harmonizes with this morality and religion ordained by the Creator. In this view *morality becomes a science,* and the folly of infringement in regard to the happiness of the individual may be as certainly demonstrated, as the understanding can perceive errors in logic. One object of the treatise in question is to arrive at demonstrations of morality, as a science. It is as certain, that conformity to our physical, organic and moral law is connected with happiness, and the infringement of it with certain misery as it is, that the three angles of a triangle, taken together, are equal to two right angles. The study of these laws, then, is the *science of education and morality.* On p. 202 the author proceeds eloquently to point out the enjoyment resulting from obedience to these laws. The more clearly we understand the works of God, the more we shall discover this unalterable connection. And our conceptions of the character of the divine being will rise, in exact proportion to our knowledge of his works. But the idea has been sneered at, that men ought to be taught, or could be taught natural philosophy, and the other sciences, that expound the natural laws. On what occupations, then, can human beings be engaged, so as to have neither leisure nor inclination for understanding these laws of the Creator, so indispensable to their happiness? The author proves, that the science is easily attainable by every one, and affirms, that all that is wanting is a *desire* for the knowledge, and, we may add, a perception of its necessity to his happiness.

He next considers the evils, which arise from the infringement of these laws. We quote the following, as an elucidation of the author's views upon this head, and an example of his manner.

'As to INDIVIDUALS. At present, the almost universal persuasion of civilized man, is, that happiness consists in the possession of wealth, power, and extended splendor; objects relating to the animal faculties and intellectual much more than to the moral sentiments, in consequence, each individual sets out in the pursuit of these as the chief business of his life; and, in the ardor of the chase, he recognizes no limitations on the means which he may employ, except those imposed by the municipal laws. He does not receive or acknowledge the existence of natural laws, determining not only the sources of his happiness, but the steps by which it may be attained. From this moral and intellectual blindness, merchants and manufacturers, in numberless instances, hasten to be rich beyond the course of nature; that is to say, they engage in enterprises far exceeding the extent of their capital or capacity; they place their property in the hands of debtors, whose natual talents and morality are so low, that they ought never to have been trusted with a shilling; they send their goods to sea without insuring them, or leave them uninsured in their own warehouses; they ask pecuniary accommodation from other merchants, to enable them to carry on their undue spec-

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ulations, and become security for them in return, and both fall in consequence of blindly following acquisitiveness to extremities; or they live in splendor and extravagance, far beyond the natural return of their capital and talents. In every one of these instances, the calamity is obviously the consequence of infringement of the moral and intellectual law. The lawyer, medical practitioner, or probationer in the church, who is disappointed in his reward, will be found erroneously to have placed himself in a profession, for which his natural talents and dispositions did not fit him, or to have pursued his vocation under the guidance chiefly of the lower propensities, preferring selfishness to honorable regard for the interests of his employers. Want of success in these professions, appears to me to be owing, in a high degree, to three causes: first, The brain being too small, or constitutionally lymphatic, so that the mind does not act with sufficient energy to make an expression; secondly, some particular organs indispensably requisite to success, being very deficient, as Language, Causality, in a lawyer, rendering him incapable of ready utterance, and the second destitute of that intuitive sagacity, which sees at a glance the bearing of the facts and principles founded on by his adversary, so as to estimate the just inferences that follow, and to point them out. A lawyer, who is weak in this power, appears to his client like a pilot who does not know the shoals and the rocks. His deficiency is perceived whenever difficulty presents itself, and he is pronounced unsafe to take charge of great interests; he is then passed by, and suffers the responsibility of an erroneous choice of profession; or, thirdly, Predominance of the animal and selfish faculties. The client and the patient discriminate instinctively between the cold, pithless, but pretending manner of acquisitiveness and love of approbation, and the unpretending, genuine warmth of benevolence, veneration, and conscientiousness; and they discover very speedily that the intellect inspired by the latter sees more clearly, and manages more successfully, their interests, than when animated only by the former; the victim of selfishness either never rises, or sinks, wondering why his merits are neglected.'

'In all these instances, the failure of the merchant, and the bad success of the lawyer, &c. are the consequences of having infringed the natural laws; so that the evil they suffer is in the punishment for having failed in a great duty, not only to society, but to themselves.

'The greatest difficulties, however, present themselves, in tracing the operation of the moral and intellectual laws, in the wide field of social life. An individual may be made to comprehend how, if he commits an error, he should suffer a particular punishment; but when calamity overtakes whole classes of the community, each person absolves himself from all share of the blame, and regards himself as simply the victim of a general but inscrutable visitation. Let us, then, examine briefly the Social Law.

'In regarding the human faculties, we perceive that numberless gratifications spring from the social state. The muscles of a single individual could not rear the habitations, build the ships, forge the anchors, construct the machinery, or, in short produce the countless enjoyments that every where surround us, in consequence of men being constituted, so as instinctively to combine their powers and skill, to obtain a common end. Here, then, are prodigious advantages resulting directly from the social law; but, in the next place, social intercourse is the means of affording direct gratification to a variety of our mental faculties.

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If we live in solitude, the propensities of Amativeness, Philoprogenitiveness, Adhesiveness, Love of Approbation, the sentiments of Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness, Wonder, Language, and the reflecting faculties, would be deprived, some of them absolutely, and others of them nearly, of all opportunities of gratification. The social law, then, is the source of the highest delights of our nature, and its institution indicates the greatest benevolence and wisdom towards us, in the Creator.'

From these and various other examples of individual misery in consequence of the infringement of these laws, the author proceeds to exemplify the effects of such infringement upon communities. The doctrine of Malthus, that population cannot go on perpetually increasing, without pressing on the limits of the means of subsistence, only amounts to this, that the means of subsistence are not susceptible of such rapid and unlimited increase as population; and in consequence, that the amative propensity must be checked by reason or by misery. The love of offspring indulged in opposition to reason, as every one knows, leads to spoiling the children, and bringing reflected misery to the parents. The great mass of mankind think of nothing, but the acquisition of wealth, power, distinction, or animal pleasure. If then, the supremacy of moral sentiment and intellect be the unchangeable natural law, we can see at once, why the mass of our species, living in constant and almost universal violation of these laws, complain of the unhappiness of life.

On p. 225, the author gives detailed cases of this unhappiness, in the condition of the laboring classes of England and Scotland, in 1825, 6, 7. There were 1927 unemployed operatives in Edinburgh, which is not a manufacturing city. The condition of Glasgow and Manchester, and other great manufacturing towns, may be inferred from this. Here were thousands starving for want of employment, in places, where other thousands were employed in the most wearying and brutalizing drudgery, 16 hours out of the 24; and employed, too, in accumulating products, the excess of which, was the cause of the want of employment in the 1927.

'According to the principles of the present Essay, what are called by commercial men 'times of prosperity,' are seasons of the greatest infringement of the natural laws, and precursors of great calamities. Times are not reckoned prosperous, unless *all* the industrious population is employed during *the whole day*, hours of eating and sleeping only excepted, in the production of *wealth*. This is a dedication of their whole lives to the service of the propensities, and must necessarily terminate in punishment, if the world is constituted on the principle of supremacy of the higher powers.

'The responsibility which overtakes the higher classes is equally obvious. If they do not engage in some active pursuit, so as to give scope to their energies, they suffer the evils of ennui, morbid irritability, and excessive relaxation of the functions of mind and body, which carry in their train more suffering than is entailed even on the operatives by excessive labor. If they pursue ambition in the senate or the field, or in literature or philosophy, their real success is in exact proportion to the approach which they make to observance of the supremacy of the sentiments and intellect. Franklin, Washington, and Bolivar, may be contrasted with Sheridan and Bonaparte, as illustrations. Sheridan and

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Napoleon did not, systematically, pursue objects sanctioned by the higher sentiments and intellect, as the end of their exertions; and no person who is a judge of human emotions, can read their lives, and consider what must have passed within their minds, without coming to the conclusion, that, even in their most brilliant moments of external prosperity, the canker was gnawing within, and that there was no moral relish of the present, or reliance on the future; but a mingled tumult of inferior propensities and intellect, carrying with it an habitual feeling of unsatisfied desires.'

The author proceeds, in the same bold and independent strain, to consider the effect of the moral law on national prosperity. England, he says, has set this law at defiance. In settling all her regulations, she has taken the propensities, as her guides. She has invented restrictions on trade; she has conquered colonies over the globe, and ruled them in the spirit of selfishness. All her monied movements are predicated upon speculation, and lead back to it, acting and re-acting, as cause and effect. She has her rotten boroughs, her acknowledged corruption in parliament. She has her mitred churchmen, with their immense salaries, and their Welsh curates with their fifteen children, starving upon 40£ a year. Splendor, brilliance, conquest, power, and over all, the omnipotence of money, this is the moral of England. The author traces the influence of such a character upon the war of the American revolution, and equally upon that of France.

'To divert the national mind from causing a revolution at home, they embarked in a war abroad; and, for a period of twenty-three years, let loose the propensities on France with headlong fury, and a fearful perseverance. France, no doubt, threatened the different nations of Europe with the most violent interference with their governments; a menace wholly unjustifiable, and that called for resistance. But the rulers of that country were preparing their own destruction, in exact proportion to their departures from the moral law; and a statesman, who knew and had confidence in the constitution of the world, as now explained, would have listened to the storm in complete composure, prepared to repel actual aggression, and left the exploding of French infatuation to the Ruler of the Universe, in unhesitating reliance on the efficacy of his laws. But England preferred a war of aggression. If this conduct was in accordance with the sentiments, we should now, like America, be reaping the reward of our obedience to the moral law, and plenty and rejoicing should flow down our streets like a stream. But mark the contrast. This island exhibits the spectacle of millions of men, toiled to the extremity of human endurance, for a pittance scarcely sufficient to sustain life; weavers labouring for fourteen or sixteen hours a day for eightpence, and frequently unable to procure work, even on these terms; other artisans exhausted almost to death by laborious drudgery, who, if better recompensed, seek compensation and enjoyment in the grossest sensual debauchery, drunkenness, and gluttony; master-traders and manufacturers anxiously labouring for wealth, now gay in the fond hope that all their expectations will be realised, then sunk in deep despair by the breath of ruin having passed over them; landholders and tenants now reaping unmeasured returns from their properties, then pining in penury, amidst an overflow of every species of produce; the government cramped by an overwhelming debt and the prevalence of igno-

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rance and selfishness on every side, so that it is impossible for it to follow with a bold step the most obvious dictates of reason and justice, owing to the countless prejudices and imaginary interests which every where obstruct the path of improvement. This resembles much more punishment for transgression, than reward for obedience to the divine institutions.'

The author applies the same reflections to the conduct of Spain, as a nation. They disobeyed all the moral laws in the conquest of southern America, exterminated the natives, and looked to rapine and gold, as the sources of enjoyment. Avarice and pride were fostered in the nobles, ignorance, indolence and mental depravity in the people. Misery and poverty found their way amidst heaps of gold. They became the prey of internal discord and foreign invaders, and they are now suffering the responsibility of their follies and their crimes.

The fourth section, on the moral advantages of punishment, commences on p. 249, and is one of the most impressive and important in the book. Although pain and sorrow are the direct consequences of our misconduct, there can be no doubt, that the Deity has appended them to violation of his laws as a future warning, rather than a punishment with vindictive intent. His views upon these subjects harmonize with the great bishop Butler, whom he respectfully quotes, in confirmation of his own ideas. It is strange, but true, that no representation is so common in our pulpits, as that punishment of misconduct is vindictive in the Deity. Hence the debauchee is told, that the headache and horrors, that follow his debauch, are chiefly intended as judgments to prepare his soul for the invisible world. Would it not be more rational and true, to represent them as the kindly intimations of providence, to warn him to avoid those courses in future? In conclusion of this interesting chapter, the author affirms, that no reason can be assigned, why physical accidents and sufferings should be regarded in any other light, than as direct punishments for infringement of the laws of our nature; and indirectly, as the means of our moral and religious improvement.

In the last chapter, he shows the joint operation of the natural laws.—As we see no possibility of abridging one of the most impressive of these views, we present it entire in the author's words.

'The great fire in Edinburgh, in November, 1824, when the Parliament Square and a part of the High Street were consumed, will serve as one example. That calamity may be viewed in the following light:—The Creator constituted the countries of England and Scotland, and the English and Scottish nations, with such qualities and relationships, that the individuals of both kingdoms would be most happy in acting towards each other and pursuing their separate vocations, under the supremacy of the moral sentiments. We have lived to see this practised, and to reap the rewards of it. But the ancestors of the two nations did not believe in this constitution of the world, and they preferred acting on the principles of the propensities; that is to say, they waged furious wars, and committed wasting devastations on each other's properties and lives. This was clearly a violent infringement of the moral law; and it is obvious from history that the two nations were equally ferocious, and delighted reciprocally in each other's calamities. One effect of it was to render personal safety an

object of paramount importance. The hill on which the Old Town of Edinburgh is built, was naturally surrounded by marshes, and presented a perpendicular front, to the west, capable of being crowned with a castle. It was appropriated with avidity, and the metropolis of Scotland founded there, obviously and undeniably under the inspiration purely of the animal faculties. It was fenced round and ramparts built to exclude the fierce warriors who then lived south of the Tweed, and also to protect the inhabitants from the feudal banditti who infested their own soil. The space within the walls, however, was limited and narrow; the attractions of the spot were numerous, and to make the most of it, our ancestors erected the enormous masses of high, confused, and crowded buildings which now compose the High Street of the city, and the wynds, or alleys, on its two sides. These abodes, moreover, were constructed to a great extent, of timber, for not only the joists and floors, but the partitions between the rooms, were of massive wood. Our ancestors did all this in the perfect knowledge of the physical law, that wood ignited by fire is not only consumed itself, but envelopes in inevitable destruction every combustible object within its influence. Further; their successors, even when the necessity had ceased, persevered in the original error, and in the perfect knowledge that every year added to the age of such fabrics increased their liability to burn, they allowed them to be occupied not only as shops filled with paper, spirits, and other highly combustible materials, but introduced gas-lights, and let off the upper floors for brothels, introducing thereby into the heart of this magazine of conflagration, the most reckless and immoral of mankind. The consummation was the tremendous fires of November, 1824, the one originating in a whiskey-cellar, and the other in a garret brothel, which consumed the whole Parliament Square and a part of the High Street, destroying property to the extent of many thousands of pounds, and spreading misery and ruin over a considerable portion of the population of Edinburgh. Wonder, consternation, and awe were forcibly excited at the vastness of this calamity; and in the sermons that were preached, and the dissertations that were written upon it, much was said of the inscrutable ways of Providence, that sent such visitations upon the people, enveloping the innocent and the guilty in one common sentence of destruction.

'According to the exposition of the ways of Providence which I have ventured to give, there is nothing wonderful, nothing vengeful, nothing arbitrary, in the whole occurrence. The surprising thing was, that it did not take place generations before.'

During a French war, an English fleet was returning up the channel, in a thick fog. Some of the commanders advised lying to by night. The commodore was exceedingly attached to his wife and family, and insisted, that he would spend the Christmas holidays with them. Two ships of the line were dashed in pieces, and every soul on board perished.—Another, drawing less water, went over the bank, and the crew were made captives, and so detained for years. The commodore sought his individual and selfish gratification, without thinking of the physical laws and the welfare of the men under his charge. This selfishness blinded him even to the danger to which he exposed his own life, and the happiness of his wife and children, whom he professed so much to love.

Very recently, an East Indiaman was offered a pilot in coming up the

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channel. The captain, in proud reliance upon his own skill, refused. In a few hours the ship ran aground, and every human being perished. There was nothing strange, or unnatural in this striking of the ship. The real cause of the disaster was the immoderate self-confidence of the captain.—In this connexion, the author relates an impressive anecdote of a contrary character, and of a ship saved in a tempest by the foresight and cool self-possession of the captain, while the ship lay for four hours on her beam ends.

He concludes with a narrative still more impressive, than which we hardly remember to have read a more interesting one. It is that of Capt. Lyon, in an unsuccessful attempt to reach Repulse Bay, towards the north pole, 1824. Though so short, and of such extreme interest, it is too long for us to give entire. He sailed with two vessels. One was discovered, early in the voyage, to be a bad one, and required to be towed. After various disasters, he arrived in the polar seas, and was visited by a storm. They were drifting on a bank, and could not see ahead. They had shoaled to seven fathoms, and parted most of their anchors. The ship pitched bows under, and a tremendous sea was bursting upon them. The tide was falling, and its fall was known to be fifteen feet. A situation more terrible can hardly be imagined. The boats were hoisted out, and the officers and crew drew lots for their respective points of exposure. The long-boat was the only one, which had the slightest chance of living; but the officers and crew, that fell to the other boats, took their chances with the most perfect composure, though two of the boats would have swamped, the instant they were lowered. Yet, such was the noble feeling, that the crew would have entered them without a murmur.

In the afternoon the weather cleared a little. A low beach appeared astern, on which the surf was running to an awful height, and it appeared evident, that no human power could save them. At six the ship, lifted by a tremendous sea, struck with great violence, and continued to strike every few minutes. The breakers burst over them. The hands had not been below for twenty-four hours, and the captain had rested none for three nights. All ideas of surviving were abandoned. Every man brought his bag on deck, and dressed himself; and the captain says, 'In the fine athletic forms, which stood before me, I saw not a muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm.' All hands were called aft to prayers. The captain thanked every one for his good conduct, and reminded them of the tempers, in which they ought to prepare to appear before their Maker. The officers sat down, wherever they could find the best shelter from the sea, and the men lay down, conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness. 'Each,' says the captain, 'was in peace with his neighbor and all the world, and I am firmly persuaded, that the resignation, which was then shown to the will of the Almighty, was the means of obtaining his mercy. The last severe blow loosened the rudder, and otherwise damaged the ship. But after all, the ship made no water, and, as the dark came on, the water deepened and the gale fell. They offered up thanks to God, and called the place, 'The bay of God's mercy.'

The ship experienced another gale, and was placed in another predicament, where destruction seemed still more inevitable, than before. The ship pitched terribly. It was feared, that every wave would carry away

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the windlass and forecastle, or that she would go down at her anchors.—After two overwhelming seas, both the cables parted. All the anchors were lost, and the shore was expected to be right astern. The captain had the satisfaction of seeing the same calmness, as before. Every thing was managed with as much composure, as if they had been entering a friendly port. 'Here again,' says the captain, 'that Almighty power, which had before so mercifully preserved us, granted us his protection.'

Here we see the moral and intellectual triumphing over the physical laws; and there can be no doubt, that religion was the means of their preservation, not by any miracle, but precisely by inspiring them with that calmness, self-possession, and capability of exercising all their bodily and mental powers, in the right direction to save the ship; and it was the unchangeable law of the Deity, that such calmness and such measures could alone preserve them. But, if we examine a little farther, we shall find no mystery, no necessity for the supposition of a miraculous interposition to place them in the danger, or to effectuate their deliverance.

Though a pious man, the captain was a proud man too. He had been assigned to the command of the two ships, and, probably, had been flattered by assurances of reliance upon his good management and capacity.—He knew from the first, that his ships were badly built for their purpose, that one would not sail, and that the other was so built, and loaded, as to draw six feet too much water. He was too proud, and he wanted moral courage to complain to his admiral, and have things redressed; in which case, he would not have been delayed, too late in the season by having to tow one ship; and the other, if she had drawn six feet less water, would have been in no comparative danger. Thus, by infringing the organic and physical laws, he may be considered to have been the author of his own danger; and by his piety, courage and discipline, of drawing his ship and crew, by the settled laws of the Deity, from the tremendous perils, into which his previous infringement of the laws of his being had been instrumental in bringing them.

The general views of this book are summed up in the closing paragraphs with great precision and force. The 'conclusion' is a direct recommendation of phrenology, as the medium, through which, the author deems the blessings of a right education, and a more general acquaintance with the laws of our being will flow to us.

We are aware, that many will be ready to say, that life would not be worth possessing, if we were obliged to act upon principle and calculation, and live by rule in every thing. What a monstrous error! It is notorious, that the labor of the lazy is more painful, than that of the industrious; that the accurate accountant takes not half the pains, to keep his accounts, as the merchant, who leaves every thing at loose ends. And we may confidently affirm, that the only way, in which to pass through life with the least pain of labor, bodily and mental, is to live by rule and by calculation in every thing. One thing is certain, believe it as we may, that in just the same proportion, as we understand the laws of our being, and conform to them, in just so far we are happy, and the reverse. This world is justly called, from the pulpit, a 'vale of tears,' precisely because the million neither know, nor care about these laws, and live at random, as the customary text says, 'as the beasts, that perish.'

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But one most refreshing and heart-cheering proof, that the world is every day advancing in the knowledge of these laws, and conformity to them, though it may be in slow and small degrees, is at hand. It contradicts the flat and false and vapid prosing, that we hear from the pulpit and the croakers, that the age is deteriorating, and growing more irreligious and abandoned. It has not yet been said, or sung to our knowledge, on any fourth of July, though it is the most palpable scale, on which the improvement of this generation in true philosophy can be graduated. The mean duration of human life in all civilized countries is prolonging. This may be fairly considered as a standing scale of proportion, by which the real advancement of the age may be measured. We have recently seen this fact so often affirmed, and so unanswerably demonstrated by tables of mortality, that we have not a doubt of its truth. We have not room to refer to the tables at length. We can only quote a few results in proof. In 1780 the annual amount of deaths in England was one fortieth of the population. In 1821 the proportion was one in 58. Thus about two deaths now take place for three no longer ago than 1780. It is a curious fact, that these European tables of mortality are taken from England, New-York, Ohio, Sweden and France. It appears, that the annual mortality among one thousand persons is less in Ohio, than it is in France. In all civilized countries, in the course of the last half century, human life has increased in a ratio, which diminishes the annual mortality from one in forty to one in fifty-two and a half. Vaccination is undoubtedly one of the great elements in this amelioration of the human condition. Philanthropy will hope, that the diminution of intemperance will shortly add one infinitely greater. The single fact, which we have spread before the reader, is worth whole volumes of declamation upon the actual progress of knowledge, education and morality. It ought to encourage the philosopher and philanthropist to learn, that the obstacles of human ignorance and prejudice are not wholly invincible, and that a gradual amelioration of the human condition is silently, but irresistibly going on. Who will not utter the aspiration of the poet, 'Swift fly the years,' when this darkling dawn of incipient twilight shall kindle in radiance to a more full and luminous view of the laws of our being. If all the countless millions of our fellow-sufferers in human nature knew all, that is knowable of these laws, and observed them, what a different world would this be! The universal lament that earth now sends up to heaven, would give place to a hymn as universal of content and gladness. Life would be a feast. The decay of age would steal imperceptibly upon us, like the creeping, and almost pleasant languor of him, who reposes from the exhaustion of toil; and the inhabitants of a new golden age, in the beautiful phrase of Hesiod, would leave the pleasant shining of the sun, sinking, as in sleep.

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The History of North Carolina, from the earliest period. By FRANCOIS XAVIER MARTIN. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 824. A. T. Penniman & Co. New-Orleans, 1829.

Our readers will remember, that no long period has elapsed, since we had the pleasure to notice Judge Martin's history of Louisiana, a work, like the present, offering a fairer claim to the title 'annals,' than that, which they bear. In that book, with amusing peculiarities of style, and perhaps the want of a severe and exact method, a great mass of facts was collected, which will be inestimable to the future historian; and withal, there was a naivete, a simplicity, smacking of other times, and of the golden age, which to us was more interesting, and led us along the details from point to point, with more unsated curiosity, than has been elicited by books of the same class, written with high pretensions and the show of ornament, and the elaboration, that defies criticism. We are not disposed to defend, or recommend to imitation many of his phrases. His English is often whimsically idiomatic, as might be expected from a scholar, whose early studies and training had been in the French language. Correctness and elegance have a certain value; but they are not every thing in writing; and every reader's thoughts will supply him with cases, when he has yawned over an elegant and correct book, and closed it in weariness, uninformed and in disgust, while a book, laying no claim to such attainments, has led him on to a sustained perusal with fruit and profit. Originality, information, simplicity and truth, these are the grand points in a book; and if elegance and correctness can be super-added, so much the better. But nothing is more common in these days, than to take up books, tame, correct, elegantly harmless of meaning, and stupidly labored by the mechanical rules of fine writing.

We have been informed, that the valuable and interesting book, to which we refer, passed a rather harsh ordeal of the wits of the lower country.— We do not say, that we are bound to be blind to the defects of the writers of our own western and southern country. But we affirm, that no man deserves the name of citizen among us, who has not the heart and desire to find merit in our own writers, if he can—and an eye more keen to discover excellencies than defects. For us, with a full heart we affirm, that we think this gentleman worthy of all praise, who, under the infirmities of seventy winters, a large integral portion of which has been passed in traversing a country proverbial for insalubrity, and under the pressure of the duties of a most laborious and responsible office, is still able to find leisure and strength for four volumes of collections of materials for the future history of Louisiana and North Carolina. These annals will be priceless to those, who come after us. Even now, the history of these rude beginnings in the forests, of these struggles and darings, of these disappointments, and hopes kindling from the ashes of demolished projects, these strong sketches of brawny and bold adventurers, these views of the ascending smokes of the first cabins, these annals of the yet inexperienced intercourse of the first settlers with the Indians, these drawings of the natives, before they had become sophisticated by communication with the whites, these outlines of the men, customs and improvements of a century past, have to us a freshness and a charm, like that which springs from reading

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in the most poetical, as well as the best of all books, of the fresh odor, which earth sent up to heaven, for the survivors of the deluge, when they put foot again upon the soil, once more teeming with herbs and flowers.

We premise, that this book is written with more elaboration and correctness, than that upon Louisiana, and we remark, that it evinces the same patience, labor and assiduity in collecting materials, and the same aptitude for pursuits of this class, that we discovered in the other. There is the same simplicity of thought and manner in the compiler—and an elevated liberality, which regards the essentials of religion and national habits, without the blinding and narrowing influence of religious or national bigotry, which enables him to make just and philosophical comparisons, and to appreciate what is right in the manners and ways of one country, as readily as of another. This throws an air of honesty and good faith over his labors, which gives the reader confidence in his truth and impartiality. We formerly considered, and we still consider, that there is too great an admixture of foreign materials in this history, and that it is not exclusively enough Carolinian. We are aware of the difficulties in the way of escaping this defect; aware, that to a French scholar, a man of Judge Martin's habits, with a mind full of the annals of all the incipient establishments of our country, and especially of Canada and Louisiana, it would hardly be possible to avoid interweaving much of the progress of Canada and of all the other settlements, with that of North Carolina. To him, and perhaps to most people, so far from being considered a defect, this will be classed among the merits of the work. On the whole, we are clear, that few states of our Union have less reason to complain of the annals of their origin and progress, than Louisiana and North Carolina. When all the other states shall possess collections equally elaborate, impartial and interesting, then, and not till then, will the philosophic historian have before him adequate materials for a history of the United States. It is matter of unfeigned regret, that the limits, which are allowed to this article must necessarily be so narrow, and that we have space only to glance upon a few prominent, and almost unconnected facts.

Arthur Barlow and Philip Amidas first displayed the English flag on the shores of Carolina, July, 1584. They commanded two small vessels built and commissioned by Sir Walter Raleigh. They came by the Canaries and West Indies, in 57 days. Fragrant odors, wafted from the shore, taught them the vicinity of land. After coasting the shore one hundred miles, they landed in an inlet, gave thanks to the Almighty, and performed the usual ceremony of taking possession. They were soon surrounded by the natives, of whom striking pictures are given. Melons, cucumbers, maize, and edible roots were among the articles furnished by them, which prove, that these vegetables were indigenous. We are soon furnished with the same proofs, in regard to potatoes and tobacco, as, among the animal tribes, we find turkeys to have been of the most common game. The country was called Virginia. It was not long, before a feeble settlement was made under the care of Governor Lane, which, as happened to most of the commencing settlements, from inexperience, thoughtlessness, and the influence of a new climate and new circumstances, was in great distress, and was taken back to England by Sir Francis Drake. The set-

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tlements were recommenced, broken up, and begun anew; a circumstance the more astonishing at this day, when most people abandon a project on the first omens of ill success. What could have induced colonists from the opulence and security of England, to come to shores, that seemed strange and sterile, and that abounded with fierce and hostile savages, experiencing disease and hunger and danger, with an immense ocean rolling between them and their parent country, and renew a project of a colony, which had already been annihilated by disease, hunger and death or abandoned in despair, at this day we are at a loss to determine. It seems, as though no motive of sufficient efficacy could now be offered, that would operate a similar result, after the first failure. The way in which the preachers cut this gordian knot, instead of untieing it, seems as rational as any. In the wise purposes of Providence, it was intended, that these hostile and often abandoned forests should one day be the home of a great and happy people; and courage and perseverance were apportioned in allotments to cause, that as one establishment failed, another was ready to resume the attempt, until it was finally successful.

The individual details of filling up a narrative, are the only circumstances, that give the history of such a colony particular interest, and these are such as our limits forbid us to give. The general outline of adventure, fitting out ships, one proprietor making the best of his bargain of the country, as he transferred it to another, quarrels with the Indians, quarrels between the proprietors, the natural jealousy between them and the inhabitants, storms, droughts, deluging rains, the changes of a forest to a cultivated country, founding of churches and religious sects, revivals, the tales, incidents and gossip of a colony in the wilderness, these are the only features of such a history, that we are able to record; and these are such, as were common to all the commencing settlements in North Carolina.

None of the colonies had more bloody conflicts with the Indians, or came nearer extirpation by their extensive combinations, than this. It is remarkable for having had its first form of government drawn up by the great John Locke, so admirable in his analysis of the human mind, and so visionary, and inefficient, as an actual statesman, and practical legislator. Mr. Owen's schemes of paralellogramatic government, in which the people are so good and so happy in theory, and so miserable in experiment, seem to be as feasible, and fit for actual adoption, as those of the English philosopher.

'The first witch executed in America,' says the author, 'was at Hartford, in Connecticut; and her crime was practising evil things on the body of Ann Cole.' The Carolinas and Charleston were not settled until many years after the establishment of Jamestown in Virginia. Curious details are given of the Quakers, in their first settlements in the Carolinas; and a great amount of interesting information, in regard to all the commencing establishments in North America. The Carolinas had their episodes of rebellion under Carey, and were scenes of many of the ever memorable exploits of the *flibustiers* or Buccaneers, of whose history many striking facts are recorded in these volumes. Edward Teach, commonly called Blackbeard, long made the coast of Carolina his station, and the deep inlets places of retreat for his squadron. His flag was on a 40

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gun ship, manned with 100 men. Six other vessels with this made his fleet; and from Ocracock, Topsail, and Cape Fear they sallied forth for plunder, or retreated thither with their prizes. He captured Wragg, a member of the council of South Carolina, with 6000 dollars, threatened to behead him, landed his pirates in Charleston, and demanded such terms as suited him, which were granted. He married a young girl, his thirteenth wife, in North Carolina, brought to Pamlico a valuable French prize laden with sugar and coffee, and spent his time in rioting. Through the exertions of Governor Spotswood of Virginia, a small squadron was fitted out against him. Lieut. Maynard of the royal navy commanded it. £100 pound was offered for the apprehension of Teach; £15 for every officer, and 10 for every private. A most bloody fight ensued, Teach boasting, with horrid imprecations, that he would neither give, nor take quarter. The Lieut. lost 20 of his men at the first fire. The pirate then poured in his granadoes, and ordered his men to board his enemy. The two commanders fired at each other, and drew their dirks, and the deck was soon covered with blood. Teach fell, exhausted with wounds. Eight out of fourteen of the pirates, who boarded were killed; and the other six sued for mercy. The vessels of Teach's squadron were taken, and Teach's head hung to the bowsprit of the conquering ship.

It would not be difficult to fill out our whole pages with incidents of as much interest, as any that occur in the history of the other colonies.—Many of them are familiar to the reader, by being related in histories of other colonies, as Judge Martin has interwoven many of their facts with his. Not a few of them struck us with all the force and freshness of novelty, and impressed us with his industry and research, in bringing them to light. The documents in the appendix to the first volume are particularly interesting. We might cite as an example, an address to Governor Tryon, by Maurice Moore, Associate Justice of the Superior Court of North Carolina, 1771. In strength, severity, ridicule, keenness and bitterness of sarcasm and reprehension, there is no small portion of Junius in this paper.

The annals in the first volume are necessarily desultory and unconnected. The second volume takes up the thread of the narrative, when the Carolinas had acquired form and consistency; and the work from this point begins to assume the continuity, and to advance with the steady march of a connected body of history. Details of sustained interest succeed each other. The province of Carolina is divided, and George Barrington appointed Governor of North Carolina. Sir Alexander Coming is sent to conclude a treaty with the Cherokee Indians; and a happy sketch is given of his tour through the forests and over the mountains. About 1730, rice was allowed to be exported from the Carolinas. In 1732, one hundred and fifty settlers, led by James Oglethorpe, embarked from Gravesend for Georgia. In 1734 Gov. Johnson came out to take charge of the province. Soon afterwards, the southern provinces were involved in a war with the Spanish settlements at St. Augustine and in the Floridas. In 1741 the settlements had become so considerable, that the legislature was convened at Wilmington. The Spaniards sent, in 1742, a strong but unsuccessful expedition to dislodge Oglethorpe. Gov. Johnson died in 1752, after an administration of twenty years. The white population at this

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time exceeded 45,000, and the table of exports in tar, pitch, turpentine, staves, corn, peas, pork, beef, tobacco, &c. exhibited a very respectable amount. More than 84,000 barrels of tar, pitch and turpentine, were of the number of the items. An account of the unfortunate expedition of Gen. Braddock, 1755, is given. Judge Martin relaxes his gravity, and is quite merry at the expense of the yankees, at p. 80 and 81 of the second volume. In 1755 there was a collection of colonial troops at Albany, to aid the British regulars in an expedition against the French and Indians. We suspect, our eccentric historian, Mr. Weems, helped the author a little in his ludicrous picture of the puritan auxiliaries to that expedition.— Some had long coats, some short, and some no coats. The colors of their dresses were composed of all the components of the rainbow. Some wore cropped heads, and others wigs, the hair of which floated over the shoulders. Their appearance, manners, marching, music, and every thing about them, afforded infinite amusement to the regulars. Dr. Shackburg, one of their wits, composed '*yankee doodle*,' and told the puritan officers, that it was a celebrated air. The joke took; the puritans affirmed it was *nation fine*, and the air rang in the provincial camp, to the infinite amusement of the British, who afterwards heard it at Bunker's hill, and stacked their arms to it at Saratoga and at Yorktown. In 1755 an inspection of the articles of North Carolina export was established. In 1756 new roads and ferries were established, and a post between Suffolk and Wilmington once a fortnight. Gov. Glenn, of South Carolina, established a fort on the bank of the Savannah, three hundred miles from Charleston, and within gun-shot of an Indian town. In the year 1758, William Pitt issued his famous circular, invoking the concurrent aid of all the colonies in the war against the French. Forts Frontenac and Duquesne were taken, and the name of the latter changed to Fort Pitt. In 1759 Quebec was surrendered to the British. Frequent contests ensued between the Carolinas and the Cherokees. The garrison of Fort Loudon was massacred by them, in violation of the terms on which the fort was surrendered. North Carolina had already expended £80,000, in concurrent measures of defence against the common enemy. It was not often that the governors and provincial assemblies were in agreement. The terms of intercourse between governor Dobbs, and the assembly of North Carolina, were any thing rather than cordial.

In 1761 Colonel Grant moved with his great expedition of 2600 men against the Cherokees. A severe battle was fought. Colonel Grant lost sixty in killed and wounded; but the Cherokees were defeated, and their country laid waste. In 1765 the British measures were in train, that brought on the revolution, in which North Carolina took an early and decisive part. In 1758 the famous George Whitfield passed through the Carolinas. About this time we have the history of the regulators. At the meeting of the Superior Court at Hillsborough, they appeared in a body to the number of three thousand seven hundred, demanding, as usual, a redress of grievances. It finally came to a battle between them and Gov. Tryon, in 1771. The regulators were defeated, with the loss of twenty killed and a number wounded. The governor lost nine killed, and had sixty-one wounded. He was charged with being vindictive in his use of his victory. Gov. Tryon soon afterwards departed for New-York, of which

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province he was appointed Governor. The revolution commenced, and North Carolina took a part in the great transactions, which is matter of the general history of our country.

We are struck with surprise at the mass of details properly belonging to the individual and internal concerns of North Carolina, which Judge Martin has here presented us. No idea could be conveyed of them, except they were given to an extent, which is out of our power. As we have remarked, such a general outline, as we could give, would agree in most points with facts, which have been narrated before. But there are in the body of the history occasional notices of the progress of the *United Brethren* in North Carolina; and in the appendix a succinct history of their rise and progress. We imagine, it will be as new to many of our readers, and we hope it will prove as interesting, as it is to us; and, not having seen it any where before, we shall take occasion to refer to it with some particularity.

They are commonly known by the name *Unitas Fratrum, United Brethren,* or *Moravians.* Land was assigned them in Georgia, and some of them were sent out by Count Zinzendorf, from Germany, 1735. Their first settlement in North Carolina was 1753. They were prosperous in and about Savannah, and many Indians came to hear the gospel, or as they called it, *the great word.* They had marked success in converting the Indians, and learning them to read and write. In 1738 and 40 they began the great settlements at Nazareth and Bethlehem. In 1751 they purchased 100,000 acres of land in North Carolina. August Gottlieb Spangenburg, their bishop, was sent to locate and survey the land. The chief survey was on the east side of the Yadkin, in a good country, well watered, and timbered. In honor of Count Zinzendorf's title of Lord of Wachau, the tract was named Wachovia. The directors were bishop Spangenburg and Cornelius Van Laer. In 1753, twelve single brethren came to settle on the land. Seven others came in 1754. Their first establishment was called Bethabara, (the house of passage.) In 1755 a mill was built, and the first place of worship consecrated. From their industry, they generally had a great surplus of grain for other settlements, when in destitution. The Cherokees, and Catawbas, in their wars with the other parts of the colony, marched in peace through this establishment, and, pleased with their reception, gave this account of it in their own nation, the Dutch fort, *where there are good people and much bread.* The town of Bethany was laid off in 1759, and in the same year Bethabara was visited with an epidemic disorder, of which eleven, and among others, the German minister, died. The Indians often purposed to attack the settlement, but were *frightened away by ringing the bell!* In 1765, Bethabara had 88, and Bethany 78 inhabitants. In 1766, Salem, their principal settlement in North Carolina, was commenced. Hitherto all the emigrants had been from Pennsylvania. Ten came this year from Europe. Salem was laid out on the plan of their other chief towns, in which the unmarried men and boys, and the unmarried women and girls, live in separate houses. Many, not of their society, now moved from different quarters, to settle in Wachovia, that their children might be instructed in their way. The settlement of Friedburg was established 1769. In 1771 the regulators threatened to destroy their settlement, if they would not join

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them in their opposition to government. The defeat of the regulators by governor Tryon relieved the Moravians from their fears. He was highly gratified by the reception, which the brethren gave him and his army. In 1759 a deputation of conference was sent them from Germany. The annals of the interior incidents and progress of this unique and highly respectable people, as here given, are of extreme interest, but too long and detailed to be given entire. Their simplicity, order, peace, industry and piety, are attributes, which are every where connected with great prosperity, and their intrepid and unboasting zeal, as missionaries, is well known to be above all praise. Salem is the chief town of the settlement, 110 miles S. E. of Raleigh, and 36 deg. 10 min. North. It is beautifully and regularly laid out, and has the customary proportion of public buildings, of the same neatness and beauty that characterize all their establishments. But this place is best known to the public by its very flourishing school. The buildings are spacious and convenient; and there are few schools for young ladies in the United States, that have on the whole a higher reputation for imparting a sound, virtuous, religious and efficient education.

Bethabara, the next town in size to Salem, and distant from it 5 miles, is a pleasant, neat and regular village. Friedland and Hope are the other chief establishments; and the whole settlement exhibits the order, neatness and industry, which every where mark the settlements of this people, who seem to be pious without persecution or bigotry; and whose religion consists in living the gospel, rather than making books and professions about it, and who have shown a simple disinterestedness and intrepidity, and contempt of danger and death, which were the distinctive marks of primitive Christianity.

Debate on the Evidences of Christianity, containing an examination of the Social System, and all the systems of scepticism of ancient and modern times; held in the city of Cincinnati, April, 1829, *between* Robert Owen and Alexander Campbell. Reported by *Charles H. Simms*, Esq. 2 vols. in one. pp. 551. 2d Edition. Robinson & Fairbank, Cincinnati: 1829.

An enlightened book, written in the spirit of a Christian, a scholar and a gentleman, in defence of our common christianity, and in support of the broad and immoveable basis, upon which we all stand, is a work, which we hardly expected to see in these days, when theology seems retrograding towards the dark ages, reversing the order of history and time, and becoming narrower, and more puerile, and insignificant and denouncing, as the world is every day becoming more careless of denunciation, and viewing with more contempt every attempt to enforce opinions upon authority. The author of this work has a rich and well stored mind. His endowments are strong in the direction of fancy and the imagination. We believe he is lineally allied to a family, which has been prolific in the most finished theological scholars, and the *blood of the Douglas* certainly shows itself in the work. The book, as every reader must see, is the

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fruit of an immense amount of reading and research. Paley himself probably had not turned over more volumes, to store his mind with the views, reasonings and facts of the friends and enemies of Christianity; and human wisdom and research might diversify the arguments, and present them in a new form, but can find little to add to the substance of this defence. It wants the severe retrenchment, the lucid order, the energetic compactness of Paley. The circumstances, under which the book was produced, forbade it. It wants, too, the verbal carefulness, the fastidious niceness in the choice of words, the ever vigilant attention to grammatical, rhetorical and logical rules, which seem now to be viewed, as the first essentials of writing. The long habits of the author in the use of extemporaneous speaking, in pouring forth, from the fulness of his mind, the arguments and the trains of thought, elucidated by the circumstances of the moment, may explain, and with us apologize for this. The brilliance, the readiness, the fancy, the imagination, the eccentricity, the oddly assorted and connected associations of his peculiar mind are more fitted for effect in such a polemic debate, as originated this book, than for a written work, in which the general proposition is unfolded by sequence after sequence, in mathematical order, and logical connection. The course of debate, too, was constantly drawing him away from the links of a concatenated chain. Nothing could be more unfavorable to close and severe method, than the desultory, yet stubborn assaults, sneers and quibblings of his antagonist. But, as we affirmed on a former occasion, there was no closing in, no coming to issue in the debate. Mr. Owen was as little fitted, as he was disposed to wrestle with such an antagonist. Each pursued his object in a parallel, but necessarily broken and discursive series of dissertations, each verging to a given point; but each drawn into many a devious and immethodical episode by the meanders of the other.

It is to be regretted, that there is such a copious admixture of the *atheism, circumstances, and eternal twelve laws,* of Mr. Owen. The book would have been better without it. People, who purchase to become acquainted with the arguments for christianity, will hardly desire such a penny-worth to be included in their bargain. But, perhaps, it were as well, that they should see the bane and antidote contrasted; that they should learn, what can be adduced against the faith and hope of Christianity, and be convinced, that after all, ridicule is the ultimate weapon, upon which sceptics rely. As it is, here are the harangues of an acute and ready disputant, who has read all, that has been written for and against the gospel; who is more studious to bring forth *all the strong reasons*, than to bring them forth in the most polished and logical garb; who is rich to redundance, whose panoply is all of steel, though not of the most glittering polish, or classical form, and who has produced on the whole an admirable book in defence of Christianity, probably more calculated to benefit the ten thousand, than Paley's on the same subject; a book which does honor to the age and to our portion of the country; a book which will continue to to be read, and to do good, after all the adventitious excitements of the debate shall have passed into oblivion, and the author and his antagonist shall both have travelled to that mysterious bourne, where that, which is here matter of discussion, quibble and ridicule, shall stand forth in the clear vision of eternity.

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One feature of this book, worthy of the highest praise, must not be pretermitted. It is one of broad, liberal and philosophic views. The mind of the writer was, probably, never cramped, within the narrow, enfeebling and obfuscating limits of a sectarian scheme, which considers God's universe, and his Christianity, and his best gifts, intended only for a few scores of the dwellers in a nook of his kingdom. The Christianity of this book is that intended for human nature, for all time, and for every description of human beings.

The reader is well aware, that the grand object, the ultimate illumination of Mr. Owen & Co., including his son and successor, and Miss Frances Wright, is to cut off all mental communication with eternity—to stop up all the high ways, that lead from this narrow illuminated space of life into the invisible world—to bound our hopes, fears and desires by this brief and uncertain existence—to take from us all conviction, that an unseen, intangible, universal, omnipotent existence, an all-present spirit pervades all the visible spaces above and beyond us, filling all the infinite, into which thought and imagination can travel, all the eternal future, which the mind can image, with mere nihility—leaving no unseen spirit amidst the luminaries above us, no hand to roll them in their orbs, no genial influence to return spring to the earth or the tomb—giving us instead, a universe of cold and blank and heartless nothingness. Man and woman become two legged, unfeathered animals—the only gods in the chill and leaden universe. Related to nothing invisible, coming from nothing, going to nothing, accountable to no being—the circle of their pleasures and duties, beginning with the first wail of infancy, and ending with the last sigh of worn out nature, admitted to have organs, and felt to have appetites, gloze the philosophy, as they may, king Lear, on such suppositions, gave the right award, in respect to the woman of pleasure. The system, reduced to its intelligible terms, is this: you are the beginning and the end and the measure of your duties in your own person. Pleasure is the end of our existence. Upon what principles can any of these self-called philosophers point to their own moral and reputable and decorous life, if we may take their own certificates for themselves in proof of it, and call us to behold in this fact that their system does not tend to libidinousness, and the perfect abandonment of reckless debauchery? Tell man, that he is a reasoning beast, with no other and higher duties and ends, and convince him, that he is so, and on their own showing, he must become a mere animal by the irresistible law of circumstances. Appetites without restraints will as necessarily satiate themselves, as the the thirsty man drinks, or water descends. But they say, judge our system by our deportment. We know nothing of it, but the external. But we are not so easily beguiled, as thus to have dust thrown in our eyes. When was ever more burning and inordinate ambition, than in Miss Frances Wright? What child does not see in her case the devouring and unquenchable thirst for notoriety and display?—From her own native country, where circumstances probably forbade display, to the family of the amiable and unsuspecting Lafayette, who is not to be judged by his inmates, from France to America, from one extremity of our continent to the other, she encompasses sea and land for a mouthful of the moonshine of notoriety, and with a head exalted to giddiness with vanity and ambition, lectures most eloquently against them. Read

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her first book upon our country, full of praises, as thick and as mawkish as treacle, in which every thing was right, and enlightened and republican, and particularly our schools, and read, or hear her lectures now, in which every thing among us is ignorance and debasement and error. Hear her in the last expedient for notoriety, making the last appeal of the Gracchii and Catalines of other times, to the envy, jealousy and ill-feeling of the poor and laboring classes. Any thing for a party. Any flag, that will gain followers; any course, that will make a noise. Such is the palpable desire of notoriety in those who should, according to their system, have none. Where can you find a man, who spoke with more complacency, than Mr. Owen, of his acquaintance with kings, ministers, the titled, the rich and the wise? Where are to be found people, who more pertinaciously consort with what are called the people of the upper walks of society? Where are people more studiously careful in regard to their dress and equipage and appearance? Is it asked, what pertinence these questions have to our object? Let me answer—we do not deny, that the exterior of these people may be decorous. But we utterly deny, that their morals and decorum, more or less, are the result and acting out of their principles. We say, that these speciosities, are the fruit of their much abused *'old society.'* The morals, which they practise, the decorum, which they boast, as the fruit and tendency of this new light, is in truth, and fact, the fruit of that old light, which they are vainly, as we hope, attempting to extinguish.—It is wonderful, that they do not discover, that this fact must be obvious to the most undiscerning. People, who spend fortunes and traverse continents and seas for notoriety, must know, that they cannot outrage society in their general deportment. And yet, they would eradicate and destroy, root and branch, that religion, from which sprang these very morals, which they so triumphantly boast as the fruit of the system, which is to supersede it.—No. They must have a theatre for the display and the demonstration of the legitimate tendency of their system, which, we trust, they never will have, a theatre of a world of the whole assemblage of our race converted to their school. Then we should see, what the unsophisticated animals would be in this rotundity converted to a parallelogram, with no god, but their own right hand; with no hope, but between the glimmer of the first and last moment; without shame, fear, law, or guide, except appetite.—When philosophy will raise the curtain, and give us a peep into the *soirees* and *promenades* of these philosophers, when neither conscious moon nor stars nor all-seeing eye regard, then we shall have occular evidence of the morals, that grow from the doctrine of No God, and annihilation of our conscious being in death.

Imagination, taking its glorious walks in the infinite space, that surrounds us, faith and hope dwelling on unions with the great, good, endeared, beloved, and allied, that have gone before us, on the eternal hills; all those cheering and ennobling associations, vital to friendship, to remembrance, to every thing, in short, that raises us above animals, by teaching us that we are not mere animals, all beyond the tomb, and beyond the present, is to be swept away by this desolating besom with one fell swoop.—Man and woman are to stand forth, renouncing all, but what they can handle with their two hands, measure with their two eyes, and enjoy with their five senses. Away, say they, with imagination; it bewilders. Away

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with poetry; it is moon-shine. The worlds made themselves, for aught that appears. They roll, because they fancy to roll regularly. Man and woman sprang into life on the margin of a brook. The mother must learn, not to weep, as she lays her infant under the sod, and must sing the requiem of annihilation over the image of a thing, which never had any fair claims to be dear. Thus would philosophy teach us to hang our harps on the willows of the river of Babylon. Thus should we learn no longer to consider ourselves connected with spiritual and angelic natures. Thus should we throw forever away the lyre, on which to beguile our short course through this region of shadows, and on which we were wont to strike up the song of Zion, and the anthem of triumph and deliverance from sorrow and death. No matter how reasonable, how educated, how philosophic you could make your illumined Owenite. He is an unsophisticated, unfeathered, biped animal, as much inferior to an ox, or a fowl, as instinct is more sure than reason, and appetite less bashful than conscience. Take from us the world of imagination, faith or hope, above and beyond us, compel us to consider ourselves as nothing but vile animals, to end in corruption and the transference of our being to the worm, that will feed upon us, and allow us nothing, but the chill, stale, flat and unprofitable actual reality of the present, and of what is in the grasp of our extended arm, and who would either wish, or endure existence? None at least, who feel with us; and least of all Mr. Owen and company. Take from the one the proud anticipation of going down to the generations to come, as the philosopher of *New Lanark*, not New Harmony; of *quadrangles* and *circumstances;* take from his successor his *flippancy* and impressions that he is a fine writer; and from Miss Wright every chance of future notoriety, and they would either drown, or study the evidences of a spiritual world, and a future life—in other words, Christianity.

To give an idea of the proposed outline of the debate, we quote Mr. Campbell's representation of the system, which he intends to refute, and the steps by which he proposes to advance to his proof.

'When by a philosophic exorcism he has cast out these indescribable spirits which haunt the cells of our *crania*, and emptied our heads of all their intellectual contents, we are then to make the body, and especially the *abdominal viscera*, the all-engrossing topic of life and death, and the capital item in our last will and testament.

'Now let us glance at the method of argument by which this point is to be proved.

'1. Man is to be detached from any relation to a Supreme or superior being. All debts of gratitude or obligation of any sort to an unseen or intangible agent are to be cancelled by a single act of oblivion ; and when he is taught to annihilate the Creator, he is next to be taught that he is himself neither *Creator nor creature*, but a sort of self-existent particle of a self-existent whole.

'2. Lest he should be too uplifted in his own imagination, he is to be taught that he is no more than a two-legged *animal*, as circumscribed by *sense* as a mole or a lobster.

'3. That having but *five* senses, it is necessary that these should be analysed in order that he may be convinced that nothing can be known of which they are

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not the informers. Thus man, when perfectly reduced to a mere *sentient* being, is prepared to become a *sensualist.*

'4. To complete the progress of degradation, man is to be taught that he has no faculty, or power of learning or knowing any thing but by his senses, or that he can receive no certain information from the testimony of his ancestors.

'5. That all the information which is traditional or handed down, is false and incredible.

'6. As to morality, it is just a due regard to *utility.* Bees are *moral* as well as men; and he is the most moral bee which creates the most honey and consumes the least of it.

'We do not say that these are *verbatim,* or in *propria forma,* the identical positions of my opponent—They belong, perhaps, more justly to some of the fraternity, for you will remember that he confines himself to the following four grand points:

'1. That all the religions in the world have been founded on the ignorance of mankind.

'2. That they are directly opposed to the never-changing laws of our nature.

'3. That they have been and are the real source of vice, disunion, and misery of every description.

'4. That they are now the only real bar to the formation of a society of virtue, of intelligence, of charity in its most extended sense, and of sincerity and kindness among the whole human family.—We shall be somewhat disappointed, however, if in the development they do not engross the preceding positions.

'Were I at liberty to choose a method co-extensive with the whole range of scepticism, it would be such as the following:

'1. I would propose to present some philosophic arguments demonstrative of the truth of revealed religion.

'2. I would attempt to illustrate and press upon my opponent the nature and weight of the historic evidence.

'3. I would then endeavor to show, from the christian religion itself, its certain divine origin.

'4. And in the last place, I would undertake to prove, from the actual condition of the world, and the prophetic annunciations, the absolute certainty that this religion came from the Creator of the world.

'Under these very general heads of chapters, I would not fear to introduce such a number and variety of distinct arguments and evidences, as I should think ought to silence the captious, convert the honest inquirer, and confirm the weak and wavering disciple. But in a discussion such as the present, it would be almost, if not altogether impossible to pursue such a method; and as it devolves upon my opponent to lead the way, and upon me to follow, I can only promise that I will endeavor in the most methodical way, to bring forward the arguments which are couched in this arrangement; of which indeed, a very inadequate idea can be communicated in any schedule.

'The preceding synopsis is more general than necessary; but it is adapted to the vague and diversified attacks upon the christian fortress by the sceptics of the present school. In the natural order of things we would confine ourselves to the following method.

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'1. State as a postulatum the following unquestionable fact:

'That there is now in the world a book called the Old and New Testaments, purporting to contain a Revelation from the Creator of the universe. Then enquire—

'2. By what agency or means this work came into existence. In the analysis of this question we would

'1. Demonstrate that the religion contained in this book is predicated upon matters of fact.

'2. That our senses, and testimony or history are the only means by which we can arrive at certain information in any question of fact.

'3. That there are certain infallible criteria by which some historic matters of fact may be proved true or false.

'4. We would then specify these criteria, and

'5th. Show that we have all these criteria in deciding this question. This proved, and all the christians contend for must be conceded. We say that were we to be governed by the *natural* order, we would confine all our debate to this question as detailed in these five items. All these indeed will come in course under 2d and 4th items in the synopsis proposed. But we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion, that all the rest is superfluous labor bestowed upon us, by the obliquity of the sceptical scheme. And moreover we must add our conviction that, supposing we should fail in affording satisfactory data on the other topics, it is impossible to fail in the point upon which the strength and stress of the argument must rest

'In this candid and unreserved way, my fellow citizens, we have laid before you our views and prospects in the opening of this discussion, which may give you some idea of what may be expected from this meeting. Your patience and indulgence may have to be solicited and displayed, and should we be compelled to roam at large over vast and trackless fields of speculation, and oftentimes to return by the same track, you will have the goodness to grant us all that indulgence which the nature of the case demands.

'But we cannot sit down without admonishing you to bear constantly in mind the inconceivable and ineffable importance attached to the investigation. It is not the ordinary affairs of this life, the fleeting and transitory concerns of to-day or to-morrow; it is not whether we shall live all freemen, or die all slaves; it is not the momentary affairs of empire, or the evanescent charms of dominion— Nay, indeed, all these are but the toys of childhood, the sportive excursions of youthful fancy, constrasted with the questions, *What is man? Whence came he? Whither does he go?* Is he a mortal or immortal being? Is he doomed to spring up like the grass, bloom like a flower, drop his seed into the earth, and die forever? Is there no object for future hope? No God—no heaven—no exalted society to be known or enjoyed? Are all the great and illustrious men and women who have lived before we were born, wasted and gone forever? After a few short days are fled, when the enjoyments and toils of life are over, when our relish for social enjoyment, and our desires for returning to the fountain of life are most acute, must we hang our heads and close our eyes in the desolating and appalling prospect of never opening them again, of never tasting the sweets for which a state of discipline and trial has so well fitted us.—These are the awful and sublime merits of the question at issue. It is not what we shall eat, nor

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what we shall drink, unless we shall be proved to be mere animals; but it is, shall we live or die forever? It is as beautifully expressed by a christian poet—

> 'Shall spring ever visit the mouldering urn?
> Shall day ever dawn on the night of the grave?'

Mr. Owen replies, by insisting upon facts, and the famous twelve laws. Mr. Campbell goes over the whole ground of the evidences of Christianity, considers, and refutes the several systems of atheism and scepticism, from those of the ancient philosophers to those of the modern infidels, with Mirabaud, (Mirabeau?) and Hume at their head. It would be of no use for us to attempt an analysis in detail. We hope, there are but few, who are not familiar with this most important of all subjects. The brief and meagre schedule, which we could offer to those, who are not conversant with this theme, would perhaps, incline many of them to rest satisfied, without repairing to the book itself. We remember no material argument, that has been advanced by any writer, that is not here brought forward, with more or less amplification. The best service, therefore, which we can render to the reader, as it seems to us, will be earnestly to press him to read the whole book himself, and to quote for him a few such passages, as our limits will allow, which struck us as remarkable for their eloquence and force.

It is a happy distinction between the martyrs of other religions, and the first martyrs of Christianity. 'The martyr to an opinion says in dying, I most sincerely *think*. But the martyr to a fact, in dying, says I most *assuredly saw!*'

'But the root of all the corruptions of christianity was the incorporating with it the opinions and speculations of Egyptian and Indian philosophy. All the systems flourishing upon the earth, when Jesus was born were, with the exception of the Jewish, (and that we all know was much corrupted,) mere systems of abstract opinions and speculations. Grecian and Roman, as well as the Eastern philosophy had filled all the reasoning part of society with the most air-built and visionary schemes about matter and mind, creation and providence. Conversions from these ranks, from all the sects of philosophers, polluted, finally polluted, the christian sanctuary. So that christianity became, with them, a science, a fit subject of speculation as much as any of the doctrines of Plato or Socrates From these unhallowed commixtures sprang the creed systems of ancient and modern times, so that finally almost every vestige of the ancient simplicity and the true genius of christianity disappeared; and the various schemes of sectarian and philosophic christianity succeeded and supplanted it.

'This creed system has been the fruitful source of all the corruptions in morals, as well as the parent of all the religious discords now in christendom. But for it Deism, Atheism, and Scepticism would have found no resting place amongst us. Many of the sceptics, and even Mr. Owen himself, have been attacking antichrist, and thought they were opposing Christ. They have not the disposition to discriminate between what christianity is, and the abuses of it. It requires but little logical acumen to detect the sophistry, and but moderate powers of declamation to expose the fooleries of most of the systems and exhibitions of christianity. And he must be dull of apprehension who has not felt, in this discussion, that Mr. Owen has been fighting against the perversions of christianity, rather

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than against the religion of facts, of morals, and of happiness, which our Redeemer has established in the world. But matter and mind, body and spirit in their greatest supposed opposition to each other, are not greater contrasts than a religion of opinions and a religion of facts.'

'But I must speak plainly and say, taking the whole of Mr. Owen's theory in the mass, it is the most visionary theory which has ever been pronounced. It is too, all *theory*, for Mr Owen has not made a single proof of it. He cannot point to any society, on earth, as a practical proof of its practicability, or of its excellency. Tell me nothing about New Lanark, for there it has never been tested; and tell me nothing about New Harmony, for there Mr. Owen will not appeal himself. He has given us a beautiful theory of his system. But, Paul Brown's "Twelve months residence in New Harmony" will shew the thing in practice: [*'tis all a lie, says Mr. Owen.*] And although much has been said about New Lanark, I must, if testimony be a proper source of information, believe that no social system, no co-operative system was ever tried there. That many persons may there have been improved in their circumstances is not denied. But how has that came to psss?---not on the prinicples which Mr. Owen now teaches. I will tell you how some of them have been reformed and improved in their circumstances in that establishment. If, for example, a drunkard was received into the New Lanark manufactories, he was not permitted to draw any money from this company for his work so long as he continued in the employment of the company. All his necessary demands for food, raiment, lodging, &c. were promptly paid in the articles wanted; and the surplus, if any there was, was not paid him in money during his continuance in the establishment; but when he removed the last farthing was paid him. Thus he became sober from necessity; and temperate, because he could not get any thing to intoxicate him. The prodigal, and those destitute of economy were improved in their finances by this same system—and there was a good school for educating the youth, for which I believe, Mr. Owen deserves some praise. But this is about the nett proceeds of the social system in New Lanark. The people of New Lanark, too, were in the aggregate, a *religious* people. There is one Presbyterian church in New Lanark, well frequented; also for the benefit of the independents, who dissented from the establishment, a meeting house was built, to which Mr. Owen himself was the principal contributer. For, to his credit, it must be told, that while he has been declaiming against priests, and their impositions, he has been liberal in building meeting houses. The people of New Lanark are a religious people. I have learned from those who visited that place, that not only on the First day of the week, but on Thursdays, and other, stated meetings during the week, they meet for social worship in some of the large rooms of the establishment.

'Mr. Owen's theory, then, is without proof unknown and incredible. Forty years reading, studying, travelling, and all the funds expended, have produced nothing as yet visible, except the "*Twelve fundamental Divine laws of human nature.*"— "Like quicksilver, the rhetoric he displays, shines as it runs, but grasped at slips away." New Harmony was once the land of promise. Bankrupt and broken fortunes were to be repaired there. Thither came the lame, the halt, the blind in fortune and in fame. The philosopher's stone, or the elixir of immortal youth were not more eagerly sought than the city of Mental Independence. But soon

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the charm dissolved, and all the awful realities of nature. reason, and religion, disbanded the social builders, and like those in the plains of Shinar, when one called for a brick, his attendant handed him a stone, or a blow, and utter dispersion and confusion on their banner waited. As many of these folks as had been brought to their senses, and had ever read Horace, as they returned, admitted the truth of the old maxim, and now and then lisped it out:

"Cœlum non animum mutant,
Qui trans mare currunt."—*Horace.*

Their clime and not their mind, they change,
Who sail across the sea.'

'Whatever comes from religion, comes from God. The greatest joys derivable to mortal man come from this source. I cannot speak for all who wear the christian name; but for myself I must say, that worlds piled on worlds to fill the universal scope of my imagination, would be a miserable per contra, against the annihilation of the idea of God the Supreme. And the paradox of paradoxes, the miracle of miracles, and the mystery of mysteries with me now, was, and evermore shall be, is, *how any good man could wish there was no God!* With the idea of God the Almighty, departs from this earth, not only the idea of virtue, or moral excellence, but of all rational enjoyment. What is height without top; depth without bottom; length, and breadth without limitation? what is the sublimity of the universe, without the idea of him who created, balances, sustains, and fills the whole with goodness? The hope of one day seeing this Wonderful One, of beholding him who made my body and is the father of my spirit—the anticipation of being introduced into the palace of the universe, the sanctuary of the heavens, transcends all comparison with all sublunary things. Our powers of conception, of imagination, and our powers of computation, and expression, are alike baffled and prostrated in such an attempt.

'Take away this hope from me, and teach me to think that I am the creature of mere chance, and to it alone indebted for all that I am, was, and ever will be, and I see nothing in the universe but mortification and disappointment; death is as desirable as life; and no one creature or thing is more deserving of my attention or consideration than another. But if so much pleasure be derived from surveying the face of nature, from contemplating the heavens and the systems of astronomy; if there be so much exquisite enjoyment from peeping into the great laboratory of nature, and in looking into the delicate touches, the great art, the wonderful design even in the smaller works, in the kingdom which the microscope opens to our view, what will be the pleasure, the exquisite joy in seeing and beholding him who is the *Fountain of Life*, the Author and Artificer of the whole Universe. But the natural and physical excellencies, and material glories of this great fabric, are, but, as it were, the substratum, from which shine all the moral glories of the Author of *Eternal Life*, and the august scheme which gives immortality to man!

'No unrestrained freedom to explore the penetralia of voluptuousness, to revel in all the luxury of worms, to bask in the ephemeral glories of a sunbeam, can compensate for the immense robbery of the idea of God and the hope of deathless bliss. Dreadful adventure! hazardous experiment! most ruinous project, to blast the idea of God! The worst thing in such a scheme which could happen, or even appear to happen, would be success. But as well might Mr. Owen attempt to fet-

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ver the sea, to lock up the winds, to prevent the rising of the sun, as to exile this idea from the human race. For although man has not, circumstanced as he now is, unaided by revelation, the power to originate such an idea; yet when it is once suggested to a child, it never can be forgotten. As soon could a child annihilate the earth, as to annihilate the idea of God once suggested. The proofs of his existence become as numerous as the drops of dew from the womb of the morning—as innumerable as the blades of grass produced by the renovating influences of spring—every thing within us and every thing without, from the nails upon the ends of our fingers, to the sun, moon, and stars, confirm the idea of his existence and adorable excellencies. To call upon a rational being to prove the being and perfections of God, is like asking a man to prove that he exists himself. What! shall a man be called upon to prove *a priori*, or *a posteriori*, that there is one great Fountain of Life! a Universal Creator! If the millions of millions of witnesses which speak for him in heaven, earth, and sea, will not be heard, the feeble voice of man will be heard in vain.'

The following is Mr. Campbell's close of the dispute.

'A true believer and practitioner of the christian religion, is completely and perfectly divested of a guilty conscience, and the consequent fear of death. The very end and intention of God's being manifest in the flesh, in the person of Jesus our Saviour, was to deliver them, "who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to slavery." Jesus has done this. He has abolished death, and has brought life and immortality to light. He has given strength to his disciples to vanquish death, and make them triumph over the grave; so that a living or a dying christian can with truth say, "O Death, where now thy sting! O Grave, where now thy victory!" He conquered both, and by faith in him we conquer both. This is the greatest victory ever was obtained. To see a christian conquer him who had for ages conquered all, is the sublimest scene ever witnessed by human eyes. And this may be seen as often as we see a true christian die. I know that a perverted system of christianity inspires its votaries with the fear of death, because it makes doubts and fears christian virtues. But this religion is not of God. His son died that we might not fear to die; and he went down to the grave to show us the path up to life again, and thus to make us victorious over the king of tyrants, and the tyrant over kings. They understand not his religion, who are not triumphant over those guilty fears. The guilty only can fear, and the guilty are not acquainted with the character, mission, and achievements of Jesus our life. No one taught of God can fear these horrors of the wicked.—Jesus Christ made no covenant with Death; he signed no articles of capitulation with the horrible destroyer. He took his armor away; he bound him in an invincible chain, and taught him only to open the door of immortality to all his friends.

'A christian, then, must triumph and always rejoice. Our gloomy systems say, Rejoice not always, but afflict your souls: whereas the Apostles say, Rejoice in the Lord always; and again we say, Rejoice. The gospel as defined by the angels of God, is GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY; and who can believe GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, and not rejoice? Deists, Atheists, and the whole host of sceptics may *doubt*, for this is their whole system; the wicked, the guilty, and the vile may *fear*, for this is the natural issue of their lives, but how a christian, knowing the Lord, believing the promises, and confiding in the achievements of the Saviour, can doubt or fear as respects death or the grave, is inconceivable. Thanks be to God who gives us the victory!

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'Some persons may doubt whether they are christians; and some may fear the pain of dying as they would the toothache, or a dislocated joint; but that a christian should fear either death or the grave, is out of character altogether. For this is the very drift, scope, and end of his religion. They who are under the influence of such fears and doubts, have much reason to fear and doubt whether ever they have known or believed the truth, the gospel of salvation. But a christian in fact, or one who deserves the name, is made to rejoice and triumph in the prospects of death and the grave. And why? Because his Lord has gone before him—because his rest, his home, his eternal friends and associates, his heaven, his God, all his joys are beyond the grave. Not to know this, is to be ignorant of the favor of God; not to believe this, is to doubt the philanthropy of God; not to rejoice in this, is to reject the gospel, and to judge ourselves unworthy of eternal life. But the christian religion is not to be reproached because of the ignorance or unbelief of those who profess it. All rivers do not more naturally run down the declivities and wind their courses to the ocean, than the christian religion leads its followers to the sure, and certain, and triumphant hopes of immortality.'

In order, that the reader may have precise ideas, how Mr. Campbell put the vote of opinion upon the debate, we quote the following.

'Now I must tell you that a problem will arise in the minds of those living five hundred or a thousand miles distant, who may read this discussion, *whether it was owing to a perfect apathy or indifference on your part, as to any interest you felt in the christian religion, that you bore all these insults without seeming to hear them.* In fine, the question will be, *whether it was owing to the stoical indifference of fatalism, to the prevalence of infidelity; or, to the meekness and forbearance which christianity teaches, that you bore all these indignities without a single expression of disgust.* Now I desire no more than this good and christian like deportment may be credited to the proper account. If it be owing to your concurrence in sentiment with Mr. Owen, let scepticism have the honor of it. But if owing to your belief in, or regard for the christian religion, let the christian religion have the honor of it. These things premised, my proposition is *that all the persons in this assembly who believe in the christian religion, or who feel so much interest in it, as to wish to see it pervade the world, will please to signify it by standing up.* [An almost universal rising up.]

'Here Mr. Campbell says, you will have the goodness to be seated.

'Now I would further propose *that all persons doubtful of the truth of the christian religion, or who do not believe it, and who are not friendly to its spread and prevalence over the world, will please signify it by rising up.* [THREE ARISE.]'

We feel almost reluctant to give any part of Mr. Owen's argument. Nevertheless, as we have not yet quoted any thing more from his book, than his *twelve fundamental laws*, we venture on the following, that the reader may have an idea, of the manner, in which such views are generally supported.

'And when Adam and Eve were thus, without experiencing pain or knowing evil, put, without noise or disturbance, out of the way, reason would say, that the Creator, if such were his wishes, having acquired the experience in which he proved himself to be deficient at the creation of the first man and woman, might in this second attempt have succeeded to his utmost desire, and obtained men and women, who would always think, and act as he made them to act.

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But again—if some other mysteries, quite incomprehensible for human nature to divine, did stand in the way of God acting in this reasonable manner; and that, for this one action of man and woman, performed, no one knows how, contrary to the divine will, it became the wish of God that innumerable myriads of human beings should suffer, through thousands of generations in this world, and eternally in another; reason cannot discover why God repented himself that he had made man, or why he should suffer man to make him angry, or to thwart all his good intentions for the benefit of the human race.

'But passing over these impassable matters to reason—it seems strange that God should relent in part of the horrid, cruel, and unjust treatment to which, as it appears to reason, he had doomed mankind; and wish to devise some expedient, by which man might have some chance of relieving himself from that part of his punishment which consigns him to eternal misery.

'Again—it seems very extraordinary to our faculties, that he should have created man without any power over his belief; and that God should make the condition of his escape from hell and damnation to consist in firmly believing what is opposed to his senses, and what he cannot conceive into his mind until he has been reduced from a rational to an irrational being. That is, he must believe that the Power which pervades all space overshadowed a particular virgin of the human race, and that thus the Son of God was procreated and produced; that the Son of God was an infant man, and grew as other men grow; that he was upwards of thirty years in making a few individuals believe that he was the Son of God; that then he was crucified as an impostor; that this, the only Son of God in the universe, was God himself; that he died, although we are told that God cannot die; that on the third day he rose from the dead, and appeared, as in his life time, with his natural material body; that he ate and drank with some of his disciples for forty days, at divers times and places, and then—with all his materiality, for they saw him with their material eyes—he ascended up to heaven, as they say, from whence he has never returned.

'Why these strange things made of so doubtful a character to man, that very few, compared with the number living at the time they were said to have occurred, could or did believe them? Reason also says, if God and the Son desired that all men should believe these mysteries and miracles, how came it that Mahomet successfully opposed both Father and Son on this subject, and got the better of the christians, after they had six hundred years to fix these divine doctrines among mankind?

'Reason also asks, how is it that, at this day, there are, as christians say, but few sincere believers in the story of Adam and Eve, and the apple and serpent, and in the birth, death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus Christ?'

The reader will see, that this is in the best manner of Thomas Paine.

There is a great amount of interesting matter in the appendix; and we cannot but hope, that this excellent book will have a circulation equal to its eloquence, ingenuity, truth and importance.

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General Lafayette's Landing and Reception at Cincinnati, an Historical Painting. OGUEST JEAN J. HERVIEU, *pinx't.* Cincinnati: 1829.

The next endowment to possessing genius, is a heart formed to admire it, and to be thrilled with the enthusiasm of excitement, in contemplating the miracles of nature and art. Whoever is not carried away by the torrent of true eloquence, the spirit, which is not moved with the glorious creations of real poetry, the eye, which kindles not at the magic of the pencil, may be justly classed with that left-hand congregation of the bard, 'who have not music in their soul.'

It is an astonishing power—that of the high talent of the pencil!—Whence are the hidden archetypes, that perfect conception of forms, the adjustment of proportions, the blending of light and shadow, the associated circumstances of vision, the analysis of the rainbow, so completely pictured on the retina of one mind, and so entirely wanting in another? Whence is the still more wonderful power of being able to transfer these mental pictures, in all the fidelity of their proportions and coloring, in visible forms to the eye of another?

Though the creative talent is granted to but a very few of nature's selected favorites, the susceptibility of admiration, the high pleasure of taste and perception of talent is much more generally distributed; and the cultivation of this susceptibility, by seizing opportunities of putting ourselves in the way of its influence, affords at once an elevated enjoyment, and, as has been said, and sung in all time, refines, and exalts the best feelings of our moral nature. But one in a million is a painter, or a poet with a diploma under the unforged great seal of nature. But every mind, that is not defectively, or monstrously constituted, may cultivate a feeling of admiration for the gift; and every one, who is not confessedly devoid of heart and good feeling, will feel his obligation to cherish, as he is able, and sustain those, who are thus endowed.

We are no admirers of the querulous and censorious spirit, and will allow none to take place of us in pride and love of our country. But we take this not to be an age, and our country not to be a land congenial to the fostering of quiet and retiring genius, and endowment in the direction of the fine arts. Those, who succeed, push themselves, blow their own trumpet, are omnipresent, and deal immensely in brass; forswearing modesty, as a crime. For such a thousand frivolous, superficial and unthinking papers and journals naturally become heralds. Real genius is, and always has been incapable of such efforts. This is the age of iron, of machinists, of engineers, of road-makers, and the seed of Abraham. The fortunate scrambler, however ignorant and worthless, who has obtained an office, is something. The lucky person, who has gained, or inherited money, is something. The artist even, who is thrust forward by those, who are able to push themselves, who is borne to his niche by the acclamations of those, who raise the public note, and who is bestowed in it at the fortunate moment, becomes something. But it seems to us, that in England and America a worthless song singer, or a buffoon of the sock or buskin would carry it over an unaided, unbrazen Apelles, Corregio, Milton, or Cicero. Therefore, let the endowed son of genius cultivate self-respect, and learn to find his resources in himself. Let the painter study

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habitually to sit in the sunshine of his own mind, and to dwell amidst the beautiful forms, and the verdant landscapes of his own mental creation.

It is unfortunate for the gifted artist of the present day, that his reading, studies and associations carry him back to the times, when talent was so differently prized and rewarded. He is transported to the days, when the blind bard drew tears from the ten thousand by his magnificent verses; when Pindar struck his lyre at the Olympic games, hymning gods and god-like men, and transferring his own rapt enthusiasm to his hearers; when parents expired with joy on learning that their sons had gained prizes in the games; when the Grecian ladies, instead of being occupied with showing off themselves at the theatre, were thrown into paroxysms, as the astounding and powerful dramas of Sophocles were brought on the stage; when tears started from the burning eye of the young historian, as he heard the acclamations, that rang to the recitations of the father of history; when the young Corregio felt his bosom swell, as he contemplated the magic creations of Raphael, involuntarily exclaiming, 'and I too, am a painter.' But these wonders were achieved among a race of beautiful forms, in a delightful clime and country, and in an age, when, if men had less calculation, and wrought less in lead, in iron, in brass and machinery, they had larger hearts, keener sensibilities, higher perceptions, and a more exquisite taste.

Would, that something of the enthusiasm of gone by times could return to this age of calculation and revenue. Would, that it were not the last concern of the men of our day, to discriminate, feel, care for, or reward merit. Such thoughts pressed upon us, as we contemplated the painting, the title of which heads this article. We have, from time to time, noted the silent, severe and unremitting labors of the modest and accomplished artist, a man, to whom, as we deem, Providence has awarded in high and ample measures, the attributes and capabilities of a painter in all the various walks of his profession, a 'man of genius and a man of worth;' and in our view as amiable, as he is endowed. Child-like simplicity is the general accompaniment of genius. We could wish, that the artist had something more of the wisdom of this world, and were something better able to make his way in it. We have our apprehensions, that he has yet to learn, that this is neither Italy, nor Greece; and that something more, than unobtrusive merit is necessary, not only for money, but even for fame. Still, as he has selected this, as his adopted country, and as an enthusiastic preference for our republican institutions was, probably, one of the determining motives in his selection, we will not allow ourselves to doubt, that his diversified talent in all the various departments of painting, will eventually find its place and its reward. A word, in regard to the life and lineage of the artist up to this time, will naturally precede a brief account of his great work, the historical painting before us.

Auguest Jean Jacques Hervieu, the painter, was born at St. Germain en Laye, near Paris, 1794. At three years of age, he lost his mother, and his father followed the army of Napoleon, as Commissary, with the rank of Colonel. He died a prisoner, in the disastrous retreat of the French army from Moscow. The young Hervieu discovered a marked predilection for designing and painting, from his early years. His father had other views; and his crayons and drawing paper were interdicted him. But, as

generally happens in strong endowment, the impulse of the son prevailed over the purpose of the father. He was placed for some years at one of the first boarding schools of Paris, that of the late M. Lemoine, in the hope, that in this classical school, he would imbibe a taste for military life. At the age of nineteen, he learned the death of his father, and shortly after, he became a pupil of M. Girodet, a distinguished painter, who soon treated him as a favorite. The health of this celebrated artist became feeble; and he saw himself compelled to exchange his instruction for that of M. Gros. At this period, success began to dawn upon his labors; when the young artist blindly threw himself into the party in opposition to the government, in a dislike to monarchy shared with him by a great portion of the students of Paris. For three years he pursued this career, with the same zeal, which he had carried to his favorite studies. At length a mandate compelled him to leave the kingdom, and he took refuge in England. The fever of his patriotism had not yet run out, and he embarked in an English brig for Andalusia, in Spain; where he joined a feeble body of volunteers, commanded by Gen. Lallemand. The disastrous result of this expedition is sufficiently known. After this short and dangerous campaign, Hervieu returned to England with a head, though not broken, yet abundantly sobered, and resumed his studies in London with his former energy. Soon after his return, he saw in the French journals the result of his trial and condemnation. It was a fine of fifteen thousand francs, and an imprisonment of five years. Such a sentence rendered his return to France absolutely impossible; though the advent of Charles the X. to the throne seemed to promise general amnesty, and the restoration of every one to his rights. But what security could an individual expect from a government, with which he had been committed, and whose ministers were found incessantly opposed to public opinion? Hervieu remained in London, and executed many paintings for the Royal Academy at Somerset House.—He sent a *sketch of the combat of Thermopylæ* to France, which procured him at the same time, a medal, and the title of *member of the royal academy of Lisle*. His talent obtained him the friendship of Sir Thomas Lawrence, president, and that of many other members of the academy of paintings. Success of this sort only attached him the more strongly to his pursuits.

We are scarcely able to fathom ourselves, much less to describe to others, the vague motives, the contingencies and combinations of circumstances, that seem often to shape our course in life, by a power superior to our choice and our will. Be it as it may, a freak of fortune, or an exaltation of his head threw him on the shores of America, perhaps opening brighter prospects to a machinist, an engineer, or a speculator, than a painter of his temperament and character. His youthful dreams had been of liberty and the glories of a free country. To have fought, to have been defeated, and persecuted, and amerced in an exorbitant fine, and threatened with five years imprisonment for his republican enthusiasm, would in no ways tend to change these predilections. At any rate, imagination from the other shore of the sea drew the curtain from our young country, and disclosed a brilliant career, and rapid success. Our pride and love of country forbid us to doubt, that he will ultimately obtain such success, as our land can offer.

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The artist arrived at New-Orleans, and, without making himself known, ascended the river to Cincinnati. General Lafayette, the cherished republican of the old and new world, a Frenchman, who had devoted every thing for principle from his earliest youth, and who had tasted all the bitterness of fines, persecution and imprisonment, as a republican, had recently been welcomed at Cincinnati. It is easy to trace the chain of associations, which led Hervieu to select his *landing* here, as the subject of a picture. The great and good man had every where called forth an enthusiasm of heart-felt welcome, unknown to any other portion of our world, or any other period of time. He had ascended, from our great mart, 1600 miles along shores, which, while he was jeoparding himself in the high places of the field for American liberty, were one pathless and unknown wilderness. Fresh cities had arisen in these forests, peopled with three millions and a half of freemen. He was received in a beautiful and flourishing town, the growth, like the prophet's gourd, of a night, the feverish night, which he had passed in the prison of Olmutz. On all sides were seen population, villages, farm-houses, abundance, equality and comfort. He landed from the opposite shore of Ohio, while the welkin rang with the welcomes of 50,000 people, a mass of as unsophisticated, proudly independent, and equal republicans, as can be found on our globe, as prolific in hearty and untutored feeling, as their soil in vegetation, and as unpruned and unregulated in the expression of it, as their forests were unshorn by the axe. Such a scene, and such a subject must have had charms for an enthusiast, whose whole thoughts had been devoted to liberty.

The subject has its advantages and disadvantages. But there can be no doubt, that the fire of the first conception invested it with more poetry and enthusiasm, than were found capable of being admitted into it, without a violation of that rigid adherence to place, persons, facts, and historical fidelity, about which, on the spot, there would be just as many adequate critics, as there were beholders. Unlimited license of imagination was the essential want of an artist, like Hervieu. Unhappily the grand poetical and moral associations of such a scene, as the landing of Lafayette in the midst of a place, which must have been so strange to him, must exist in the mind of the beholder; and in a painting rigidly historical, can only be awakened, individually, and incidentally. There is nothing of the gorgeousness of palaces, statues, columns, peristyles and obelisks, nothing of joust or tournament, or the pageantry of a court, the splendor of costume, with its scarlet and fine linen, its trappings, jewels and tapestries, its bland and voluptuous accompaniments, which require silky and effeminate smoothness of coloring. The scene is in the streets of a beautiful, but simply commercial city, in which the stumps of the original beeches and sycamores would hardly have disappeared of natural decay; on every day, but that of the landing, fervid with business, and the intense engrossment of every man in his own concerns. The people this day have left all other thoughts, and devote this festival to the holy, but still stern and republican triumph of grateful welcome to the nation's guest. Soft and delicate shading, and beautiful lady faces, and a thousand images of voluptuousness and splendor, which poetry could easily have invented, and imagination disposed of in a painting, where fancy might have scope, are

necessarily interdicted from this picture. A few faces of exquisite beauty, but still exact likenesses, are strewed in the immense group. But strongly marked, stern and sun-burnt countenances, as might be expected of those, who had felled the forests, quelled the Indians, and endured the fervors of our sun, are most in keeping on such a canvass.

In the rear, and a little retired from the spectacle is a group, where the painter gave some range to his fancy. In this group every one is struck with the nun, which though generally considered a fancy conception, is still a faithful likeness. Her countenance indicates a strong feeling of the contagious excitement around her. But still you see it tempered by seclusion, and contemplation and composure, so as to give to her whole person and face a most impressive interest. We do not remember to have seen a more striking figure. The Indian woman is a creation, and a most happy one, emblematical of the west, the finest and most perfect female Indian figure; and in her countenance, there is the poet's joy of grief; for she cannot but see in this pageantry, and in all the fixtures of the scene about her, that her race has melted away, like the ice in the vernal brooks. The negress, and her child, holding a gaudy standard, show the fullness of animal delight on their jetty cheeks, joyously contrasted by the ivory whiteness, which their distended mouths display, in amusing greediness to see the show. The beautiful child, astride of his dog, which is easily imagined by children to loll, and wag its tail, catches the most common observers. This group abundantly indicates the capabilities of the artist in this walk, did not the imperious requisitions of his subject tie him up to matter of fact.

We make no pretensions to connoisseurship, and always surrender ourselves, in contemplating a picture, to the unsophisticated feeling of the moment. We abhor the *cognoscenti* cant, which we almost invariably find the index of a little and unfeeling mind; and we would not for the world know as much about pictures and the drama, as a certain writer, whose infinite *virtu* we have sometimes occasion to see in a brother monthly.—We are ready to believe, that nine in ten, who behold this picture, share our feelings, and at the first glance, indulge the illusion, that it is a group of life; that every individual is under the impulse of an intense enthusiasm; that the multitude are in the act of giving sensible form to the feeling, that animates them, and you expect a shout, like the noise of many waters, 'welcome Lafayette!' There is a general concurrence of opinion, in regard to the fidelity of the likeness of Gen. Lafayette. He has been rowed across the river from the Kentucky shore, accompanied by the Governor of that State, and many others of its distinguished citizens.—He has landed on the fine paved acclivity, which is one of the noblest works of our city. His eye is struck with the continued blocks of massive commercial buildings in a city so recent, that its name had scarcely reached him in the old world. Squares of infantry and cavalry, in their gaudiest uniforms, are formed in lines. On the ascending slope, above him, around him, on the roofs of the houses, as far as he can see, every space is crowded with people; and all is life, joy and welcome. The painter has aimed to give no exaggerated expression to his countenance. You can see enthusiasm and excitement; but there is an effort to temper it with self-collected dignity. In the midst of this republican jubilee, such an ex-

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pression is given to him, as we may suppose a celestial [illegible]nt would assume, who had been invited to earth on a holiday festival, [illegible] the manner and circumstances of which he was well pleased. The excellent Governor Morrow with a countenance, costume and manner delightfully quaint, simple and puritanic, is grasping his hand; and if Hervieu had wished to personify Western republicanism, this it just the figure and the expression. You imagine, that it is Cincinnatus, who has unyoked his team, put on his best, and come to welcome his dearest friend. Expression of countenance, position, fidelity of likeness and all other circumstances considered, Morgan Neville, Esq. would generally be selected, as the most striking figure in the whole group. None, but an artist of power, could have conveyed to his countenance the speaking eagerness to press through the crowd, to embrace his own friend, and his father's friend.— Those, who have affected to find this picture marked by sternness, might judge, that it was so by design, when they notice the charming form and person of young Avery, and infer what the painter would have done, had splendor, amenity and softness, and the silken drapery and festoons, and personages, that are in 'king's houses,' been his *beau ideal.*

It will be expected of us, that we descend to some of the particulars of this painting. Its dimensions are sixteen feet by twelve. The principal group is composed of Lafayette, and the superior officers, who crossed the river with him, and who are advancing to meet Mr. Morrow, Governor of Ohio. Amiability sits embodied in the countenance of this man, who is affectionately grasping his hand. Among the persons of his suite are Generals Harrison, Lytle, and Desha, Governor of Kentucky. Near them are the Hon. Judge Burnet, and Messrs. Greene and Fletcher, Esqrs., persons deputed by the city to tender him its welcome. By them is Major Larrabee, an officer, who distinguished himself at Tippecanoe, and who lost an arm in the service. Near him are the late lamented Mr. Madeira and J. Lytle, captain of the hussars. A little below, in the second group, are the Governor's two *aids de camp*, Cols. Pendleton and King, and with them Major Ruffin, the Sheriff. The young gentleman in the military costume of West Point, was introduced with a view to perpetuate the recollections of the nation's guest, who could never forget the reception given him by the pupils of that military school. In the same group are Messrs. Foster, Dorfeuille, Foote, P. Symmes, a man of letters, Rev. Oliver Spencer. and Dr. Drake. Two veterans of the revolution, the first the late Mr. Wyeth, formerly mentioned in this journal, as one, who aided in throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor, venerable by his age, his mild countenance, his gray hairs, and the recollections associated with his person; and the other an old negro servant in livery, who belonged to the suite of Gen. Washington, are striking figures in the crowd. This group terminates with H. Powers, a young sculptor of the city, of the highest promise. He has given a strikingly faithful bust of the painter; and the latter has signalized his gratitude, and friendship, and respect for his talent, by giving the sculptor a conspicuous place in his painting. This circumstance, along with the introduction of Mr. Flint and Rev. Mr. Pierpont, who were not actually present at the landing, may, perhaps, suggest the objection of anachronism, and violation of historical fidelity. The most formidable difficulty of the artist was this cramping limitation to fact.—

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One of the gentlemen, by his recent visit to this city, in which he received such a cordial welcome, had in some sense identified himself with us; and as he is well and generally known in the Atlantic country, where this picture will be seen, it seems to us a befitting compliment to him. We imagine, that any objections in regard to the presence of the other two, will be generally put to the account of hypercriticism. We allow unlimited range to poetry. Surely the sister art may have some indulgence of episode; especially if any connection exists between it and the leading idea.

But to return to the picture. Among the hundred astonishing incidents, that occurred to Lafayette, in his journey through our Union, it happened, that the same woman mingled with the multitude in this welcome, who gave the nation's guest, as he came out of the prison of Olmutz, a three franc piece and a cup of milk. Here was the good German woman no longer in Germany, but at the landing in Cincinnati. Gen. Lafayette every where showed, that such touching remembrances never escaped him. The artist has happily seized upon this circumstance, and has made the eagerness of the good woman conspicuous, by presenting her in her German costume.

The lines are formed by companies of infantry from the city. They are commanded by the three Colonels, McFarland, Borden and Ferris. Near them are Daniel Gano, and Davis B. Lawler, Esqr's. More to the left of the painting is the Marshal of the day, Col. Carr, and his aid, W. D. Jones. The group in this direction terminates with the fancy figures, of which we have spoken, together with a number of young girls, running with flowers towards the person, who is the centre of all thoughts for that day.

Among the whole mass of hundreds, there is not an individual, in a position to display his countenance, in which it is not taken with such fidelity, that a child, acquainted with the persons, instantly names them in the picture. It will not be supposed, that we have thought to sketch all the details of this painting. The artist is of a school, which, we are informed, is gaining ground in Europe, which prefers severity, and strength, and marked expression, to the studied smoothness and finish of the ancient school. Of one thing we are sure, that it seems to us to have more life, than any painting, which we have seen. These collected multitudes of the interior of the west strike us, as only waiting for an appointed signal from the necromancer, who has in his whim of power, chained up their burning feeling, voiceless, and motionless, to walk out of the canvass, throw up their hats in the air, and stun us with their acclamations. We have no doubt, that enough critics will be found to espy defects. But we are as confident for ourselves, that the artist will have least to apprehend from those, who are best qualified to judge. We know but one place, where this painting, in our judgment, ought to rest; and that is in one of the vacant pannels of the capitol at Washington. The Atlantic country has its emblems, and its remembrances embodied already there. But there are no memorials of a State, that numbers a million of freemen, nothing, that calls up the image of the great West.

We wish only to add, that the accomplished artist has shown equal talent in portraits, miniatures, landscapes, and more than all, sketches of western scenery, and drawings of Indians. Mr. Owen lives on Hervieu's canvass; and his *twelve fundamental laws* are immortalized, by emblemat-

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ical sketches of life in a parallelogram!! *ab ovo usque ad mala.* But the painting in question has been his great work; and for the two past years, he has wrought upon it, with a perseverance and incessant application appropriate to his character. Happily, he has suffered nothing of that sickness of acclimation, which many Europeans pay, as a tribute to our climate. During the most fervid heats of our summers, he was at his palette fifteen hours a day.

This talented gentleman has adopted our country, as his home. We hope, he will find a maternal welcome. He will journey with the painting to the Atlantic States. We shall be proud of this specimen, of what the west has produced in the fine arts. We cannot but flatter ourselves, that the people of the Atlantic country will feel some interest and curiosity, to contemplate the living faces and forms of some of the distinguished citizens of this largest of the Western cities.

First Lessons in Practical Geometry, containing such problems, as are essentially necessary in exercising most of the industrious professions; intended for the use of students in elementary schools. Translated from the French of L. Gualtier. By Walter R. Johnson, Principal of the High School, Philadelphia. pp. 54. Philad., Towar & Hogan. Boston; Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1829.

The great advantage of modern over ancient school books is in their greater clearness, simplicity, and lucid order. We have for some time noted the excellent little work before us, as admirably calculated to subserve its interests. Every person requires to be acquainted with the forms of things. Every person is required to understand something of geometry and perspective. This book teaches, in the first place, to delineate a great many simple and regular figures; for instance, perpendiculars, parallels, triangles, squares, circles, and sections of circles, &c. Nothing but experiment, can demonstrate, how much the understanding the proper mode of constructing the geometrical figures, enables the person to draw them with clearness and precision. Geometrical terms are thus palpably and indelibly impressed upon the memory. The pupil soon begins to discern their practical application to the practices of life. 'The solution of problems, and the demonstration of theorems, will, after these elementary exercises, no longer appear a mere matter of lines, and letters, and algebraic signs; but will attract the mind by its intelligible enunciations, its lucid order, its just inferences, its clear and satisfactory results.' A very limited and cheap apparatus is necessary to construct all the figures, and the study of these practical elements is equally necessary for the person, who aspires only to a common school education, and one, who intends to become master of geometry. The book is almost as necessary a part of the child's library at school, as a spelling book.

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We have before us a number of new Boston school books. We are equally struck with the utility, ingenuity and beauty combined in these publications. The authors seem to have aspired at the utmost perfection of practical and experimental conciseness, simplicity and adaptation to the general stage of age, intellect and improvement, for which they are prepared.

Among them we notice, of those recently published, '*The North American Arithmetic*,' a neat little book of 48 pages, beautifully and substantially got up, being a book, in which arithmetic is taught to very young children on the Pestalozzian principle. Every principle is explained by figures, and speaks to the understanding through the eye, and symbols of things, with which children are most familiar.

'*The Elements of Geometry*,' by S. Walker, of Round-Hill High School, Northampton—being a kind of abridged Euclid, simplified, and yet enlarged. An admirable work for pupils commencing the study of geometry, with a neat history of that science, by way of preface; and a series of questions prepared for reviewing the work in exercises at the close. We consider it much superior to Euclid for common use.

'*Lectures on School Keeping*,' by Samuel R. Hall. We reserve a notice of this valuable work for another occasion.

We have before us the 9th edition of Mr. Kilbourn's Ohio Gazetteer, improved in its appearance, and amplified in its matter; and every way a useful book of its kind.

We have looked over Mr. Picket's '*Essentials of English Grammar*.' We beg leave to recommend this grammar, as one of the best of its kind. The Messrs. Pickets have in this work, completed a series of school books, from the Primer upwards. We have always considered their books, as ranking with the very best of their kind—and for a complete series, we should perhaps prefer them to any extant. There have been single books, that were prepared with equal judgment, felicity and care; but no connected series, as it seems to us, arranged with so much discrimination, and from the result of so much experience.

Good's Study of Medicine, comprising all the author's final corrections and improvements, with much additional modern information on Physiology, Practice, Pathology and the nature of disease in general. By Samuel Cooper, surgeon to the king's bench and fleet prisons, &c. &c. A new edition. Boston, Wells & Lilly; and J. & J. Harper, New York; 1829.

This exceedingly popular book is too well and too universally known to need any attestation of ours. Nor is it likely, that any medical book will soon supersede it in the estimation of professional men. 'No work in the English language has ever soared higher in the region of medical literature, than Good's Study of Medicine, and none, perhaps, has presented such astounding and unexpected chasms in modern pathology.'

We reserve a notice of Brown's and Kirkham's Grammars, for want of space, for another occasion.

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Hon B Pickman
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THE

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THE

WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1830.

The reader will perceive in this article, continued from our last, an elaborate and ingenious dissertation, predicated on the supposed admission of the truth of the system of phrenology. Though we receive the fundamentals of that system, as unquestionable, we are not prepared to follow the author beyond the outer courts. There is, certainly truth, sound sense, and eloquence in the article, however the reader may follow him in all his theory and positions, or not.—[ED.

THOUGHTS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION.

(Concluded from our last.)

WITH the new cerebral developments that occur at puberty, commences an aptitude for a new and happier order of studies; that order which embraces the science of relation in general. The organs of Comparison, Causality, Wit, Ideality, Veneration, Conscientiousness, and those of moral sentiment generally, are now to be educated.

The region of inquiry which the studies appropriate to these organs occupy, is the most lofty, rich, and magnificent, that man can explore. It includes a knowledge of similitude and dissimilitude, and of the difference and identity of things, and of the points wherein difference and identity consists, the relation of cause and effect generally, natural philosophy including mechanics, scientific chemistry, geology, the more elevated branches of mathematics and astronomy, moral and intellectual philosophy, and physiology, embracing the entire nature of man, in his individual, social, moral, civil, and political capacities, rhetoric, oratory, criticism and taste, political economy, and theology, both natural and revealed. Nor is it the principles alone of these studies that are now to be unfolded, and inculcated on the pupil. They must be taught in their relations to the great practical purposes of life. Some of these purposes are surveying, gauging, navigation, gunnery, engineering, architecture, the practice of medicine and law, the gospel ministry, the administration of justice, legislation, government, composing and publishing works of science and literature, and the great work of general education. As the pupil is now verging toward manhood, and will shortly quit the walls of

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his *alma mater*, for the theatre on which he is destined to act his part, during the remainder of life, he should be trained more especially in those branches to which, as a man, he means to devote himself.

It is also now that the animal propensities, some of which are at this time, powerful and dangerous, are to be reduced effectually to a condition of regulated subordination. In the production of this most desirable and important result, the organs of reflection and moral sentiment, which are now also developed and fit for action, must be made to co-operate. Nor in the effecting of this is there any difficulty. Man is now constitutionally both rational and moral; and, therefore, his animal nature no longer rules without control.

Benevolence, Veneration and Conscientiousness, are, in sentiment, opposed to immorality and crime; Cautiousness and the love of approbation feel a dread of them; and Causality points to their ruinous effects; no less ruinous to the perpetrator of them, than the interests of those on whom they are practised.

An intellect thus trained and strengthened in its knowing, reflecting and moral, and balanced, as relates to its animal organs, has, in it, the foundation of a complete education. I say the foundation; for, to erect the superstructure must be the business of life. The condition of the organs is now sound, and their direction, towards virtue, usefulness, and fame. But this excellence of array must be guarded by circumspection, and strengthened and confined, by steady employment, and persevering practice. Until strong and matured habits of feeling and deportment are formed, which are nothing but the result of strength and facility of organic action, the individual must not consider himself secure. Temptation may yet seduce him from the path that leads to honor, wealth, and power, which are the reward of virtue and extended usefulness.

The cerebral system, thus educated, resembles the muscular system, under the influence of similar training. It can, at pleasure, and on any subject, exert its whole united powers, with promptitude, grace, and ease, and to their utmost extent. For the knowing and reflecting organs are as subject to the will, as the muscles themselves. It may be compared to a well constructed and complicated piece of machinery, in perfect order, where every wheel, and shaft, and lever, not only moves itself with facility and correctness, but contributes to a similar movement in every other, and thus promotes the efficiency of the whole. But a cerebral system, uneducated, is the same machine, in such a state of derangement, and inaptitude for action, that, far from aiding, one portion of it impedes the movement of another, and this defeats, either wholly or in part, the object of its construction.

Should I be asked, either with a view to elicit information, or in the spirit of objection or puzzle, how we are able to exercise, at pleasure, any particular portion of the brain? I answer, in the same way that we exercise, at pleasure, a particular muscle. This is unquestionably true, as relates to the *voluntary* organs of the brain, for we have such organs, as certainly, as we have voluntary muscles. Every one is as conscious of possessing the power of will over his knowing and reflecting faculties, as over the muscles of his arm or his tongue. He can as easily direct his attention to the study of arithmetic, music, painting, or language, as he

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can engage in writing, walking, or conversing. And if we have no *direct* power of will over the organs of animal propensity and moral sentiment, neither have we over our muscles of involuntary motion. But under the impression of their appropriate stimuli, the organs act no less certainly than the muscles. Hence there are two modes, by which we can exercise, at pleasure, the animal and moral organs of the brain. The first and most efficient is, a *direct* application of their specific stimuli; the other, an application of them by *imagination* and *memory*.

Thus present *actually* to Philoprogenitiveness in parents their own child, and to combativeness an insulting object, and the organs will both be excited and thrown into action. Do the same, through the medium of imagination or memory, and although the excitement and action may not be so immediate or strong, they will be notwithstanding produced.

In like manner, to Benevolence, Veneration, and Cautiousness, present, either positively, or in imagination, scenes of distress, devotion, and terror, and they will, in either case, be awakened to action, although most promptly and powerfully in the first.

In the exercise and training of the brain, then, there is no more of either mystery or difficulty, than in the exercise of the muscles. Acquire a knowledge of the proper stimuli, and the modes of applying them, and the work is done.

Admitting this view of the philosophy and mechanism of education to be correct, and if there be any hidden errors in it, their detection will gratify me—there can be no hypothesis more groundless and visionary, than that which denies the existence of an essential connexion between intellectual improvement, sound morality, pure manners, and rational piety.

There are those who would persuade us, that theological heresy, if not actual infidelity, is almost a necessary growth of a highly scientific and refined education. This, I repeat, is an allegation not only unfounded, but deeply calumnious. It is moreover, palpably absurd. It is contradicted by philosophy, disproved by observation, and is a gross outrage on common sense.

That an education truly scientific proves a source of sentiments of liberality and catholicism, is unquestionably true. It will not be denied that it conduces to a freedom and boldness of thought, unfriendly to many restricted dogmas, and prejudices, the badges of theological sectarism and intolerance. This effect it certainly produces, and ought to produce. But it, at the same time, purifies and elevates the sentiments, improves the morals, confirms the virtues, heightens and ameliorates the social charities, and renders piety enlightened and genuine, and devotion rational. It is complimentary to the science of theology, and at the same time, consistent with truth, to maintain, that, throughout christendom, religion prevails in great purity, and with the most salutary effect, among the educated and enlightened. The time when illiteracy is to be its shield and buckler, is gone by. To establish its truth, no further miracles need to be performed by humble and feeble instruments. To say the least of it, the impulsive, boisterous, and intolerant religion of the uninformed, is indecorous in manner, suspicious as relates to sincerity, and motive, and without any beneficial influence on practical piety and virtue. In relation to

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its hold on the intellect, it seems to be dislocated, being situated in the region of animal propensity, rather than in that of moral sentiment. In proportion, then, to the advancement and spread of liberal education, will be that of rational and true christianity.

Academical education, conducted on the preceding principles, and carried to the requisite extent, being finished, the modes in which its fruits are dispensed to society, are multiplied and various. And according as those instructed are destined and inclined to one or another of those modes, ought the teaching itself to be somewhat varied. But there is one mode to which every scholar should be competent. It is that of communicating to the world, through his vernacular tongue, clearly, correctly, and creditably, all his discoveries and inventions, thoughts and opinions, which are calculated to be useful. In other words, it is that of speaking and writing, in a scholar-like manner. The knowledge of *him*, who wants this competency, is comparatively useless.

Of all the engines that man can employ, whether we have respect to the acquisition of individual reputation and influence, or to the extent and usefulness of the effect produced, language is, at once, the most elegant and powerful. This is more especially the case, under the auspices of political freedom, and a government of laws. But to be rendered thus powerful, it must be thoroughly understood, used and applied with skill and vigour, and accompanied by thoughts of a corresponding character. And he who wishes and anticipates thus to employ it, must become master of the arts of speaking and writing. He must be thoroughly versed in rhetoric, composition, taste, and the *belles lettres* generally.

I well know that these attainments are pronounced by many, more especially, perhaps, in our own country, to be nothing but embellishments, and, therefore, not essential either to sound scholarship or practical usefulness. But I also know that the assertion is unfounded, and proceeds, very often, from disingenuous motives. Those who are themselves unversed in the branches referred to, and are, from indolence, disinclined, or, from incapacity, unable, to acquire a knowledge of them, feel compelled to undervalue them, in their own defence. Thus every man whose head is misshapen, is an inflexible enemy to the science of Phrenology; and those who have neither taste nor a talent for music and painting, speak disrespectfully of them as trivial pursuits.

But the real value of an acquirement is best determined, by the extent, and permanency of its useful effects. And, judging by this rule, we are compelled to acknowledge the value of the arts of composition and rhetoric to be paramount to that of any, I might almost say, of all others that are practised by man. Nor is it true that it is *thought alone* which confers on them their value. Words are not mere *sounds;* not the unsubstantial drapery of *sense*, without any positive merit of their own. They are full of force, and productive of powerful and lasting effects. When judiciously adapted to the thoughts they convey, they give them a very important measure of their force and efficiency. To prove this, try the power of the same sentiment differently expressed; in one instance, in suitable language, and a scholar-like and forcible manner; and, in another, in the language and manner of the illiterate. The result of the experiment will establish conclusively the truth of the position, that to enable

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a speaker or a writer to produce effect, and attain his end, a suitable style and manner are no less essential than suitable thoughts.

Nor is the mere *ornament* of style and manner an entire nullity. Far from it. It too produces on the human intellect, not only a pleasing, but an advantageous and lasting effect. The pleasures of taste are both desirable and valuable. Writing and speaking, therefore, should impart pleasure, by their manner, as well as knowledge, by their substance. It is not true, as is often asserted, that the decorations of style abstract the attention from the subject treated, and the matter conveyed. On the contrary, knowledge communicated in a pleasing and attractive style, is more readily comprehended, and more certainly retained, than if it had been imparted in a slovenly and illiterate one. Precisely as that food which is most grateful to the palate, is, all other things being equal, easiest of digestion, and best calculated to contribute to the nourishment and welfare of the body.

It is not contended that style should be always rich and ornate, and manner lofty and dignified. That would be inconsistent with both judgment and taste. But it *is* contended that style ought to be always correct, perspicuous, and classical, and manner more elevated and measured than that of mere conversation. Without these qualities, composition presents a vulgarity and meanness, which detract no less from its usefulness, than from the gratification it would impart, did it possess the qualities.

Style and manner, to be consistent with taste and judgment, must be suited to the nature and character of the subject discussed. There is a sublime, a medium, and a familiar, in language, as well as in topic and thought. In speaking and writing, therefore, they should be uniformly connected; sublimity of language with sublimity of thought, and familiarity of language with familiarity of thought. Proof of the truth of this is, that such association and fitness give pleasure to readers and hearers, and imprint knowledge on them more deeply, and that speakers and writers instinctively aim at them. The reason of this is obvious. Language represents the impression made on the mind of the writer or speaker, by the subject considered. In other words, it sets forth the existing condition and action of his mind. If, then, the impressions produced be sublime and powerful, the language, to represent them, must be of the same description. If they be of a more familiar and lowly order, such also must be the terms to express them. And to that effect, I repeat, will be the instinctive and involuntary effort of the orator or writer. No one will speak of the canopy of the skies, as he would of a canopy erected by himself, nor will he use, in describing the bow in the heavens, the same terms which he would apply to an ornamented toy-bow, in the hand of a child. The reason is, that the celestial objects produce on his mind impressions widely different from those of the terrestrial. In their attempts to portray lofty objects, or to treat of grand and imposing subjects, the most illiterate, and even children, adopt instinctively lofty language, and assume a commanding air, and a dignity of posture. And in doing this, they act in conformity to nature, and taste, which, as relates to the present topic, are synonymous terms. They accompany and enforce artificial by natural expression. A few more examples of the propriety of this congruity of language and expression, will further illustrate my subject, and confirm my position.

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To call Chimborazo simply a *big* or a *high* mountain, would be as incongruous and unfitting, as to speak of a *vast* or *stupendous* apple, or a *sublime* hay-stack.

To describe the Pacific as a *broad* and *deep sea*, would be as ungraphical, as to descant on the *boundless expanse* and *unfathomable depth* of the Ohio, or the Missouri. And to talk of popping of cannon or thunder, would be in as bad taste, as to declaim on the burst of a pop-gun, or the roar of a pistol. Nor would it be more out of character to represent the falls of Niagara as a *beautiful* or *delightful* cascade, than it would be to call the Butter-milk falls, in the Highlands of the Hudson, an *awful*, *sublime*, or *stupendous* cataract. A *mischievous* or *teazing* lion, and a *terrible* mouse, would be forms of expression in equal violation of correct scholarship, and sound judgment. So essential is it, as respects both taste and effect, to adopt the language and diction to the subject considered. In fact, let critics, and scholars, who dress only in drab, carry an ice-berg in their bosoms, and dislike an orange-tree, because it bears, at the same time, golden fruit, and fragrant blossoms; let those who delight in such ungarnished literary fare themselves, admonish as they may, about plainness, simplicity, and moderation of style, it is impossible to set forth adequately lofty subjects, in lowly language; or beautiful and fascinating ones, in language that is homely. As well may you attempt to depict the rainbow in ash colour, and the sun in bronze.

There is a language of sublime emotion, of familiar and humble feeling, of deep passion, of dignity and authority, of reason, and of the emotions of beauty, wonder, and the ludicrous. There is, in fine, a language and form of expression suited to every condition of the mind. And correctness of writing and speaking consists in the judicious and tasteful adaptation of these, to subjects, occasions and feelings.

The language and manner of comedy and tragedy are as different as their subjects and sentiments. So are those of the satirical and pastoral, the epic, the lyrical, and the didactic poem.

The diction and manner of Paradise Lost are different from those of every other poem in the English language. Nor is the cause of this concealed. The subject is different. So is the mode, in which the author viewed and felt it. The objects described, and the topics treated, produced in the mind of Milton, impressions and emotions different from those they would have produced in any other mind. Hence the corresponding difference of the language he employed. His diction is as sublime and majestic, as his theme. Had it been otherwise; had he written in the language of Dryden, Swift, or Pope, but more especially in that of Coleridge or Wordsworth; had he, in fact, written in any language but his own, his poem would have been incongruous; and, instead of immortalizing, would have disgraced him.

In no part of his writings has he adopted as a rule of practice, his own maxim, that beauty

"—Is, when unadorned, adorned the most."

Nor, as relates to composition and rhetoric, is the maxim true. The Paradise Lost gives testimony, throughout, that Milton did not consider it true. The style of that poem is always copious and stately, often glow-

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ing and figurative, in the highest degree, and, not unfrequently, orientially gorgeous. In illustration and proof of this, two examples may be cited; the first, a description of the bower of Adam and Eve, signalized by its gorgeousness of both style and conception; the other, a picture of their nuptial evening, in the same ambitious coloring and tone.

> "——————————The roof,
> Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
> Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew,
> Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
> Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
> Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
> Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
> Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
> Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
> Crocus, and hyacinth rich inlay
> Broidered the ground, more colored than with stone
> Of costliest emblem."

Again,

> "————————To the nuptial bower
> I led her, blushing like the morn. All Heaven
> And happy constellations, on that hour
> Shed their celestial influence! The earth
> Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill!
> Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
> Whispered it to the woods, and, from their wings,
> Flung roses, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
> Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
> Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening-star
> On his high hill-top, to light the bridal lamp."

If there exist, in the English language, two descriptions more richly and gorgeously ornamented than these, I am unacquainted with the works that contain them. Indeed the leading characteristics of Milton's style are copiousness, figurative and ornamental richness, sublimity, and force. Yet his style and manner are adapted to his subject. To swell the majesty of his manner, and add to the depth and impressiveness of his diction, he sometimes appears to court entanglement and obscurity of expression.

The arts of rhetoric and composition, especially the latter, when in high perfection, I have pronounced the most important in the possession of man. Facts can be adduced to sustain the assertion.

The art of writing adds greatly to the value and usefulness of all other arts, as well as sciences, by perpetuating a knowledge of them, from age to age, and extending it from region to region, wherever cultivated man has a residence. It is the only infallible preservative of such products of the intellect as are worth preserving. It gives to the fruits of genius the immortality they deserve. Compared to tradition, it is the oak or the cedar, of a thousand years, to the mush-room of a day. Without it we should be as ignorant of the knowledge of the ancients, as they were of

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ours. It now feeds the press, and the press supplies food for the intellect of the human race. If deprived of it, contemporary nations would be ignorant, not merely of the condition, but of the existence of each other. The pen gives to us likenesses of people, tribes, and communities, which we have never seen, as the pencil does of the faces and figures of individuals, unknown to us, and the forms of other objects, both animate and inanimate, to which we are strangers. It does more. It portrays to us entire ages, and states of society, setting forth their virtues, for imitation, and their vices to be shunned, of which, without it, we should be totally ignorant.

But for the art of composition, what would be our knowledge of the grandeur of ancient Egypt, the wisdom, splendor, and glory of Greece, or the colossal power and magnificence of Rome? But for this, the forensic conflagration of Cicero would have been long since extinguished, the thunders of Demosthenes silenced, and his lightnings lost in distance and darkness; and, for want of its preservative influence, we know but little of the all-subduing eloquence of Pericles, except by report. The same thing is true, as respects the Gracchi, whose oratory was second only to that of Cicero. Their orations were not put on record, and are, therefore, lost to the world, with thousands of others, that have passed into forgetfulness, for the same reason. Mere eloquence cannot perpetuate itself. Its texture is of breath; and unless the pen gives it permanence, it is dissipated in air. It is more powerful than writing; it is, indeed, all but omnipotent, in its own times; but, of itself, it is a nullity in the times that follow. This, in the nature of things, must be the case, and history and experience tell us that it is so. To be of the highest order, the orator must have taste, and be deeply versed in polite literature. He must be competent to write with ability and elegance, as well as to speak eloquently. And unless he does write, or procures some one to write for him, his art, reputation and usefulness must die with himself.

So must the fame of the statesman, the hero, and even of him that wears the purple. But for the historian and the poet, renown, however brilliant, would be as transient as the meteor. I might add, with perfect correctness, that, but for them, there would be but little renown. For those who do most to deserve and attain it, would do much less, were they not urged on and buoyed above misfortune, and danger, and difficulty, by a hope and belief of their high deeds being blazoned to cotemporaries, and their names transmitted with glory to posterity. Had not Cæsar been a scholar, and wielded his *pen*, as well as his *sword*, the achievements of the *latter* would have lost their brilliancy. Bravely and skilfully as he *fought* the battle of Pharsalia, he has *described* it much better. And his *picture* of his conquests in Gaul and Britain, ministers more to his glory than the *original*. But for the embalming influence of the pen, even the renown of Napoleon, and our own Washington, would be but things of a day. Talk not, then, of erecting Washington's monument out of the unrecorded affections of his countrymen. The proposition is empty, and unmeaning. If such be the materials, the structure will be ephemeral. Let the Muses erect it, and it will be as lasting as time.

But, alas, who, in the United States may hope successfully to invoke the sisters to the glorious task? The Muses of history and poetry are

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alone competent to render the work immortal; and they are to be propitiated by the solicitation of none but accomplished scholars. To the voice of none but those, who are deeply versed in the *belles lettres*, and practised in composition, and who have studied language as a science, no less than an instrument of power, will they condescend to listen.

But of such ripe scholars, and disciplined writers, our country has but few. Were I to say it has none, perhaps I would not do violence to truth. Nor will the case be otherwise, until criticism, taste, and the art of composition shall be more ably and thoroughly taught in our seats of learning, than they are now; and until we shall have a class of scholars and writers by profession.

And such should be the state of things, at the present moment. In our colleges and universities, the use of our mother tongue, in all its correctness and refinement, its application and powers, should be faithfully and thoroughly inculcated. It is not enough that our educated men are able to think, and talk, and speak in public. They should be able also to write like scholars. They should understand our language philosophically, and be competent to use it grammatically and classically.

Americans think, invent, and reason, as well, at least, in some respects, better, than any other people. They are, moreover, unsurpassed, I think, unequalled, in fluency, fire, and force, of public speaking. They have a native aptitude for eloquence, and are, many of them, able and adroit in debate. But, for want of practice, they are not disciplined, polished, and graceful writers. In them, the tongue, rather than the pen, is, as yet, the conductor of the lightning of genius. They write for the *present*, rather than the *future;* for cotemporaries, not for posterity. Foreigners whom they could easily overthrow, in *extempore* debate, surpass them in writing. To this fact my attention, when abroad, has been often attracted. I have found many Europeans dull in conversation, and weak in argument, who had, notwithstanding, written very creditable, some of them, very excellent books.

Of this the reason is obvious. The individuals referred to were disciplined in writing. Some of them were writers by profession. Let Americans pursue the same course, and they will arrive triumphantly at the same result. They will soon have a literature of their own, unsurpassed by any other on earth. Their own heroes, statesmen, orators, and institutions, will live in their own history, and poetry, the pride and glory of their own times, and a bright and instructive example to future ages. When, in coming centuries, the wisest of sages, the most renowned of heroes, the most resplendent orators, and classical learning of the highest standard, shall be spoken of, in terms of admiration and eulogy, the human mind will turn instinctively to the country of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and their future compatriots.

Shall I be still told that we have not yet reached the period of fine writing in the United States? that we are not able to maintain a class of writers by profession? and that, at best, fine writing is a luxury, rather than a matter of necessity or usefulness? I reply, that each of these allegations is unfounded.

The inhabitants of the United States are much more intellectual, cultivated, and refined, than those of many other places, where polite litera-

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ture is prized and cherished. There is no reason, therefore, on the score of a want of intelligence and taste, why they should not also prize and cherish it. If I am not mistaken, the imputation of such a want, would be highly offensive to them.

That twelve millions of people, in prosperous circumstances, very many of them abounding in wealth, are unable to maintain a class of men to strengthen, decorate, and delight their intellects, is a position so preposterous, as to be unworthy of refutation. Theatres, concert and dancing assembly-rooms, watering places, public gardens and walks, expensive and elegant, steamboats and carriages, as vehicles for pleasurable excursions, fashionable milliners and mantuamakers, mercers and taylors, pastry-cooks, confectioners, and soda-water and syrup-shops, can be, not barely maintained, but munificently patronized and rewarded by us, in fifties, hundreds, and thousands, as every section of our country testifies. To pretend, then, that we are unable to maintain a few authors by profession, who would be content to subsist on plain fare, and live in humble dwellings, is, I repeat, an allegation so preposterous, as to be unworthy of an answer. It carries along with it its own refutation. The truth is, we have the means, in abundance, but lack the disposition. We are more inclined to decorate our persons, and to gratify our propensities for mere pleasure and amusement, than to embellish our minds, and cultivate a taste for polite literature. Nor is this the most humiliating truth that may be told. There exists among us a much higher relish for a paragraph of common news-paper political or even personal slander, than for a page of elegant *belles lettres* composition. The latter is a cordial only for the few, while the former is meat and drink for the million.

As respects the insinuation, that fine writing is a matter of mere fancy, and useless in effect, what has been already stated of the importance of authorship, is amply sufficient to expose its fallacy.

In another point of view, polite literature is altogether *invaluable*. It purifies the morals, refines the taste, and elevates the tone and standing of society. Grossness, dissipation, and debauchery fly from it, as savagism retreats, when civilization advances. By furnishing the mind with delightful employment, which is always accessible, it prevents idleness, which is not only a ground of unhappiness, but a fountain of vice. By producing, moreover, a literature of our own, to which other nations might look, for that instruction and pleasure, which we have, heretofore, derived from them, it would complete our independence, and remove forever the last pretext for the charge against us of inferiority of intellect.

On every ground, then, the art of composition should be patronized and promoted. In our schools of instruction it should be faithfully and ably taught, as the highest branch of a liberal education. The more effectually to recommend it, by uniting motives of passion and considerations of pride to those of usefulness and personal reward, it should be regarded as a polite and gentlemanly accomplishment, constituting a line of demarcation between refined and vulgar literature. And from a class of ripe scholars, and professional writers, its fruits should be purchased, at a generous price, as the genuine elements of national glory, and the only source of that renown, which, far from diminishing, or impairing, in its lustre, time itself shall confirm and brighten.

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The following conveys an important lesson, to the truth of which no person is more ready to subscribe, than myself. No one knows, what is in himself, till circumstances operate to put the slumbering faculties in action. Let the lazy, who lay the unction to their souls, that they are geniuses, read, and digest what follows. Byron was burnt up, not altogether by voluptuousness or gin. He had an unequalled power, of intense concentration of his thoughts; and this labor, with the friction of these vile stimulants, prematurely wore out the frame. Byron himself, generally quoted by the indolent, as a precedent of inspired and intuitive attainment, probably labored harder in his productions, than any of the writers of his day.—[Ed.

LITERARY INDUSTRY.

> "For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
> Renown is not the child of indolent repose."
>
> *Castle of Indolence.*

Productions of acknowledged superiority, especially in the literary world, are commonly attributed to the *genius* of the author. Men are mutually jealous, and therefore disposed to believe, that he who has attained uncommon excellence, owes it rather to the favor of nature, than to any effort of his own. Hence, remarkable success, in the walks of letters and science, is, in the estimation of many, attendant only on superior faculties. This opinion, however general, is, I am convinced, erroneous. It is not more unfavorable to the ambition of ordinary mortals, than inconsistent with the known progress of the human understanding. That progress is a succession of improvements; and the highest literary performance is achieved, not by the original powers merely, but, by those strengthened by exercise, and aided by the acquisitions of labor and method. The largest portion of artificial attainments may consist with a very limited intellect. We can, therefore, never know to what degree of excellence an uncultivated mind may attain, or how much of what we call genius is buried, like metallic ore, in the unworked mine. In this sense only do I understand the poet, when he speaks of those among the tenants of the village churchyard, whose hearts were

> "——Once pregnant with celestial fire,

Or, who might

> —Have waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

For he subsequently adds, that

> "Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll."

On the other hand, we can as little know when superior excellence is exhibited, what portions of it must be respectively assigned to the arts of cultivation, or the gifts of nature. The successful performance is not placed before us till it is disconnected from all the artificial help by which it was accomplished. The simple result we know, but the "viginti annorum lucubrationes" are neither visible nor tangible. We are not interested to trace the progress of the individual, nor is it always possible. In-

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deed, of all the exercises of judgment, perhaps the most difficult is to discriminate in the operations of a cultivated mind, between those which are the results of the natural powers only, and those which involve also the acquisitions of labor. This difficulty is so great, that the thoughtless multitude frequently bestow that praise on the splendor of genius which is due only to the diligence of industry.—There exist, doubtless, many gradations in the original constitution of the human mind, ascending from the stupor of idiocy to the flashings of intuition. Yet, who can believe that the strongest and quickest intellect could accomplish any one of those works now thought monuments of literary genius, without the additional strength acquired by exercising its faculties, and without that knowledge which vigilant industry only can confer?

The mind capable of such efforts is not the original creation of nature, but changed and improved by the arts of cultivation. Such change and improvement, though in different degrees, may be made in the meanest capacity. Who then can tell, however remote now from superior distinction, to what heights of ambition he may hereafter *ascend?*

Distinction in literature, more than in any other subject, is founded on acquired talents. Taste, one of the most valuable literary qualifications, is in its refined state wholly artificial. It relates not merely to a knowledge of the modes of thought and habit of action in the living generation, but to whatever is delicate in sentiment, cultivated in language, or beautiful in imagery, whether exhibited in ages past, or referred to the opinions of those to come. Judgment is another quality necessary to literary men. Without it in the choice of subjects and the mode of illustration, a writer may waste abilities of the highest order in unavailing efforts. This, with other faculties, even imagination itself, are improved by that species of exercise, which we take in the acquisition of learning and the scrutiny of criticism.

That study and labor have been the only means by which any thing great or durable, in letters and science, was ever accomplished, is a proposition sustained, I think, by all observation of what is, and all record of what is past. If the secret history of the most celebrated compositions in English literature could be faithfully exhibited, it would afford an interesting and instructive commentary on what is commonly denominated the inspiration of genius. Paradise Lost, the great model of poetic excellence, was not the spontaneous effort of unaided intellect, but the work of much labor and various learning; nor was it a hasty and unamended production; but originally conceived in the dramatic form, was subsequently changed to that in which it now appears, corrected on revisal, and enriched by the fruits of long meditation.

Pope was remarkably precocious; and if any one could be supposed beyond the necessity of art and industry, it should be the person who

> "While yet a child, ere yet a fool to fame,
> He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

Yet even he brought to the aid of genius all that could be derived from the "limæ labor" and the severity of study. His manuscript of the Iliad, deposited in the Harleian Library, is rendered almost illegible by repeated corrections. Each phrase was selected with circumspection, and

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the finest passages written in various forms, and modulated with assiduous care. The same may be remarked of all the works which he left to posterity.

Johnson, the chief of prose writers, gave some remarkable instances of readiness in composition; yet, he also was laborious in research and accurate in investigation; nor is it easy to conceive that the vast learning he possessed was obtained without habits of intense application and uncommon study. His Dictionary is the monument of an industry, which is now seldom exhibited in the accomplishment of any object. The Letters of Junius were, we know from his own declarations, the work of great labor. The same result would, I am convinced, attend an investigation into the history of nearly all the models of excellence in writing. Eloquence, it is generally supposed, is confined altogether by nature; yet, all we know of the life and character of those, who in times past possessed most of it, is illustrative of the universal law, that superior eminence can be attained only by superior diligence. Even the vivid, ingenious, and imaginative Sheridan, left society and pleasure to elaborate in solitude, what he would have the world believe, flashed forth like the lights of the North, from its own exuberance. The examples to which I have here referred, are those in which *genius* is admitted to have shone with peculiar and unmixed splendor; but even in them, it was not the predominating influence; the learning which study had accumulated, and the strength which long and laborious exercise had conferred upon the faculties, entered far more than the original powers of the intellect, into the composition of those works which have transmitted the name and memory of their authors to other times and other generations. If such has been the necessity of *labor* to acknowledged genius, who would be ashamed of it? We owe to it most of what is excellent or admirable in human productions, and without it

> " Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
> Through the dark depths of time, their vivid flame,
> Had all been lost, with such as have no name."

The applause posterity has given them was not the victory of intuition, but of patient thought and wearisome industry. The laurel they wear grew on no untilled soil; it sprung not up till labor and skill and learning had quickened its existence, and matured its strength.

There is a strong tendency in the west, to prefer the unassisted energies of nature, in literary efforts, to the refinements of culture, and the restrictions of rule. Learning is frequently thought idle, and criticism little. This feeling springs from a principle of independent action, noble and just in the abstract, but inapplicable to the pursuits of literature. They are the growth of artificial life; nor can even genius, without the discipline of labor and the observance of rule, hope to be distinguished in them. Great abilities, it is true, may accomplish much without the aid of either; but in what instance could they not have done more with it? The rose is beautiful in its native wood, but its hues are richer, and its foliage more exuberant, when reared on the terrace, and sustained by the hand of cultivation. I do not mean to say that art can supply the deficiencies of nature, or that he who is destitute of intellect, can by any industry attain the summits of literary fame. The contrary is most obvious: but how

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much has real genius lost from the want of culture? How much has *mediocrity* gained by it? Nature, it is said, must not be shackled; but they who say this, forget that nature, in its original condition, has little to do with civilized man: He is a creature of habit and artifice, not less in his literary appetites, than in his modes of life. He is not contented to hear

> "————The savage youth repeat,
> In loose numbers wildly sweet,
> Their feather cinctured chief and dusky loves;"

But must feed on the attic elegance of Addison, and the music of Pope.

E. D. M.

PAULINA, OR THE CATARACT OF TEQUENDAMA.

A beautiful Colombian young lady, her mother and two female domestics were on an eminence, overlooking the winding path that led along the verge of the precipice from Bogota up to Casa de Paz, 'or the house of peace,' the noble family mansion of Don Pablo Isidore. A full league of this road was distinctly visible from the point where they stood. 'There they are,' cried Paulina, the daughter, clasping her hands with demonstrations of rapture. 'It is not the port nor the movement of thy father,' answered the mother, thoughtfully. 'He would not move so slowly towards his home.'

'Santa Vergen,' cried the elder domestic, crossing herself, 'it shows like a funeral.' Every face became blanched, as they held in their breath, and watched, in intense and speechless contemplation. Every moment presented a more distinct view of a cavalcade of slow and measured movement, as bearing a body to its long home. Little time elapsed, before mistake became impossible. Senor Pablo was recognized, reining in his mule, in advance of a litter, borne by mules, and followed by some twenty men. It was evident, that the body was a living one, by the extreme care and tenderness with which it was borne, and the studied avoidance of rocks and rough places in the road. A moment more, and the husband and father who had been long and far away in disastrous times, and over dangerous wastes of land and sea, sprang from his mule, and was in the arms, successively of his wife, daughters and domestics. The ineffable emotions of affection and rapture were manifested in the universal, mute language of nature, receiving its intonation from kisses and tears. The first who spoke, cried 'welcome! welcome! now the Saints and the Mother of God be praised! Our head is returned to us. But who is carried there?' asked his wife. 'It is,' he replied, 'a wounded American cavalier. Move on, my friends,' he continued, as the procession seemed to halt, waiting for him to precede. 'I owe him my life,' he said in an undertone to his family, 'as I will relate to you, when I am once more under the loved roof. All I have now time to add is, it is a young American naval officer, severely, but, I hope, not dangerously wounded, in defending me, as our vessel was boarded by the Gauchupines. The motion of the sea,

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and of bringing him up these heights has been alike unfavorable to his recovery. The inflammation of his wounds has given him fever, and he is now apparently unconscious. With God there is mercy, and in the Casa de Paz repose. You will nurse him tenderly, in proof of the love you bear me. I will invoke the Almighty, according to my gratitude, that I may be enabled to show you the noble American in the pride of health and beauty. Let us move on to my dear home, which, please God, no temptation shall ever induce me to abandon again.'

It may be conjectured, that Paulina was not destitute either of curiosity, or imaginings, as she contemplated the fine form stretched on the litter, in the striking, but severely plain garb of his profession. All the ardors of a bosom, kindled under the perpendicular fervors of the sun, had hitherto been expended on this father, whose life the wounded officer had saved, at the expense of this condition. The female heart appreciates forgetfulness of self, still more than bravery.

The wounded person was placed on his couch, in an airy and pleasant apartment, the windows of which opened upon the aroma of the thousand flowers of that delicious clime; and introduced with the mingled cheery sounds of the house and the grange the songs of innumerable birds, dwellers in the eternal spring of the region, and a strange, deep, unceasing music, that seemed, by rising and sinking with the breeze, and by the unremitting continuity of its concert, to be one of the voices of nature.

The skill of medicine, the healing of vulnerary balsams, the fomentation of salutary herbs, that had grown in the pure air of the mountains, all that Bogota, and opulence, gratitude and assiduity could accomplish, were so put in requisition for the healing of the wounded officer, as though the destiny of the house had been suspended on his restoration. Next day, after his arrival, his face was still deadly pale; and his wounds inflamed, and his fever high, and his mind still either unconscious, or unsettled; but a slight glow of life had returned upon his manly and beautiful face; and the physician affirmed, that the mountain air, repose, the tender nursing, his skill and the aid of the Virgin, might yet bring him up. Amidst all the fidelity of attention, no one showed more concern, or prayed more fervently for the recovery of the wounded officer, than Paulina.

Four days of repose had elapsed, before he had gained strength to speak, or his mind the power of sane and distinct perceptions; and then all, that had happened, floated before his thoughts, like the image of an inexplicable dream. The light of the morning sun, as the rays flickered through a shower of roses and geraniums at the window, had awakened him from refreshing and dreamless sleep. The repose of deep debility, and of a convalescence delivered from fever and pain, rested upon him. Paulina happened in the room, at the moment of his opening his eyes. He gazed for a moment on what surrounded him. In a low and feeble voice he said, '*hermosa doncella*, where am I? Where have I been, and what music is that? My head is confused. Something tells me, that I have not passed the grave. I have heard of the flowers of paradise, and that there are angels there; and, that music too, seems that of the spheres.'

'Hush! hush! *Amigo Americano*,' said Paulina, putting her finger on her lip. 'You are sick among friends, and are forbidden to say a word.

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The fragrance is of roses. We, who dwell here, are ministering mortals, and no angels. For the music, it is that of *Cascada Tequendama*. Get well quick, cavaliero, and I will show you this wonder of the world. Be silent, and get well.' 'It can do me no harm, to ask thee a few questions, hermosa doncella.' 'But it may do me harm with your physician and my father, to answer them. Command every thing of Casa de Paz, and obey only in one thing, and be silent;' and so saying, with sylphid lightness of step, she tripped from the apartment, and left the convalescent to muse upon the beautiful form, the eyes of liquid lustre, the raven locks, the sweet tones and countenance, on which was painted both soul and fire.

Paulina came no more to his apartment alone. But she had heard the story of the wounded officer, as related to the family by her father, and she had not forgotten a word. Her father had been to Vera Cruz, to settle the succession of a deceased brother, which brought him an ample estate, in addition to the opulence, of which he was possessed before. In those days of revolution and danger, by land and by sea, he had hesitated, whether he should leave his retirement. But his mother still lived on the estate of his deceased brother. Filial and fraternal love alike counselled against the suggestions of indolence and timidity. Nor may it be supposed, that he thought not, of what he owed to his only daughter and child, in reference to the value of the succession. For the first time in his life, he tore himself from the prayers and tears of his family, to undertake the long and hazardous voyage. He sailed, and succeeded to his wishes; received the last blessings of his aged mother, and took passage for the nearest harbor to Bogota in a Colombian armed brig, on which, it chanced, that a young lieutenant of the American navy was fellow passenger, bearing mercantile despatches to Bogota. Don Pablo and the young American, who spoke his language fluently, were kindred minds, and became first acquainted, and then attached. They played chess, and chatted, and lounged together, in the luxury of the equatorial breeze. Gustavus H. had heard of the Casa de Paz and Paulina, as a warm hearted father talks of these things; had been cordially invited, and had promised to visit his friend, and see the Cataract of Tequendama.

The voyage had been too pleasant, according to the course of human things, not to be chequered with its disasters. A strange sail, which proved to be a large armed Spanish brig, bore down upon them, evidently a more powerful sailer, than their vessel, even had they wished to escape. The two vessels were soon severely engaged; and the American officer, as always happens to the best pilot in a storm, became the real and efficient commander. His cool and scientific bravery astonished, and delighted his Colombian friend. The Spanish vessel, finding, that she had the worst of this sort of contest, availing of her superior numbers, boarded the sloop. The affair was hot and bloody. Don Pablo was on deck beside his friend. He was assailed by two Spanish sailors, and would have received his death blow, but for the prompt aid of his American friend. He interposed, and felled the two assailants on the deck, receiving, in the mean while, severe wounds himself. The boarders were repelled; and those, who survived, were happy to retreat to their own vessel, to unlash, and spread their canvass to the breeze, to escape; which, by their superior sailing, they were enabled to effect.

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The Colombian made the best of her way to port. The first thought of Senor Pablo was, to convey his friend to Bogota, and thence to his princely mansion. Feeble and faint from loss of blood, the young officer became worse from the fatigue and irritation to his wounds from the motion of the litter, though it was the gentlest possible.

Under such impressions in his favor, he had been received at Casa de Paz. The deepest gratitude, and a feeling of obligation never to be discharged, and yet solicitous to make all possible returns, diffused among the tenants of the mansion a parental tenderness, in regard to the invalid; and it was not unnatural, that Paulina should watch the progress of his recovery with something of sisterly interest; for, she said, to herself, 'how anxious would his own sisters be, to do every thing for the recovery of such a brother?' Their efforts were crowned with success. His convalescence was rapid. The parents, the daughter, all the visitants tasked their utmost, to amuse the hours of his feebleness and recovery. It was a place well stored with resources for such a case, and for a mind like his, rich, musing, impassioned, and keenly alive to the sublime in view of the dwelling, to the rich cultivation, cheerfulness and amenity of life and climate, and nature, that were its immediate accompaniments, all which he could survey from a piazza, whence geraniums and roses, myrtles and altheas, lotes and palms rose, one above another, to the grand forest in view, where a hundred strange birds displayed their streaming lines of green and gold from bough to bough, and sang him songs, as new as every thing else around him. Here he reclined on his couch, and was not unfrequently relieved from any taste of monotony, in what was without, by singing, rich, and full of heart, from Paulina, accompanied by her guitar. Sometimes she read to him the romances and tales of father land, for Don Pablo was Castilian by birth. Sometimes he played chess with the father; and always contrived to be beaten often enough, not to trench in the slightest degree on his partiality for him. When he retired to dream of Paulina,—for, it is certain, he did dream of her—and when all the music of life was hushed, the unremitting and the eternal song of the cataract, on which the breeze, as it rose, or fell, acted with all the skill of a musician, lulled him to repose.

Though so widely different, in birth, discipline, and all the circumstances, under which they had been reared, there were, unhappily, too many points of resemblance between the guest and the heiress of this mansion. There is a common mould, in which minds of a certain order are cast, over the globe; and when such minds are brought in contact, the influence of congeniality is something more, than the mere hackneyed phrase of a romance or a song. Paulina, like the guest, was richly endowed. Her musing and imaginative mind had been fostered by the repose and sublimity without, and by all her circumstances within. Heiress of immense wealth, beautiful, accomplished, her hand had been sought by the selfish, who coveted her fortune; by the unthinking, who were attracted by her beauty; and by the romantic and endowed, who admired her talents. But her bosom, in which were fathomless fountains of thought and affection, had been as tranquil and unvarying, as the perpetual spring of her climate. Her course had hitherto resembled the calm and shaded movement of the full stream, that wound, with a scarcely perceptible ripple,

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through her father's grounds. It was soon to become, like the same element in its terrific leap at Tequendama. The young officer, noble in form and mind, cultivated, high minded, with a countenance of the most manly beauty, and a complexion with all the rosy freshness of a northern climate, now blanched from the touch of tropical suns, and rendered interesting by being contrasted with the recent paleness of debility, such a person, who could say such things, and in such a way, as she had never heard before, and, besides, the savior of her father, at the expense of so many circumstances of interest, whom she heard every day the theme of all eulogy, soon became an object of too intense a regard for her repose.

In short, Paulina loved, and knew it not. All, that she felt, seemed consecrated by duty, and called for by gratitude, and enjoined by her father, and as natural as breath. Yet she admired, that a mere sense of duty could so disturb her repose, could originate so many thousand hopes, fears, solicitudes. The thought of duty had hitherto been one, that counselled sleep, and was the last on her mind, when sleep came. These new obligations of duty, on the contrary, as she commented on them, banished sleep a thousand leagues from her pillow, and occupied the whole night watches with meditations upon the proposed walk of the coming day.

She had requested, and the parents had unwittingly granted to her, to whom nothing had yet been refused, that she should be allowed to show the young officer the estate, the scenery, and Tequendama, the first time he was able to walk abroad. The sun came over the mountains, in dewy freshness; and the chanticleer cheered the first visible show of his disk upon their glittering summits; and the birds sang, and the dogs bayed in the distance. Flocks, herds, every thing domestic, that had life, cheered the departure of darkness. They had taken their morning chocolate, and went forth before the fervors of the sun became unpleasant. The family abode raised its white castellated turrets amidst noble palms; and the apple, pear, and plum grew beside the cocoa and the orange tree. Here were fields of wheat and maize; and on the other side of the path, patches of bananas and plantains; and pine apples and fields of cane. The vegetables of all countries and all climes here grouped, as brethren, that had forsworn the customary enmities of different latitudes. The fair *Cicerone* had thus many opportunities of unfolding her ample stores of botanical knowledge. Nor did the erudite names sound less sweet when uttered by Paulina in her sonorous native speech, or their fragrance prove less grateful, when the flower was presented by her fair hand; or the scientific erudition seem less attractive, when displayed in this promenading lecture.

The Casa was a central point of a valley basin, including an estate of some thousands of acres. The magnificent rim on three sides was made by the acclivities of the Western Andes, every where soaring above the ordinary region of the clouds: and in a hundred magnificent domes and pinnacles, glittering with unmelting snow; and dazzling with the first bright beams of morning. The magnificent Catarina, having collected its cool and transparent waters from a hundred mountains, wound through the centre of the estate, a quarter of a league from the mansion. They sought its deep shade of palms; and the young officer contemplated all the grandeur of tropical vegetation, irrigated by the noble stream. They noted the fishes darting in its limpid waters. They botanized among its

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numberless strange plants and flowers. They talked of every thing, but love, as they held on their way, along a winding path, carefully cut, and gravelled, to conduct to the cataract. At every step the strange, and almost awful music deepened on their ear.

The path at length emerged from the shade; and led, by a gentle acclivity, up the side of a naked rocky eminence. A partial ascent opened the castle, and every thing about it to view. A few steps more, and the officer almost recoiled from the scene. From the *tierras templadas* might be seen, on the table eminence above, the shepherd watching his flocks in the region of perpetual snow. These were the *tierras frias*. But what a scene opened below! The Catarina moves on, in a calm, deep sea-green current, till it takes its tremendous pitch, in two leaps of five hundred and thirty feet, seeming to the eye an immense sheet hung down from heaven to earth; and bursting, where it falls, into vast volumes of snow-white mist, enveloping all the country in its wreathings; and exhibiting such a spectacle, as might be expected, were a river to be discharged into the crater of a volcano in its fiercest fury of explosion. Paulina told him, that the noise below was not that of a cataract, but a hissing, hollow, unique sound, deafening, without seeming very loud, and astounding from an effect, wholly indescribable, upon the ear and the imagination. The convolutions of mist enveloped all the region, for a league about the fall, in a perpetual thaw of dripping moisture. As the sound came up softened from below, nothing in nature could parallel the effect. It was an Eolian harp, playing on a scale of grandeur, commensurate with the most astonishing water fall on the globe. It was the perpetual coronation anthem of the monarch of mountains as he put on his diadem of snow, or rather, it discoursed a continual hymn to the Divinity with an awe inspiring effect, proportioned to the sublime aspect of every thing above and around. 'This,' said Paulina, 'is the music you heard, when you first awoke to consciousness. Below are the *tierras Calientes;* and this fall of water actually descends from the *tierras templadas* to that ever sultry clime.'

But, see what is beyond! An extent of tropical clime, mocking the reach of vision, six thousand feet below, stretched away in the blue, on the verge of which could be distinctly seen the cerulean and illimitable sea—the widest on the globe. Far away in fact, though under their feet in appearance, were the spires, turrets and domes of Bogota; and a dim obfuscated circle of dun vapor hung over it midway between the earth and the blue, indicating, that the crowded abodes of human life were no purifiers of the atmosphere. Ever and anon, the bells were heard either briskly pealing, to denote a religious festival; or 'swinging slow with sullen roar,' to denote, that some one was carrying to his long home. Here they paused in rapt admiration. Ten steps in descent opened the noble mansion, and all the opulent, rural and peaceful accompaniments of La Paz, and the rich scenery of the secluded valley to view, and nothing of the city or the lower country, or aught but the snow-clad mountains, was seen beyond. Where they stood was disclosed a populous city, a vast extent of *tierras Calientes*, and of sea; and, midway between, the sublime and misty volumes of Tequendama, forever rising in milk-white folds from the point, where it bursts. Above them, suspended as it were in

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another atmosphere of another universe, the shepherd drove his sheep, goats, and mules afield, midst whirling tempests of sleet and snow, shivering in the regions of perpetual congelation; as his eye descended to the unwithering spring of Casa La Paz, and the never varying summer of the country on a level with the sea.

Paulina was hanging on the arm of the young invalid, as the parents according to their wont, had walked to a bower of palms that shaded a beautiful view of Tequendama. They saw, that their daughter was too pleasantly engaged in this duet, to need the present addition of more speakers and observers, and left them to themselves. After a long pause, in which Paulina stole glances at the entranced countenance of her companion, she exclaimed, 'now, is not that scene above, the repose around, and the immeasurable expanse below, with Tequendama in the centre, and this perpetual hymn, admirable! How thankful ought I to be, that my destiny is fixed in this sweet abode! This great volume has been spread before me, from my infancy. The reading has become indispensable to my enjoyment. It seems to me, that my heart would wither in any other place. To see those shepherds yonder, moving in the sleet whirlwinds of that upper region, is indeed a sublime spectacle; but to dwell with them, in their perpetual snows, the very thought makes me shiver. Half the year, thou sayest, is winter in thy country. Having seen such a clime as this, canst thou return to thy native fickle and inclement skies? Yet I see, that thy eye wanders beyond the *tierras Calientes*, as though it could cope the wide sea, and take in the fair one beyond, on whom, I doubt not, thy memory now and incessantly dwells.' A revelation flashed across his mind. Honor and truth dictated the reply. 'It does, Paulina; and I should not dare abide the trial longer, without calling on my own heart to remember her, to whom my sacred word is pledged. We were born, and reared together, and baptised in the same fount. I will return to her, while I may yet hope to offer her something more, than a mere heartless redemption of my pledge.'

Although his eye was averted, as he made this noble confession, he perceived, that a shiver, and a recoil, as of one, who had been pierced by a ball in battle, seized her, who leaned on his arm. The paleness of death and a visible damp spread over her brow. The sun, at the same moment, burst forth in blazing brilliance. She faintly uttered, 'the sun is overpowering. I fear a sun stroke. Lead me back to my parents.' He rather carried, than led her down the declivity to the banks of the Caterina. They were on its dark green margin. Whether from faintness, or a spasmodic effort, he could not tell. But Paulina plunged into the wave, ten steps from her parents, and thirty paces from the terrific leap. A piercing shriek from her parents arose, as she disappeared under the waters. The slow rolling of the current again floated her green silk drapery, and her dishevelled raven locks on its surface. Five yards only from the leap, a projecting point of rock formed an eddy, into which she floated, and circled round and round. Gustavus H. had reached her, and with one hand holding to her robe, and the other to the slimy branches of an old fallen tree, which lay shaking with the current, in an oblique direction to the stream, he drew her, by incredible efforts, and by a struggle with the waters for the life of both, to the shore. The one was exhausted, and the

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other unconscious, and Tequendama still rolled down, though robbed of its victim.

Paulina was carried to the house, and soon resuscitated. She remembered nothing of what had passed; and fever preyed upon her brain. Next day, the father had a confidential interview with the young officer. 'I have indiscreetly taught my daughter to love thee,' said Don Pablo, 'and couldst thou have returned her love, nothing would more have gratified me, than to have committed her happiness to thy honor and truth. But thou hast nobly manifested, that this may not be. Depart with God's blessing, and remembrances here, which no words could at all describe. It may be that the certainty of seeing thee no more may be the means of restoring my poor Paulina to her mind, if not to happiness.'

Mules and servants were ready; and after such embraces and such thanks, as may be better imagined, than related, Gustavus H. heard the diminishing tones of Tequendama, and turned eyes filled with tears upon this beautiful landscape, and Casa de Paz, and the apartment, where lay Paulina, now receding from his sight.'

At Bogota he found letters from home. The epistle of a correspondent detailed the passing news of his native town and country. It bade him screw up his philosophy to the utmost point of stoical endurance, and added, 'the fair Miss Sarah, whom you left with so much reluctance, and who gave you a hundred tears for every protestation of eternal constancy —shall I speak or forbear? grew fair and plump upon grief—and has consoled herself for your absence by being led to the altar by Henry Hunter, the rich, tailor-made, and essenced capitalist. Shoot neither him, nor thyself; but marry the first fair and rich creole, that falleth in thy way.' Thank God, ejaculated Gustavus H. Thank God! My honor is redeemed, and my own, and she has released me from bonds, which my own heart had long since broken.

Next day, before noon, he was again at Casa de Paz; and by permission of the parents saw the lovely Paulina in a low and moaning phrenzy. The presence and voice of Gustavus H. proved medicinal. A few days after, they were united; and the singular incidents, that preceded the union, were so much the more blazoned, as all parties strove to hush, and suppress them. But the fortunes of an unambitious family, who sought happiness, rather than distinction, soon ceased to minister food to the curiosity of a community, whose iron bosom and leaden nerves call for no other stimulants, than the heavy, monotonous and sickening chronicle of politics, and Bolivar, and what knave of to-day has supplanted the fool of yesterday.

When they talked at Bogota about the new married pair, the ladies affirmed, that their honey moon was as ardent, as the sun of the *tierras Calientes.* Others shrugged, and hinted, that they had never known such violent love unions, but what settled first into indifference, and then into disgust and altercation. I should be pleased to look in upon them, after a couple of years, to see, whether unabated love

'Still shed his rosy garlands on their heads.'

Be it so, or not, I should be tempted to covet the repose and opulence of the place, and more than all, to see, and hear of Tequendama, and dwell where I could see eternal winter above, and eternal summer below, from the regions of perpetual spring.

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Dictionaire historique, ou biographie universelle classique, ouvrage entierement neuf, par M. le General Beauvais, &c. &c.; *et par une societe de gens de lettres; revu, et augmente, pour la partie bibliographique, par* M. Barbier, &c. &c. Numeros 15. Paris. 1826–28.

A historical, or classical biographical dictionary; a work entirely new; by General Beauvais, author of various works; and by a society of men of letters; revised, and augmented, as regards the bibliographical part, by M. Barbier, chevalier of the legion of honor, &c. &c. and author of a great number of works; published at Paris between 1826 and 1829. In 15 numbers of large 8vo. pages, of double columns, and very fine printing, containing double the amount of common 8vo. pages. The names of 27 collaborateurs, engaged in furnishing contributions, are given. Among them are the most distinguished and best known men of letters in Paris; such as Barbier, author of 'the dictionary of anonymous works;' Defauconpret, 'translator of the works of Sir Walter Scott, and various other writings;' Malte Brun, author of the well known geography; Nodier, Pichot, &c. &c.

We have made some progress in the translation of this great work, with the view to compile from it an *American biographical dictionary.* We were well aware, that there is no lack of biographies, if we regard either number or size. But we entertain the full conviction, that there is no book extant, in any language, that can be compared, in relation to its specific object, for a moment with this, the title of which is quoted above. Lempriere is, we imagine, the only work resembling it, in use in this country; in fact almost the only general biography known among us. This is an English work, with all the proverbial nationality of that nation marked upon it. You perceive, that English men, representatives of 12 or 15 millions of people, engross by far the greatest, and most conspicuous place in this work. Continental authors and men of distinction, representatives of 140 millions, are comparatively thrown in the shade. There can be no question, that since the English have had a literature, it has been one of the proudest and richest. But it was by no means one of the earliest, after the revival of letters. Innumerable minds had elaborated innumerable works, in the eastern empire, in Italy, and the south of Europe, while England was comparatively a region of darkness and barbarism. As we have hitherto had only English views of this literature, we have considered it under all the disadvantages of depending upon their mental vision; and a great and valuable portion of it, except to men exclusively scholars, and with extensive libraries, has been almost wholly overlooked, and unknown. It is a well known fact, that from these and other circumstances of our colonial dependence, as a literary people, upon England, we have scarcely known any thing of continental literature among us.

The work before us, from the same nationality, is, perhaps, as much in error, in regard to being exclusive and partial in favor of continental, and more than all French literature, as our biographies are in reference to English literature. It is, we believe, generally admitted, that Lempriere is partial and meagre—often going into detail, when he should be concise, and being laconic or obscure, when he should be full. It is written, also,

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in a style and manner as devoid of interest, as dry and dull, as can easily be imagined, and besides, but a small portion of distinguished continental names appears at all. We see not, therefore, why it is not only possible, but easy, comparing his work, and the French work before us, and all the American biographies, and laying out of view the partiality, partyism and nationality of all, to prepare a biographical dictionary, general, liberal, impartial, neither protestant, nor catholic, French, English, or American exclusively; but in which every thing exhibited shall be placed in its just proportions, its true colors, and the proper point of view.

It is true we should deem it a duty, to give more place to American names, than the relative amount of our literature, and the numbers of our distinguished men might seem to claim. In point of numbers, we constitute but a fraction in the census of the republic of letters; and one century includes all the time of our labors. But we may confidently affirm, the sneers of foreigners, and their theory of the belittling tendency of every thing on our side of the Atlantic to the contrary notwithstanding, that America has done more for the age and mankind, taking into view her age and numbers, and has filled a greater space in the eye of the world, than any other country. Here the first example of free representative and unpersecuting government has been given; a single achievement, that establishes our proudest claims to consideration. We have rendered the thunderstroke innoxious. We have taught the world to drive vessels against wind and tide. We have, in comparison to our numbers, a greater proportion of readers and thinkers in our community, than any other; and there is no reason, why we should not indignantly spurn those representations which hold us up to view, as a dull and degenerate people, earnest and acute only in the work of money getting.

There is good and ample reason, why every work should be to a certain extent national. It could not be otherwise, unless authors were divested of human nature, and one of the best traits in it, love of country. But we wish to be national without folly, and the dimness of an oblique and distorted vision. We have our truly great men, of pyramidal and immortal renown, the glory of whose fame has already reached the skies. Of them we can already form our imperishable granite columns of fame. We have also, our *mediocre* great men, who were made so by circumstances, and who filled, in their time, an unnatural and undeserved space; and we have our *little* great men, great only in their own estimation, and in that of their family, their partizans, retainers and clan; and the bare record of such names would more than fill all the space, which any biographical dictionary could spare. It seems to us not difficult for persons who have no interest to serve, no standard to erect, or follow, and who stand aloof, as lookers on, while surveying the hot and dusty scramble on the arena of life, to be, to a considerable extent, philosophical and impartial. Such is our condition; and such our own purposes, in regard to the work before us. We have Lempriere to consult, where he is interesting, concise and impartial. We have voluminous American biographies, from which to condense; and we shall have, when the labor of translating this work shall have been completed, by far the best written, most ample and instructive biographical work, on the dictionary scale, which has yet appeared, according to our judgment, from which to prepare an American biography,

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which we would wish to be impartial, just, pithy, giving every one his due and no more; condensing much matter into little space, and presenting a synoptical view of the workings of the human mind in all time by showing what has been acted, invented, preached, written and published by the wise, the ambitious, the notorious, the doctors, classleaders, master minds and ruling spirits of all ages and countries.

The work before us is remarkable in every point of view. We should think it not extravagant to say, that the titles of 200,000 books are given in it. What a treasure for the lean and bilious student, blearing his eyes over the midnight taper, and who has yet to prepare for the baptism of his literary offspring! No *extravaganza* of the human intellect can well be imagined in the form of a book, which cannot here find an appropriate title. Nothing could be more irresistibly comic, than we found many of them. Others were as ridiculous for their lumbering grandeur, and erudite absurdity. We no longer thought strange of the title *hypoproslambanomenos*, with which we were astounded in the days of boyhood, by our Latin master. We no longer regarded the *Abracadabra* as a mystery, or smiled at the religious captions of books in the days of Praise God Barebones, such as 'hooks and eyes for believers' breeches,' 'spiritual dough for Christ's chickens,' or 'a shove in the crupper to a heavy rumped Christian,' and the like.

We have proceeded in the translation, as far as the letter E, and have made some estimate of the comparative number of books, which have been written upon the different subjects of book-making. Nothing is so important as the question, what will become of man beyond the grave? No view is so impressive, as that of our mortal nature. Nothing so vague and illimitable, as the empire of opinion. We might expect to have found, as we have found, that two thirds of all the books, that have been written, since the Christian era, are on the subject of religion. What a host we have already passed over, upon the inexplicable, interminable and worse than useless dispute, which might be served up as a common place for two immortal quibblers, to dispute upon from eternity *a parte ante* to eternity *a parte post*, the dispute *de libero arbitrio*, 'concerning free will.' Then there are innumerable volumes upon *transubstantiation*, and *consubstantiation*, and councils, and the quarrels of popes and anti-popes, and presbyters and anti-presbyters, and puritans and anti-puritans; and questions concerning the infallibility of the pope; and whether the human nature of Christ were impassible; and how his divine nature was affected, while the human suffered; and the like. We remember to have observed, in the whole mass, scarcely twenty titles of books on the subject of religion, that would indicate writings, that could contain a particle of information, or be of any conceivable use. Most of them turned on matters as inscrutably unmeaning and useless, as the question of the school men, *utrum chimera*, &c. And yet, let the present denouncers in the pulpit, not flatter themselves, that they can claim any originality in their function. We doubt not, that the ten thousand doctors of all religions, and all sects, who wrote books on these subjects, thundered forth the wrath of God, as positively, as unhesitatingly, and as surely due for every departure from the opinions of these books, as the most devoted and orthodox of the present day. They were, no doubt, as eloquent too, and chopped

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logic with as much demonstration of sequence; and mothers, and the fair and devout walked home from the discourse, descanting in admiration upon the talents, zeal, piety and unction of the preachers, as the same class do now; admiring the while, how any hearer could be so blind, heretical and obstinate, as not to be convinced, and converted.

We have read the title of some hundred books, which were written to prove, that the end of the world was near at hand; and the French biographers add, we dare say with a shrug, if we could have seen them writing, that the people of the cities were often in sackcloth and ashes, repenting, and asking forgiveness, and, better than that, making restitution, and sitting by their glimmering tapers through the long night, waiting in horror for the signal of the end of all things. The prophecies, we find, have been wrought into every possible form, and the 'beast' has been successively a term of reproach between different catholic schisms, and has finally passed into the hands of the protestants, to be used as the common badge of the whole catholic church. No considerable dynasties have arisen, or wars occurred, from the first centuries of the Christian era to this time, but what a hundred books have been written, to prove the direct applicability of the prophecies to that time and those events. More than fifty volumes have been written to prove the completion of most of them in the case of Napoleon. We well remember in our own country a voluminous book, which predicted an immense amount of work for him to do, and a complete upturning of the destinies of the world, which he was to accomplish, about the time he was sent to Elba. The volumes, that were keys of the prophecies, became inert paper in the hands of the booksellers. But he broke loose from Elba. The books scattered among purchasers, like rain-drops. Here, they said, was a man, who had looked into the *arcana* of the kingdom, and had foreseen all. Long after he was chained to his rock, these interpreters of the prophecies, would insist, that he would yet come forth, to help them out with their predictions. He died. The books fell dead once more upon the shelves; and men, untaught by the past, will go on, in the generations to come, to write the same enormous follies, sure to find proselytes and devotees.

The work before us is, in fact, a compendious history of the human mind in all ages and countries, furnishing a greater mass of information, touching the progress of sects, the advance of opinions, and the gradual illumination of the understanding, than any single work, into which we have looked. No book furnishes such ample materials for literary conversation, and an extended and universal history of literature. And yet it is melancholy to reflect, what dark and misanthropic shades it throws upon human nature. What a cunning, deceitful, overreaching, ambitious and blood-thirsty being has man every where appeared! His ambition and cruelty have only been surpassed by his folly and credulity. If any are disposed to declaim against our horrors of religious bigotry and persecution, let them read this book—a book evidently favorable to religion—a book compiled under the *regime* of a stern catholic monarchy, and no small portion of the articles prepared by priests. Gibbon was in an utter mistake, when he said, that paganism was not persecuting. Here we see, that one sect of pagan philosophers persecuted another to death. The dominant sects of the Christians burned each other, when they were able.

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The catholics burned the protestants. Episcopalians burned dissenters. Calvin burned Servetus. The puritans did not exactly burn the quakers; fo they were not quite sufficiently in power; and, to the eternal honor of Americans, from the first landing at Plymouth and Jamestown to this day, the people on these shores have always been revolted by scenes of cruelty. Whatever they believe to be in reserve for a heretic in the invisible world, we are convinced, there are few people in America so savage, so lost to humanity, as to find pleasure in witnessing an *auto da fe.* Even they, who sit on the sabbath with a half melancholy pleasure, to hear people condemned to eternal destruction for their heretical opinions, would rise upon the authorities, kingly or priestly, who should attempt to burn a man for his opinions. Yet even here, and in our age and time, we hear it recommended in meekest phrase and with 'dignified urbanity,' to put to the gentler death of starvation, whomsoever they find not reaching their measures of orthodoxy.

As we have read of this, that and the other amiable and philosophic thinker, who wished only to pursue his studies, or perhaps, promulge his opinions in peace and privacy, being burnt to death, or torn in pieces, or plunged in dungeons, to die for years in the utterance of unheard sighs and unrecorded groans, our heart has died within us: and we have involuntarily asked, can all these cruelties have been perpetrated by man, the representative of the Divinity upon earth—man, who talks of his humanity and philanthropy and love for his fellow man? Is it not still more astonishing, that most of these burnings and torments have been inflicted by professed christians, in the name and professing as the disciples of the benevolent Saviour? Each of the sects will tell you now, that all these things were perpetrated by sects, to which they are hostile; and that the same things could not now be endured; and, more than all, that their sect is a thousand leagues from persecution. The book before us reads us a different lesson. It instructs us that every thing changes, but the pride, ambition, and intolerance of human nature. It tells us that the same thing, which is perpetrated this year under one pretext, will be wrought the next under another; and that religion, when rightly felt, and understood, the last and best blessing of heaven to man, will still be seized, as it has been in time past by ambition and pride, to execute their purpose sooner, than any other engine, because it has deeper hold, than any other, upon the heart and the thoughts; and because men can accomplish, and have accomplished greater enormities under the mask of piety, than any other. We venerate religion; and much as we admire its true and divine principles, does every feeling of humanity and virtuous indignation within us recoil, as we have read in this work of the cruel atrocities, that have been practised in every age under the mask of religion.

We find in this work a hundred instances of infliction of death, by burning and torture, on the most illustrious victims, of whom we had never read before; cases not less affecting, than those of John Huss, Servetus, or John Rogers. The compilers, though the tone of their note is catholic, and apparently indicates an impression, that an *auto da fe* for departure from the Romish creed is a little more excusable, than other sanctified murders, proceed, with praiseworthy coolness and impartiality, to note cases of persecution to death. For example, in the life of Brogni.

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commonly called Cardinal Viviers, giving the incidents of his career, and bestowing many laudatory remarks on him, the book observes, that he presided at the council of Constance, pronounced the sentence of deposition against Pope John XXIII, received the abdication of Gregory XII, read the sentence of deposition against the anti pope, Benedict XIII, and caused Colonna to be crowned Pope, under the name of Martin V. It adds, he then thought it necessary, to settle the affair of John Huss, then pending before the council. Cardinal Brogni *showed for this unfortunate man the tenderness of a father*. But the innovator remaining inflexible, the cardinal pronounced the sentence which condemned his doctrine, and which abandoned 'his person to the secular arm.' Every one has read his horrid fate. What a fund for reflection in these lines! The compilers seem to be calm, philosophic and impartial; as they certainly are beautiful and eloquent writers. But so prejudiced are they, that they call the exhortations of this eloquent and insinuating ecclesiastic addressed to the wretched Huss, to move him to abjure his faith, *the tenderness of a father!* What tenderness! It is no other, than the *tenderness* to exhort him to become a liar and an apostate, with the promise, that on such terms his life would, probably, be saved. But the *innovator* remained inflexible!

Among the amusing sketches of lives, we find a great number of those impostors, who professed to have discovered the alchymical secret of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, the secret of rejuvenescence and the turning lead to gold. Not a few of the ablest princes in Europe, were the dupes of these impostors, who severally contrived to transmute their villany into gold, as long as the coffers of the victims of their impudence retained any money! It is infinitely amusing, to note the ingenious contrivances of these rogues, which could only be exceeded by the gullibility of the rich subjects, whom they plucked. A charming notice is given of the famous Tycho Brahe, which we hope, in our next number to present to our readers. This truly great man in other respects, as well as his wise and powerful patron, Rudolph II of Germany, believed in these matters, as well as astrology.

We read of a great many cases not unlike that of our Rachel Baker. Antoinette Bourignon, of Lisle, is one of the most conspicuous. She had visions and ecstacies, and conversed with patriarchs and angels, like Swedenborg; and seems to have been in purpose pious and well disposed. But she was hunted from one country to another, as a sorceress, and was more than once in danger of being stoned to death. All she required, was a hospital and kind nursing. She had the folly to promulgate doctrines, which were not in vogue, where she preached them. We quote the case of Martha Brossier. She was daughter of a weaver of Romantin in France, and was early attacked with a most singular nervous malady. At mature age, she became the subject of much superstitious sympathy and curiosity. She caused herself to be exorcised, affirming, that she was possessed of an evil spirit. The father traversed the country, to obtain money by showing a person in this terrible condition. In 1599 the parliament had her arrested in her native place, and forbade her going abroad, on pain of corporeal punishment. The preachers of the 'League' found her a kind of anti-mason; and made great use of her.

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They declared that the parliament, to whom they were opposed, in forbidding her to speak, and go abroad, were stifling the voice of God, a miraculous voice, of which he would avail himself to convince heretics. An abbe, whose brother was bishop of Clermont, took her to this dignified ecclesiastic to exorcise her anew. The abbe, the bishop, and their engine, the possessed damsel, were all put to flight by the civil authorities, which seem in every age and country, to have stood according to its power in the gap between such kind of priestcraft, and the people. They carried the demoniac to Rome. But the holy see has been for ages far more enlightened, than its remote supporters. The girl was immediately shut up, put on the proper diet and regimen; and the devil, unwilling, as it appeared, to operate upon a person, who could not display his power to others, entirely ceased to torment her. Her life and *possession* are the subject of a famous Spanish comedy.

Next after prophets, possessed of the devil, astrologers and alchymists, are ventriloquists, fire eaters, jugglers, and such strange fishes, with which every age and country has been more or less infested. A sketch of the life of a woman, beautiful, endowed, of high birth, and married to a French nobleman of the first rank, honor and worth, is given, of an enormity of wickedness too terrible to be recorded in these sheets, who expiated her crimes by being burnt to death, while still in the prime of her beauty. Her paramour had been imprisoned a year in the bastile at the instance of her own father. As soon as he was released, she joined him in purposes of vengeance. He died in consequence of the fumes of chemical poison, which he was preparing. His glass mask fell off, and the *effluvia* instantly killed him. Her private purse was in his possession; and she had the folly to send for it. Something suspicious in the circumstances induced the magistrates to open it. It was found to contain little packages of poison for various objects of their intended vengeance, to be administered by their agents, with labelled directions of the mode and time of the operation. Before she suffered, she made the most terrible disclosures of her past life. Poisoning, assassinating, arson, and the like, had been familiar to her from the age of eight years—a period, when she admitted, she had commenced her career of illicit pleasure.

As we so often meet with these afflicting and terrible pictures of what has been, and what is, who would not exclaim with Cowper—Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where man and his enormities may no longer meet our eye—and yet nothing can be more salutary, than these humiliating pictures. Abhorrence and recoil from such views are among the most powerful restraints upon our passions.

Next after theologians, poets and painters seem to have been the most numerous class of literateurs. Then follow medical and law publications, works on natural history, mathematics, the mechanic and practical arts; and last and least numerous of all, works of general philosophy. A few great works, the Iliad, the Eneid, Paradise Lost, Bacon's, Newton's and Locke's works, and the 'Mechanique Celeste' shine as bright and eclipsing stars in this dim galaxy of the intellectual heavens.

Such an immense assemblage of titles, along with sketches of the authors, is to us an intellectual picture gallery. The human intellect is here seen in its interior, and as in a panorama. We note what has been pass-

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ing in it in all time—and the study of such a work becomes, in effect, the history of literature, and gives us the detailed annals of the human mind. The style is terse, pithy, and colored with that familiar figurative diction of the French writers, through which an allusion conveys a sentence; and by which, instead of prosing narrative, an expression of sentiment goes directly to the heart. In memoir, in sketches of life, in delineating character, sentiments and the heart, the French are allowed to have no rivals. In three or four pages a summary, and to us the most instructive and impartial, that we have seen, is given of the incidents and character of the extraordinary Napoleon. In another number we propose to quote it; and occasionally some other interesting sketches, as samples of the brevity, neatness, and force of this work. At present we add only the preface, which, though extremely idiomatic, and of course difficult to translate, strikes us, as a beautiful pattern of neat and forcible prefaces.

Preface to the 'Dictionaire Biographique.'

There is no lack in France of Biographical Dictionaries. But we search in vain for one, fitted for actual use. This, which we give to the public, is compiled with a special purpose. The learned authors of the voluminous collections, with which we have no pretensions of rivalship, did not once aspire to it. Our chief object has been, to collect in a portable and commodious form, the most important, or to speak more accurately, the most indispensable views of men and events from the origin of the world.

Let the possessors of immense libraries, who feel the necessity of collecting all books, place, as a pedestal for their tablets, the huge and antique folio of Moreri. Let them afterwards decorate it with the *dictionary* of Bayle, so rich in opinions, in paradoxes, in verbal curiosities, in religious and literary decisions; and yet so insufficient in its nomenclature, and historical information. Let them add, if such is their pleasure, the constantly remodelled work of the partial Feller, the compilation of Chandon and Delandine. In fine, let them have at hand *the Universal Biography* of M. Michaud. It may be easily credited, that we do not purpose to contest either the utility, or the merit of the greater part of these learned collections. We have not aspired to do *better*. We have only wished to do *otherwise*. We have reduced our objects to strict necessity. We abandon the labor of research and the luxury of erudition to those, who have patience to put to the proof, and time to dissipate. It is to economizing the one and the other, that we have applied all our cares; and, we will hope, not without utility to literature, if we have discovered the means of uniting, in a narrow but sufficient compass, the names and characteristic traits of the distinguished men of all ages, the dates of their birth and death, the titles of their writings, and indications of the best editions; the epochs of great revolutions and striking events; the birth and the disappearance of religious or political sects; geographical ideas, necessary to understanding the principal facts; if we have given, in one word, under each one of the names, that are found in our dictionary, the only and the particular information, for which such works are ordinarily consulted.

Biography is an inexhaustible science. Death, which destroys all else,

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ceases not to enrich it. All the forms of eloquence would be finished, before the interminable hour glass of time had ceased to record the illustrious dead. On the other hand, the invention of printing has multiplied, almost to infinity, the means of illustrating character by biographical documents. Representative government has rendered a service, no less signal, to the aspiring ambition of men of small talents. An ancient rhetorician said, 'that the Greek orators sprang out of Isocrates, like the ravagers of the city of Æneas from the Trojan horse.' That monster certainly did not enclose in its womb a tenth part of the orators, which every session of our legislative halls sees developing; and all that is glory!

It is, hence, easy to infer, that before a tithing of centuries at the rate of the advance of the world and renown, a *universal biography* would be the most colossal and terrific compilation, to which Typography could give birth; and that it would need the entire life of a laborious man, to condense the formidable list of these gone by celebrities.

In proportion as society prosecutes its march towards this menacing epoch of the inundation of books, either the civilized world will disappear a second time under this universal deluge of printed paper, or will perceive, more and more, the necessity of reducing human research to utility, and utility to its simplest, and most abbreviated expression. From the moment, when this necessity began to be obvious, we may date the origin of dictionaries, which contain a body of science under the most commodious and abridged form. Without these two conditions, a dictionary is itself but an article to add to the immense dictionary of human aberrations. To load a biographical dictionary with all the idle closet labors of the learned, and to embroider, on the slightest pretext, on this fastidious canvass, all the powers of rhetoric, with harmonious diffuseness, and a voluminous logical eloquence, would be to abuse the public with a pretext to swell the pyramid of books, when the profession was to reduce it. It would be to rear one barrier more, in folio, between study and science.

A biographical dictionary, for actual utility, such as is demanded by all those, who buy books to make use of them, ought to be as complete, as the size of a portable dictionary will admit; and as portable, as such a complete work can be made. The ideas ought to be assured, but concise; the style clear, but disengaged from all ambitious ornament. We look for exact dates, certain information, estimates in good faith, which should be, as much as possible, the judgment, which time has consecrated; or that authority of general opinion, which anticipates that judgment. It should be of easy use, because it is destined for labor which has no time to lose. The price should be moderate, because it has not called for the expensive co-operation of all the claims on reputation; but that kind of merit, which is compensated most cheaply in a library, that of assiduity and conscientiousness. That a book should fulfil all the conditions of a good work of this kind, it would be necessary, that another *Magliabecchi* should have it on his desk, and that another Jamerai Duval should carry it in his pocket. Such was the purpose in England of Lempriere, Watkins and George Crabb. Such is the enterprise, which we have undertaken to execute in France; without any other pretensions, than those founded on simple utility, and of which even the purchasers of large *bibliographies* will often

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feel the value. These vast treasures will, however, dispense no one from the necessity of occasional recurrence to the excellent dictionaries of M. Planche and Noel. Our historical dictionary is, then, one of those compact publications, of which England was first to understand the application to all the wants of the mind and the memory. We have attempted, in restricting it to the limits, necessary to compositions of this kind, still to give it sufficient relative extent, to leave nothing essential, to be desired by those, who shall make use of it. It is, perhaps, useless to add for those, who appreciate our object and our intentions, that our purposes have not led us to violate the mysteries of private life, or to demand from the interior of families accounts, which history alone can exact from the tomb.— We regard the biography of the living, as a dangerous and illicit instrument in the most generous hand; and if our times of trouble and public partialities have been exposed, by the force of circumstances, to this literary calamity, we at least will not renew the deplorable scandal. We yield ourselves to the sentiments so finely expressed by one of our most talented writers, (M. Etienne.) 'The inhabitants of countries, which are in the vicinage of volcanoes, avail themselves of the lava to work into objects of ornament, or utility. But they wait, at least, until it has become cold.' There is no man, in whatsoever situation of life we may suppose him placed, who is not sometimes under the necessity of consulting this vast alphabetical table, of all histories and of every literature, which we call a historical dictionary. But it is rarely for special studies, that we have recourse to the collection of these condensed documents. It is for general researches, which demand only precise and rapid facts, concentrated in a small space. We know by experience, that there is no book more universally needed, than a *historical, biographical and bibliographical dictionary*, reduced to the most portable form which can be reconciled, in this undertaking, with the other conditions of utility. We have sought to give it one further recommendation, in dividing the numerous branches of biography among colleagues, who share the cares of this labor, following the particular studies, to which they have devoted themselves with assiduity, during a long succession of years. This will warrant a justice of estimation, of which a single man is rarely capable, in subjects so diversified, though he joined the flexibility of Voltaire to the profundity of Bacon. It has been sufficient for our purpose, to enlist in concurrence, in the execution of a plan wisely conceived, the zeal and patience of some writers of good faith, and very disinterested, as regards ambition and glory. *In tenui labor.* 'Charles Nodier.'

In this preface the reader has a sample of the talent of one of the twenty-seven *collaborateurs*, who united in this work; and as far as we can judge, the pledge, here held out, is faithfully redeemed in this great work. One proof of the extent of their researches is in the fact, that more names of Americans are here recorded, than ever met our eye before; and we have derived from reading this work much new information, touching the biography of our own country.

We verily believed, that in availing ourselves of this book, united with the other materials extant, a more general, useful and impartial biographical dictionary might be prepared, than the American public has yet seen, without the compiler putting forth any other pretensions, than patience.

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industry and impartiality. In the hope of rendering his services useful to his country and himself, he has undertaken the task, of which the subordinate part included in this translation alone will occupy himself and an associate, at the rate of ten folio pages each a day, for more than a year. He ventures on the undertaking, perhaps, in the same vague and disappointing hopes, which have deluded so many unfortunate writers of past times. If the public view this laborious, and at least, well intended effort, with the same indifference, as they ordinarily regard all the ten thousand projects of the kind, that come under their eye, except they are pushed by capitalists, who can thus crush the efforts of individual enterprize, unaided by capital and pensioned presses, he can only say, that he has aimed to do something for his country and his kind; and that he does not doubt, that less laudable enterprizes have been patronized by pecuniary reward, which good fortune has never yet dawned upon any of his labors.

ATLANTIC AND MISSISSIPPI RAILWAY.

Sketch of the geographical route of a Great Railway, by which it is proposed to connect the Canals and Navigable Waters, of New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, and the adjacent States and Territories; opening thereby a free communication, at all seasons of the year, between the Atlantic States and the great Valley of the Mississippi. Second edition with additions. New-York: G. & C. & H. Carvill. 1830.

What an age is this, in which Providence has cast our lot! The misfortune for us of the present century is, that we only see the dawn of the results of the astonishing enterprizes and inventions of our day. If we had Greek types, we would show our learning, by quoting from Hesiod the whole of that splendid passage in his 'works and days,' in which he ejaculates, 'would that I had been born in the ages, that are gone by; or that I might have lived in the centuries to come.' We shall see enough of the wonderful changes, just to raise a painful curiosity, and to excite, perhaps, feelings akin to envy, in relation to those, who are to come after us; and shall be called to retire, just as the fervid progress of these changes in the physical world begins to show action and reaction, in relation to still higher results on the still grander theatre of the moral world.

We can never forget the sensations, created by landing in this city, between fourteen and fifteen years ago. In coming over the mountains to Pittsburgh, we scarcely saw a carriage, which was not broken down. Our own was overturned. Dismembered wagons were seen at intervals along the road. The young New England girls, whom we met in a night of storms at a tavern, on the last table eminence of the mountains, shed tears abundantly, as they compared their destination to places, far away in the interior of the west, to the passing that dread bourne, 'whence no traveller returns.' Our carriage had been lifted by main force up the acclivity of a mountain, to allow another to pass us. To us, to the writer even, all

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thoughts of ever amassing means and courage, to encounter the recrossing these roads and mountains on the return, was out of the question. This city was indeed fresh and crowded, and busy—for nature had marked it for a great and central town. Our sisters of Louisville and Pittsburgh, (to whom may the angel, that presides over cities, send all health, riches, and increase,) affected, as now, to hold their noses in the air, when they spoke of us, applying to us the coarse proverb, in relation to the bad old gentleman, who acts such a vindictive and conspicuous part in orthodox sermons, who found so much noise, and a fleece of so little value, while he sheared the swine. They affirmed, 'that there was great cry and little wool here.' Even now, they are reluctant to allow, that as many buildings have arisen here in a year, as in the past season we have actually erected churches.

Cincinnati at that time was a still more interesting town, than at present. It was the most curious jumble of old and new, simple and complex taste and want of taste, of the dark and the light ages, of savage and civilized, of the broad-axe and the mill-saw, that, perhaps, our world could offer. We have reason to believe, that more than half the buildings in the city were of logs, though many of them, covered with clapboards, and painted, like whited sepulchres, showed a fair outside. The area about the markets, of a March morning, was neither sea, nor good dry land. It was neither water, mud, nor mortar, but a consistency as of thick treacle, from three to six inches deep. Many a fair lady was moving briskly in this element with her market basket. For mud, in all the approaches to the town, tell it not to our enemies, the Philistines, the Atlantic people have no conception of it. The writer was actually mired, with his horse, within a mile of this city on the great road, and as beautiful a March morning, as ever the sun shone upon, gave up his appointment, and returned, as he might, to the city. Our roads are sufficiently bad, during the muddy season, even yet. But what we now achieve, in the way of road making, is well done, and McAdamized, the only kind of road, that will stand in our deep loamy soils.

What a change in every thing in our city! We look round at the massive and beautiful buildings, that spring up in such astonishing numbers and rapidity, and ask, if this can be the place, which we saw fourteen years and a half ago? A New Englander recently arrived, was greeted, as one fresh from the south seas, or a voyager round the world. To meet a person from Boston, we felt as Crusoe, when the first English landed on his island. Our Nantucket whalemen hardly spoke of a harpoon with a dry eye. A letter from the Atlantic region was like advices in England from New Holland. The writer was not aware, that a single graduate from Harvard inhabited the city, or its vicinity. A single fact will demonstrate, better than a dissertation, how all this is changed. In the office of the W. M. Review, last season, four classmates, graduates from Harvard, accidentally met in one morning.

In a country, the most plentiful in the world, and where the supper table groaned with substantial cheer, in quantity and variety beyond good taste, and ill adapted to dyspeptics, we well remember, that broiled pickled mackerel was considered a delicacy, as indispensable to a first rate table, as it was rare. Onions we had of our own. But the other grand staple

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of New England, codfish, was brought forward with something of the deference that would be shown to scrolls of the lost books of Livy, recovered from the subterranean lavas of Herculaneum. A project for a regular mail stage, starting from Cincinnati, would then have been viewed, much as Mr. Jefferson thought of Clinton's magnificent ditch—a hundred years in advance of the age. And now, no mean catalogue of these vehicles, and no thin squadron of the race of land sharks, the drivers, start away to every point of the compass, and in every hour of the day. Slow flat boats, moving down with the driftwood, were then our chief water crafts. And now steam boats, some of the larger showing like frigates, and their cabins too gaudy for good taste, are objects of arrival and departure too common, to arrest the gaze of any, but greenhorns from the interior, on their first arrival. The canal boat bugle now greets our ear every hour in the day, except during the fortnight, or three weeks, in which the canal is closed by ice.

It was once thought, we could do nothing here, but sell goods, and make iron machinery, and cabinet furniture. We have now all sorts of papers and projects of papers, and books and projects of books. Our Ellas and our Geraldines and Rodericks, a whole score of them, sing like sky larks. The writer has been introduced to various novel writers, who had each *enfante*, as the French say, a fair birth of two volumes; and we have had propositions to publish at least a half a dozen: to say nothing of our own, both born and unborn, which a certain particular friend of ours has published to the world, and, it is believed, is now ready to take his bodily oath of the same before a magistrate, are neither more nor less, than *silky milky*. The W. M. Review, also, though occasionally showing hectic symptoms, has almost completed its third year; and if people paid as promptly, as they subscribed, might be now pronounced positively convalescent; though a certain deathwatch in the city has been steadily ticking *memento mori* to it, from the hour of its birth.

In sober truth, no place in America is better situated to become a publishing town, than Cincinnati. The freight and insuring of the immense quantities of school books, that are called for in the west, together with the requisite time and commissions, constitute a serious colonial tax, which we pay to the Atlantic country. But strange to tell, we have not a doubt, that if these books were published of a better quality, than in the Atlantic country, and as much cheaper, as the deducted freight and commissions would allow, they would still continue to be ordered from that quarter. Such is the enlightened and amiable character of western jealousy and competition. As Cincinnati is the cheapest city in the Union, and, probably, one of the healthiest, with a climate intermediate between northern and southern, it ought to be, as a matter of course, a publishing place. The only impediment is in the miserable quality of our paper. It is actually a trial to the nerves of any person, at all predisposed to be hypochondriac, to look at the dark-brown, dingy-grey messengers, that herald forth our tidings, in the form of newspapers. We can see no reason, why this plague of mildew and fog should have been shed exclusively upon western paper; or why we cannot make it as white, and as beautiful, as in the Atlantic mills. As it is, publishing could be well afforded here by capitalists, were all the good paper necessary to it, imported from the eas-

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tern cities. The cheapness of living would more than balance the freight of this article, bulky and heavy though it be. We do not despair of seeing this point understood by some Atlantic publisher of capital; nor that western paper makers should be brought to a sense of the error of their ways, and should wash away the evil of their doings, and cause their paper, though as sackcloth, to become as bleached wool, and as snow.

What an ultima Thule, what a boundless continuity of shade and wilderness, to the imagination, and in fact, the country along the shores of Lake Erie from Buffalo to Sandusky was a few years since considered! To an inhabitant on the sea shore, the thought of it was as dismal as Ovid's 'Tristia' in banishment from Rome on the Euxine. True, vessels had been seen there, and hostile flags, and Perry had made the dark and savage forests echo with the glorious and terrible thunder of battle. But still these vessels were forest-born—they were backwoods existences. A sailor viewed them, as fresh-water crawfish, compared with the lobsters of the sea-green element. They could turn round, and move a little backward and forward, on what, Captain Hall calls 'our inland frog ponds.' But the leap and the roar of Niagara were between them and the sea. Between them and that glorious and illimitable collection of waters a great gulf was fixed. What an annunciation was that, which informed us, that vessels, capable of navigating the Atlantic, had come up the heights from Ontario, had passed the 'falls,' without calling to see them, and had spread their canvass on Erie! What a miracle would this have seemed, when we first saw Cincinnati! A steam boat can now ascend from the Grand Banks, and bring, if she chooses, in her fish rack, live cod all the way to the shores of Erie.

While we write, it has been demonstrated beyond all possibility of question, that locomotive, or as we think, they ought to be called, *auto motive* carriages have been, and can be propelled on Railways, at the rate of twenty-eight miles and a half an hour. Experiments of movement on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad strike us quite as satisfactory and surprising, as those on the Liverpool Railways. We have made efforts to imagine the appearance of things on this road, when this magnificent project, now in progress, shall be completed, when an *auto motive* carriage, with its six ton burthen, shall arrive from Baltimore to Wheeling in a day, and when one of the attributes, supposed to be peculiar to spirits, shall become the heritage of the 'kneaded clod' of mortal bodies, the ability to transport ourselves from one point to another by a volition, without being made sensible of the time or space of the transit. Our corn, of which the writer has purchased a hundred bushels delivered, for an eagle, will then pay transport to Baltimore. That fair city ought then to become the queen of towns; and, we hope, will wipe off the stain, which Madam Royal has cast upon her, affirming, that the patronage of books and literature is her strange work, and that she will grow as honorably, and rapidly in her estimation of literature, and readiness to foster it, as she will assuredly in opulence and business. The circumstance, that has been instrumental in calling up these thoughts at this time, is seeing on our table the pamphlet, whose title heads this article, and which we particularly noticed in its first edition. It was not without regret, that we scarcely heard it spoken of in the west. What can our hundred papers be occupied with

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to exclude their attempting to excite the interest of the western public to this enterprise. We have not a doubt of the practicability of the project, nor that ample means exist for the accomplishment. There are incontestable facts, developed in the study of political economy, which demonstrate, that these great works do not impoverish a country, even were they to be useless, from the moment of their completion. The hands that complete them, would have been idle, or employed to no purpose, provided that it appears, that food and clothing enough are still produced for the use of the community and the laborers. The money indeed, paid for the labor, changes hands, and passes from the useless repose of the capitalist to the workers in iron, in wood, in stone and clay, to the engineers and machinists. Shanties and houses and villages arise along the great work. Ambition, enterprise, emulation and industry are awakened; and all those enlightened energies called forth, which slumber among savages, and are lost in indolence and timidity and ignorance, among a people, illgoverned, and unenterprizing. Towns, and corporations build churches and bridges and public works, and grow rich upon their expenditures, while the prophetic croakers count up the cost, and predict ruin. War impoverishes a country, because it produces devastation and the destruction of human labor, and the very material of labor itself, the living hands and fibres that achieve it; and because the expenditures of war pass not into the hands of the many, but the few, and those few ordinarily knaves. But the construction of canals and railways does not impoverish a country; but by calling forth enterprize, and stimulating exertion, and diffusing the treasures of the capitalist in many hands, actually benefits it, apart from their ultimate utility.

This eloquent pamphlet says, and we, if no others, believe it, that the proposed railway would be more beneficial to the country, than if the Mississippi itself could be made to flow in the same direction. The advantages of the farmer on the east frontier of Indiana would then place him on a footing with the present advantages of a farmer on the German Flats of the Mohawk. They calculate the cost from New York to the Mississippi at fifteen millions of dollars. We do not doubt, that at the moment of its completion, it would add more than an hundred million to the value of the country, through which it would pass. No portion of the United States affords such facilities for such a work. The route is through a country unusually level; and at the point, where it would pass the Alleghanies, they subside in such a manner, to allow the head waters of the Genessee to pass off eastwardly, and those of the Alleghany to the west, that the elevation to be overcome would be slight, compared with that on the routes from Philadelphia to Baltimore. The proposed route would traverse all the great canals now in operation and progress, and the richest body of land, for so great an extent, that can be found in America, or probably, in any country on earth. The parallels are those most favorable to the best productions of the temperate climes. It would pass along an immense region of mineral coal—and would render the lead and copper of Illinois directly accessible. Not to mention, that the large State of Illinois itself, containing, it is believed, a greater body of first rate lands, than can be any where else found, would be brought in direct communication with New-York. What astonishment to the rustic dwellers in the interior

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of our state and Indiana, to see the light of such a work let in upon their forests, and unfrequented abodes! What a spectacle to see the citizens of New-York and Albany building their villas in the fertile valleys of the Scioto, and the Miamies; while the Baltimoreans would, perhaps, prefer Wheeling Creek, or the bottoms of the river with the most musical name, that any language can show, the Monongahela. Here they might rusticate, breathe the fresh air, extend their length, '*sub tegmine fagi*,' rear pigs and poultry, and return in a couple of days to the smoke and dust, the clatter and dun-red walls of their winter domicile. Calculation is lost, in making efforts to grasp the magnitude and utility of such a work. That the reader may see, upon what subjects this very interesting pamphlet treats, we quote the table of the contents of the subject matter.

'Atlantic and Mississippi Railway—Table of distances on the rout—Elevations of different points on do.—Extent of the communications united by the Railway —Description of the rout to the Ohio Canal—Western division of the rout—Comparative advantages of Canals and Railways—Cost of Railways—Cost of transportation on Railways—Favorable nature of the rout—Magnitude of the proposed work—Ability of the country to execute it—Proper time for commencing the same—Advantages of pursuing a general system—General description of the Mississippi Valley—Progress and present state of Railways—Late accounts of Railway improvements—Visit to Liverpool Tunnel—Winan's new Railroad car—Trials of locomotive engines—Importance of the results—Unexpected character of these results—Current value of Railway and Canal stocks —Trials on the Baltimore Railroad—Suggestion on the importance of uniformity in Railroads.'

We can only add, that we know of no other pamphlet of the size, which bears any comparison, in point of interest and importance to the western people, with this. We should be glad to fill our pages with the striking statistical and geographical information, which it contains. But, besides, that we have not space, a stinted measure of extracts might satisfy the reader, and furnish an excuse for neglecting to repair to the pamphlet itself, every line of which is replete with the most valuable information. In one word, it is proposed, that the rout should pass the Genessee, proceed down the Alleghany, cross the Ohio and Erie Canal at the summit level, and along the table land between the waters of the Lakes and the Ohio, continuing through Indiana in the same parallel, crossing the head waters of the Wabash, and striking the Illinois, near where the Kankakee enters it, and touching the Mississippi, immediately above the rapids of Rock Island. We have no doubt, that in the progress of the more accurate survey for the actual operation, a better rout would be fixed upon, especially for the last and most western section. But this sketch will convey some general ideas of the course, which it is designed to give the proposed enterprise. The distance, from New-York city to the junction with the Mississippi, is less than a thousand miles. The expense is calculated, as was remarked, at $15,000,000; less, as the projectors affirm, than the cost of a single campaign of the last war; and not a third part, an orator of the temperance society would say, of the expense of the alcoholic poison, voluntarily bought, and annually swallowed in the United

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States; and within the means of a few of the wealthiest merchants of our cities.

We occasionally cast our eyes on the interminable spin-text, prosing, and as the Scotch say, *ne'er do weel* legislative speeches, which fill the columns of our papers. Three sentences ordinarily make us drowsy; and on the fourth the paper falls from our hand; and we rest from our labors. Not so the pithy speech of the orator, whom we quote. Mr. Green forever for our money. We have other reasons to remember Marblehead with pride; and we owe it other obligations, than even to have produced this orator. This we take to be the true Demosthenian style. If all our legislators would make speeches after this fashion, we would not promise, that we should not be found one day canvassing for a place in the legislature ourselves. But let the speech speak for itself. The caption is from the Baltimore Patriot.

[The subject of RAIL ROADS is gaining universal attention. A project for penetrating the interior of New-England is now before the Legislature of Massachusetts, which has elicited much discussion among the members. The remarks of Mr. Green are so pungent, and so much to the point, that we readily give them a place. His views relative to the codfishery apply with equal force to our fishery in the *Chesapeake Bay*, when our Rail Road reaches the west—then fresh fish and oysters from the va ty deep will be transported almost alive over the mountains, and in the greatest abundance. Mr. G's. remarks are of that plain common sense character, that we suspect he is no lawyer.]

'Mr. Green, of Marblehead, feared all he might say, would be regarded as little better than a fish story. Since 1808 the codfishery had declined 75 per cent. Fresh fish would be a great treat to the gentlemen of the country. After the rail roads are made, the hardy fishermen of Marblehead will be able to sell fresh cod in Ohio! The sea never yet has refused to discount the Marblehead drafts, and if other Banks refuse, the fishermen feel quite easy, if the Grand Bank makes liberal discounts. The codfish of the Ocean are the property of Massachusetts; they always have been, and always will be. And have not the people of Marblehead a claim on the sympathy of their fellow citizens? In the revolutionary war, 400 noble souls proved the sincerity of their love of liberty, by enduring the horrors of British prison ships: in the last glorious war, 500 were made prisoners, and he was one of 450 who shared the tender mercies of Dartmoor prison. While they were absent from home, they were taxed; they came home without a cent, and then paid their taxes; but they bore all this cheerfully, for they did it in the sacred cause of their country. These men now asked for a rail-road. It would enable them to sell their fish to an almost unlimited amount. They could go 100 miles into the country, where labor and timber were cheap, and build their fishing schooners, and then bring them on the rail-way to their destined element. If a man in Albany wanted 100 quintals of fish, the next day after sending his order he would have them at his door.

'If the gentleman from Bernardstown wanted a barrel of flour he would then have it delivered at his door for 20 cents, and besides, could have a fresh cod fish for sending for it. By selling more fish, the people of Marblehead would be enabled to buy pork to eat with their fish. Now many a gallant defender of his country's honor was by stern necessity compelled to eat his fish without pork.—

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The ocean is inexhaustible. It will produce enough to pay for the rail road. Those who feel a sympathy for the fishermen will vote for the rail road, and he turned his back on any other kind of sympathy. He would make the rail road, if it cost $10,000,000. It would cost but $3,000,000, which at 4 per cent. would be but $120,000 interest. It would be worth twenty thousand dollars annually to Marblehead, one sixth of the whole interest. It would help the fisheries every where, and the salt works on Cape Cod.—What, he asked, is better to eat than cod fish? What is healthier? The coal mines of Pennsylvania, the gold of North Carolina sink in comparison with the endless treasures that the Ocean opens to the hardihood and enterprise of Massachusetts. The State should do the whole work.

'He was surprised that Cape Cod had sent so strong a delegation opposed to railways. They feared the coasting trade would be injured: he did not believe it. He thought the benefit to the fisheries would be almost incalculable.—Massachusetts now made over two hundred thousand barrels of mackerel. In a few years, with the rail-road, he did not doubt we should make over one million of barrels. The people of Cape Cod need be under no apprehension. They who have *lived so long on sand*, would not starve. They had the best farms in the State. Their farms were on the mighty deep, and possessed treasures that were inexhaustible.'

Quarterly Review—Southey's Colloquies.

Every thing in this, our world, is given to change. In proof of it, we find the last number of the British Quarterly Review laying off its customary solemn, and rather ponderous character, and becoming gay, sprightly, simple and rather careless and natural in the composition of its articles. We have seen no periodical, for a long time, which contained so many good and amusing articles. The first one is 'Colloquies on the progress and prospects of society,' a work with engravings, in 2 vols. 8vo. by Robert Southey. It is a splendid article, and not much behind that most charming one in the Edinburgh Quarterly, on a life of Burns, from which, in a former number, we gave copious extracts.

The writer will never forget the enthusiasm, with which in his young days, he devoured a volume of juvenile poetry, by Robert Southey. He was then a stern republican; was charged with writing in favor of the French revolution, and with regicide feelings, and dispositions disloyal to the throne and the altar. He had, we remember, in that volume a great fondness for German bug-bear and ghost stories, for Vampyre chronicles, and bloody giants, dragging ladies down into their dens, and the like. He seems to have been a believer in the immortality of brutes. Though more than twenty years have elapsed since we have seen the volume, we remember the closing lines of a monody to his dog, couched nearly in the following words:

> There is another and a better world,
> For all, that live; where the proud bipeds, who
> Would fain confine unbounded goodness to
> The narrow span of their own charity,
> May envy thee.

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He was then held forth, as a perfect prodigy, in the unexampled facility, with which he made poems, and could pour forth, as Horace says, a thousand verses, '*stans uno in pede*.' He has written an immense amount of poetry and prose, of which, perhaps, the best known work among is, the 'Curse of Kehama.' His 'Espriella's Letters,' purporting to be the work of a travelling Spaniard, which he made in a tour through England, had a great run, and was one of the wittiest and most sprightly books of travels, we ever read. Even then Southey had his enemies. The loyalists, and the tories affected to hold him very cheap. The author of the 'Pursuits of Literature' laughed at him outright—denounced him as a Jacobin, and pronounced, that he would outlive all his poetry, telling him, from Chaucer, that his rapid verses were 'a rock of ice, and not of steel.'

But this writer, notwithstanding the snarling of critics, and the full cry of all the little dogs, that bark at the moon, wrote straight forward, and wrote himself so decidedly into favor with the people, that the high conjuror of the treasury deemed it worth his while, to draw the golden rod of incantation in magic circles before his eyes; and lo! the fierce republican became as fierce a royalist—poet laureat, church-and-state-man, and so forth. Never was more complete metamorphosis. From that time to this, as far as we know, he has never blenched in his conversion, but has been as uniformly, as in the book before us, a thorough going British high-church-man, and has held throne and altar to be as indissoluble, as soul and body. One noble act of his, change as he may, should never be forgotten. The late Henry Kirke White published a volume of his writings, and published it on inferior paper, and without taking any of the usual methods to have it puffed. The whole pack of critics, from the mastiff to the lap dog, uttered a full cry of denunciation. The poor poet, agonizing with intense and morbid sensitiveness, was internally bleeding to death under the infliction. Southey met the desponding invalid—was interested, enquired into his case, taught him all the author-secrets of getting the wind in his sails, had a new and splendid edition published, and it went with an *Io pœan!* to a great number of editions, becoming one of the most popular books of the time. An anecdote, by the way, not very favorable to the infallibility of criticism.

The review before us turns upon a late work of Southey's, which has been, we are told, much talked of in England. We should judge from the review, that it was a very ingenious and elaborate defence of the throne and altar, as united in England, disguised by a *ruse de guerre* in a form very well adapted to conceal the directness of the object, and to introduce his views with a great appearance of candor, justice and moderation. We admire the review, as earnestly as we deny and deprecate the doctrine. The almost omnipotence of talent and mind strikes us from every view. So long as the throne and the altar contrive to have writers of such infinite eloquence and ingenuity enlisted for them, so long they may still expect to preserve their union. How few young and ingenuous minds could withstand such delightful eloquence, such kind hearted descant, such mingling of orthodoxy and liberality, such appearance of justice, candor and moderation, such readiness to give all due weight to the opposite opinions! We can easily conceive, how a virtuous, warm hearted, and well trained young republican would be staggered in his estimates of our institutions, as he

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rose from the perusal of this book. But to the book itself, as presented in the review.

It is a book, in the simple language, and full of strength and heart, of the olden time, 'such,' says the reviewer, 'as Evelyn, or Izaac Walton, or Herbert, would have delighted to honor.' Southey takes the name, in a dialogue with the ghost of Sir Thomas More, of Montesinos, a name with which the readers of Don Quixote cannot but be familiar. The ghost proves a judicious ghost; but wears rather a solemn face, and prophecies any thing, rather than 'smooth deceits,' in regard to the prospects of the future age. The dialogue turns upon the present times, compared with those, in which Sir Thomas More lived, and lost his head. The predictions, from the present to the future, are rather in the style of croaking. The surplus money and labor of the age, in those good catholic times, used to go into huge gothic buildings, one of which would swallow up the cost of two or three of our canals. The people, in the catholic times, were called to prayer and to church two or three times a day. Festivals, processions, with the fitting up of most gorgeous shows, crosses, stations, rosaries, pilgrimages, monasteries in the city and the wilderness, continually brought the national religion and the invisible world to view. The review is eloquent in declaiming how all these things are now changed. Then people were called upon to believe every thing, with the simple heartedness of faith; and *credo quia impossibile* was an evidence of piety. Now we require *evidence* for every thing, even religion. The first religious controversies were provoked by the publication of the "*Harmony*" *of the gospels*. A man would have been thought a proper subject for a mad house, who should have questioned the value and importance of churchmen and a state religion.

Southey thinks, however, that then, there must have been numbers of unbelievers and unbelieving ministers in the bosom of the church itself. Now, as every body is called upon to exercise his reason in his faith, and as the party of unbelievers has its standard, there is no longer temptation for concealed unbelievers to remain in the church. There is, of course, more confidence to believe, that those who do remain are honest and sincere. Every body disputes against religion now, who chooses to do so; and this, says the reviewer beautifully, 'is one ground of hope with us, that though the religion of the country is exposed to more storms, than in the days of popery, it is held by a stouter anchor. It was then at peace, the peace of ignorance. It is now at strife; but it has some honest conviction of its worth, as an ally' He then adverts to the dangers of the fierce quarrels of protestants, and quotes very appositely the energetic distich of Horace.

> Neque
> Per nostrum patimur scelus
> Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

'Nor will our guilt allow the angry Jove to lay aside his thunderbolts.' Southey bears a strong testimony in favor of Wesly; and thinks him to have been a strong instrument in the hand of God for the correction of the times. He is evidently for having religion rather pressed by authority, than argument; and that when ministers preach a great deal about

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the reasonableness and the evidences of christianity, it is like giving the hearers a stone, when they ask for bread. He judges, that indifference to religion, supineness and profligacy were the characteristics of the past age. They sowed the wind, and their children have reaped the whirlwind. Sir Thomas More rather consents to these views of Montesinos; and insists upon the fact, that in the midst of all the present improvements of the age, it is a monstrous mistake, to inculcate, that there should be *no connection between church and state*, and affirming, that all society and government which have not this basis, are built upon the sand. Upon this text, the reviewer eloquently expatiates in two or three paragraphs. He descants learnedly, too, upon the injury and contempt brought upon religion by the violent schisms, which, notwithstanding all her boasted *unity*, we know, have always existed in the Romish, as well as the Protestant church. From Erasmus he quotes the following dialogue, between two Franciscans and mine host of the tavern, with whom these professors of religion put up, after being refused a lodging by the parson of the parish.

'"What kind of pastor have you here," quoth one of them to mine host of the Dog and Dish,—"Dumb, I warrant, and good for little?" "What others find him, I know not, I find him a very worthy fellow; here he sits drinking all the day long; and for customers, no man brings me better: and now I think of it, I wonder why he is not here." "He was not, however, over civil to us." "You have met with him, then?" "We asked him for a night's lodging, but he bade us begone, as if we had been wolves, and recommended us to try you." "Ha, ha, now I understand; he is not here, because he is aware that you are before him." "Is he a dumb dog?" "Dumb! tut; no man makes more noise in my tap-room—nay, he is loud enough at church, too, though I never heard him *preach* there. But why waste my words; he has given you proof enough, I fancy, that he is not dumb." "Does he know his Bible?" "Excellently well, he says, but his knowledge smacks of the confessional; he has it on condition of never letting *it* go further." "Probably he would not allow a man to preach for him?" "Yes, I'll answer for it, *provided you don't preach at him, as a great many of your cloth have a trick of doing*.'"

After proceeding to assign not the noblest origin, nor the purest motives to the reformation, he goes on to discuss the causes of the progress of indifference to religion in England, as in the following.

'It is not, then, in the defects of our church, (which is better fitted to promote true religion than any which has been founded,) but in the temper of the times, that we find cause for apprehension. The *deisidaimonia* of the Athenians was once the characteristic of England, but it is so no more. How, then, has this change been brought about? How is it that, sprung from forefathers who feared God, and who set him first in every thing, regarding his over-ruling providence as the great engine, after all, by which the destinies of nations are shaped, and endeavoring to promote His ends, whereby they also knew they were most effectually promoting their own—how is it that, sprung from such a stock, we should no longer be the wise and understanding people we were? We answer, as we have in effect answered already, it is come of the gross neglect of providing religious education for the young, and religious accommodation for the adult population. Now this observation, though it applies to the lower classes chiefly,

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does not apply to them exclusively. No doubt they are the first to be affected by wants of this nature, as by all other wants; but though it may not be easy to trace the progress of contamination through them to the middle and higher ranks, yet certain it is that the process goes on, *serpit contagio vulgi*, and the influence of the million upon the character of the gentry and aristocracy (however loath the latter may be to acknowledge it) does eventually discover itself, as the lowest swamp may send up a vapour, that shall obscure the sun in the meridian. It is the interest, therefore, of the superior orders of society to watch over and protect the morals of their inferiors, if it be only in mercy to themselves; a fever is not the only or the worst infection they may catch from the populace. It is not, however, by this reflex action alone that the neglect of religious instruction has worked mischief in the state: it has reached the more influential classes directly, and without any circuitous approach, through a defect in the system of our schools. These eyes of the country (for such they are) have, nevertheless, a mote in them. Let us not be misunderstood.—That the cultivation of sound classical learning may ever flourish amongst us, and those ancient authors of Athens and Rome continue to be the study of our youth, which have been found, upon that best of all tests, the test of experience, to be the most effectual means of correcting the taste and expanding the views, and elevating the aspirations of a boy,—this is our hearts' desire. But if religion be a true thing, it must be admitted to be a most important one; and we know not how to reconcile the omission of it to any scheme of education (be the parties concerned rich or poor,) with a hearty belief in its pretensions. Scholars we would have—gentlemen we would have; but we would have christians too; and it cannot, we fear, be denied, that a boy may pass through most of our schools with honour, and yet be wofully ignorant of the evidences, the doctrines, and the spirit of that revelation which those who founded the School, and those who still conduct it, would grieve to think him capable of questioning, as supplying the rule by which his life ought to be regulated, and whereby his soul is to be judged. This, surely, is an anomaly. We want not lads to be made fanatics—we want them not to come home at Christmas with sad faces, and scruples of conscience, and solemnity beyond their years. Let them have their day whilst it lasts—

> 'Gay hope be theirs, by fancy led,
> Less pleasing when possest;
> The tear forgot as soon as shed,
> The sun-shine of the breast:
> Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
> Wild wit, invention ever new,
> And lively cheer, of vigor born,
> The thoughtless day, the easy night,
> The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
> That fly the approach of morn.'

All this be theirs—but amidst all the things taught them, let not the one thing needful be the one thing neglected. In the following dialogue there is much worth attention; the more as Mr. Southey speaks from a practical knowledge of his subject.'

A long extract of dialogue is then given, as a sample of the book, and a parallel of the reviewer's opinions. The dialogue turns upon a comparison of ancient and modern customs in colleges and schools. The result is that the tendency of every thing in modern times is to deaden the spirit of piety, and eat out the heart of religion. Manufactures, com-

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merce, the teaching, the philosophy of the age, every thing, according to the two colloquists, verges to the same issue, either to irreligion, or what Southey considers the two extremes of religion, Socinianism, and what he phrases *religiosity*. Of course he finds the established church of England the happy medium between them.

The manner in which a state is bound to interest itself in the religious institutions which are interwoven with an establishment, is eloquently set forth in the following paragraph, which we recommend to the attention of those, who advocate legislative interference in matters of conscience, as one of the most eloquent paragraphs on their side of the question we have seen.

'It is better thus to discriminate, than to condemn in the gross. Religion does not throw itself bodily across the march of society, but, if rightly used, is the lantern to its path which ever way it goes. It is the object of these volumes to inculcate this—to impress the nation with the importance of recognising in *all its institutions*, whatever the class, and whatever the age of the persons they affect, a principle which (as the whole history of mankind shows) *will* make itself felt, whether they bear or whether they forbear; felt, for the exaltation of a people, if it be respected; felt for their prostration, if it be despised. It is a truth to which the heathens themselves were alive; the vital importance of preserving the palladium within the walls was no more than an allegory; and that voice, again, in the Jewish historian which was heard to say, 'Let us go hence,'—*metabainomen enteuthen*, is now, as it was then, the signal of the city's overthrow. The seditious are well aware of all this; and, accordingly, the weapon which they have ever found the most efficient for sapping the foundations of a state, has been infidelity. The ruling powers have not always been equally impressed with the importance of making religion their friend. Here our own have erred even at home: what wonder if they have erred at a distance from home!'

Our attention was first arrested to this article, by the exceedingly eloquent, tender and pathetic paragraphs, that close it. We are sure, that none of our readers, who have hearts on the left side, will think it too long. It seems to us in Southey's best manner.

"Meanwhile, let us seek repose from the troubled thoughts which the contemplation of national insecurity suggests, in the following picture of domestic feeling, which few can regard without some emotion, and with which many will sympathize from sad experience.

'The best general view of Derwentwater is from the terrace, between Applethwaite and Milbeck, a little beyond the former hamlet. The old roofs and chimneys of that hamlet come finely on the foreground, and the trees upon the Ornathwaite estate give there a richness to the middle ground, which is wanting in other parts of the vale. From that spot I once saw three artists sketching it at the same time—William Westall (who has engraved it among his admirable views of Keswick,) Glover, and Edward Nash, my dear kind-hearted friend and fellow-traveller, whose death has darkened some of the blithest recollections of my latter life. I know not from which of the surrounding heights it is seen to the most advantage; any one will amply repay the labor of the ascent: and often as I have ascended them all, it has never been without a fresh delight. The best

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near view is from a field adjoining Friar's Craig. There it is that, if I had Alladdin's lamp or Fortunatus's purse (with leave of Greenwich Hospital be it spoken,) I would build myself a house.

'Thither I had strolled, on one of those first genial days of spring which seem to affect the animal not less than the vegetable creation. At such times even I, sedentary as I am, feel a craving for the open air and sunshine, and creep out as instinctively as snails after a shower. Such seasons, which have an exhilarating effect upon youth, produce a soothing one when we are advanced in life. The root of an ash tree, on the bank which bends round the little bay, had been half bared by the waters during one of the winter floods, and afforded a commodious resting-place, whereon I took my seat, at once basking in the sun and bathing, as it were, in the vernal breeze. But delightful as all about me was to eye, and ear, and feeling, it brought with it a natural reflection, that the scene which I now beheld was the same which it had been and would continue to be, while so many of those with whom I had formerly enjoyed it, were passed away. Our day-dreams become retrospective as we advance in years; and the heart feeds as naturally upon remembrance in age, as upon hopes in youth.

"Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?"

'I thought of her, whom I had often seen plying her little skiff upon the glassy water, the lady of the lake. It was like a poet's dream, or a vision of romance, to behold her—or like a vision or a dream she had departed!

"O gentle Emma, o'er a lovelier form
Than thine earth never closed; nor e'er did heaven
Receive a purer spirit from the world!"

'I thought of D., the most familiar of my friends during those years when we lived near enough for familiar intercourse—my friend, and the friend of all who were dearest to me; a man, of whom all who knew him will concur with me in saying, that they never knew, nor could conceive of one more strictly dutiful, more actively benevolent, more truly kind, more thoroughly good; the pleasantest companion, the sincerest counsellor, the most considerate friend, the kindest host, the welcomest guest. After our separation, he had visited me here three summers; with him it was that I had first explored this land of lakes in all directions; and again and again should we have retraced our steps in the wildest recesses of these vales and mountains, and lived over the past again, if he had not, too early for all who loved him,

"Began the travel of eternity."

I called to mind my hopeful H—, too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot; in whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me, and

"With whom it seemed my very life
Went half away!
But we shall meet—but we shall meet
Where parting tears shall cease to flow!
And when I think thereon, almost
I long to go!"

'"Thy dead shall live, O Lord! together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust! for Thy dew is as the dew of herbs; and the earth shall cast out her dead!"

'Surely, to the sincere believer death would be an object of desire instead of dread, were it not for those ties—those heart-strings—by which we are attached

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to life. Not, indeed, do I believe that it is natural to fear death, however generally it may be thought so. From my own feelings I have little right to judge; for although habitually mindful that the hour cometh, and even now may be, it has never approached actually near enough to make me apprehend its effect upon myself. But from what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer that the fear of death is not common, and that where it exists it proceeds rather from a diseased and enfeebled mind, than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is, that among the poor the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure, which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true, unhesitating faith; and they are willing to lay down the burden of a weary life, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. Who, indeed, is there, that would not gladly make the exchange, if he lived only for himself, and were to leave none who stood in need of him—no eyes to weep at his departure, no hearts to weep for his loss? The day of death, says the preacher, is better than the day of one's birth; a sentence to which whoever has lived long, and may humbly hope that he has not lived ill, must heartily assent.'—vol. i. p. 242.

CRAWFURD'S EMBASSY TO AVA.

The next article, on Crawfurd's journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Court of Ava, 1827, is one of very high and sustained interest, but which we could not condense within our limits. We quote one or two pictures. The mode of punishing crimes, less than capital, in Burmah, is technically phrased in their language 'Spreading out in the hot sun.' The offender who undergoes it, is stretched upon his back in the hot sun; and is thus exposed for a given number of hours in the hottest part of the day, with a weight on his breast, more or less heavy, according to the nature of the offence: or rather according to the king's opinion of it. The journalist records, with much simplicity, the manner in which the embassy was overreached by the cunning Burmese. It is well known, that it was at the close of a war, in which the English had defeated them, and held, in fact, the destinies of their country at their disposal. They wished the English embassador to pay the same degrading homage with the embassadors from the countries adjoining them. Some of these degradations consisted in taking off the shoes, when going into the presence, knocking the head on the ground, asking pardon for the offences committed the past year, and the like. It will naturally be supposed, that the proud embassador of a triumphant people, who held the fate of the country in their hands, would not be likely to submit to these humiliations. But the court put off the presentation, under one pretext and another, until the annual period came round, in which the retainers, and great officers and oriental embassadors presented themselves to perform these ceremonies. The British embassy was introduced among them, leaving the obvious impression, that they had come to discharge the same duties with the rest.

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The following was the address to his majesty of Burmah, at each presentation:

'Most excellent glorious Sovereign of Land and Sea, Lord of the Celestial (Saddan) Elephant, Lord of all White Elephants, Master of the Supernatural Weapon, (Sakya,) Sovereign Controller of the present state of existence, Great King of Righteousness, Object of Worship! On this excellent propitious occasion, when your Majesty, at the close of Lent, grants forgiveness, the English ruler of India, under the excellent golden foot, makes an obeisance of submission (shi-ko,) and tenders offerings of expiation.'—p. 136.

Nothing can exceed this, except the birth day ode of the laureate of his majesty of Timbuctoo. We quote from memory, but the following is nearly correct:

Whoo! Bung dong! Bow now
Slamarambo jug!
Son of the sun and brother of the moon,
Descended from the great baboon, baboon;
Buffalo of buffaloes, and bull of bulls;
He sits on a throne of his enemies skulls,
And if he needs ours to play at foot ball,
Ours are his, all! all! all!
Huggaboo jah, Huggaboo joo!
Hail to the royal Quashiboo!
Emperor and Lord of Timbuctoo!

We recommend the two samples above to all persons, laureates and others, who wish to come over plastering handsomely. Lay on thick—Some will stick, says the plasterer. There is, also, a noble energy in the above, worth a ton of *sleeping landscapes*, and *silvery moons*, &c. the *namby pamby* of modern poets.

We quote one passage more from this very amusing article. It is the historical record, in the court archives of Burmah, of the rise, progress and issue of their war with the English, who, as we have seen, completely defeated them, and compelled them to accept any terms, which the English saw fit to dictate. Their account of the war runs thus.

'I learnt last night, from good authority, that the court historiographer had recorded in the national chronicle his account of the war with the English. It was to the following purport:—In the years 1186 and 87, the Kula-pyu, or white strangers of the west, fastened a quarrel upon the Lord of the Golden Palace. They landed at Rangoon, took that place and Prome, and were permitted to advance as far as Yandabo; for the king, from motives of piety and regard to life, made no effort whatever to oppose them. The strangers had spent vast sums of money in their enterprise; and by the time they reached Yandabo, their resources were exhausted, and they were in great distress. They petitioned the king, who, in his clemency and generosity, sent them large sums of money to pay their expenses back, and ordered them out of the country.'—p. 176.

Mr. Judson's account of their religion is interesting.

'The universe is replete with an infinity of souls, which have been transmigrating in different bodies from all eternity; ascent or descent in the scale of existence being at every change of state ascertained by the 'immutably myste-

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rious laws of fate,' according to the merit or demerit of the individual. No being is exempt from sickness, old age, and death. Instability, pain, and change are the three grand characteristics of all existence. 'However highly exalted in the celestial regions, and whatever number of ages of happiness may roll on,' say the Burmans, 'the fatal symptom of a moisture under the arm-pits will at length display itself.' The mortal being, when this presents itself, must be prepared to exchange the blandishments and dalliance of celestial beauties, for the gridirons, pitchforks, mallets, and other instruments of torture of the infernal regions. The chief end of man, according to the Burmese, is to terminate the fatiguing course of transmigratory existence. This attainment the Lord Gautama made in the eightieth year of his life, and all his immediate disciples have participated in the same happy fate. What remains to the present race of beings is to aim at passing their time in the regions of men and gods, until they shall come in contact with the next Budd'ha, the Lord Arimiteya, whom they may hope to accompany to the Golden World of Nib-ban, or annihilation.'—p. 391.

The article closes with an account of great interest, of the manner, in which the British are establishing new towns and settlements, in their conquered provinces.

Lectures on School-keeping. By SAMUEL R. HALL. Boston: Richardson, Lord & Holbrook. 1829. pp. 135.

THE pulpit, when employed for its legitimate purposes, is a noble intellectual engine, and operates a prodigious influence, even occupied as it is. The press, venal and phrenzied, as it is, with party influence, is a machine of almost incalculable power. But schools, after all, are the lever that Archimedes demanded—and they constitute the power, that moves the moral world. All we need, is to place this immense power on the right pivot, and direct the movement to right ends. We should find it difficult to impart to our readers an adequate idea of the pleasure, we feel, in seeing the glorious and truly republican system of Common Schools going so triumphantly into effect in Ohio; and becoming a matter of legislative investigation and enactment in the other western states. Republicanism can subsist on no other basis. No plan will ever be devised, capable of diffusing that sound and available instruction, upon which alone institutions like ours can be perpetuated. An ignorant people, talk as loudly as they may, raise the blustering fury of a party standard as fiercely as they will—are slaves; and must be slaves in fact, whatever they are in appearance, and in their own estimation. The Omnipotent has laid it in the unchangeable laws of our world, that ignorance is slavery, and knowledge power. A rightly instructed people can no more be enslaved, than a sane and sober man can will, and execute his own misery and ruin.

Among the immense mass of matter, that the press now puts forth, in relation to schools and instruction, it cannot be expected, but there will be produced a great amount of dull and prosing writing. We turn over all the pages with respect—for they all inform us, if nothing more, that

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the public mind has taken a right direction upon this subject. We are glad to see it given, *line upon line, and precept upon precept.* We desire to see it so placed before the public eye, as that it can be directed to no point, without being in some way admonished of the importance of public schools.

We have attentively read the treatise before us; and we find it a judicious, and well digested manual for school masters, turning upon the science of teaching, and the modes of governing a school. Every one, who has been monarch in the kingdom of a school, every one, who has worn that responsible crown of thorns, must have felt the want of clear and definite indices of prescription; in short, of a wise and experienced mentor, such as this book furnishes, to teach him, *how to go out and come in*, before his turbulent and sharp eyed subjects. It is replete with practical wisdom, and the treasured dictates of experience, methodized, and applied by sound discretion and good sense. That teachers may understand the points, upon which it turns, and may see, that they are precisely those, upon which a young man needs information, when he first enters his government, as a school teacher, we quote the table of contents.

Indifference to the importance, character and usefulness of common schools—its origin and influence.—Obstacles to the usefulness of common schools.—Requisite qualifications of teachers.

Practical directions for Teachers.

The importance of learning the nature of the teacher's employment—means of acquiring it.—Responsibility of the teacher—importance of realizing and understanding it.—Importance of gaining the confidence of the school—means of gaining it.—The instructer should be willing to spend all of his time when it can be rendered beneficial to the school —Government of a school.—Prerequisites in order to govern.—Manner of treating scholars—uniformity in government—firmness.—Government, *continued*—partiality—regard to the future as well as the present welfare of the scholars—mode of intercourse between teacher and scholars, and between scholars—punishments—rewards.—General management of a school.—Direction of studies.—Mode of teaching—manner of illustrating subjects.—Spelling.—Reading.—Mode of teaching *continued.*—Arithmetic.—Geography.—English Grammar.—Writing.—History.—Mode of teaching, *continued.*—Composition.—General subjects, not particularly studied.—Importance of improving opportunities when deep impressions are made on the minds of the school.—Means of exciting the attention of scholars.—Such as are to be avoided· Such as are safely used.—*To Female Instructers.*

We can expect to perform no better service, in relation to this book, than to quote some of the leading thoughts from point to point. On the importance of instruction to the community—the author quotes from Burnside's address the following.

'Most of our legislators, our judges and governors, have commenced their preparation for the high stations they have filled in society, by drinking at these simple springs of knowledge. We see the magic influence of our schools, in the habits of industry, sobriety and order which prevail in the community; in the

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cheerful obedience yielded to the laws, and in the acts of charity and benevolence, which are every day multiplied around us. Rarely have we seen a native of our state, paying his life to her violated laws.'

To send an uneducated child into the world, says Parkhurst, harshly but truly, 'is like turning a mad dog into the streets.'

The 2d lecture turns upon the unworthy indifference and parsimony of parents, in regard to furnishing their children with the requisite school books and apparatus. These are indispensable, not only for instruction; but to prevent the pursuits of school from becoming to the pupil a dull and formal business, which will produce in the child the most ruinous of all results, and one, that every experienced teacher has often seen; in which the children are arrested by profound and immovable indifference, and can be carried no further. Almost every parent finds the means of gratifying some appetite, with the clamors of which he might dispense. Almost every mother has her extra revenue to bestow upon personal finery. Alcohol and silks can be bought, and time can be squandered. But for the intellectual life, and the very nutriment of the soul of their children, parents find themselves too straightened, to buy a book, or the requisite apparatus for school instruction.

What a melancholy and yet true picture of things in our country is contained in the following.

'Another cause of injury to the usefulness of district schools is the existence of parties within the district. There is not a minority of school districts, where there is not from some cause or other, a disagreement among parents, that eventually grows into a 'party thing.' This has originated, often, from causes at first very trifling, and has been in some instances continued from father to son.—Sometimes difference of religious opinions, has caused it. Sometimes parties have arisen from different political views—at other times merely the location of the school house; or of the families that compose the district, has originated difficulties and discussions that have been kept up for many years. One part of the district is more wealthy than another, or more enlightened, or a part of the families may be connected with each other by consanguinity, and combine to form a party, and in this way strife is engendered. There is sometimes a party that wishes great laxness of government—one party is in favor of having an instructer from college, and another wishes one who has never been in sight of it. One party wishes to give high wages, and another cares only for an instructer who will keep 'cheap.' A thousand trifling causes give rise to these ever varying divisions; and, go where you will, you may be told of the 'Congregational party,' the 'Baptist party,' the 'Presbyterian,' or 'Methodist,' or 'Universalist,' or some other 'party,' formed by disagreement in religious opinions. You will be told of the 'Democratic party,' the 'Federal party'—the 'Administration party,' or some other, growing out of political disagreement. You will be told of the 'hill party'—the 'meadow party,' the 'river party,' the 'school house party,' &c. &c.

The 3d lecture is on the requisite qualifications of the instructer. In the first place, he should be thoroughly qualified to teach, by being himself well taught. The little urchins may be ignorant upon a thousand

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other points. But, be sure, that they will invariably have sharp eyes, to '*spy out the nakedness of the land.*' If the master is found in a single instance by his pupil, to be clearly deficient, in what he ought to know, there is an end to his hold on the obedience and respect of his pupils. Uniformity of temper, and a capacity to discriminate character, are important requisites. He should have decision of character. He should be affectionate. He should be religious. In short, a good school teacher shares the most important throne in the world; a government, which, in the nature of things, must be a despotism. And yet, the common impression is, that *ex quolibet ligno Hercules*, you can make this important personage out of any wood, that comes to hand.

The 4th lecture points out the necessity, that the master should understand the nature of his employment; that he should consider the responsibility of his station, and become aware of the influence, which he may, and ought to exercise over his chargo. The 5th lecture is on this text; *endeavor to ascertain, by what means you are to gain that ascendency over your pupils, which is necessary, in order to confer on them the highest degree of benefit.* Many excellent directions are given on this theme; as also on the necessity of order and government in the 6th lecture.

The 7th lecture turns upon impartiality. An instructer lies under no single temptation more seductive than that to favoritism. The moment a master shows it, in our country, he either is ruined, or at least ought to be. We are told that many of the highest of the English nobles, in such schools, as those of Eton and Westminister, are so fully impressed with the necessity of perfect impartiality, in the treatment of their children, so thoroughly convinced, that they cannot realize all the advantages of instruction, except by being placed on a footing of the most complete equality with poor and plebeian boys, that they desire it, as a preliminary requirement, that their children shall have no precedence, but such as they can gain by actual intellectual superiority. So it ought every where to be The parent, who expects that his son or daughter will gain favor, on the score of his own standing, exacts what no honest and competent master ought to grant, and what will be certainly injurious to his child, when granted. One of the admirable features of our common schools, and one which, in our judgment, renders them, on the whole, the best early nurseries for children, is, that from the nature of things favoritism is, in a great measure, excluded, and the children are taught the true principles of equality experimentally, and from the very beginning of their training.

The general management of schools, and the modes of exciting attention in the scholars, constitute the theme of the closing lectures. The matter is all important. We have not space for adequate remark or quotation. We can only refer masters, and all interested in this most important subject, to this excellent book itself.

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Poems, by S. Louisa P. Smith. Providence. A. S. Beckwith, 1829. pp. 250. 12mo.

The most common compliment of the critic to the author, in these days, is the puff direct; a short paragraph, which, like the head of a cane, will screw as well on to one subject as another—being indiscriminate, loose and general praise, which every one understands to mean nothing, except the dextrous extrication of the writer, without committing himself by any thing, beyond what is decorous to say on all degrees of writing, from tame mediocrity up to *fair*, and *good fair*, &c. The other extreme is that of the cynic, who sits him down to a book with the temper and appetite of a mastiff—whose only aim is to find fault—and who is satisfied with showing his power and dexterity in this line.

True criticism walks between these two extremes, in a path narrow and difficult to find; and imminently tending to absorb the critic into the Scylla on one hand, or the Charybdis on the other. These whirlpools were full in our view, as we opened this beautiful volume before us; and were informed that the fair authoress was an inhabitant of our city, claiming of right not only the courtesies due to a lady, but the friendly greeting, which we are all disposed to give to an accomplished stranger from a far land, who has come to share with us our new country, and its fresh institutions. We soon acquired from the perusal of this volume, respect enough for her to suppose, that she will not exact of us those loose and undistinguishing remarks, with which she has been so liberally treated in the public journals. We are satisfied that she has too much talent, tact and good sense, to consider such either as real criticism or fame.

One meed, and that of no mean value, and one, by which we are accustomed to make a commencing measurement of a writer, a happy choice of subjects, we saw at once was her due. The subject is to a poem, as the rudder to a ship; small, but immensely efficient—and for want of the right management of which, many a gifted writer has thrown away his powers. None, but an endowed mind, would have selected, in such a long series of subjects, so many beautiful ones, full of poetry in themselves, and by their associations enveloping themselves in an atmosphere of poetry.

If the invidious purpose to find fault were our object, we could easily select from this volume an abundance of the errors of youth, inexperience, and the imitation of unworthy models. But we shall, probably, perform a more acceptable service to our readers, and certainly much more so to ourselves, by selecting such extracts, as our limits will allow, as beautiful in themselves, and as samples of her manner. We are pleased with the first and last stanzas of a song, which run thus:

'The starlight is falling
   O'er valley and lake,
Soft voices are calling
   And beauty's awake.

Then come—while the night air
   Is fanning the deep,
While heaven is beaming,
   And earth is asleep.'

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As a whole, we were more gratified with 'the Huma,' than any other piece in the book.

THE HUMA.

"A bird peculiar to the east. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground."

'Fly on! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
  Too near our shaded earth,
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
  May lose its note of mirth.
Fly on—nor seek a place of rest,
  In the home of "care-worn things,"
'Twould dim the light of thy shining crest
  And thy bright burnish'd wings,
To dip them where the waters glide
That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

'The fields of upper air are thine,
  Thy place where stars shine free,
I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
  Above life's stormy sea.
I would never wander—bird, like thee,
  So near this place again,
With wing and spirit once light and free—
  They should wear no more, the chain
With which they are bound and fetter'd here,
Forever struggling for skies more clear.

'There are many things like thee, bright bird;
  Hopes as thy plumage gay,
Our air is forever with them stirr'd,
  But still in air they stay.
And happiness, like thee, fair one!
  Is ever hovering o'er,
But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
  On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings,
Where the fount of "living waters" springs.'

These verses of the 'Harper's lament' are pretty.

'They are gone—they are gone, and these dim eyes of mine,
Have gaz'd on the lost of that proud ancient line,
Like a reed of the wilderness—left when the shock
Of the tempest has pass'd, and has levell'd the rock—
When the flowers are faded, like stars from the sky,
And the light airy footsteps, that once pass'd me by
In fairy like gladness—are sunk to the grave,
By the sorrows that fell on the house of the brave.

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'I wander alone, 'mid the desolate piles,
To tell of the days, that once wreath'd them in smiles,
But they're few that will list to the old Harper's tale,
And my song floats unheeded along the wild gale.'

Would the compass of our sheets allow, we could quote fifty pages, of which the above is a fair sample. We love, and we admire, Mrs. Hemans, as a woman of infinite heart, imagination and talent. But we are not of her school; and we protest against the so common interweaving her silky mannerism into the texture of our national poetry. Would, that our gifted minds were independent, and would draw from their own hearts, and the open volume of nature.

The American system of English Grammar, abridged, and simplified, by James Brown. Philadelphia: 1829.

This book is a twin brother with a much larger one, entitled *An appeal from the present popular systems*, &c. both making 600 pp. The object of both is to revolutionize the existing systems of grammar, and supersede them by his. According to Mr. Brown, this new revolution is a work of much the same pith and moment, with that ancient one, which achieved our political independence; and there is in the appeal no small amount of that sort of eloquence, which distinguishes a partizan on the legislative floor; with a full measure of the asperity of invective, which is to be found in the hottest matter of Junius. Indeed, we feel somewhat timid, in regard to bringing forth all, that is on our mind, in relation to these books. We have not forgotten our excellent Æsculapian friend, Anthony Hunn, and his 'analeptic equalizers.' We shall never forget dreaming about being pursued by him, armed with the aforesaid 'equalizers' and a syringe. There seems much of the same inward burning and militant fierceness in the distinguished philologist before us. He lays about him, like a giant, sparing neither our friend, Mr. Kirkham, nor his patron, Mr. Murray; and most unmercifully cutting up divers other authors of grammars, as well as the Rev. Bishop Croes. That he is no common champion in the arena, and that his weapons are of steel of the finest temper, and the most exquisite edge, we quote the motto of the grammar, which is itself quoted from the appeal.

'When a country so idolizes its old forms as to tremble at an appeal from their use, the avenues to improvement are closed; national reputation sickens; the expiring rattle is heard in the larynx of genius, and the cold sweat of death covers the public body—a republic must advance, or it must retrograde.'—Appeal.

Even our logomachic difficulties in congress are traced to bad grammars, as the reader may discern from the following.

'We are disposed to ascribe these individual, and national misfortunes to a want of *skill* in the language which is used. These sparrings which tax a nation's wealth, these concussions in the political elements, which carry *horror in their vibrations*, these eddies, which sometimes whirl in amazement, nation after

nation, these adverse winds which give being and energy to faction, are the storms which ambition directs by riding upon the clouds of the *constitution*—It is in these clouds, that ambition lurks—yes, it is from these, that the thunder of eloquence will burst—it is from these that the lightning of genius will play, first to the consternation, then to the *destruction* of our political Eden.'

One quotation more, and that from a pamphlet of recommendations of this grammar—yes, an entire pamphlet of recommendations, commencing with the highly respectable name of De Witt Clinton—and all couched in terms of the most unmingled and superlative praise.

'The author has attempted no new modification of the old system of English Philology—he thinks the old system beyond repair. And he cannot believe that the never ending generations of that portion of the human race, who enjoy the unbounded blessing of using the English language, are to receive their knowledge of it through a system of Grammar crazy in its structure, blind in its application, and altogether deficient in its result upon the student. The time has now arrived when this patch work of *error* must be torn off—let us then in the ship of *Innovation*, freighted with gratitude to the *memory* of Murray, and floating upon the tide of time, return it to *England!*'

The reader will allow, that this is not the diction of a common man. The author says, he has devoted the best of his life, and nearly $15,000, to the getting up this work. Simply assuring the reader, that the above quotations are fair samples of the language, tone, and spirit of these books, we bestow a few words,—for we have space for no more—upon the proposed innovations in *the American Grammar*. The plan of scanning, or his system of orthœpy, seems to us simple, ingenious, and worthy of adoption. Under the head *Etymology*, words are divided into major and minor. *Washington* is the major; *George* the minor. His definitions, of what are called *the parts of speech*, are different from the common—two or three of them vague and obscure, and, as far as we can judge, no improvements. His definition of a verb appears in our judgment, clear, simple and an improvement.

'A verb is a word which shows the *time* of the *being*, *action*, or *thing* it signifies.'

His views of Syntax strike us, also, as admirable, and worthy of being received.

'Syntax comprises the principles of constructing sentences from words.—There are three principles upon which a sentence is formed; namely, *Government*, *Agreement*, and *Position*; hence, Syntax may be divided into *government*, *agreement*, and *position*.

'1. Government respects the influence which one word exerts over another, in giving it some particular *form* or *character*.

'2. Agreement respects the exact correspondence in some of the properties of two or more words.

'3. Position respects the place of one word, or one *section*, in reference to another word, or another section.'

We have no doubt, that there are many improvements in this book; and that Mr. Brown is a man of talents. Pity, that the coldest and most

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abstract of all subjects, philology, should have generated within him such volcanic fires, and such an explosion of sophomoric figures, which, if we were not afraid to handle the hot lava, we should call by the outright term—rhodomontade.

The formidable array of recommendations, appended to this 'grammar and appeal'—suggested the enormity of this system of puffing. It has gone into a fashion; and every one has laughed medicinally at seeing the union of many of the most respectable names of the faculty of one of our most distinguished colleges joining in a testimonial to a *razor strop!* One recommendation is commonly obtained as a nest egg; and forthwith we have a litter of a round robin. The Rev. D. D. and A. S. S. &c. are strung along *ad infinitum.* We are inclined to value a book none the more for them, and we hope to see the time, when D. D's and F. R. S's will be more cautious, how they yield their names. We would not be understood to say this in reference to Mr. Brown's grammar—to which we wish all manner of success; and which, we are told, is going forward, borne on the very shield of public favor.

English Grammar, in familiar lectures, &c. by Samuel Kirkham.—Stereotyped by Wm. Hogan & Co. New York. Fourteenth edition, enlarged and improved. pp. 228.

When we take into view the opportunities of the author of this work to acquaint himself with the philosophy of language, and the original rudiments of our language, this grammar strikes us, as a work of great and uncommon merit. He has been successful according to *his merit*, and success has had its right effect, in inducing him to concentrate the powers of his mind upon this work, and to continue to add to it such improvements, as continued contemplation of it suggests.

We have so amply borne our testimony to former editions of this work, that it would be superfluous for us to add at present any thing more, than that this edition has been considerably enlarged, and obviously improved, particularly on the important points of Orthography and Orthoepy.

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Hon. B. Pickman
Salem.

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THE

WESTERN

MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1830.

CINCINNATI FEMALE INSTITUTION.

THE excellent female schools of our city are just grounds for honest pride. No holidays in our year create more sensation, than those, in which the medals are distributed and a certain number of the young ladies graduate. The annual examination of the Cincinnati Female Institution of the Messrs. Pickets commenced February 8th, and continued for three successive days. There were about 150 Misses in all the departments. Medals were distributed for attainments in the common branches, in music and painting. The hand writing and map drawing, it is believed, can be no where surpassed. The numerous and respectable board of visiters caused to be inserted in all the papers of this city a testimony of their entire satisfaction and high gratification in the result of this examination, which was witnessed by a crowded audience, who manifested, during all the exercises, their unabated interest in the young ladies, and confidence in the tried experience, industry and fidelity of these well known instructers. Eleven gold medals were awarded, and some premium books. These were gracefully distributed, with appropriate remarks, by D. K. Este, Esq., appointed to that duty by the board. The services were commenced and closed with prayer, and occasionally diversified with music by the pupils on the piano.

Previous to the distribution of the medals, and prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Dennison, he addressed the audience as follows.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

The benefits accruing to our rapidly increasing city from this institution, and similar establishments, are incalculable. Our citizens can give their daughters an accomplished education in this excellent seminary, without the inconvenience and expense of sending them to Academies remote from home. The reputation and interest of Cincinnati are considerably advanced by this institution. At present it includes about one hundred and fifty pupils, of whom between thirty and forty are young ladies from distant places. During the short period that has elapsed since this school was established, nearly twenty-five thousand dollars have been

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circulated in Cincinnati, by that portion of its pupils who have come from remote sections of the country.

To form a rational estimate of the benefits resulting from this institution, and other establishments of a similar character, the scenes of future days must be presented to the intellectual vision, and the events of coming years contemplated. As the prudent agriculturist deposites seed in his well prepared field, and, from the indications of incipient and progressive vegetation, derives the hope of an exuberant harvest to reward his toil and replenish his granary; so the intelligent preceptor infuses correct principles into the minds of his juvenile charge, and, from the success of his efforts to elicit thought and guide the progress of his pupils in literary and scientific pursuits, cherishes the pleasing expectation that his exertions will be instrumental in the formation of characters, distinguished for their intelligence, virtue and benevolence.

When a few brief years shall have elapsed, those who are now in the meridian or the evening of life will be associated with the forgotten generations of past centuries, but these interesting young ladies who are under the tuition of the enlightened and assiduous Principals of this institution, will occupy your stations, perform their part in the busy scenes of this transitory state of existence, and exhibit, in their character and deportment, the advantages derived from the well directed efforts of their judicious instructers to furnish their minds with sound principles and useful knowledge. The instructions which they are now receiving will qualify them for discharging the relative and social duties of subsequent life, with credit to themselves, satisfaction to their friends, and advantage to the community with whom they hold intercourse. Enriched with the love of literature and science themselves, they will infuse it into the minds of their offspring; and these, in their turn, will communicate it to their descendants. In this manner, like the refreshing stream and the luminous guide that accompanied the Israelites through the wilderness, the treasures of knowledge and correct principles will be transmitted from generation to generation, through a long succession of ages, to a people who shall exist at a period too remote in futurity for human contemplation to reach.

Few objects, within the sphere of human thought, are contemplated by the philosopher, the philanthropist, the politician, the patriot and the christian, with such deep interest as the gradual development of the intellectual faculties of human beings, in their successful pursuit of literary and scientific acquisitions; because in the juvenile pupils of an intelligent preceptor, the studious mind perceives living miniatures of the future agents in every department of active life. Science sheds an exhilarating radiance on the human intellect, and opens, to the assiduous and persevering student, sources of rational enjoyment, unexplored in ages when superstition vested in despotism exercised a tyrannic, arbitrary and deleterious control over the mental faculties and physical powers of man. But from female education, judiciously conducted, society derives the most beneficial and salutary results. Ladies are the natural tutoresses of the human species. They give the first impulse to the youthful mind.

During the examination which has just closed, satisfactory evidences have been exhibited that the young ladies in this institution have attained, in various branches of science, a proficiency, honorable to themselves and

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creditable to their instructers The contemplative mind, passing from present scenes to future events, views these interesting pupils in the character which they are destined to sustain, as the future mothers and mistresses of growing families, diffusing the lustre of knowledge and benevolence over the circle in which they move, and training their infant offspring in the love of science, the practice of virtue, and the hope of immortal glory. This view of the subject exhibits the immense benefits resulting from well regulated institutions for mental improvement, and evinces that the enlightened and duly qualified instructers of the rising generation, the cultivators of mind, are the greatest benefactors of the human family.

Mr. Flint, one of the board of visiters, by appointment delivered the following address, which is here inserted, with the above, at the request of many of those, who witnessed the examination.

My dear Children.—The spectacle, which we here witness, is one of no common interest and impressiveness. In our schools, we are to look for the domestic and moral habits and influences, that will mark the character of the coming generation. Whether I contemplate you in this view, or as training for immortality, innumerable thoughts, in relation to your future career, crowd upon me. I mean to task your patience at this time with only a very few of them.

One word only in regard to your institution. Every thing indicates, that you have been well and faithfully trained not only to perform regularly certain exercises, but to THINK and acquaint yourselves with history. You cannot but know, then, that in all ages and all countries, up to a very recent period, your half (and the common parlance is equally complimentary and true) the better half of the species was viewed, as a race holding to man the relation of butterflies to eagles. Cast by the beneficence of Providence in a more delicate mould, you were considered in the light of statues, in which grace and beauty were the chief requisites, gaudy playthings in which mind was by no means necessary. To learn the arts of dress and pleasing was deemed your principal pursuit in life. To minister to the pleasures of man, during the period of youth and beauty; and when age had seared your bloom, and shorn you of your personal charms, to be regarded as objects of servile utility in one walk of life, and in another to be thrown by in the lumber room as a thing no longer to be used, or shown—such were considered to be the prime objects of your creation. Notwithstanding the high sounding homage of *preux chevaliers*, notwithstanding the measureless show of deference at joust and tournament, notwithstanding the pompous adulation of courts and nobles and the opulent of cities, notwithstanding poets in their affected strain of mawkish and fulsome adoration, tendered, 'as was their duty, their humble service to your shoetie,' it was easy to see through this flimsy disguise, that they considered ladies, as after all, little the better for having intellects in their heads, so that the heads were externally well turned.

All that has passed away, and, we hope, for ever. A new era has dawned upon you, not the mental deliverance and independence of Miss Frances Wright, separating you from God and eternity, as it would emancipate you from this base thraldrom of the past. But it has been proved,

no longer to be contested, that you have minds, capable of illimitable progress, differing, indeed, in some respects from the male mind; but differing, perhaps, in your favor. It has been shown, in innumerable instances, that you are quite as susceptible of intellectual, and more docile to moral training, than man; that thus you can become, what you were formed to be, an helpmate for him, his intellectual companion, his guide, philosopher and friend, cheering existence with a mental radiance all your own, a mental radiance differing from that of man, only by that beautiful diversity, which marks all the works of God.

It now begins to be well understood, that beauty of face and person, and taste and splendor in dress, attractive circumstances, I grant you (my sight, though a little impaired, teaches me all that) swimming gracefully down the dance, and the attainment, which approaches still more closely to intellectual, the softening and elevating charm of music—all these are, just as nothing, in the view of a man of sense, compared with a rich and well trained mind, with the utterance of well-chosen words, *like apples of gold in pictures of silver*, which convey pure, high and virtuous thoughts. There is, and there can be nothing beautiful, except in so far, as it is associated with mind. Show me a woman, who knows how to converse pleasantly, to give judicious counsel, and exhibit discreet management, who has the ability to know what to say, and how to act on any given emergency, who understands, how to economize her wit, if she has it, who comprehends, how the utterance of scandal distorts the countenance, whose passions and affections are regulated, and who possesses the intrinsic tenderness and truth of the female character, and I will show you one, who seems beautiful to me, whatever face she may happen to possess. It can not be repeated too often in your ear, that there is nothing truly beautiful but mind.

We are accustomed to suppose, that the ultimate aim of a young lady properly and naturally is, to become the virtuous, intelligent, respected and beloved head of a family. Hitherto the connubial union has been, for the most part, formed, simply by the impulse of the senses; and beauty and dress and the external arts of pleasing have been, perhaps, the most common incentives to it. Need we admire, that such unions are so often unhappy? When they are formed merely from the attraction of personal beauty, we have reason to think, from our range of observation, that they are invariably wretched. Satiety, disgust, and the most insupportable of all human miseries, an incompatible and discordant union for life are the consequences. Such, nine cases in ten, is the union of an uninstructed man and an untaught beauty. Ask a father, whom of his children he most loves, the pert and ignorant beautiful daughter, or the plain, but sensible, docile and well instructed one? Ask husbands what points they most regard in their wives, three weeks after marriage, their beauty, or their knowledge, amiability and good sense? I repeat again, there is nothing beautiful, but mind. If I were a poet, you should have it in metre and in song, that a piony or a poppy are as splendid flowers as the rose. Let the one and the other be worn in your bosom, and compare their fragrance and value at the end of a month. Knowledge, compared to beauty, is the rose to the piony and the poppy.

Yet it gives us pain to see, that the thoughts of ladies too much centre

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upon beauty, ornament, dress and showy accomplishments, after the order of things, which once gave them so much importance, has forever passed away. It was natural, that they should think, converse and care for nothing, but these things, when they constituted their only hold upon consideration. It is humiliating, to see them thinking of little but fashions and dress, now that they are in possession of other and far higher and surer claims upon homage and admiration. Who is there, who in the sanctuary of his hidden thoughts, would balance a moment, in forming a partnership for life, between a flaunty belle, though robed in the finest silks of Persia, and tinted ever so brightly with native or apothecary's vermilion, and a plain young lady, neat, modest, intelligent, instructed, with a full mind and regulated heart? Who would hesitate between the beauty, fairer than the fabled *houri*, who could talk of nothing but the fashions and the weather; and the woman, who, without beauty, was wise and good and true, and, compared with the other, as the rose to the piony?

I know for certain, that in the family circle, and among those, with whom we mix every day, the last thing, of which we think, after we have seen them a few times, is their personal beauty. The untaught and unregulated beauty, we soon wish to lay on the shelf in disgust. While the instructed and sensible woman, like sterling coin, is found to possess an intrinsic value, always increasing, by the accumulation of the interest added to the principal.

I would recommend knowledge by another consideration. It has been a thousand times said in these days, that it is power, and ladies have been much misrepresented, if they are not fond of power. If knowledge is power in the hands of men, what will it be, when women add it to their other weapons of empire and triumph? Just as certainly, as man controls the lower orders, and as savages melt away under the spell of civilized men, just so certainly among you the wise will have the most influence and ascendency. You must not forget, the while, that men are as much more instructed now, than formerly, as women. Every new idea, that a man gains, is an additional weight, thrown into the intellectual scale, to incline him to think less of beauty, fashion and dress, and more of mind and amiability of character.

We would not be understood to say, that you ought not to bestow a rational estimate on fashion, beauty and dress. We would have you as studious at least of neatness and propriety, as quakers. All we contend for is, that since all sensible people have come to think more of real knowledge and good sense in ladies, than dress and appearance, it is unreasonable, and bad calculation, still to think, and act upon the scale, that existed, when all these things went for nothing. We cannot help remembering, that the ordinary period of life is set at 70 years. The empire of beauty seldom lasts more than ten or fifteen. What is to sustain the beauty, who has no other possession, in the dreary interval, when her roses have vanished, with her admirers, never to return? Knowledge, virtue and truth are immortal. Time, age and death cannot touch them. Trust me, a plain young lady, with a sound head, and a well trained mind, and an amiable and well managed heart, will find some way to aim a sharper and surer shaft, and inflict a more incurable wound, than a mere flourishing belle, who has nothing to show, but her dress and her person.

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I have thus far endeavored to recommend knowledge to you, as having already become the most efficient means of recommending you to others. But you have anticipated me, in saying, this constitutes the least value of knowledge. You must seek its ultimate and surpassing excellence in its utility and advantage to yourselves. Knowledge, it supplies the mind with inexhaustible resources. Knowledge, it will never leave you in solitude for want of the best society, pleasant and profitable converse with yourselves. Knowledge, it will enable you forever to sit in the sunshine of your own mind. We may affirm of it, what Milton so beautifully says of virtue.

> 'Mortals, who would happy be,
> Choose knowledge; she alone is free.
> She can teach you, how to climb
> Higher, than the sphery chime;
> And if knowledge feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her.'

You are aware, then, that the burden of what I would say to you, is, what, I doubt not, your faithful instructers have impressed upon you, line upon line, and precept upon precept, a thousand times. It is to exhort you to seek after knowledge, as the principal thing, either for ornament, or utility; either for yourselves or others, for this life, or the next.

Observe, I do not recommend to you, to become pedants, or to expose yourselves to the formidable appellation of *blue stockings*. In man, and still more in woman, I loathe, and abhor, with Cowper, all affectation. I place simplicity and modesty even before knowledge. In fact, they are parts of the same thing. They never exist independent of each other.—Superficial people are proverbially forward and forth putting. The poet has told you

> 'A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
> A shallow draught intoxicates the brain;
> But drinking largely sobers it again.'

The next insupportable thing to a young lady, relying simply on beauty and dress, is a pedantic smatterer, who chatters deep things, like a parrot's lesson; and brings forth in show all her mental finery, every time you see her. I do not admire at the horrors, which most people feel, at the idea of encountering a female pedant—a blue stocking; and that they should prefer the inane harmlessness of ignorance and a pretty face. But there cannot be a more monstrous mistake, than to connect real information and true knowledge in a woman, with the idea of a blue stocking and a pedant. True knowledge teaches, when, and how to speak, and when, and how to be silent; and is the invariable concomitant of modesty. True knowledge imparts a charm, an enhanced value to the matured and rich fruit of the mind, by always offering it in the alabaster vase of modesty and purity. True, I have seen ladies attempt to show off learning; but never, to my remembrance, one, who really possessed it. I have heard ladies, who have caught some of the terms and technics of science, bring them forward extremely *mal appropos*. But we all understand, that these

are not the blunders of really well informed ladies. Deep waters are always noiseless; and real knowledge always shows as naturally, and easily as the breath.

Some of you, young ladies, have now, in common parlance, completed your education. Allow me to say to you, that you ought to understand by this phrase, that, in leaving these walls, and entering the world, you have, in fact, just begun it. A school education is only intended to enable you to commence with advantage the education of life. If you have been, as we believe, faithfully trained here, it will enable you the more skilfully to avail yourselves of every chance for improvement in your future life. Like generous wine, if you will allow the comparison, you will thus mellow with time. Every day will seem lost to you, unless you find yourselves either wiser or better at the close of it. If life were ten thousand years, instead of three score and ten, you would find enough, still remaining, to learn. We, who have gone before, can only assure you, as the best fruit of our experience, that our bitterest regret is, that we knew not the true value of our time, and improved to so little purpose our opportunities to acquire knowledge.

To you, who are now to receive the highest honors of this institution, and to enter the busy scenes of society, I say, go forth in the freshness and the bright hopes of the morning of life. Enjoy it, while you may, before the clouds of time and the darkness of experience rise upon it; and your God, and your father's God go with you through all the journey. This must be to you a day of deep thoughts. You can expect but few more interesting ones in the course of your lives. Allow me, then, as you stand on the threshold of your young days, and extend your vision to the outstretched prospect of life before you, to remind you that there is something still more important, than dress, or beauty, or grace of manners, or even knowledge. It is religion. Or rather I might say, that between knowledge and religion there is an inseparable connection. The ultimate attainment of all, that man can know, on the earth, the highest richness and maturity of knowledge is to know, love, fear, and trust God, and the only way to please Him, a humble purpose to depart from all evil. Every wise and right view of all, that is before us, directs the mind directly to God. The last links of the golden chain of knowledge are rivetted immutably to the throne of the Eternal; and in just so far, as you are truly wise, you will be religious.

Life, my dear children, is now arrayed in smiles before you; and you see it under all the illusive and rainbow coloring of youthful credulity and hope. We regret to chill your ardor, and to cast shadows upon your landscape. But, believe me, life is neither a gala, nor a festival, a dance, nor a hymn—but a scene of conflict, struggle, toil, and disappointment. You will not doubt, that I wish you, and hope for you all degrees of happiness. But no one lives long, without shedding many tears. No one passes through a life of any length, without innumerable sorrows and vexations; without having occasion for all his knowledge, and all light from on high, to teach him what conduct befits the emergency. In the bible you will find an infallible directory; and in God a never failing friend.

Knowledge will render you attractive and amiable. It will give lights, to qualify you to act your part well. It will teach you the true, the useful,

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the beautiful. But religion, the highest attainment of knowledge, will do more. It will enable you to meet, and conquer every temptation. It will strengthen you to encounter sickness and sorrow and death with composure. Therefore with all your gettings, treasure up this species of understanding, to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.

I know well what are the feelings of parents, and how, dearer than the apple of their eye, you are to them. May you be to them all that they wish. May you piously rock the cradle of their declining age. The angel of the covenant bless you; and when your fathers and mothers have joined the forgotten multitudes of former ages, may you, the coming generation, bless their memory, and that of your instructers, by filling their vacant places with usefulness and dignity.

Thoughts respecting the establishment of a Porcelain Manufactory at Cincinnati.

This city has been ascertained to be not only healthy, but very healthy; as much so, it is confidently believed, as any other in our union. It is geographically central to the great and fertile valley of the Ohio—being nearly equi-distant from Pittsburgh, and the mouth of the Ohio; and the middle range of the Alleghanies, and Lake Erie. It is equally central to the population of the whole western country; and naturally the market at present for more than a million of people, to say nothing of the future.—Not only has its unexampled increase created jealousy and doubt abroad, but has raised apprehensions in the minds of capitalists and builders at home, whether its advance was a healthy and natural one, and whether it was not outgrowing its resources and its relative proportion to the country. These apprehensions, as they are renewed, are as constantly quieted, by the demonstrations of experience, that the new houses are generally engaged, before they are completed; and that the boarding houses are constantly filled with families, who are waiting for houses to be finished for their occupancy. We surely have none of the sensitiveness of a speculator or a landlord. But, as we see new buildings, churches and establishments continually rising, as we mark the masses of people, which a full market, or a spectacle, or an exciting town meeting assembles, we have often internally enquired, where were the means of subsistence and pursuit of this constantly accumulating mass; accustomed, as we have been to see great towns arise only on the sea shore, or in positions accessible to sea navigation? We have paused to enquire, how we could erect so many handsome buildings and churches, and construct so many public works with a capital, which in other places would be deemed so little commensurate with such results. It seems obvious to us, that in order to hold out sufficient motives, to detain the many strangers, who are continually flocking here, to reconnoitre this place, with a view to its capabilities, as a domicile, we must institute some manufacturing establishment, more general in its character, and more universal in its requirement by consumers, than any that yet exists among us. Whoever would be instrumental in

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establishing such manufactures, healthful, and yielding moderate, but certain profits, extensive in demand, and of perpetual requirement, and requiring the co-operation, and eliciting the ingenuity, and arousing and fostering the taste of great numbers of people, would be a benefactor to the city, as long as the Ohio shall roll by its borders.

Since our city is an internal mart, and cannot spread the sails of its ships on the sea, let us look to enduring, indispensable and important manufactures. If our upper sister, Pittsburgh, is blackened to external gloom by the fumes of mineral coal, she has had the wisdom to apply herself to extensive and vital branches of manufactures, which the people must, and will buy; manufactures, which depend on no caprice of fashion, changes of taste, fluctuations of trade, or alternations of even peace and war. If we would not outgrow our resources, we must imitate Pittsburgh. We have not, it is true, her immediate contiguity to mineral coal. But, without wishing to institute a disparaging comparison, we know of no other advantage, which she possesses beyond us; and in our central position, and the cheapness and abundance of our market, we have indisputable advantages; not to mention many others, which it would be obvious to urge. The vast number of patented inventions, and the whimsical variety of attempted improvements in machinery, and projects for performing new operations by it, prove, that we have a great amount of mechanical ingenuity and inventiveness among us. Every one is aware of the great numbers of ingenious foreigners, conversant in the most complicated, difficult and occult manufactures and preparations of the old world, which our city brings up. When the Ohio and Erie canal, traversing inexhaustible beds of mineral coal, shall be completed, the freight of that article here will be an element so trifling, to deduct from our peculiar physical and moral capacities for manufactures, as to be unworthy of entering into the calculation. Whoever understands the true and permanent interests of this city, must not only wish to see, but lend a hand to the establishment of some great and staple manufacture; such as will require many hands and much taste; and such as the population of the Ohio and Mississippi valley will continue to call for to the end of time, and to a great amount; and such as can be more conveniently fabricated, and more easily distributed from this point, than any other in this valley. We do not often obtrude thoughts upon such subjects upon the public; and have therefore some of the claims upon candor and attention, which are allowed to a virgin speaker on the floor. We are sure of one other claim; that derived from a sincere desire to be, in our way and according to our means, instrumental in promoting the prosperity and welfare of the city.

We say then, that in our view, there is no place in America, perhaps none in the world, that so imperiously calls for an establishment on a large scale of the manufacture of the two kinds of earthen ware, known among us by the name Liverpool and China ware—more properly called Porcelain.

It is hardly necessary to premise, that this is a bulky and heavy article—that from its fragility of texture, it is more exposed to injury, and the deduction of breakage, than any other, glass only excepted. An immense and constantly increasing amount is demanded; and, in some of its forms and varieties, in every domestic establishment, from the cabin to the man-

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sion; and from the nature of things, it is a fabric, which we have no reason to think, will ever be superseded. Just as long as man will require food presented him in circumstances, which mark, that he is no longer a savage, so long the necessity for this great article of supply will exist. All these circumstances on their face establish the claims of this species of fabric to importance, utility and perpetuity at least parallel with any other, that can be named.

Our coarser wares of this sort, we believe, are almost entirely brought us from Liverpool. The immense manufacture and vending of this article over the world, China only excepted, is known to be one of the great national resources of England; one of those mines of internal industry, by which this small island has placed herself in a position to tax the resources, and manage the wealth of the civilized world. Our finer wares of this sort are brought us from the other extremity of the globe—from China; and before they reach us, have another long and expensive transportation. They come to us with all the duties, package, drayage, insurance, commission, brokerage, cartage, and steam boat re-shipment upon them. It is not in our line to state the amount of all this ten times reduplicated enhancement of the price. But in the case of China ware, we should suppose it more than double the original price of the article.

In relation to the expediency of establishing such a manufacture *here*, it seems to us, that the only questions to be settled are these: have we an ample supply of earths for the coarser and the finer sorts? Could we procure artisans fully competent to executing the fabrics in perfection? Would the comparative cheapness of labor in the countries, whence we import them, enable the manufacturers there to send them to us, burdened with all the necessary charges, as cheap, as we could afford *them*, when manufactured on the spot?

We premise a few words in regard to the first point, touching the earthy matters necessary to the fabric. There are a great many varieties of this kind of ware, from the finest semi-transparent of China, and the dazzling lustre of Seves, to the common ware imported from Liverpool. All these varieties require different combinations of earths, of which fine clay is the basis. We shall only speak of the finest China ware, and the still more beautiful fabric of Seves; as it is believed, that the materials of the latter are very similar to those of the semi-transparent porcelain of China.

That is well known to be composed of a mixture of two kinds of earth, or rather a kind of friable stone, and an earth. The one is called *kaolin*, and the other *petunsee*. They are both white in color—and the basis of one is clay, and the other silex, or flint. The feldspar stone, which is common on the Alleghanies, and in the countries of the lead mines, and about the lakes, is found to consist of about the same proportions of earthy matter, as the porcelain, and would undoubtedly answer for that fabric. Porcelain clay of the finest quality contains the following components of 100 parts. Silex 55; alumine or pure clay 27; oxyd of iron $\frac{5}{10}$ of one part; water 14; lime 2. Both these earths are found in quarries near King-te-ching. The petunsee is exceedingly white, fine, soft and greasy to the touch. The kaolin is not found in the same abundance, but is not unlike the other earth in its external properties. It has been said, that the Chinese keep a constant supply dug up, to receive the

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influence of frost, rain, and the chemical changes of time, one hundred years in advance of the use; so that the manufacturers use that earth, which was dug one hundred years before; and themselves supply the earth used, by digging an equal quantity, which will be used one hundred years to come. But the Saxons and the French adopt no such processes; and the latter have far transcended their masters in the beauty of their fabric.

We shall say nothing about the preparing, moulding, baking, painting, varnishing, gilding, and the like. These constitute, as every one understands, a very complicated series of processes, which, though delicate, and requiring art, taste and experience, are now well known to be no more mysteries, than those of any other complicated process. They are all possessed, in different degrees, by thousands of artificers in all countries where this fabric is made.

It has been made in China from time immemorial. The first authentic annals, in relation to it, date about the fifth century of our era. The Chinese used to make the article more beautiful in former times. This, instead of being attributed to their being retrograde in skill, as has been idly supposed, is clearly owing to the greater demand, since the English and Americans have opened such an extensive trade with them in the article. The demand has increased beyond the supply; and they have yielded to the consequent temptation to fabricate a more easily wrought and inferior article.

The finest and the greatest quantity is fabricated in King-te-Ching; though a considerable amount is made in the province of Quang-tong, or, as we call it, Canton; and in Fokien. The inferiority of the latter to the former is, probably, owing to the inferiority of the materials.

Porcelain is, also, made in Japan, in Vienna, in Berlin, and a very beautiful kind in Dresden. We doubt not, most of our readers are familiar with the touching and beautiful story of Miss Edgeworth, turning upon a premium offered by the king of Prussia for the handsomest design of painting for a particular piece of porcelain—and iniquitously gained by a Jew from the real designer, a poor and beautiful girl.

In Italy there are manufactures of porcelain at Naples and Florence. It was wrought at many places in France. But, before the time of Reamur, of a kind very inferior to that of Dresden, which had been carried to the next degree of perfection to that of the Chinese. Reamur discovered in France earths so like the kaolin and petunsee of China, as to make equally beautiful ware. The article which there answers for kaolin, is a white argillaceous earth, filled with mica—and the petunsee is a hard quartzose stone. Reamur made many discoveries, touching the fusibility, and the relative proportions requisite for hardness, fineness and semi-transparency. Montigny, and especially Macquer, carried these improvements still farther—and the royal establishment of Seve, or Seves, on the road from Paris to Versailles, became, as it were, a national school—in which, for beauty, brilliance, taste in painting, and elegance of the finish, nothing in the world can compare with the article there wrought. We have had an opportunity to examine complete services of this ware, and were sensible that no description would give any adequate idea of its beauty. It must be seen to be valued aright. This splendid fabric is now dispatched to orders, from the opulent and tasteful, in all countries. The

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establishment gives employment to a vast number of hands, and in France labor is comparatively high. The designs for painting and enamelling operate more efficaciously, than a thousand inert academies, with their premiums, to elicit taste, to produce emulation in invention—and *in the* noblest walk, and to the highest ends to cultivate the fine arts. France derives more real glory from the Seves manufactory, than from all her triumphal arches, and all her victories purchased by blood and tears. It is a source of national wealth and emulation in the walk of the fine arts. What triumph of art can be prouder, than to convert masses of earth into the most beautiful fabric, that the imagination can picture—forming the basis of the most splendid colorings that art can prepare? Whoever orders the article, can sketch the landscape of his own domicile, paint his own river, brooks, grounds, cattle, horses and dogs, and have them returned to him, wrought in brilliance to vie with Cinderilla's coach; and in beauty and fidelity of painting, which marks the improvement of modern times, and, more than all, of the French in this walk.

The next question to be settled is, have we in this place the materials for this fabric, so as to be easily and cheaply accessible? This immense valley is well known to be alluvial, of secondary formation, as geologists say, every where bounded by primitive formation; and, of course, containing all the gradations and combinations of *transition-formation*, in all intermediate mixtures from the one to the other. We might expect, *a priori*, in such a region, what we find to be the fact, every variety of aluminous and siliceous earth—clays of all colors, and the most impalpable fineness. Feldspar exists, as we have seen, in a thousand places. Glass manufacturers find, in a great number of places, the finest siliceous earths for their purposes, as our beautiful specimens of cut glass testify. From personal examination, we believe, that kaolin exists in the hills immediately contiguous to our city; and we question not, that the requisite earths might be found on proper examination, between the Miamies, a region so abundant in all forms and combinations of aluminous earths.

But we have just risen from examining a specimen of the beautiful earth found in a bank in the county of Cape Girardeau, and in a point, we understand, directly accessible by steamboats. The quantity is stated to be inexhaustible; and a learned chemist, Mr. Troost, has, we are told, pronounced it the happiest combination of the earths necessary to the most beautiful species of porcelain. Such are our own impressions; and we once pursued these investigations long and laboriously. The question, as to our having the materials of the finest quality, of the greatest abundance, and easily, and cheaply accessible, it seems to us, may be unhesitatingly settled in the affirmative.

We have but one more question of which to dispose. Can we afford to manufacture the article here as cheap as we can import it from China, France and England? The duties on the fabric are 20 per cent. *ad valorem*. The voyage from China is one of the most distant and extensive, that American ships encounter. The whole accumulated expenses of China Porcelain bring it to us in this city at more than 100 per cent. advance upon the original cost. In conversing with a very respectable importer of the article, which we call Liverpool, or printed ware, in this city, we find, that a medial cost of many invoices, and containing all the kinds

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from the most expensive to the most common and cheap, gives 55 per cent. as the average wholesale expense of importation from England to this city.

Such has been the result of investigation and comparison of the prices of the labor, and the expense of manufacturing the article in different countries, that in Philadelphia, noted for the prudence and caution of its manufacturing establishments, a porcelain manufactory has been commenced. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the progress, which it has made, to speak with any degree of definiteness. But we have seen, from time to time, notices of successful operation; and we understand, they already fabricate the article sufficiently beautiful. If such a manufacture can prosper in Philadelphia, *a fortiori*, it must more certainly prosper here, where living is so much cheaper, labor not higher, the article, probably, more accessible and of a better quality—(we believe that at Cape Girardeau the finest in America,)—and where the expenses of importation must be nearly double those to Philadelphia. Consequently we have all the additional motives for the establishment of this manufacture, which can be drawn from the difference between the expense of importing these articles from beyond the seas to Philadelphia, and this city. An important element in the calculation, by any possible economy of importation from that city to this—equalling, we should suppose, the expenses from Liverpool there.

We repeat, that the movers in a great establishment of this sort would be, in our judgment at least, if in that of no other person, benefactors to be remembered, as long as our city shall need the resources of such establishments for its constantly growing population. Nor have we any doubt, what kind of estimation such men would receive from those, who, in the years to come, shall record the names of the true benefactors of this city. If a corporation were instituted for such an establishment, and the stock divided into a great number of shares, it is very probable, that many, who would view the project with lukewarmness, and without any strong conviction of its utility and profitableness, would subscribe, merely in the generous purpose to put something at hazard for the chance of adding such an establishment to the future resources of the city. The writer will only add, that he feels wholly unconscious of any other motive, than the public utility; and that he could hope to subserve such an establishment with little more than his gray goose quill, and opening for it a correspondence with the French establishments, which have always shown a noble and praise worthy readiness to communicate every thing, that relates to the interior and exterior of these establishments—without any of the miserable jealousies of commercial interest and rivalry.

Party Spirit is the madness of the many, for the gain of the few.

Every earthly good has its appended evil. The vile leaven of party spirit has always been found fermenting in the glorious institutions of freedom. In the history of bygone times, we read of the catastrophe of this, and the other free country; and always learn that the portentous cloud of

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party fury rose above the fall, like the terrible smoke and mist that ascend over a city, that has been engulfed by an earthquake. Each successive republic had the warning of the fate of the preceding. But reckless, deaf and blind, like the fanatic Turk, they received the same infection, as the award of fate; and fell by the same epidemic scourge. We have an hereditary taint of predisposition to this sweeping pestilence. England, from the earliest periods of its history, has been subject to periodical desolations. The annals of that country for centuries are those of infuriated savages, rather than of a humane and Christian people. For a long period, you scarcely read of a prime minister, or conspicuous statesman, who was not beheaded, to gratify the whims of the atrocious kings, or more monstrous people. The succeeding generation mourned over the tombs of their departed prophets and sages, and talked of the brute fury of the preceding age, and, as the storm of faction rose, or fell, proceeded to perpetrate the same enormities.

The turbulent and ferocious character of the English had been the standing theme of their continental rivals, the French. They had represented the English, as alike addicted to physical intoxication, and the inexorable moral fury of party spirit. In reply, their island enemies could recriminate them with the *League* and *St. Bartholemews*, and many other dark epochs; and, subsequently, with the ineffable horrors of the revolution, a terrific monument to all future time, like Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities of the plain in the Bible, warning the nations to avoid the causes of that ruin.

Our complicated forms of government, the dim and undefined limits between our national and state authorities, our strongly marked physical and sectional divisions, with their consequent differences of occupation, pursuit and interest, the diverse origin, learning and customs in the great national divisions, the wide theatre, which all the institutions, in every portion of our country, open for the display of intrigue, ambition and the desire of notoriety, the unparalleled freedom of all our forms of government, not to mention the large measures of English blood in our veins, predispose us, more than any other people on the earth, to the alienating, phrenzied and destructive influence of party spirit. Not only do these circumstances place us in more fearful peril, but we have more to lose, than any nation, that has preceded us. The tombs of all past republics rise along the waste of history, to warn us, that by the immutable laws of the Omnipotent, as sure as the effect is involved in the adequate cause, so certainly, if we yield ourselves up to the blinding and maddening phrenzy of party spirit, and the fury of divided councils, we shall be involved in the same ruin. Do we need the additional teaching of Mexico and the South American republics, to instruct us, that man, his ambition and his passions, change no more than the foundations of our granite mountains? What has been, will be again, under the same circumstances; and the past is but the history of the future.

It becomes, then, the duty of every temperate and well disposed citizen of this happy republic, be his influence much or little, to exert it all in favor of moderation, calmness, and dispassionate and philosophic examination of all those points, which tend to create parties, and inflame, and exasperate public feeling. It is high time, as it seems to us, to ring the

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tocsin of alarm, that we may avoid the miserable and interminable agitations of the parent country—the incessant and stupid clamor and fury and mutual reviling of the *outs* and the *ins*, the smoke and fury of which diverts the public attention from the real character and measures of the government.

To purge our mental vision with 'rue and euphrasy,' to prepare an efficacious antidote to the infection of party madness, let us recur to a few abstract truths, and first principles, which, if universally inculcated, and adopted, would root out this pestilent mischief from human nature. Let us be wiser, than to believe, with the blind and stupid mass of all countries and all time before us, that a party standard can consecrate corruption and wickedness. Let us not allow our mental sight to become so dim and distorted, our judgment so weak, our estimates of human nature so puerile and unphilosophic, and our passions so brutally predominant, as to approve, or follow, or condemn parties, classes, sects in the mass. Let us exert sufficient power of rationality, to understand, that every party and denomination, which includes numbers, invariably includes all shades of character. Thus to view men, and to act upon the view is a main point, in which a wise man differs from a zealot, and a philosophic mind from the blind impulse of those, who act by the dictation of others.

The most imperative of all motives points it out, as one of the first principles to be every where, and in every way inculcated, that we must cultivate this mental enlargement, that we must acquire this clearness of moral vision; for upon this inculcation the perpetuity of our institutions as certainly depends, as the cause and the effect are indissolubly chained together. If we permit ourselves, as in the dark and unphilosophic ages of the past, to enlist under any party standard, inscribed with an abstract dogma, a religious creed, or the name of a man; if we will show ourselves so weak, ignorant and unworthy of liberty and self government, as to believe without question, that our standard consecrates all its measures, and that all is wrong with the opposite; if the north allows itself to hate the south, and the east the west, if these brute antipathies, which ought to be left, as the exclusive property of the ignorant and ferocious voluntary tools of a party, are cherished by the mass of the people, as there are fearful omens, that they will be, until they become hereditary and transmissible, and of course perpetually accumulating bitternesss and force, what a horrible state of things are we preparing for ourselves, and the generation to come! Let every man, who has children, charities, or interests, in this wide republic, perpend the consequences, before he allows the indulgence of an act, or a word which shall tend in the slightest degree to kindle and perpetuate these vile and ignorant prejudices. Let us, the people, note the character of those incendiaries, those Catalines, be they who they may, who, for their own bad passions or interests, would make us the instruments of their designs in this way. History cannot parallel, imagination cannot paint such a war, as would ensue between the great sections of our country, if they were once to be excited to a mutual partizan quarrel. With the pride, the embittered rivalry and jealousy of sectional hatred, it would not be the war of one foreign nation with another, nor the *social*, nor the *servile* war of Roman history. Jerusalem, beleagured by the Roman legions without, and domestic factions rushing upon each other

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with demoniac phrenzy within, and pestilence steaming its noisome infection from street to street, and the mother for hunger devouring her infant child, and the guardian angels whispering in the holy place, 'let us go hence,'—this terrible picture of the Jewish historian would be repainted in our country, and would not afford an adequate image of the inexorable and exterminating desolation, which would mark the course of the north and the south, the east and the west, rushing upon each other for mutual destruction. Each division would be ultimately hedged up to its own enclosures by a non-intercourse, as furious and revengeful, as that between the hostile Arabian tribes, or the savages of our wilderness.

This could never happen, if a few truths, so simple that a child ought to comprehend them, as clear as light, as unchangeable as the laws of nature, were generally inculcated, and received, that in all parties, denominations, and classes, which embrace masses of men, there are nearly similar proportions of good and bad. He is but a fool, who can be made to believe, that a flag consecrates every purpose, that is carried under it. Yet how small is the number, which is radically free from this monstrous folly! What a humiliating view of human nature, to see how ready it has been found in all ages and countries to be wrought up to a blind fury by the madness of party; and to enlist itself for the completion of the purposes of unprincipled villains, who have made history little more than the record of cruelty and crime, and the earth an *aceldama*, a place of skulls! What man of sober reason and sense among us does not know, that it makes little or no difference in the man to have been born in the north, or the south, the east or the west? A few of the sharp points and jagged corners of unimportant external differences are rubbed off by difference of education and discipline. But the stubborn uniformity of the master principles of human nature remains every where the same. Show me a man, in whatsoever country reared, and I will show you a being in the great controling principles of human action, much like yourself. Who then would be such a stupid bigot, as to be brought to believe, that a man was necessarily good or bad, to be loved, or hated, merely because he was born in this section of the country, or that?

If it be asked, from what source, this predisposition to be operated upon by party influence, emanates, we answer at once, and unhesitatingly, from ignorance and bad temper. Of course the grand and ultimate remedy is the diffusion of an enlightened, virtuous, broad and efficient education; and until this can take effect, and extirpate the evil of partyism, the general inculcation of mutual forbearance, charity and moderation.

No man ever had mind enough to lead a party, who did not at the same time possess views sufficiently broad to know, that real merit and intrinsic character are not at all to be measured by the standard, profession, or badge, under which they are found. What a misfortune, that in all ages and countries, enough unprincipled men are to be found, ready to avail themselves of the brute madness of party; and enough fools to furnish out the requisite numbers for the crusade! What a field opens in view of moderate and disinterested philanthropists and men of no party in our country! To say nothing of the spirit that ferments in the national councils, what bitter, blinding, and inveterate prejudices are entertained by nine in ten of the inhabitants of the south and west in relation to the

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north! To them the story of *wooden nutmegs and pit coal indigo* is more than a stale and hackneyed jest. When they are brought in contact with the northerner, how instinctively these vile and ignorant prepossessions rise up in the way of kind views and charitable feelings! The northerner, too, has been trained to see in the southron a sordid tyrant of a slave-driver, knowing little of religion, learning, or humanity. Cast one from each section together in Calcutta, or on Crusoe's island, and how soon these bad feelings will be given to the winds, and they will learn to become friends!

We have often remarked, that one of the most common mistakes, which an emigrant makes, when arriving in the western country, is the basis of confidence and friendship on these prejudices. He loves, trusts and associates only with his own people, and his clan. One deception after another finally teaches him the first lesson of philosophy, that whoever loves, and trusts a whole mass, or all the individuals of his own profession and clan, will do so at his own proper cost; and will find himself often deceived. After a sufficient discipline of this kind, he will eventually learn a lesson, as the school boy does at the end of the ferule, that a man's country, or profession or caste, merely as such, guarantee nothing for him, either good or bad.

On the other hand, there is a concordance and uniformity of party, where perfect agreement speaks as decidedly the prevalence of party spirit, as disunion and discord. The concord of Christianity and philosophy is to agree to differ, is to tolerate an independent and honest difference of opinion. Scarcely any question touching religion, politics or the common concerns of life, assumes the same aspect to any two minds. What a formidable position is that, when on great legislative questions of national and political interest, we may be sure in advance, from knowing the section and the party of the voter, on which side of the question he will give his vote! When we see the *yeas* and *nays* invariably arranged in similar columns, it is to us an omen of any thing, rather than honesty, and independence. From our knowledge of the eternal laws of mind, we must be convinced in such cases, that in many instances of this sort, the determining influence must be, to go with the party, right or wrong. We are sure in such cases, that we should suffer under another temptation to record our vote sometimes on the opposition side, merely in testimony that we were pledged to nothing, but our understanding and conscience.

Thanks to eternal providence, that has arranged all the constituents of human nature by weight and by measure, one grand impediment to the operation of party-spirit exists in the still stronger motives of self-interest. How soon the world would be overturned, and a few intriguing despots seated on the wreck, were it not, that the blind and reckless tools of party cannot go all lengths, without destroying themselves in the common ruin! This sentiment, when not wholly blind, becomes an impregnable rallying point, *teres et rotundus*, where all parties are compelled to meet, and around which *the lion and the lamb lie down together*. So universal and absorbing is the influence of party feeling, that could it execute its full purpose, not neutralized by the still more universal operation of self interest, all the elements, of which the social world is composed, would part

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in tangents, and the primordial chaos of a state of nature return upon society.

After all, the survey of society, as it is shown in all countries, presents a startling aspect. If we search for calm and dispassionate men—*addicti jurare in verba nullius magistri*—for men of no party, who are capable of sufficient enlargement of philosophy, to think well of the mass of men in all parties, it seems to us, that the search would be almost as hopeless, as his of Sodom, to find ten righteous to save his city. To look first at the blinding influence of nationality, with what pertinacious complacency every people view themselves, as the wisest and the best, not excepting even the lowest hordes of barbarism. The German talks of honesty, as though one of his nation possessed it by instinct. The Parisian may profess as much cosmopolitism, as he will—but on examination, you will find, that not to live in Paris is, in his view, no better, than a state of exile. The same feeling, if possible in a higher degree, may be predicated of the Englishman, in regard to his country. Here is the spectacle, which ought to be a lesson to human nature every where, of two great nations separated from each other only by a frith of the sea, each considering their nation as the light of the world, and the metropolitan country of the universe, whose population has been trained for centuries, to hate, and despise each other, and to consider the inhabitants of the shore opposite their own, as destitute of religion, modesty, honesty, and almost of common sense. So expedient has it been found, to foster this national hatred, that Chesterfield questions, if it would be wise to enlighten the vulgar and stupid prejudice of John Bull, that one Englishman was a match for three Frenchmen.

We have had the evidence of half a century, in what light England regards us, both in relation to our literature and institutions. By a gross, and we might say contemptible and outrageous inconsistency, Mr. Irving, whom the Edinburgh Quarterly recently praised in the most unqualified terms, is now described, as but a dull and common place writer. We have only produced three or four men, it says, who have reached mediocrity, and our countrymen are wholly destitute of imagination. The London Quarterly speaks of us and our institutions with still more harshness and contempt, and supposes, that Capt. Hall held back, instead of saying more than the truth in our dispraise. For the sake of those, who stand on the margin of the sea, opening their nostrils to snuff incense from the European shore, we are not sorry to see this. Let them learn to aspire to such fame, as we can obtain at home; and then we shall not be affected by these calumnies from abroad. Let us remember, too, that these expressions of contempt are, probably, the mere individual arrogance of two persons, unshared, we hope, by thousands of more enlightened people in those very countries.

It requires, in fact, but little light, to perceive, that no civilized social community could exist, without having diffused in it a respectable portion of sense, improvement and household knowledge, more indeed, than these learned journals allow to us; and that of all the communities, that have advancement enough to support a regular government, the composition is, as with us, of good and bad, kind and cruel, sensible and foolish, honest and dishonest; and that a sensible man would in all find something to

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learn, persons to like, and dislike, objects of affection and avoidance distributed in all civilized countries, we imagine, in proportions more nearly equal, than is commonly believed. We well know, that education and institutions make a prodigious semblance of external difference. But, we believe, the man of civilization to be substantially the same being over the whole globe.

But if we wish to inspect party influence with more force and distinctness, let us survey it in our own society, and our immediate vicinity. The inhabitants of one street denounce those of another, as mob, or aristocrats. One ward raises one standard, and shouts for one candidate, and another for another; and each is ready to take oath, by book and by candle, that all the honesty is on their side. Our thousand journals all have their flag, and know their driver; and the undeviating maxim is, that all the Nokes, on their side of the hedge, are wise, honest and true patriots, and all the Stiles on the other either fools or knaves. Thus these instruments, however weak in themselves, rendered mighty by circumstances, diffuse the leaven of party feeling into the remotest and most inconsiderable portions of society; and, in innumerable instances, these are almost the solitary means of information.

Of these some fifty, perhaps, carry on their flag neutrality and independence. But, from the very composition of our society, divided into innumerable parties in politics, in religion, in fact on every subject, for nothing is too contemptible to become the nucleus of a party, this is a position extremely difficult to sustain. The public is too heady, and self complacent, to allow the existence of such a character, as an independent editor. As every one belongs to some party, and as all parties would regard this man as an enemy placed between all the fires, his sustained moderation would dissatisfy all. He soon learns, that nothing will pass, except seasoned with the raciness of some kind of partyism; and he sinks into his niche, and may at least hope the support of the party he espouses. Yet we might infer from the tone of each one of the whole tribe of these editors that his journal was mount Atlas, with the moral universe resting on it; and that the wreck of doom must soon follow, if the party there sustained did not prosper. A community, universally infected with the madness of party, can expect none, but party editors. Were it even otherwise, to stand independent and unpledged, in the midst of such a community, requires such a high moral and intellectual ascendency, so much enlarged feeling, and broadness of philosophic view, and such unshaken firmness of character and purpose, as are awarded to but very few of our race.

Contemplate the same blind and intolerant spirit operating in another direction. Escaping through one valve, it is party in politics; escaping through another, it is the same thing in religion. It is here a still more formidable mischief; for it has now become, in its own estimation, a consecrated thing. We may safely take our own city, as a fair sample of the general aspect of Christendom, in regard to party. We have, probably, quite as much moderation and charity, and certainly as much peace, as falls to the common lot. We have, it is believed, eighteen or twenty religious societies in this city, of which we know but three, that even profess to agree. What a lesson would he learn, who should worship in each one of them in succession, and hear their account of all modes of faith, but

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their own, and of the destiny of all, who were not with them! Thus it is, from the street to the school-house, from that to the church, thence to the town-meeting, the state metropolis, and the national legislature. Even at the altar, the judicial bench, the hall of legislation—the narrowing and blinding rage of party, like the contagion of pestilence, walking unseen and in darkness, finds its way every where, polluting all generous moral influences, and every where tending to arouse each man against his brother.

One consolation, however, grows out of even this order of things. All nature's discord makes all nature's peace. These innumerable parties revolve, with a good degree of regularity, wheel within wheel, so long as the movements are balanced. The next best state of a community to that, where calmness, justice and moderation reigns, is that of our country, where so many and so nearly balanced parties exist, that mutual fear, jealousy and caution are indispensable to preserve the balance. Each one of our innumerable divisions is a spy and check upon every other.—We take this to be quite as valid a security against persecution, the block, the guillotine, and bastile, the faggot and the wheel, as the increasing light and moderation of the age. Men are beginning to be inclined to think so much for themselves, that, we trust, they will never again be enough agreed in iniquity, in church or in state, to aid each other, in operating the enormous cruelties and persecutions of gone by times.

We could wish, that we could every where make our voice heard by men of peace and moderation, whose rule of estimation is that golden one of the gospel, to trust little to names and professions, and *judge the tree simply by its fruit.* It is to the weight of this party, small in number, and unknown to each other, as its members are, that we must ultimately look, to preserve, if we may so say, the attraction of moral cohesion, and ward off, the eternal and mutual war of party, in which every man's hand is against that of his fellow.

Of one thing we may be sure, much as we see of this miserable spirit in the hallowed precincts of the pulpit, that it is as much at war with Christianity and its author, as it is with true and generous philosophy.—If there is any one feature of the gospel more prominent than another, it is the firm and unqualified inculcation of the most noble and universal philanthropy, that the world has ever seen. The whole spirit and genius of Christianity is as enlarged and diffusive, as His benevolence, *who causeth his sun to rise, and his rain to descend on the evil and the good.*

He is neither a truly good, or great man, be he who he may, who will stoop to gratify his ambition through the instrumentality of party means. Unprincipled cunning alone will operate by this engine; and let us all assure ourselves, that fools only are the instruments of it. The moment you discover, that a man, in religion, in politics, in social or domestic life, shows a disposition to enlist your prejudices against any profession, and of consequence, blindly and fiercely in favor of his own, be assured the real amount of his language is, 'I wish to employ you, as a convenient instrument, a strong ass, a good natured fool. I must point to this, and you must hate, and to that, and you must love.' Who would lift at this lever? Who would unwittingly operate, if we may so express it, this ass power? The million in our country are, in some way, or for some purpose, opera-

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ting in this line, most of them unconsciously, and dreaming no such thing.

It seems to us, that no elementary book is so much needed, as one, that should inculcate in a didactic form, and prepared for the use of Lyceums and schools, some of these obvious principles of philosophy, philanthropy and general charity. The breaking down of the throne of bigotry, the empire of the mean and narrow prejudices of opinion and party, is a consummation iminently needed, and devoutly to be wished. So long as this state of things exists, the mind, confined within it, breathes as in an atmosphere of lead. Let children be taught, that they are not born citizens of a street, or a district alone; but citizens of the world. Let them learn, that in God's kingdom there are no favorites of His, but the good; and that the wise and the good are, or should be, all of one party, one church and one religion, the religion of Him, whose dearest friend continually inculcated this laconic maxim, *love one another*.

SKETCHES, BY A TRAVELLER.

Sketches, by a Traveller. Boston: Carter & Hendee. 1830. 12mo. 315 pp.

We have taken a former occasion to speak of the many original and witty articles, that have appeared in the Boston Galaxy. We adverted in particular to the contents of this volume, which are extracted from that paper. They cause us to remember Don Quixote, and Gil Blas, Fielding and Smollet, Butler and Sterne. The people in their days, who were invalids with oppression at the breast, could sometimes indulge in a medicinal laugh, in the midst of the gloom and care of life—a laugh which gently opened the chest, dislodged pituitous accretions, banished the blue spirits, and made the person, for the time, not only a healthier and happier man, but a better christian. Alas! in the brazen days of heavy politics—and heavier disquisitions—these medicinal operations come few and far between. The Galaxy is sometimes a little too broad in its merriment. It has once or twice let slip a dog of war at us; (for which no thanks to it;) but we are often medicated with an honest, youthful old-fashioned laugh of other days, as we look over its columns.

But to our point.. We owe the author of this work, whoever he be, the acknowledgement of a certificate, that his 'patents,' did us good, in the first instance. We have taken the same medicine a second time; and find it, like glass of antimony, unabated in efficacy of operation. This book, in plain English, contains some of the neatest hits—most felicitous turns, and odd and whimsical expressions, of any with which we have met. The humor is the author's own, and perfectly original. He is unrivalled in starting off a thousand fancies, and conjuring up a whole army of associations with a single expression. Cervantes and Rabelais, Le Sage, Smollet and Butler would recognize in him, in his own queer walk, a genuine descendant.

But we will not detain the reader long from the book by our prosing. He will best judge of it by the numerous and copious extracts, which we

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intend to make. We shall only observe, that, if these voyages and journies were really performed in the author's study, they are the most successful efforts in that way, which it has been our fortune to encounter. We have certainly travelled in books a hundred times through Italy, and as many times, as we could find volumes of voyages and travels, in China and Japan. We have an abundance of periodicals and new works lying before us, which might sate any reasonable appetite for novelty We have read this volume through before, in its disjointed form in the Galaxy. We have read it through again—*mot par mot*—with unabated gaiety of heart. Let travellers write after this fashion, give every thing a hit, and pass on, and travels would be the most interesting books, instead of being the most prosing in the world. That person, who wrote General Bauer's epitaph, thought with us and our author. He was, (we relate from memory,) a German general, employed by the 'Great man' Catherine of Russia, or rather Potemkin, to bring water-melons out of season from the southern provinces over Mount Tauris, won from the Turk, to St. Petersburg. In this important function, he was compelled to ride post day and night, at the iminent hazard of his neck. He said, he should somewhere have it broken; and he wished a French poet, his friend, to prepare an epitaph to be ready for him, whenever he should fall. His friend wrote as follows:

Ci git Bauer
Sou ce rocher;
Fouette, cocher.
Here Bauer lies beneath this stone.
Coachman, hallo! drive on.

Such, as we think, should be the motto of a book of travels. Perhaps it is a fault in this, that it is almost one continual broad grin. The author sometimes, especially in the more advanced part of it, becomes sober, utters a deep and mellow thought, and says things so beautifully, that we are left with the impression, that if it had been his purpose to make a book of travels, full of wise saws, and modern instances, and grave and philosophic reflections, he could have acquitted himself with equal credit, as in the walk, which he has selected. Pathos seems to be his strange work. Yet he shows himself, more than once, capable of feeling and eliciting that. If the reader does not purchase the book, we shall set him down with the lean and moody Cassius.

The voyage to Otaheite and the Marquesas occupies 5 pages, and is charming for its witty brevity.—The author thinks the pigs there are sham.

'I was little on shore, though once I dined with a chief, on what he called a roasted pig; yet if the animal had recovered its voice, it would have been not to squeak, but to bark.'

The following is a sample of the quaint way of painting in this book.

'The Spaniards now, for the first time, discovered our hunters darting about in the bay, and the discovery gave them no pleasure, for which we cared little, as we did not go there to please the Spaniards. The commandant recommended a departure, and as no water was to be had, we gratified him and went to Catalina for supplies. Here we found a few huts occupied by people so shy and genteel

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that they ran away from us. The men were naked as truth, but the women had aprons of matting. Their hair was worn after the fashion of a pitch mop, and had some resemblance also to a crow's nest. Their bodies were glazed with filth, and their ugliness such, that they would have been thought plain in an assembly of Hottentots. In fact they were the lowest and most rusty link I had ever seen in the chain of mankind.'

The author's fears, that he is boring his readers, are thus expressed:

'At Ceros we threw out our wood that was old and dry. It was filled with worms, and we feared that for change of fare they would take to a fresh beam, for they used their gimblets dexterously, boring the timber as much, almost, as —I am boring you.'

There is energy in this laconic account of affronting a Chinaman.

'On my return to Mazatlan, a Chinese, (whom sailors call a Chinaman), gave me such language that I tapped him with a crabstick, and he walked away making vows to the Furies. On the same day I went out after game, and was warned that Achong, with pistols and knife, was hunting me.'

There is much meaning in this.

'The surface of society was not calm: the people had too much of a good thing; they had so much liberty that they were free from some useful restraints. Their prayer to Saint Anthony for a breeze had been answered by a hurricane.'

The following is to us quite irresistible.

'Our sail-maker, Peter Ulson, a native of Copenhagen, this day, at four hours thirty minutes, P. M., completed a new foresail, which he has performed to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, and in a manner that reflects on him the greatest credit. Such is the 'bubble, reputation,' yet I hope to share the sailor's fame by recording it, as Quintius Curtius is, to this day, remembered in connexion with Alexander.

'Our commander had a face as grave as Garrick's between tragedy and comedy, or a more humble actor's on a slender benefit; yet he had an invincible propensity to waggery, and was very inventive of practical jokes, some of which fell heavily upon me. He was a good man, faithful to his friend, and fond of his bottle; though his fondness predominated over his fidelity. As it was his custom to throw over his flasks as fast as they were emptied, which happened at short intervals, he was reported to the captain of another ship, who knew ours and the master, by the chain of bottles. This is somewhat after the mode of the Kennebunkers in the West India trade, who drop shingles as they go out, that they may find the way home by tracing them back.'

Our friends, the Kennebunkers, certainly beat the Nautilus, the squirrel, that navigates a chip, and erects his tail for a sail, or even Gessner's *first navigation*. The *adjutant* of the south seas is the dandy of birds.

'But the queerest of birds is the adjutant, five feet high, and a melancholy, gentlemanlike aspect. He has blue wings faced with white, a white vest, buff breeches, and a tuft of black upon his cap. You may see a regiment in line, on the long roofs, where they make a show as formidable as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. However, like that grave body, they understand not all the

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stratagems of war. They are voracious as ostriches, and I have seen the mischievous soldiers throw them a bone to pick, filled with powder and furnished with a slow match; and the poor adjutant is blown up while taking his comfort; even like our Madagascar cook, into whose pipe I introduced, at times, a little nitre.'

The following is hard upon the widows of New-England.

'One wretched man, suffering under the hydrophobia, was carried to the bank to die. The convulsions occasioned by the vicinity of the water, were horrible to see. He died, and the widow resolved to burn. Accordingly, time and place were appointed, and the place was Barnagore, three miles from the city. Thither I went, under the operation of the feeling that led a Roman matron to the amphitheatre, and that leads a Spanish lady to the circus. The crowd was not so large as a similar sacrifice would collect in Boston, where I fear it would be difficult to find a widow who would hear reason in the way of burning. It is true, that she might blaze before the public, but then she would burn only for a second husband. Excuse a pun, sir, for I am told that you sometimes make one yourself. This Hindoo custom, however, has its advantages; making wives tender, who would otherwise be termagant, and upholding affection with the strong arm of self-preservation; for the funeral pile in the perspective of the conjugal picture, is apt to remind the wife, to take a reverend care of the health and comforts of the husband.'

The following expedient of detection, is a witty version of a common experiment.

'The slaves are principally Malays, and are proverbially stupid. It is said that when a master suspects the slave of theft, he gives him a piece of wood, keeping one of the same length himself, and telling his man that if he has stolen, his stick will grow at night, an inch longer than the other, whereupon the Malay, if guilty, cuts off an inch, and convicts himself.'

At page 67 commences the travels of the 'tin pedlar,' which we take to be the best part of the book. In fact, we have never known a cleverer fellow, than this same pedlar. We would hope, that some of our people would willingly take pit coal indigo, and cedar pumpkin seeds in reasonable quantities, next time he comes into the west, merely for the sake of his company, and good natured jokes. He is very kind, when speaking of our quarter; and no one has been more graphic and just, as far as he went. We hope to see him, if he ever recovers of his disaster, and comes this way again. His school disaster of love is thus told.

'At this venerable academy, love soon came to the confusion of Latin: Aurora Hemlock had a name, that would have charmed me, heathen as I was, had I been blind; but her eyes carried me away into a long captivity. Her desk was opposite to mine, and we had soon a *correspondence* other than that of the eyes. Letters and replies passed between us, couched in language as elevated, as we thought our sentiments required. But that Argus, old Dustywig, who knew nothing of love, and tolerated no romance, laid upon our letters his huge unhallowed paw. These he compelled us to read to the whole school; and never before, did I read with so ill a grace. But to see how a writer may err in the estimate of his powers! What I had written seriously, seemed to have a mine of comic humor; producing peals of laughter in all, and in some, such convulsions of merriment, that they rolled upon the floor.'

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We were relieved at the issue of the following, which promised a tragical rehearsal.

'Let us skip to Windsor: It has no castle or park that I know of, yet it is a charming place. From this I plunged into a shady road that wound around one of the highest of the green mountains; and, like Sancho, turned my beast loose to crop the herbage, while I myself mused and meditated, after the manner of the Don. A rivulet was near of pellucid waters, a little ruffled by the wind: casting my eyes into a bend of the stream, in search of a trout, (many have I tickled), I beheld an object that struck me aghast; the body of an infant lying on its back, with its legs drawn up in an easy attitude, and its little arms folded on its breast. The water was slightly agitated, and communicated its own motion to the body. Near it lay a huge eel, that had perhaps fed upon the child. I will never taste an eel again. In breathless haste I returned to the hotel, and called for a cogue and a coroner. My dismay communicated itself to the officer; but with a long pole he put the eel to flight, and raised to the bank the body of a —bull-frog, of eighteen inches! I forswear soup forever. Were I to live in France a thousand years, and the last remnant of a city besieged, I would as soon turn Cannibal as taste a frog.'

We would quote his account of the Vermontese. But we think it a little too harsh and overcharged. He seems to have been 'snagged' there, like Madam Royall; and forthwith he singeth any song, rather than their high praises. He dispatches Dartmouth college in short metre.

'I recrossed the river in a ferry, and travelled leisurely to Hanover, the seat of the college, and perhaps, of the Muses; though Parnassus has no representative nearer than Monadnock. At the college, I sold three tinder boxes, and a dozen lamps. Among the students, I found five punsters, and one Penobscot Indian—
'His blanket tied with yellow strings.'

His dream at Newbury is a handsome parody of Lord Byron's, 'that was not all a dream.' It is too long for our limits. He is not taken with aquiline noses.

'At Providence, I was miserably cheated by a man with a hooked nose; ever while you live, Sir, distrust one who carries 'the aquiline.' I have known many such, and but one amongst the whole was honest, (my own nose has a little of the curve;) what a people the *Romans* must have been!'

The following is a fine account of Broadway; and we recommend the considerate courage of the latter part to all people of a hasty temper.

'Broadway is, I suppose, named from scriptural allusions; and you cannot walk over the half of it, without a conviction that it leads to death, and worse. On each side the Park, is a line of hackney coaches, as long as the funeral procession of a judge; and the coachmen are the most impudent of Irishmen; they are a nuisance, and I recommend them to the notice of the grand jurors. Upon one, who jeered Dobbin, I would have taken personal vengeance, had his shoulders been a little less broad. But I hope I shall yet catch him alone, asleep, and with his hands tied behind him; for under favorable circumstances, I will surely break my mind to him.'

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We think well of the following, as a caution, in regard to carrying children to church.

'At this church on the Sabbath, I was struck with the perfect silence of the house and the deep attention of the congregation. In some other churches I have seen infants carried that were not taken for baptism; and I cannot commend the practice; the first solemn note of the organ, generally brings out a counter from the wondering baby, and the effect is not good. All natural sounds, even the roaring of a lion, are said to contain melody; yet I have known some infants and tom-cats, with execrable voices, either for a concert or a solo. I have sometimes heard the note of the infant, accompanied by a sonorous bass from a huge nose that is blown through like a trumpet. I could willingly see the instrument between the forceps of a blacksmith; in which situation the musician of the proboscis might exalt his own voice, especially if the pincers were in a nervous hand.'

The following is much shorter than the famous parallel of Dryden, between Homer and Virgil. Both the wits find their chief figure in a river.

'The Monongahela is a deep and slow river, and the Alleghany swift and shallow, which I take to be the exact difference between you and me; yet, Sir, boast not your depth, for the Alleghany runs through the better country, though it reflectnot, like the deeper stream, the beauty of the banks.'

The following is his commencement of his western travels.

'The market I remember well; for in it, a puff of wind carried my summer hat within reach of a bear, chained to a post; and bruin left not one straw upon another. In the market I saw wild ducks, turkies, and pigeons, opossums, racoons, grey and black squirrels, and venison. The fish were—cat-fish, snapping-turtle, and eel. If you know the fish called *pout*, in New England, you can imagine the shape of a cat-fish; and I have seen one of the weight of seventy pounds. The terrapins are good, but the eels and cat-fish are half mud: I prefer an alligator, towards the tail.

'I purchased a skiff with an awning, armed it with a musket, victualled it with a peck of potatoes, a quarter of racoon, and a jug of whiskey, and committed myself to the current of the Ohio. The river was high, and carried me forty miles in a day; and on the third evening I was in Wheeling, in Virginia; a town as large as Worcester, and more lively. Opposite the town is an island, producing delicious melons; over this island there was, on my arrival, a splendid rainbow, apparently resting on each bank of the river. I came to an anchor, that is, I tied my cable of the bark of an elm, around a rock in front of Symmes' hotel. At Wheeling, I took passage in a little steam boat, which held my skiff in tow, as far as Grave Creek; where I lodged, like a muleteer in Spain, at the well known and less esteemed house of Mrs. Cockayne; in which, while the forest has a tree, I will never lodge again.'

At page 120, commences Letters from a Boston Merchant. They give details of travels through the south of Europe, France, Italy and Switzerland. The style is sprightly—the chronicles brief, and the whole full of amusement and interest; but this part of the book is not very much unlike other travels. As we have been chiefly struck, in this work, with those points, in which it is original—*sui generis*—we pass it by, as well as the

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'recollections' in China and Japan, with one or two quotations, which we give for their simplicity, brevity and graphic power.

His account of a Monk and a Franciscan in Naples is striking, and the reflection at the close impressive.

'I visited the monk at his quarters, on a hill; I have seen many convents, and not one that was not in a well chosen place. The monks have equal judgment in the interior of their hives, and make (as has been said) a straight passage from the refectory to the kitchen, while the rout to the chapel is often circuitous. From Felippo's nest I saw the whole *campagna felice*, its vines, and its gardens, enclosed by the Appenines. The country is an Eden; but it is a paradise of felons. It is Lord Say's Kent, *bona terra mala gens*.

'I went to hear a preacher, who was, I believe, a Franciscan, for he had a rope as a girdle, that would have made a better collar. He was much followed. His harangues that I heard were upon the sufferings of the martyrs. He described, and not without force, the sufferings that so many painters were well pleased to represent—torture for the sake of faith; and he hoped, he said, to live to see his hearers suffer with constancy. I seemed to have gotten into a Methodist conventicle, for the people would groan at a solemn denunciation, and applaud the encouragement and promises. His action was too violent for our stage, but gentle enough for a mountebank. He praised also the sanctity of hermits, and referred to Ambrose de Lamela, upon the mountain, living like a saint, in a black and desolate waste, without animal or vegetable life, where the sun illuminates the broken points of lava, only to throw the cavities into a deeper and more awful shade; as a good impulse sometimes falls upon the heart of a bad man, that he may discover, from the contrast, his own dark depravity.'

He praises the astonishing contempt of death instilled into the inhabitants of Japan, as a practical sentiment, from their childhood. The following is a touch at the simplicity and hardihood of their modes of sleeping.

'Did I tell you how they sleep in Japan? Even as you and I bivouacked near the White Mountains; on the floor. A coverlid, (or as I heard a senator call it, a kiverlid) stuffed like one of our *comforters*, is spread upon the plank, and a billet of wood, with a place cut for the head, stands substitute for a pillow; so that in Japan it would not do to throw pillows as girls do at a boarding school. The luxurious have a small cushion, on the timber, but this is rare. These people would make as good soldiers as the Highlanders; you remember the old chieftain sleeping with his clan on the hillside, one of which rolled up a ball of snow whereupon to lay his head. 'Out upon it!' said Lochiel, giving it a kick, 'are you so effeminate as to need a pillow?''

The following reflection shows, that the author is capable of the kindest affections.

'The funeral procession in China is led by music, and has banners, streamers, and images. The eldest son walks with a stick, as if to intimate that he is overcome with grief. The suits of mourning are worn twenty-seven months, and the time was formerly longer. Their dead are buried in places that do more credit to the living than our sombre grave yards; it is an amiable weakness in the survivors, to suppose that their deceased friends may be gratified with a tomb in a pleasant spot—some airy hill, shaded with trees, where they themselves may

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linger to muse and commune in spirit with the departed. When a friend is dead, it strikes upon our hearts to remember how we misprized him, and how ill we requitted his kindness; we forget his failings before we have covered him with earth, and remember only what is amiable. We recall the thousand times that he preferred our happiness to his own, and our harsh return for what was so kindly meant; and though he is beyond the reach of our vain regret and late remorse, it is some relief to a wounded spirit, to lay him in a shaded spot, and '*manibus plenis*' to scatter flowers upon his grave. Excuse me for this digression, but I feel what I write; I am myself lacerated by this vain regret, and late remorse, and would give ten years of life that I might recall from death, for a single day, a friend who never knew how much I loved him, if he judged me with half the severity with which I now condemn myself. He lies in the deep sea, where flowers cannot be scattered or inscriptions graven, and I have no monument for him but these lines of self-reproach, that I have written in sorrow, and you will read with indifference.'

The following will close our extracts from the prose of this volume.

'Your own calling, Mr. Editor, is neither safe nor common in China; for there are a great many constructive offences in publications, and to write anything remotely against the government, is death to the editor, the printer, the paper-maker, and the carrier. What a massacre there would be, if such a law were to be executed to-morrow, in Boston. The only independent editor in China, is the Emperor, who superintends the Pekin Gazette, a 'respectable Daily.' The articles are in the usual imperial style, and as true as the bulletins of a defeated general. The Almanac is also a court publication, filled with astrology and predictions, and enjoins industry to the people, that they may fill the granaries of their father the Emperor. Kien Loug, who was something of a pedant, ordered a pocket edition of the best authors, but the publication was dropped before it reached the hundred and seventy thousandth volume. Literature is the only road to preferment in China, though it takes a contrary direction with us, where ignorance often has the advantage.'

Of the verses we quote the following, as impressive.

'PLEASURES.

'There are bubbles that vanish, when grasped in the hand,—
There are rose-buds that wither, before they expand,—
There are hopes that are blighted, when brightest they seem,
And pleasures that fade like the joys of a dream.

'A mirage, when our prospects were desolate grown,
Its charm o'er the sands of life's desert has thrown;
And we hoped when the rest of the desert was past,
To quench this mad thirst after pleasure at last.

'But from him who pursues it, the faster it flies,
As the waters seem near, while the traveller dies;—
And the spice groves before it, their limbs seem to wave,
While the caravan finds in Zahara, a grave.

'If life in its threshold, so desolate seem,
If its pleasures are only the joys of a dream,
If its noon-day with doubt and dismay is perplext,
O who would not long for the dawn of the next.'

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The following is more in conformity, as we should think, to the author's predominant development.

'GRAND MENAGERIE.—FATHER AND SON.

'Oh, what is that beautiful animal, Dad,
So *tame* and so *gentle?*—A *Tiger*, my lad.
And this, with an innocent aspect, and mild?
How *honest* he seems.—That is *Reynard*, my child.

'What a fierce looking beast, with those terrible ears,
And a roar so appalling, how *bold* he appears!
Though tied, I am fearful so near him to pass.—
The beast that you dread, little son, is an *Ass*.

'And what bird is this, with so thoughtful a stare,
Like yours, when at caucus you sat in the chair?
It seems like a solemn and sensible fowl,
What call you it, Father?—Ahem! 'tis an *Owl*.

'And the little green fellow that hangs in the cage,
Haranguing the other, like one in a rage,
Or like *you*, when you spoke in townmeeting last year?—
A plague on your figures!—A *Parrot*, my dear.

'And this pretty thing looks a little like you,
Though his tail, Dad, is not half so long as your queue—
But why does he prate and gesticulate so?
'Tis a *Monkey*—confound him—my son, let us go.

'In the street I will show you a biped, my dear,
With a trait of each animal seen by us here.
Oh, what is it Father?—I'll run, if I can—
Were his shape like his heart, you *would* run from a *Man*.'

Thus we have given copious extracts, and fair samples of this very amusing book, as prelibations of what the reader may expect, if he will have the wisdom to read it entire. Especially do we recommend it to all persons afflicted with hypocondriac tendencies, low spirits, oppression at the chest, and to all, who hold with us, that laughter and good morals are cousins german; and elongated visages certificates of any thing, rather than honesty, and genuine and cordial piety.

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The following are the translations, promised in our last, from the '*Biographie Universelle Classique.*' We select them indiscriminately from a mass of translation of 600 pp. already accomplished; and as they occurred in alphabetical order. They are by no means the most labored and ambitious articles, over which we have passed; and therefore we may confidently offer them, as average samples of the work in general. It will be seen, that there is no effort at eloquence or splendor—but that the proposed object is, in taking up a life, to seize upon the strong and prominent points of character, and to say all, that enables us to discriminate, wherein one differs from another, in as few words, as possible. Display and labored ornament would be out of keeping with the professed intention. Yet there is a peculiar French elegance and force; and occasionally a splendid figure enunciates much meaning, at the same time, that it shows, what the author would do, if elaborate and ornamented diction were his object. The condensations seem to us happy, beyond what we have ever before seen in biography. We consider it impossible, in the same space, to impart more information, and impart it in a more lucid order, than in the following sketch of Bonaparte. We know of no effort, more difficult rightly to accomplish, than such a felicitous condensation; than to present the abridged annals of such a prodigious mass of biography and history, as the life of Bonaparte presents, in such a succinct *coup d'œil.* It resuscitated for us the prominent points of his eventful history in a luminous arrangement, forming a chain of association, which drew up the innumerable details of his story from the deep cells of memory. He, who reads this sketch attentively, will afterwards have, we will answer for it, more precise and exact ideas of his life, than he has ever had before.

We will only add, what every one, who has attempted it must know, that translation is a laborious effort, and to succeed in it no easy or common attainment. We shall be gratified, if these translations should be cradled in as many papers, as adopted a series of translations, which we made from the 'Genie du Christianisme,' which we had never seen in English before; and which, in no instance, did we ever see credited to us. We are accustomed to every form of this sort of injustice. *Cuique suum tribuito.* We mean hereafter to be as testy upon this sort of moral larceny, as the rest. Every one knows something about the yearnings of paternity. Our articles are always reluctant to part with their family name, or even to travel without one.

Buonaparte, or Bonaparte, Napoleon, first general, then chief of the French government, under the successive denominations of first consul, emperor, king of Italy, &c. Born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, August 15th, 1769; son of Charles Bonaparte, issue of a noble family of Tuscany, and of Letitia Ramolino. A pupil of the military school of Brienne, he passed into that of Paris; and was named second lieutenant of the 4th regiment of artillery, Sept. 1st, 1785. He became captain, Feb. 6, 1792. In this grade he served at the siege of Lyons, 1793, under the orders of general Kellerman. Employed after this siege at that of Toulon, he was promoted to the rank of chief of battalion, and commanded the artillery, until the capture of the place. At this epoch the activity, bravery and talents, which he had developed, during the campaign,

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caused him to be appointed adjutant general, chief of brigade. In 1794, an expedition was directed against Corsica, which had shaken off the French yoke; and the command was assigned to him. But he was obliged to return to the army on the Var, after having failed in his attempts to regain Ajaccio from the insurgent Corsicans, sustained by the English. Always placed at the head of the artillery, he distinguished himself at the capture of Saorgio, in the county of Nice, and was rewarded with the rank of general of brigade. But the revolution of the 9th of Thermidor threatened to interrupt his rising fortune, in consequence of his having declared himself for the party, called *the mountain*. A decree of arrest was put forth against him. He was incarcerated, but restored to his liberty soon after. He still experienced some persecutions and contradictions, until the 5th Oct. 1796, the epoch, when the Parisian insurrection against the convention burst forth. This memorable day was to fix the destiny of Bonaparte. Named second general of the troops of the convention, he had a great share of the success, which they obtained over the insurgents. In little more than a month afterwards, the post of general-in-chief of the army of Italy was confided to him. Upon this theatre, more vast, and more honorable, he was about to develop the grand conceptions, of which he had hitherto only shown glimpses; and to reach in less than a year the highest military renown, either ancient or modern. With forces inferior to those of his adversaries, he gained successively the battles of Montenotte, Millessimo, Mondovi, the 12th, 15th, and 22d of April, 1796. He forced the passage of the bridge of Lodi, on the 10th of May; and entered Milan the 17th of the same month. He triumphed at Castiglione, the 5th of August; at Arcola the 17th of November, after a three day's combat; at Rivoli, and under the walls of Mantua, the 14th and 15th of Jan. 1797; upon the shores of the Tagliamento, the 16th of March; signed the preliminaries of peace with Austria at Leoben, the 18th; and concluded the definitive treaty at Campo Formio, Oct. 17th. In such a rapid course of success the conquering general gave evidence, that his views were not bounded by the direction and employment of his troops on the field of battle. The conquered countries were organized, and placed under a wise administration. He concluded armistices, and signed treaties. His name had diffused through Europe a splendor, which began to alarm the executive directory, that is to say, the existing government of France. But that government, threatened in the interior by an anti-revolutionary party, felt the necessity of managing the support of the vanquisher of Italy by condescension, adjusted to the preponderance, which he was able to give to the majority of the two legislative councils, forming the opposition. Thus was the blow of state struck, Sept. 3, 1796, by the directory in concert with general Bonaparte, which, as its result on the military, detached general Augereau from the army of Italy, under the pretext of being sent home with captured standards. Some time after the peace of Campo Formio, the directory named Bonaparte general-in-chief of the army of the shores of the Ocean, destined to act against England; and ordered him, previously, to repair to the congress of Rastadt to preside in the French legation. Bonaparte came to Paris; and was received, as with the honors of a triumph, by the government, the two consuls and the people. After a stay of two months, he visited the shores of the Ocean, and thence returned to

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the capital, where his presence and pretensions once more threw the directory into embarrassment. He deemed himself, that he had cause to complain of the government, 'which,' he said, 'recompensed his services only by unmerited distrust.' To this relative position of the general and the directory we may attribute the expedition to Egypt. The project had been conceived by Bonaparte, in consequence of reading a memoir, sent to the minister of foreign affairs in the reign of Louis XIV. the object of which was to form in this division of Africa a colony, destined to be the entrepot of the commerce of India. He had had a conference on this subject with M. Talleyrand, then minister of foreign relations. The plan of the expedition was adopted by the directory, and the means collected to execute it. Bonaparte departed from Paris, May 13, 1798; arrived at Toulon on the 9th, and found there the troops prepared for embarkation, the necessary transports, and the maritime force requisite to protect the fleet. The army having embarked, the transports and the escort set sail, May 9th; and arrived off Malta the 9th of June. The chief city of the island was occupied on the 13th, in virtue of a convention; and a new government was organized, in place of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The 1st of July, and thirteen days after its departure from Malta, the expedition appeared off the shores of Egypt, not far from Alexandria. The army debarked on the night of the 1st, at two o'clock; and in the morning took possession of the city and the port, which we have just named.—Three days afterwards, the expedition marched upon Cairo, the capital of Egypt; beat the Mamelukes, for the first time, at Chebriss; and completely defeated them, on the 23d of July, between Embabah, and Gizeh, on the left shore of the Nile, in view of the celebrated pyramids, which bear the name of the last village. The French troops crossed the Nile the next day; and on the 25th, Bonaparte made his entry into Cairo. We cannot be expected to give the details of that chivalrous and adventurous expedition, which could not find a place in the limits of this dictionary.—It is sufficient to remark, that, having in person, or by his lieutenants, conquered Egypt, as far up as the cataracts of the Nile, he failed in Syria, in his enterprise against St. John d'Acre, the residence of the famous pacha, Ahmed Djezzar; a check, which was not compensated by the memorable success, obtained over the pacha of Damascus, at the foot of Mount Tabor. Compelled to return to Egypt, by losses from the plague, and the different combats of the campaign, the victor of the Mamelukes conquered, also, the troops of the Sultan of Constantinople, at the battle of Aboukir, fought the 15th of July, 1799. A month afterwards, August 22d, leaving the command of his army to general Kleber, one of his lieutenants, Bonaparte embarked at Alexandria, to return to France; either called there by the new progress of the European coalition abroad, and the disorders, which afflicted the country at home; or by overtures, which had been made to him before his debarkation, to place himself at the head of a plot against the directory. Debarked at Frejus, the 9th of Oct., by a strange exception, he freed himself from that delay of quarantine, which the laws relative to health, prescribed; he was announced by the telegraph, and arrived at Paris, Oct. 16th. The plot, of which we spoke, was either woven or renewed. The directory succumbed, Dec. 9th, not without strenuous opposition on the part of the legislative council, called *that of the five hundred*;

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and Bonaparte was named the first of the three consuls, instituted to replace the directory. From that time, every thing in France assumed a new face. A system of moderation succeeded the oppressive regime of the Pentarchy. Order was established in the interior; and victory, which, for more than a year, had taken part with the enemy, recalled for a moment on the plains of Zurich, by the brave Massena, returned to fix, for a long time, on the French standard; and signalized his return from Egypt by the astonishing day of Marengo. But the first place in a republic could not satisfy the ambition of this new Cæsar. Without passing the Rubicon with rapid decision, like the Roman hero, Bonaparte prepared with a tardiness, adroitly calculated, the routs, which should conduct to empire; and he encountered no Pompey, to contest with him on the field of battle. We shall see in other articles (Enghien, Moreau, Pichegru, Cardoual, &c.) under what auspices the consulate finished, and the imperial regime commenced, Nov. 30th, 1804. Bonaparte caused the Pope to come from Paris, to be consecrated by him, Dec. 2d. During his reign, the dream of political liberty ceased to be cradled in good faith, in the imagination of the French. But a great part of the nation was still to remain, for nine years, bound under the spell of the charm of military glory, purchased by rivers of blood, shed in foreign wars incessantly renewed. The French troops, led by the conqueror of Lodi, Arcola, Rivoli and Tagliamento, triumphed at Ulm, Austerlitz, in Austria, and in Russia. The new emperor added a new crown to that of Charlemagne. Recognized king of Italy by the treaty of Presburg, Dec. 25, 1805, he raised to the same dignity the dukes of Bavaria and Wurtemburg, his allies, with an increase of territory, taken from the house of Austria. He united Venice to the kingdom of Italy, and Tuscany, Parma and Placentia to the French empire. Two days afterwards, Dec. 27th, he called his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, to the throne of Naples, from which he had expelled the family of the Bourbons by a simple proclamation. At the same time, he created his brother-in-law, Murat, grand duke of Berg. The 17th of Jan. of the following year, 1806, he married the son of the first marriage of his wife Josephine, Eugene Beauharnais with the princess Amelia, daughter of the new king of Bavaria, adopted him as his son, and named him viceroy of Italy. The 5th of June, he created a throne in Holland, on which to place his brother Louis. The 13th of July, he signed at Paris, with all the German sovereigns of the second order, a treaty, which separated them from the Germanic empire, and united them, under the denomination of the confederation of the Rhine, of which he declared himself the protector. The conquest of Prussia was the fruit of the battle of Jena. The victories of Eylau and Friedland, 1807, were followed by the famed interview at Tilsit. It was there on a boat in the middle of the Niemen, that the emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia presented themselves before the crowned soldier, who had vanquished them; and who, two years before, had received the emperor of Germany in the same attitude, in his bivouac at Austerlitz. They recognized his three brothers, Joseph, Louis and Jerome, as kings of Naples, Holland and Westphalia; and they acceded to all his measures, relative to the continental blockade. Napoleon (Bonaparte had taken this patronymic name, in ascending the imperial throne) almost always signalized his return from his army, at the end of a cam-

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paign, by the abolition of some one of the liberal institutions, which he had not dared completely to destroy at his advent to the throne. It was so, that he suppressed the tribunate, August 19, 1807. The 2d of February, 1808, he created a general government of the department situated beyond the Alps, formed from the ancient Piedmont, the marquisite of Salucco, &c. to invest his brother-in-law, Camille Borghese, with them. The 1st of March, a decree of the senate gave a noblesse to the imperial monarchy; and re-established the grandees, suppressed by the constituent assemblies, 1790, with all the titles, armorials and insignia of feudality. The same year, 1808, Napoleon committed the greatest of iniquities, in wresting another of the most important crowns of Europe, that of Spain, from its legitimate possessor, to give it to his brother Joseph, who was to cede the throne of Naples to Joachim Murat, at the same time, that the latter passed over the grand duchy of Berg to the eldest son of the new king of Holland, Louis Bonaparte. 'The Bourbons can no longer reign in Europe,' said the proud dispenser of thrones, in a proclamation to the Spaniards; 'I will drive the English from the peninsula.' The English were forced to abandon Spain; but, conquerors in Portugal, which had been invaded by a French army, they were not driven out of the peninsula, where they began slowly to mar the designs of Napoleon. This war, notwithstanding his numerous and brilliant successes, was for him, *following* the expressions of a biographer, 'like a devouring wound, *which fed on* the purest substance of his armies, disquieted his days of prosperity, and was soon to bring humiliation over his days of reverses.' Austria, thinking to have found the favorable moment, to efface the disgrace of the treaty of Presburg, while a great part of the French forces were occupied in Spain, suddenly invaded the Bavarian territory. Napoleon left Paris, April 13th, 1809; and, by a reaction, as rapid, as the Austrian aggression had been unexpected, not having troops at his disposal, except in inferior numbers, and almost all of the Germanic confederation, opened the campaign on the 19th, beat the arch-duke Charles, on the 23d, at Ratisbon, and entered Vienna, the 12th of May. A bloody and indecisive battle was fought, on the 22d, on the plains of Essling, on the left bank of the Danube. The French army performed prodigies of valor. Napoleon there lost one of his most faithful companions in arms, his sincerest friend, Marshal Lannes. The victory of Wagram, gained the 5th of July, placed the Austrian monarchy entirely at the disposal of the conqueror. Whether from moderation or from wise foresight, Napoleon did not abuse his fortune; and peace was signed, October 14th. During the suspension of arms which preceded this last treaty with Austria, France was governed from the castle of Schœnbrunn, where Napoleon established his head quarters. It was not the first time, that he affected to date the decrees of the interior administration of his empire from the royal residences of monarchs, with whom he had made war. On his return to France, he caused his marriage with Josephine Beauharnais, whom he had espoused in 1796, to be dissolved; to contract a new union with the arch-duchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the emperor of Austria. This alliance was celebrated at St. Cloud, the 1st of April, 1810. Napoleon had restored to the catholic religion a great part of its lustre, by the *concordat* made with Pope Pius VII, 1801. But he still had quarrels with the clergy, who seemed to put

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forth in this struggle the firmness and circumspection, which are constituents of religious courage. Without entering into details of the religious contests of the interior, it is sufficient to say, that an imperial decree of the 17th of May, 1809, took at first from the successor of St. Peter the temporal sovereignty of Rome; and that a decree of the senate, on the 8th of February, united the capital of the Christian world, as well as the contiguous estates of the church, to the French Empire. In the same year, Holland and the Valais underwent the same destiny. The Hanseatic cities lost their independence in 1811; and the title of king of Rome, given by Napoleon to his son, born of Maria Louisa, announced, how much his union with the daughter of Francis II, (who himself had not yet officially renounced the title of king of the Romans) had exalted his ambition. However a council of the French clergy decided by its resistance the ambitious views of the emperor, who had convoked it, illegitimately to unite the two powers, spiritual and temporal, in his hands. Russia yielding to the counsels of the English government, disposed herself to resume arms, in 1812. Napoleon chose to be beforehand with her. He drew more closely his alliance with Prussia and Austria, and declared war first against the emperor Alexander; and gave as pretext for it, the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland. The Niemen was crossed. The battle of Smolensk opened to the aggressor the route to Moscow. The battle of Moskwa gave him the ancient capital of the Muscovite empire. He entered, the 11th of September, to see it soon after in a blaze, kindled by its own inhabitants. The 17th of October commenced the most terrible and disastrous retreat, known in history, during which a conspiracy burst forth in Paris, to overturn the throne of the monarch, already vanquished by the elements. The 3d of Dec. Napoleon transferred the command of the deplorable remains of his army, formerly so menacing, to the king of Naples, Murat; and, on the 8th, he arrived at Paris, where he caused himself to be felicitated by all the authorities. The theatre of war was transferred, in 1813, to the heart of Germany. Napoleon had created a new army, with which he gained the battle of Lutzen and Bautzen, the 2d, 20th and 21st of May. An armistice was settled between the conqueror and the vanquished allies. But the latter resumed hostilities, when peace seemed to be near concluding. The emperor of Austria declared himself against his son-in-law. His troops were beaten at Dresden. Soon after Bonaparte was constrained, by the movements of one of his ancient lieutenants, Bernadotte, now become prince royal of Sweden, to quit the line of the Elbe, and to retrograde. He accepted a general battle, offered him in the plains before Leipsic. The French army, after having performed prodigies, and having almost entirely exhausted its munitions, continued a retrograde movement towards the frontier of the Rhine. The disorder which accompanied the retreat, was gloriously repaired by Napoleon before Hanau, where the Bavarian army was defeated. On his return to Paris, despairing of preserving Spain, Napoleon restored his crown to Ferdinand VII; and in the critical position, in which France found itself, he sought to draw back opinion, which had for a long time kept aloof from him, in announcing pacific dispositions to the senate and the legislative body. Soon after, he dissolved this last assembly; and prepared himself to repulse those enemies, who had already invaded the

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French territory. But he had neglected opportunely to call forth the energy of the nation, which successive reverses had subdued; and to which he only offered an iron yoke, as the price of new sacrifices. The efforts of his genius, the prodigies of valor and of devotion, which he still obtained from the wreck of his army, could not prevent the allies from penetrating to Paris, and from entering that capital, where the throne of the Bourbons was spontaneously established, March 31, 1814. A treaty, concluded April 11, proclaimed the abdication of Napoleon. An isle of the Mediterranean (Elba) was accorded to the man, who had wished for the empire of the world. He left it, after an abode of nine months there; and traversed France with a body of 500 men, which numerous defections from the royal standard soon transformed into a formidable army. He entered Paris, March 15, 1815. In a short time the imperial government was recognized, with little opposition, in every part of the kingdom. But scarcely restored, the government remained, as if struck with paralysis; and the biographer from whom we borrow this passage, adds, 'but Bonaparte, in considering the dispositions, which the numerous partisans of the political doctrine, called *liberalism*, manifested, saw but one pressing danger.' He refused the concessions, which this party demanded; and, the 20th of April, he published an additional act to the constitution of the empire, a kind of new charter, which consecrated the imperial *regime* of 1812, and all the abuses which had been reproached against the monarchy of 1788. This act excited general indignation; and from that time opinion was no longer divided into but two parties, that of royalty under the Bourbons; and that of a revolution without a dictator. Nothing more remained to Bonaparte, than the army. He departed with it, to combat the coalition on the frontiers of the north; and he was vanquished on the decisive day of Waterloo. On his return to his capital, he was forced to abdicate the empire in favor of his son; and to recognize the authority of the provisional government, which urged him to quit France. Escorted to Rochefort, he embarked to implore the hospitality of the English. It was refused him. The British government constituted him a prisoner, and conducted him to the island of St. Helena, a rock of the Indian ocean. He remained there six years, guarded by English troops, and died, May 5th, 1821. Tete d'armee was his cry of expiring nature. Such was the end of Napoleon Bonaparte, after having for 12 years, held in his hands the destinies of Europe; of that old Europe, which he found too narrow for his movements; devoured with regrets, bowed down under the weight of all the humiliations of fallen ambition, he expired on a rock far from wife and child. But his mind still vaulted into futurity, in the hope so consoling to the proud child of the earth, of filling the most remarkable pages of the history of his age; and to live long in the memory of men. It cannot be expected, to find in a compass, so restricted as ours, any other reflection upon this extraordinary man,

> 'Who left a name, at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

Ample documents, besides, are not wanting for those readers, whose curiosity will not be satisfied with this sketch. We feel it a duty to append to this notice the titles of the works, which may be attributed to Bona-

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parte, and the most important of those, which concern him. The works are 1. a letter of M. Buonaparte to M. Matteo Buttafuoco, a deputy from Corsica to the national assembly. 2. The supper of Beaucaire. 3. Arrangement and complete collection of letters, proclamations, discourses, messages, &c. classed according to the order of time, with notes, by Charles Aug. Fischer. 4. Unedited correspondence, official and confidential, published from authentic copies, collected by Napoleon himself. This volume merits all confidence. 5. The works of Napoleon Bonaparte. Some volumes of the preceding collection make a part of this. 6. Memoirs for a history of France in 1815, with the plan of the battle of Mount St. John: Barois the Elder. 7. MS. of the isle of Elba, of the Bourbons, in 1815, published by Count * * * (written by Count Montholon; published by M. O'Meara) London, 1818. The edition of Brussels improperly bears upon the frontispiece the name of M. Count Bertrand. It is known at present, that M. Bertrand, an officer and relative of M. Count Simon, is the author of the MS. which came from St. Helena in a manner unknown. London and Brussels: 1817. 8vo. 8. Memoirs to serve for a history of France under Napoleon, written at St. Helena, by the generals who shared his captivity, and published from manuscripts entirely corrected by the hand of Napoleon, published by generals Gourgaud, and Count Montholon. Paris. Bossange & brothers: 1822. 1825. 8 vols. 8vo.

The works upon Bonaparte are 1. Some notices touching the first years of Bonaparte, collected in English by one of his pupils, done into French by citizen B — (Bourgoing) Paris; 1797. 8vo. 2. Memoirs to serve for the history of France under the government of Napoleon Bonaparte, &c. by M. Salgues. Paris: 1814. 1825. 4 vols. 8vo. 3. Memoirs for the history of the private life, of the return, and the reign of Napoleon. 1815. by M. Henry de Chapoulon. London and Paris. 1820: 2 vols. 8vo. 4. Collections of authentic pieces, touching the captive of St. Helena, with the notes of M. Regnault Warin. Paris. Correard: 1822. 10 vols. 8vo. 5. Napoleon in exile; or the echo of St. Helena, a work containing the opinions and reflections of Napoleon, touching the most important events of his life, collected by Barry E. O'Meara, translated from the English. Paris, 1822: 2 vols. 8vo. The English editions are most complete. 6. Memorial of St. Helena, by M. Count Las Casas. Paris: 1823. 8 vols. 8vo., and 12mo.; re-printed in 1825. 7. Memoirs of Dr. F. Antommarchi, or the last moments of Napoleon. Paris: Barois the elder. 1825. 2 vols. 8vo. 8. The political and military life of Napoleon by M. Arnault. Paris, Babeuf. 1822. 2 vols. fol. This work was not yet finished, when this dictionary was compiled. 9. History of Napoleon Bonaparte, offering a complete picture of his first military and political operations, &c. by S. F. H. Henry. 10. Military gallery of Napoleon Bonaparte, engraved by Normand, the father and son. Panckouke. fol. 40 numbers. 11. Victories and conquests, disasters, reverses, and civil wars of the French, from 1792 to 1815, by M. general Beauvais and others. Paris. Panckouke. 1817; 1824. 10 vols. 8vo. 12. Memoirs touching the war of 1809 in Germany, by general Pelet. Paris. Rovert, 1824; 2 vols. 8vo. This work should consist of 6 vols. when complete. 13. History of Napoleon and the grand army, during the year 1812, by M. general count Segur. Paris: 1825. 2 vols. 8vo. 14. Napoleon and the grand army in Russia;

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or a critical examination of the work of M. count Ph. Segur, by general Gourgaud. Paris: Bossange & brothers, 1825. 8vo. 15. The *Metallic?* history of Napoleon: London and Paris. Treuttel, 1819. 4to. 16. The four concordats, followed by considerations upon the church in general, and the church of France in particular; by M. de Pradt. Paris, 1818, 1820. 4 vols. 8vo. 17. Brief view of the disputes, which have taken place between the holy See, and Napoleon Bonaparte, by Schœl. Paris: 1819. 2 vols. 8vo. 18. Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by Sir Walter Scott. 6 vols. London—New-York and Philadelphia. Life of Bonaparte, by a citizen of Baltimore, and many other English and American works of less importance upon the same general theme.

Bonaparte, Maria Anne Eliza, sister of Bonaparte, born Ajaccio, January 8, 1777; espoused 1797 M. Bacciocchi, of a noble family of Corsica, who owed to the alliance the sovereignty of the principality of Piombino, since that of Lucca. After the abdication of the emperor, her brother, she had fixed her residence at Bologna. But, in 1815, she was forced to accept a retreat in Germany. She first repaired to queen Caroline, her sister, who herself had taken refuge in Bohemia; and finally obtained permission to dwell at Trieste, where she died 1820.

Bonaparte, Princess Borghese Maria Pauline, second sister of Napoleon, born Ajaccio, Oct. 20, 1780, was celebrated for her beauty, *before* she was known, as a sister of a sovereign. She first espoused general Leclerc, by whom she had a son; and embarked with him for St. Domingo, where her husband was called to take the command of an expedition against that island. The result is well known. The princess Pauline there lost her husband, by whom she was tenderly beloved, and whom she reciprocally loved. On this emergency, she showed, that the beauty of her character equalled her external charms. On her return to France, after the death of general Leclerc, Pauline was married by Napoleon to prince Camille Borghese; and, a short time afterwards, she had the grief to lose her son, who died at Rome. Her taste, as well as a certain kind of antipathy, which she always preserved towards the empress Maria Louisa, before whom her proud spirit would never consent to bow, constantly kept her aloof from court. She was still in disgrace with the emperor, when, in 1814, his throne was overturned. But from that epoch, she consecrated to him all the tenderness of a sister. She dwelt at Rome, where she died, 1825.

Josephine Maria Francoise Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, at first wife of Victor Beauharnais, according to the French orthography, or as the English have it, Beauharnois, and after the unfortunate death of that general, wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, under the title of empress of the French, and queen of Italy; born 1761 at St. Pierre, Martinique, was early brought to Paris by her father; contracted, while still very young, her first union, from which she had two children, (Eugene and Hortense Beauharnais). She had returned to her mother at Martinique, and remained there three years with her daughter, when political troubles obliged her precipitately to abandon her natal soil, 1790. The same storm reserved for her in France dangers no less imminent, and much more alarming. After having seen her husband dragged to the scaffold, Madam Beauharnais was herself imprisoned. Tallien restored her to liberty; and this first service, for which she always retained a vivid sentiment of gratitude, be-

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came the source of the prodigious fortune of this woman; for whom, it is incontestable, that this bright destiny had been predicted from her infancy. It was in the society of her deliverer, with whom the graces of her person, and the admirable qualities of her heart had not failed to procure her the highest credit, that Madam Beauharnais made her *debut*, if we may so say, in the splendid part of sovereign, to which destiny was about to call her. In thus rendering eminent services to the wretched of all classes and of all parties, she had already conciliated the gratitude and devotion of a numerous *cortege* of clients; when the young Bonaparte, then a general of the interior, solicited her hand. The marriage took place under the auspices of Barras, the most influential member of the directory; and he immediately gave to Bonaparte the command of the army of Italy, 1796. Josephine shared the destiny of her spouse. Sitting with him upon a double throne, she powerfully contributed to surround him with the affection of his subjects, the first source of the power and brilliance of an empire. It appears certain, that Napoleon entertained for her an ardent affection. Her presence was necessary to him, even under his tent; and she accompanied him in the greater part of his brilliant expeditions. In the first months of 1809, Josephine foresaw some coolness on the part of her spouse. The public began to talk of an approaching divorce, on the pretext, that the throne was still without an heir. These reports soon changed to reality; and it was prince Eugene, viceroy of Italy, and adopted son of Napoleon, who was charged by him, to prepare his mother for this hard separation. It was rendered public, December 17th, 1809. The resignation of Josephine and her apparent tranquility of spirit were called to encounter this unexpected grief. Not only she lost a crown, considered the first in the world, but, tenderly attached to the prince, her son, she saw, in addition, vanishing before her, the beautiful dream of maternal affection, the hope, that her son would succeed to the throne. The interest of France, they told her, commanded these painful sacrifices. She had the courage to support them. Retired at first to the castle of Navarre, the ex-empress afterwards established herself at Malmaison, where devotion to the natural sciences aided her to sustain her regrets. It was in this residence, which she still farther enriched with magnificent collections of foreign and indigenous plants, that Josephine died May 29, 1814. She was, probably, the most completely graceful woman of her age. She had received, a few days before her death, a visit from many of the princes of the coalition; particularly of Alexander, who was presented by general Sakem. The archbishop of Tours pronounced the funeral oration of Josephine; and her children obtained permission, 1821, to erect a funeral monument to her in the church of Ruel, where her body was deposited. There was published, 1819, memoirs and the correspondencies of the empress Josephine, 2 vols. 8vo. Prince Eugene, by a letter dated from Munich, January 15, 1820, and addressed to the journalists of France, thanked the author of this work for the justice, which he had rendered to his mother, in selecting almost always, in the words, he assigned to her, or in the letters, which he attributed to her, the sentiments, with which she was always animated. But he declared, that there was not in the book a single letter, which was really from her hand. M. Barbier, in his dictionary of anonymous persons, attributed this work to Regnault Warin.

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Brahe Tycho, son of Atto Brahe, grand bailiff of eastern Scania, a province then subject to Denmark; born 1546, of an illustrious family, originating in Sweden. An extraordinary inclination for astronomy indicated his mental temperament in his early years. He was five years in visiting all the observatories in Germany and Switzerland. The appearance of the famous new star in the constellation of Cassiopeia, 1572, and the observations, which he made upon it, fixed the eyes of his nation upon him. King Frederick charged him with the function of teaching astronomy, and assigned him the isle of Even, situated in the Sound between Elsineur and Copenhagen. This isle is a fine position for an astronomical observatory. The king added a respectable salary, and sufficient revenue to enable him to construct an observatory at the royal expense. Owing to this munificence, until then without example in Europe, there arose on this isle a superb edifice, called Uranienburg, that is to say, the palace of Urania. Besides the sums furnished by the king, Brahe is said to have expended 100,000 ecus from his own purse. A pavillion situated more to the south, bore the name of Stellburg, castle of the stars. Uranienburg was the abode of Tycho, 17 years; the metropolis of European astronomy and the admiration of Denmark. Love concurred to embellish this beautiful asylum. A peasant girl, or, according to others, the daughter of a curate, named Christina, brought down the heart of the astronomer from the stars. This beautiful girl became his wife, thanks to the interposition of the king, who suppressed the persecutions, excited by the nobility against him, for marrying beneath him. As soon as his benefactor was no more, these persecutions broke out anew. A pretended commission of learned men, charged to examine the establishment of Uranienburg, affirmed, that it was more brilliant, than useful, in an insidious report, which they published. He was obliged to transfer the seat of his labors to Copenhagen, and experienced every discomfort, which power could cause him to suffer. In 1597, he left his country, carrying his instruments and movables with him. In 1599, he went to Bohemia at the invitation of Rudolph, who cultivated astronomy; and who, besides, shared with Tycho his belief in astrological reveries, and his taste for a solitary life. The emperor gave him a pension of 3000 ducats, and his choice between three castles in the royal domain. He chose that of Benateck for its beautiful situation in the midst of the waters of the Iser. After an abode of a year there, he requested apartments in the city of Prague. Rudolph purchased a charming house for him, and allowed him to furnish it to his own taste. He enjoyed this new munificence but a short time. He died of strangury, 1601. He was interred in Prague, in the church called Tein, where his monument is still to be seen. This learned astronomer merits the name of the *restorer of astronomy*. We owe to him the discovery of two new inequalities in the movement of the moon, *the variation* and the *annual equation*. This last was not well explained, except by Kepler; but he proved it from the observations of his master. Tycho rectified an essential element of the theory of the moon. He determined the principal inequality of the inclination of the moon's orbit, in relation to the plane of the ecliptic; and he gave an ingenious explanation, which offered a reason, also for another inequality, which he perceived in the *conjunction*. He owed these discoveries to the perfection of his astro-

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nomical instruments. He was the first who introduced into astronomical calculations the effect of *refraction*, a matter, which was only vaguely divined by the ancients. We owe to him the first theory of the elements of comets, which had been to that time considered as simple meteors. He demonstrated by a great number of observations, that the heavenly bodies are subject to regular movements; and these he declared to be in circles round the sun. He observed with no less success the great star, which appeared suddenly in 1572. This famous appearance furnished him with an occasion to combat with Ptolomy upon the precise amount of the precession of the equinoxes; and to refute Copernicus in his pretended movement of the fixed stars. His observations and reasonings upon this subject, as well as upon the comets and the moon, are to be found in a book, entitled *Progymnasmata*, printed partly at Uranienburg, 1589, two vols. quarto. This great astronomer rejected the true system of the world, renewed by Copernicus. Perhaps he feared compromitting himself with the priests, who already persecuted the partisans of the movement of the earth. He placed the earth in the centre of the universe, and supposed the sun and moon to revolve round it; while Mercury, Venus, Mars and Saturn revolved round the sun. He was the author of a book, *concerning the more recent phenomena of the etherial world*, quarto, 1610. He left few writings. But his innumerable observations were collected by his disciples, and published 1666.

A genealogical register of the first settlers of New England, with biographical notes, alphabetically arranged. By John Farmer, corresponding Secretary of the New Hampshire Historical Society. Large 8vo. pp. 331.

This is a great and a handsome book, though to the New England people, we presume not a great evil. We are clear, that there is no other section of the United States, where such a work, as this, would either have paid the expenses of publication, or even have entered into the thoughts of the people. The New Englanders love their ancestors, I might say, venerate them. The parlors in the *old colony* are majestically adorned with the visages of the grim and big wigged stern old puritans, which are shown with an ancestral devotion, which is no where else seen in our country. Perhaps we might except the real *Tuckahoe* of old Virginia, and a few of the families of South Carolina. Here there is real knowledge of pedigree—a memory well stored with all the branches and twigs of the genealogical tree. But, that such a great book of lineage could have any where found so much acceptance in our country, as to have been published after this fashion, doubtless without loss to the publisher, struck us, as we looked into it, with astonishment. We are glad to see such a spirit. We dare answer, that the first movement of every reader will be to turn on to that letter of the alphabet, under which his family name is to be found. We say, we are glad to see it—not from any aristocratic feeling. The pride of birth, simply as such—the boast of a noble origin, and

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all that, is too contemptible, not to be spurned by every pretender to rationality, not to say republicanism.

Besides, we are well aware that, even upon the score of real aristocratic value of pedigree, most of us had better stand resolutely for a descent directly from Adam, without spending much thought, or allowing any officious peering into the intermediate records. It is altogether too ridiculous, to hear any person among us pretend to talk about noble descent, in the sense in which the phrase is understood in Europe. Nevertheless, we in America are as much pleased to find ourselves descended from a generous and worthy stock, the breed of the high minded, uncompromising, industrious, frugal, conscientious puritans, as if we could trace a line of twelve descents in a court calendar, or could prove that the blood of Bourbon or Nassau, or of all the Howards, flowed in our veins. There is reason, says the proverb, in roasting eggs. The New Englanders are not proud of their ancestors without a good and sufficient reason. Most of them would scout at the idea of phrenology, and yet are unconscious and instinctive disciples. The ten thousand understand a great many things, they know not how, and never have dreamed of accounting for in their philosophy. This respectable class knows instinctively, that in all the other races the blood and the qualities of the parents are transmissible. Why should it ever have been doubted, that it is not only equally so in the nobler races of men, but still more so than in any other of the animal tribes? The thousand cases, that every objector can raise in opposition, are either cases, in which it is impossible to understand the elements of the calculation, and therefore to say, whether they are in point or not; or they are the exceptions to all the general rules.

It is not, therefore, because the New Englanders imagine, that the descendants are more worthy, or honorable in consequence of the rank of their parents; but they feel instinctively conscious, that national qualities descend by blood; that the endowment and moulding and temperament and blood, that made the parents worthy, will, other circumstances being equal, make the children so. A noble lineage descends in virtue of no miserable black letter puerility of the herald's office, or daubing of the escutcheon. It has nothing to do with any thing that Cæsars or emperors, or courts can enact. Parchment, armorial bearing and emblazoning make no part. The Almighty asked no concurrence of man, when he ordained it in the original institutions, and the unchangeable ordinances of nature, that intelligence and high mindedness, and purity of moral character, the mental eye of eagle keenness, the elevated thought, and true dignity should be transmissible in the blood, still more certainly, than the propensities of the lion, and the eagle. We know, that the whole face of the species will present the aspect of an exception to ordinary observers. But we are clear, that it will do so to those, who apply true light and honest research to the study of the species, only because they understand not all the elements of the calculation.

If this be true, of which for one, we have no doubt, no one can attach too much pride and consequence to a worthy and virtuous parentage; and one of the most affecting and impressive motives, that can operate upon human nature, will be thus brought to bear upon the mind of every parent, that is worthy to be called such, that just so far, as he adds by his own

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virtuous efficiency, and training, to the stock of good transmitted to him by blood, so far he will be likely to ameliorate the mental organization of his children. If parents believed, what we have seen so often as to leave no more doubt of it on our mind, than of any other physical fact—that not only nobleness of mind and intellectual aptitude, but unhappily in the same channel, meanness, avarice, predisposition to drunkenness, thievery and all the vile propensities, are transmissible, in a certain degree, and under the ordinary circumstances, what an affecting view of parental responsibility would be presented to them!

With one word more we dismiss this episode, and return to the book. That man, who stems the tide of a bad current of blood, who redeems a degeneracy of hereditary mental temperament, so far from being ***a new man***, is nature's highest noble; for he has wrought against the strongest difficulties of human nature; and has merited all the renown of achieving a new creation.

We have little to add, except that this book has a short, but well written, appropriate and sensible preface, which we consider an indispensable appendage to a good book; and then enters at once into its objects, which are set forth in the following words, 'An alphabetical list of the governors, deputy governors, assistants of counsellors, and ministers of the gospel in the several colonies, from 1620 to 1692; graduates of Harvard College to 1662; members of the ancient and honorable artillery company to 1662: freemen admitted to the Massachusetts colony, from 1630 to 1652; with many other of the early inhabitants of New England and Long Island, N. Y. from 1620 to 1675.'

As far as our own knowledge extends, and we believe few are better acquainted with at least the physical aspect of New England, and as far as those of our friends, who have looked into the book, are competent to judge, it is an uncommonly accurate and faithful genealogical table, and must have cost the laborious author a research, the patience, extent and motives of which we can only imperfectly imagine.

The American Almanac and repository of useful knowledge, for the year 1830, comprising a calendar for the year; astronomical information, miscellaneous directions, hints and remarks, and statistical and other particulars respecting foreign countries and the United States. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 308. Boston. Gray & Bowen. New-York. G.C.&H.Carvill.

A notice of this work, on its first appearance in this city, had been written at some length, but was mislaid. We need only remark, that it has been prepared by the most accurate and diligent scholars in our country. We look at it with pride and astonishment. Our country has never produced any thing to compare with it. Nor do we believe, that there is such a work in any country, that surpasses it. It is beautifully published, contains every thing, upon which a man wishes to lay his hand in a work of this kind, and is a monument, a proud one, of the diligence and labor of the compilers. The people of the states most remote from the place of publi-

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cation will be surprised to find, that these compilers learned so much more of the statistics of their state and capital, than most of them did themselves, who dwelt in it. This is emphatically the gentleman's and the scholar's almanac. We are pleased to hear, that it has had an unparalleled run, and that the demand continues unabated.

The Talisman for 1830. Elam Bliss. Broadway, New-York: 1830. pp. 358.

We are rather late in the day, in noticing this original and beautiful work. Time passes over the ephemeral annuals, that, like plants of short arctic summers, spring up, and are seared by the frost of an early autumn. This book aspires, and notwithstanding the humble pretensions, which it puts forth, has a right to aspire to a perpetuity of value, which time, in its annual changes, instead of blasting, covers with enhanced interest. Mr. Herbert, indeed, may imagine, that he is invested with Talismanic mystery, and wears a charmed name; but, we suspect, he is a personage, whom we have delightfully conversed with, in our whilom days, whom we have followed to the moon, and in various other outlandish peregrinations, and always with the same pleasure and profit. It is true, those annuals, that are prepared by a great many hands, may do more for the literature of a country, eliciting the talent and stirring up the powers of new and unknown writers. But there is invariably found in these selections, with much that is beautiful, a great deal, that is crude and immature. In fact, they are fruit baskets of 'Jeremiah's figs.' There is a practised felicity and ease—a gentlemanly and delightful humor, a mellowness, a richness, a sustained interest, in an annual prepared by one or two trained and first rate writers, that cannot be expected in these gaudy mosaics, made up of shreds and patches.

We bestowed a passing remark upon the subjects of this book, as we read them in succession—for it is one of the few, that will fasten the attention, till it is finished. We quote to the 'evening wind.' These exquisite stanzas have appeared, we believe, in some of the papers.

'TO THE EVENING WIND.

'Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day;
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow—
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

'Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier at the coming of the wind of night;

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And languishing to hear their grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

'Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest—
Summoning from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

'The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

'Go—but the circle of eternal change
That is the life of nature, shall restore
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odours in the sea air—sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And listening to thy murmurs, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.'

There has never been a more graphic picture of the true wild Indian of our woods, than is drawn in the 'Indian Spring.' The whirlwind is a thrilling story admirably told; and is so unlike, in its manner and subject and scenery, any thing else in the book, that we were struck—as in many other of the pieces—with the wonderful versatility of the author's talent, which could enable him to draw with so much truth to nature, a character, which must be, we should think, wide from his walk and range of observation; and yet a character that seems scarcely possible to have been a mere ideal. The peregrinations of Petrus Mudd, in which a stupid, passive, good natured noodle was led unconsciously, quite over Europe, and a respectable slice of Asia, and where, in a hurry to return directly to New-York, he was beguiled into the notion, that the shortest cut there was by the Danish West Indies and Carracas, furnish an infinitely amusing story of broad farce. But alas! for poor Petrus Mudd. Sailors and jobbers led him, like an easy fool, as he was, to Italy—Egypt, Jerusalem and Copenhagen, in some of which places, as, for example, at Jerusalem he staid but a night. But though he travelled without motive, and he knew not where, his travels made him, as they have divers others, thrice a fool on his return. He was determined to study French, Russian, Italian, Spanish

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and Hebrew, all at once; and become a connoisseur, a savant, a mineralogist, a political economist and a politician. The Mudds, young and old, all shone, and flamed, and blazed in fashionable life; and not one of them could endure his own country; and they talked constantly of going to live in the polished society of Europe—among the arts and sciences.

'Scenes at Washington' is a most amusing specimen of that keen discrimination of character, that catches the almost imperceptible shades, in which one character differs from another. The satire and the moral are fine—and the humor, though not of that broad and coarse kind, which by common consent has been stamped wit in our country, is of that medicinal and charming Addisonian raciness, which creates the inward and intellectual gaiety of heart, the laughing of the spirit. The *two finished ladies*, the *Rev. Mr. Firkin*, *Mrs. Montagu*, *Mr. Latimer*, and the *exquisite*, are worthy of the Spectator.

We have elsewhere thrilled with those beautiful verses, that are predicated on the pre-existence and transmigration of the soul.

> "The soul, that rises with us, our life's star
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar,
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness;
> But, trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> From God, who is our home;
> Heaven lies above us in our infancy.'

There is a good expression in this piece, which is called 'association,' and which contains fine writing, which Mr. Webster will put down, we trust, in another edition of his dictionary. The maudlin and molasses raptures of silly personages, who exclaim on a mountain or at *Niagara*, *alack*, *alas*, *sublime*, *magnificent!* &c. without any capacity for real feeling, desecrate scenes of natural grandeur. This effect is laconically expressed by the term '*becockneyfied*.'

Two or three paragraphs in the 'German's story' are of a different and a high cast of writing—and are impressive samples of the author's power in walks the most diverse from the general scope of the book. The dim outline of mental consciousness between vigil and sleeping, is described with a vigor and fidelity, that give the first and second paragraphs almost a claim to be called sublime. As a specimen of this kind of writing, we give the following.

'We sat together in a recess, a window which admitted a prospect of the beautiful twilight scene; and the softened glory yet lingering in the west, mellowed but not yet all spiritual, as it irradiated her form and features, showed me the most delightful vision which prophet had ever seen, or poet pretended to behold. And it was no phantasm; for this exquisite image breathed and lived and panted responsively to the quick and full pulsations of my own heart: and as I looked down into her eyes, where the light of the soul illuminated each mysterious sun of expression, which shed its effulgence over the sweetly moulded world of her features, I seemed gazing into wells of unfathomable thought, and holiness and love. He who could have believed that truth did not lie at the bottom, would

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never have been healed at the pool of Bethesda. But what was *I* to believe? I only felt strong as the consciousness of my own existence that *we loved*. I saw my own miniature in each of those wondrous orbs; and did they not open into her heart?'

On the whole we were most pleased with the admirable novelette, 'the marriage blunder.' After dissenting from the old maxim, that marriages are matter of destiny, and affirming, that they are generally among the most deliberate and best weighed of our transactions, we find Mr. Herbert, to our no small dismay, poaching in our park of Red River. The descriptions are of infinite ease, truth and grace; and the story seems, as it were a real Red river creole matter of fact. La Ruche was creole born—nobly descended, and educated in Paris. He returned to the ancient and boundless forests of Red river, exchanged his silk breeches for leathern ones, and became in all points a forest planter, boatman, and hunter of the interior of Louisiana. With this man Mr. Herbert sojourns; and they ride to Adayes; and better and more graphic description of this strange looking place cannot be given. Of this we consider ourselves somewhat adequate judges; for we have stood among the ancient Spanish ruins; have seen the church with the cracked bells, and have admired the outre dragons, angels and animals, half demon, half swine, that are there done with a brush into sacred paintings. We should take pleasure in giving the story of *Pere Polo*, a curate who officiated in that church, and whose person lives on its canvass. He it was, who consummated this 'marriage blunder,' as thus. Teresa Paccard was a charming French creole girl of the country, sprightly, somewhat used to society, and able to read off-hand, rather an uncommon accomplishment in the keeping of the place and personages. Richard Lemoine was, also, a French creole, born a shepherd in the rich prairie plains of Avoyelles. Tired of the inglorious life of a shepherd, he had ascended Red River to Natchitoches, purchased a small plantation near Teresa's father, commenced planter, and fell in love with Teresa, as a matter of course; a love, which was reciprocated, for Teresa had a quick eye, and Richard was a fine person, a fine horseman, and every way a fine fellow. They consulted father Polo, who was the match maker, as well as conscience keeper of the village; and he agreed, that although there were some deficiencies, necessary to the perfection of wedded prospect, they might be married.

Another courtship, less tender, but more prudent, was in progress in the same vicinity at the same time. Madam Labedoyere was a rich widow of a French planter, herself of Anglo-American descent, forty, childless, and with a plantation near Richard's. After a short struggle her husband had resigned the domestic helm to her, remaining a submissive subject, and a most exemplary husband. After serving ten years, as a reward of his obedience and patience, death cut the silken ligaments of Hymen, and set him at liberty. Du Lac, a little old Frenchman, an inveterate hypochondriac, cross beyond measure, bilious, with a projecting under lip, and the corners of his mouth drawn down in perpetual and dolorous discontent, of sixty years standing, lived near her. There was one redeeming quality in him. He was rich. Madam Labedoyere felt herself moved, in her lonely days of widowhood, with the noble ambition of taming this intractable being. She showed him unwonted civility and deference; she

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played the tender and amiable; bowed to him, enquired about his ills, and medicated them in her own soft way. She made him good things from her well stored pantry, and when they met, her words distilled, as honey, and as soft, as snow fall, or April rains. The fierceness of command in her eye was softened down to a cat-like and sleepy languor and demureness. She had studied her part well, and she enacted it with success. His verjuice was mellowed, and, after a little affected coyness on her part, the bargain was struck. The beautiful painting, that follows, we will not mar.

'Thus matters were arranged between the mature and between the youthful lovers; they were to be married, and to be happy, and honest Baltazar Polo, the favorite of both young and old for leagues around, was to perform the marriage ceremony. The courtship of both parties had been in autumn, and now the chilly and frosty month of January was over, and the rains of February had set in, flooding the roads and swelling the streams to such a degree that nobody could think of a wedding until finer weather. The weary rains of February passed also, and the sun of March looked out in the heavens. March is a fine month in our climate, whatever it may be in yours, Mr. Herbert; it brings pleasant days and soft airs—now and then, it is true, a startling thunder-shower; but then, such a magnificence of young vegetation, such a glory of flowers, over all the woods and the earth. You have not yet seen the spring in Louisiana, Mr. Herbert, and I assure you it is a sight worth a year's residence in the country.

'March, as I told you, had set in; the planters began to entrust to the ground the seeds of cotton and maize; fire flies were seen to twinkle in the evening and the dog-wood to spread its large white blossoms, and the crimson tufts of the red-bud to burst their winter sheaths, and the azalea and yellow jessamine, and a thousand other brilliant flowers, which you shall see if you stay with us till spring, flaunted by the borders of the streams and filled the forests with intense fragrance; and the prairies were purple with their earliest blossoms. Spring is the season of new plans and new hopes—the time for men and birds to build new habitations and marry—the time for those who are declining to the grave with sickness and old age to form plans for long years to come. I myself, amidst the freshness and youthfulness of nature, and the elasticity of the air at this season, white as my hair is, sometimes forget that I am old, and almost think I shall live forever. Mons. Du Lac grew tenderer as the sun mounted higher, the air blew softer, and the forests looked greener; he became impatient for the marriage day, and entreated the widow to defer their mutual happiness no longer.'

The double marriage was to take place at the same time, and at the close of the jovial carnival, and in the budding of the genial days of spring —a spring so propitious to marriage, that it was named, in the graphic French nomenclature, *l'an des noces*, the year of weddings.

Both the female parties, from coyness or some other cause, insisted that the nuptials should be consecrated in the gray morning dawn of the last day of the carnival; and, as they would be obliged, according to Catholic usage to wait, until the lapse of the long lent, if the ceremony was longer deferred, the gallantry of the bridegrooms compelled them to assent. They accordingly met with twelve other couples at the church of cracked bells, at 3 in the morning. One of the fierce misty storms of a Louisiana spring was coming on, driving the columns of dark vapor amidst the moss covered pines, that bent, and deeply moaned in the blast. The interior of the

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church was imperfectly lighted. The father was near sighted, having lost one eye, and seeing dimly with the other. The fourteen couples were in a nervous hurry to be married, and get home before the storm. In the hurry and darkness and terror, it was not strange, that the father yoked Richard to Madam Labedoyere, and Du Lac to Teresa. Our Lady of Grief on the walls had never seen such a mistake in that church before. Away sped the parties before the storm, followed by their servants and attendants, through the forests, at the top of their speed; neither of the couples discovering their mistake, until Teresa found herself with the withered old fellow, Du Lac, surrounded by the state and circumstance of an opulent French planter—and submissively attended by great numbers of female negro servants. An *ecclaircissement* ensued. The sobbing girl of eighteen wished to fly from the silken sophas, and supple negroes, and the withered sexagenarian, to her young and vigorous Richard. But Du Lac was ravished with the view of her beauty. He represented the error not only as irremediable, but undoubtedly brought about by the contrivance of her faithless swain. The old fellow at the same time plied her with necklaces and trinkets and finery and flattery and promises. Resentment towards Richard co-operated, and she consented to share his bed.

There was much more trouble in the camp, when the grand and haughty widow arrived at Richard's log cabin. She bridled up among the plain people, and played the empress; and Richard, like a warm hearted fellow, snapped his fingers, told her some home truths in the way of comparison of her with his Teresa, and pushed out in the terrible storm, to retrieve the mistake, accompanied by his father. He bade his people retain the grand lady, as a hostage, until he should have rectified the mistake and brought back his true bride. Away they posted to the father; and by his advice to Teresa's; and thence to Du Lac's, which, being in an opposite direction, was no easy and short journey. Richard outrode his father. But neither time nor space were annihilated; and before they arrived at Du Lac's, the old gentleman and his bride had retired to rest, giving strict orders not to be disturbed. There was a great deal of storming; and Richard's father, of gigantic dimensions, and roused to a fury by the wrongs of his son, insisted that Du Lac should be forthcoming from his fresh bride, or he would beat his castle about his ears. The old man produced himself in his night clothes and night cap, rated Richard for a wicked gallant, who wanted to carry off his bride the first night; insisted, that she was contented, and left Richard with the impression, that there were circumstances belonging to the error, if it was one, that were irremediable. In sadness the disappointed husband and his father measured the long way back. They called on father Polo on the return, who told them, that the thing was fixed; that it was destiny, no doubt; and advised them to have all the parties forthcoming next day at his house—that the whole affair might be sagely, and equitably adjusted.

Meantime the grand lady, in this long interval for reflection, began to institute mental comparisons between the fresh and handsome Richard, and Du Lac; and to reflect, that she had wealth enough for both. She was reasonable; and after some discussion took Richard to her bed and board. They all appeared, according to the injunction, before father Polo next day. By the laws of Louisiana, the parties wed the person,

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but not the property. The father, after admitting, that what was done, could not be undone, ordained, that the marriage should be rendered valid, by the assignment of half of Madam Labedoyere's property to Richard; and half of Du Lac's to Teresa, by marriage contract; and it was so.

Our readers know, what a *charivari* is; and an ill assorted match calls it forth in those countries with power. Every instrument, which would clank, jingle, roar, or grate was put in requisition—and the whole region poured out its inhabitants to welcome the two couples, with a charivari after the most famous style. But the high spirited consort of Richard, aided by her gallant husband, and his powerful father, gave them such a shower of missiles, warm water and other domestic liquors as compelled a hasty retreat, that amounted to a rout. Not so Du Lac. They stormed his enclosures, swilled his wine, devoured his duck pies; and one of them kissed his pretty bride. Horns, tin-pans, cracked fiddles, tongs and grid irons, and all the other motley music of such a band were accompanied with the limping, but strongly phrased catches of these Troubadors, no wise complimentary to Du Lac. The old fellow felt the return of his verjuice propensities. He railed at the wassailers, at his negroes and his beautiful wife, and never ceased from his illtemper, till he had fretted himself to death, which he did in five years, leaving by Teresa a son and a daughter, and to her a handsome estate.

The widow tried her hand immediately upon Richard, to make him as good a subject, as his predecessor. But Richard, though a clever fellow, was made of opposition stuff, and was unconquerable. In five years his rib wore out with the internal and external agony of unsuccessful reaching for empire. She, too, had left Richard a handsome fortune, and a son and daughter. Richard and Teresa were united. The four children became the prettiest and happiest in that country.

Such is the brief of the story, marred in this abridgement. It is charmingly told, as whoever will read at length will see.

We have already greatly exceeded our intended length, when we commenced these remarks. We have not found leisure, until now, to examine this annual, which is not so splendid, as some others, in mechanical execution. We admire, that in the extended list of papers, which we look over, so little has been said of it, and so much of some others. We should feel both humbled and ashamed to believe, that the high polish, the delightful humor, the chastened interest, the fine writing of this book should have been overlooked by the public eye, because its tact was lost, and its visual perception dimmed by so much broad, obtrusive and factitious writing, which it has lauded, and pronounced beautiful. We restrain comparisons with our domestic annuals. But we have seen no foreign annual, and we have looked over a number, to compare with it.

We think, however, there is one defect in this book. The author has travelled every where. He has been continually conversant with the best modes of the highest and most polished society. It has imparted to him infinite command of conversational and colloquial phrase and style. It has added a finish to his writings, which could have been completed in no other way. But such large converse with polished society, if it does not wither the heart, renders it too sensitive to the ridiculous, at the same time, that it furnishes facilities to paint it. Wring the contents of

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the heart of a belle or a beau of high breeding, for analysis, into a vase, and you would find love of money, distinction, notoriety and all that; but not a particle of old fashioned love. Why should this deep and delightful sentiment, in every virtuous mind, be ridiculous? Neither Homer nor Virgil, nor Milton would have sung, as they have sung, if converse with society had rendered love ridiculous in their eyes. The heart of Mr. Herbert has been palled by too large discourse with society. Its modes have brought him to view this passion, and even the painting it, as ridiculous. When he describes love most charmingly, as he does, he veils it in the similitude of a dream, that what he has done may not seem ridiculous to himself. No man could depict this sentiment like him. No man holds the keys, that unlock the sacred fountains of pathos and tenderness and tears with more effect; if he would use them with the unsuppressed boldness and fulness of a fresh and unsophisticated heart. When we see *the secret history of the court of Dahomy*, about which his friends say such clever things, and about which he is so timid and modest, we hope, he will not tie his Pegasus up to the measured gait of modern *bienseance*; but let us have *love and pathos* of a thousand fathoms depth.

Life of Arthur Lee, L. L. D. &c. Vol. 2. 399. pp. large 8vo. Boston; Wells & Lilly, 1829.

[Continued from a former number.]

Before this beautifully got up book arrived, our sheets were too nearly filled, to admit of any pretensions to adequate analysis, or the most abbreviated abstract of its contents. We are glad to be informed, that this spirited work has excited great and general interest. It is true, the same key note is not always struck, as in other collections of the documents of the eventful period, which gave rise to these letters. But the views seem to us to be bold, honest, frank, independent—and the sentiments warm from the heart of a full blooded, ardent, and high minded, as he certainly was a talented Virginian. Except twenty-two pages of the close, the whole of this large volume is occupied in the correspondence of Mr. Lee, and the answers of his correspondents. No age or country ever presented a more inspiring, or spirit stirring occasion, than that, which produced these letters, which detail the dawning harbingers of the revolution, the speck in the political horizon, which was at first only dimly seen, and of the size of a hand. They carry you through that momentous and eventful struggle. They display him in different positions at home—in foreign courts, in conflicts with enemies and false brethren. They are from his respondents, statesmen, domestic and foreign—the wise, the great, those, who controled the master movements of states and courts; and they relate to every event, from the gaining, or losing a battle, contracting an alliance with a powerful nation—granting, or withholding an army, or a fleet with their munitions, down to good will procured, or ill will averted by donations of tobacco. You have none of the inflated periods for effect, or the

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tiresome and irrelevant episodes of history. You are *raptus in medias res*, hurried into the movements of pressing and present interests. Every event is vivid with the coloring of direct vision; and these letters, in this view, will be read with intense interest by every one, who wishes to drink from the source, in regard to his knowledge of the master spirits and the main springs of the revolution. This volume ought to find a place in the libraries of our young men, merely as furnishing fine specimens of epistolary writing; not samples got up in the gorgeous trickery of romance—but carrying with them the homefelt conviction of the truth and importance of the sentiments conveyed, as they existed in the minds of the writers.

That the reader may form some idea of the interest of the letters, we give the names of Mr. Lee's correspondents. The first letters of the volume are addressed by him to baron Schulenburg, the Prussian minister, as one of the American commissioners to the court of Berlin; his letters to the committee of correspondence of congress on foreign affairs; letters of Ralph Izard, commissioner of the United States to the grand duke of Tuscany, to him; and letters of Edmund Jennings and Mr. Brigden, written to him from England, during the war; his letters to his American correspondents, written during his residence in France; letters to him from his political, literary and scientific correspondents in America; letters from many of his correspondents in Europe and Great Britain; and a short, but highly interesting journal, kept on a journey to the Western country, to treat with the North Western Indians. Among his distinguished correspondents, we observe the late admirable Sir William Jones, a name which we never read, but with emotions of reverence. In comparison of such a man, the counts, dukes, courtiers and state ministers, with whom his functions, his talents and acquirements, or the ordinary intercourse of society brought him into the contact of correspondence, these pageants of court show and royal favor, hide their diminished heads. By no means the least interesting part of this correspondence is that with Warren, who fell on Bunker hill; with the late accomplished and venerable Judge Dana, the well known John Dickinson, Lovell, Gordon, Dunlany, Rutledge, Mason of Virginia, Bland, Madison, Jefferson, Franklin, John Adams, Samuel Adams, and other names consecrated in the page of American history. Circumstances seem to have brought him into peculiar contact with the revolutionary patriots of Boston and the vicinity. One of these letters details the circumstances of the famous throwing overboard of the tea in Boston harbor. We are delighted to find, in the letters of Mr. Page, of Virginia, to Mr. Lee, in relation to the question, so much agitated at this moment, who have acted from the beginning with most disinterestedness, in regard to the western country, that he 'considers the New Englanders to be the most virtuous people on the continent.'

Among his foreign correspondents, besides Sir William Jones, we find the earl of Buchan, the late Dr. Price, Lord Shelburne, the Marquis of Lansdown, General La Fayette, the Marquis of Rosignan of Berlin, the count Mousteir of Coblentz, &c. The responses to general Lee are all in a tone of confidential, and yet respectful intimacy, that intimates, more than a thousand professions, the estimates entertained of him by his correspondents. Of all the documents, which we have read, in relation to

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the revolution, we have met with none of higher and more sustained interest, than those of this volume; and whether we consider them merely in the light of fine models of epistolary writing, or as indispensable materials to more ample, accurate and philosophic views of the interior movements of the machinery of the revolution, they are acceptable and valuable presents to the community. Scarcely an event of any interest occurred in the revolution, scarcely a question in relation to it was agitated, at home or abroad, but what is here discussed with the frank and careless ease of the epistolary style; and we would hope, that none of our virtuous, instructed, and well principled youthful aspirants would thus be introduced to the closet and the privacy of such men, as Warren, the two Adams, Dana, Marshall, Franklin, La Fayette, Madison, Jefferson and Washington, without an expansion of heart favorable to the interest of these letters.

In the course of his correspondence, there is a great amount of matter brought to view, of direct bearing upon the west; and the volume presents a fair compend of the various and contradictory estimates of the interests, value and importance of the country, and the propriety or want of justice and policy of the western people, at the time of the discussion of the Spanish claims, and the right to the navigation of the Mississippi. It is very evident, that Mr. Lee, with all his prophetic keenness of foresight, had but very confused and inadequate ideas of the physical value of this country, and the destiny, which was so rapidly preparing for it. The probability of comfort and enjoyment, which he weighs, when settling the question, after the war, whether he should fix his domicil in Virginia, Old England or Kentucky, is by no means among the least interesting parts of the book. Indeed, the fragments of his western journal are of such freshness and interest, that they naturally excite regret, that only so small a part of the journal has been preserved. An epistle, received by Mr. Lee at Fort Pitt, from a member of the assembly of Pennsylvania, who was chief messenger of the expedition, evinces, that great men formerly, as at present, were sometimes wrought out of very indifferent timber. Were it not for the air of good faith, in which it is given, we should have taken it for one of the broadest efforts of our friend, Joseph Strickland. Our only regret in leaving this very interesting book, which is also beautifully printed, is, that we have so little space to devote to it.

Address of Professor Willoughby, to the Graduating Class, at the late commencement of the Fairfield Medical College.

We were struck with the pertinence and propriety of this pithy and excellent address. It is short, fervid, and to the point. We should take pleasure, in transferring the whole of it to our pages; but we have space only for the following extract, in proof, that the study of medicine has no natural tendency to produce infidelity.

'Embrace, and revere the purity of PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY: let it secure you against Infidel sentiments.

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'When we consider the peculiar character of our profession, as displayed in the wonderful structure and organization of Man, in the various functions of his body, their necessary connexion and mutual dependence—the whole animated by an invisible agent, enabling every part to act in harmony with the rest, and subject to the control of an intelligent principle, all of which bear the visible impress of a Divine hand—when, too, we contemplate the profession as exhibited in the solemn scenery of the death-bed, in the deep repentance of the profligate, in the dying confessions of the infidel—and these appalling circumstances placed in contrast with the animated hopes of the CHRISTIAN, the serenity of his last moments, the unshaken confidence that nerves his spirit in its passage out of life, all which come under the view of the physician—there would seem to be no necessity for admonishing you on this subject.

'Yet under all these circumstances, some of the members of our profession have imbibed infidel principles; insomuch that it has been seriously questioned, whether there was not something inherent in the science itself, calculated to originate and cherish a disbelief in a Divine agency.

'But the sentiment is as unfounded as it is unphilosophical. Both the study and practice of medicine are alike calculated to impress the candid mind with a conviction of the existence of the Supreme Being, and to excite the highest admiration of his power, wisdom, and beneficence.

'Whatever may have been the moral and religious state of the profession in other times, and in other countries, its present condition, particularly in these United States, shows us there is no necessary connexion between the science of medicine and scepticism; and it is gratifying to recognize the fact, that all the most eminent physicians of our country openly espouse the Christian religion, defend its doctrines, and give the whole weight of their influence in support of moral and religious institutions.

'Remember, the way of Infidelity is *downward;* and when once you enter it, each succeeding step will urge you onward with increasing celerity. Few have trod this dark and fearful path, and returned to warn others of its fatal termination.

'Flee, gentlemen, that chilling system of philosophy, which sees in the universe no design—in adversity no tendency to good—in futurity no gleams of hope—and in heaven no Creator, Benefactor, Father, or Friend!

'Study daily the oracles of Divine truth; and while you trace the pages of the sacred volume, open your minds to the conviction of its evidences, and be guided by its precepts.

'Observe strict temperance in the use of *ardent spirits.*—There is no subject, gentlemen, on which I would entreat you with more earnestness than this: it is a rock, on which many of our profession have foundered—a whirlpool, into which numbers have been drawn.

'The habits and occupation of the physician peculiarly expose him to the vice of intemperance. The arduousness and irregularity of his business, his exposure to the vicissitudes and inclemencies of the season, the interruption of his hours of repose—all seem to call for refreshment, and furnish his friends with an apology for constantly urging on him the use of ardent spirits.'

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TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

Our collector and publisher has been, for some months, requesting us to grant him a little corner, in which he may pronounce a short discourse to you. His request seeming but reasonable, we have consented. May he avail himself of words of power; and may you hear, and perpend. You have only to suppose him on a stump, and yourselves listeners, while he addresses you, as follows:

BELOVED, I so call you, because it is my vocation, and a habit. But there would be more sincerity in the phrase, if you had all paid me. Time is on the wing; and the consummation of my third volume is at hand; and, though I have watched the mail, even as the eyes of a servant are on his master, you are not yet prepared for that crisis. Mr. Willis, and other dainty editors, who consort only with those, who are clad in scarlet and fine linen, are privileged to speak of the *quid pro quo*, as the Romans did of *death and the furies*, calling the one *decease*, and the other *venerable sisters*. This softened and periphrastic speech is in good keeping with the voluptuous study of centre table, Turkey carpet, damask curtains, softened lights, and the white handed, fair haired, rosy cheeked and fascinating inmates. I am compelled to strike a graver key, to harp a deeper string; and to deal with paper makers, printers and binders, men of stern faces, laconic speech, and inflexible gravity, who understand not softenings and circumlocutions, and who hold compliments, in lieu of reality, in abhorrence. They are, moreover, bigoted observers of set days, and certain ceremonies of restitution for the past, and pledges for the future.

Beloved, understanding it as aforesaid, no man knoweth, what sorts of people make up this our world, as the publisher of such a journal, as mine; especially, if those who subscribe live on a thousand hills, and all the way from Maine to Mexico, and imagine, that they are not comeatable, by reason of their distance, by the strong arm of the law. I print my terms on every cover; and I challenge human speech to make them plainer. But I have paid the postage of more than a hundred letters, quibbling and disputing with me, as though that would pay the debt. Some complain, that they were coaxed into subscription. I am sorry for your easiness and folly. Pay up, and be more hard hearted, and cautious next time. Others find fault with the matter, style and sentiments of the Review. That proves, beloved, one of two things; that either you, or the editor, do not know every thing. Some complain, that we do not charge enough, and alledge inability to find bills, of three and four dollars. I have to suggest a cure for that evil. I furnish more matter (vide my large page and small type) than the five dollar monthlies. Suppose you take the whim of munificence, and enclose me five dollars. As for the patronage, of which some of you talk, whip me those patrons, who do not pay. I would none of them. You owe me among you three thousand dollars. I hope, that your opulence is such, that it seems a trifling matter to you. But, if you knew how affairs are with me, you would not wonder, that I am in good earnest, while I expostulate, and colloquize with you. The withholding your individual subscription may be a trifle, and a sport to you; but the deficit of the sum total is death to me.

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We pride ourselves in the backwoods upon being original, and perpendicular, like the blow of a hammer. I have a project, beloved, for the collection of what you owe me, which I impart to you in confidence, and *sub rosa*. I wish it may go into an example. It will do more for the public honor and honesty, than a thousand sermons. My subscription list embraces as honorable and as respectable names, as our country can furnish. By way of contrast, I propose, in the last number of the third volume, beloved, to make out a list of my delinquent subscribers. Delinquency for one year shall be marked by one star, as thus (*)—and so on according to your arrears. When my Review shall be translated into foreign languages, and shall run on to many editions, how elevating to your sons sons, to see, that their ancestor was not a pacha of three tails, but a knight of three stars! Observe, moreover, that you will not only see your name among the stars; but that this will in no wise exempt you from the visitation of our long sided friend, who traveleth with bills up and down the earth, and to and fro in it, regardeth no man's person, 'and dealeth directly with our friend, the attorney. Therefore, beloved, I beseech you, pay me, what ye owe. As soon as the glorious word *Paid* is written against your name, it seems in my eye to radiate with a kind of glory. I look at it with the yearnings of the purest affection. Make no scruples about the difficulty of obtaining threes and fours—but magnanimously enclose the easy and common denomination *five*. Have no misgivings about the safety of our uncle's letter bags. I warrant me, if you go through the actual ceremony of dropping the money into them, it comes direct to me. I cannot but hope, that you will not compel me to make you a knight of the star.

For the rest, I intend to give those of you, who yield me the effective patronage of paying me, the Review for another year on a new and handsomer paper and type. You may, possibly, lie under the mistake of imagining my editor the worse for the wear. No such a thing. There are, as I believe, hundreds of good stories and Reviews yet in his treasury. I have been constantly urging him to put forth all his thunders, which, I do not understand him, if he has done yet. Therefore, one and all, come forward, and put down your names, nothing doubting; and always accompanied with the——*in advance*. I shall be *mighty cautious* of sending such a precious thing, as my review, hereafter, without it. As our facetious friend at Hartford said, I cannot afford to fiddle for you longer, without pay; or, in more classical language, press my cheeses for the ungrateful city.

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Hon B Pickman

THE

Folio Mags

WESTERN

Monthly Review.

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'BENEDICERE HAUD MALEDICERE.'

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MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, L. C. Bowles. Carter & Hendee.
Cambridge, Hilliard & Brown.
Salem, Whipple & Lawrence
Northampton, Simeon Butler.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, F. Y. Carlile.

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THE
WESTERN
MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1830.

[Extract from the Shoshonee Valley, a work now in the press.]

The Shoshonee Valley; a romance. 'Dulcia linquimus arva; nos patriam fugimus.' By the Author of Francis Berrian. 2 vols. 12mo. Cincinnati, E. H. Flint: 1830.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I DESIRE not to despise the admonition of those, who, out of a tender regard to *bienseance*, have admonished me, that other themes, than the following, more befit my pen. A more impressive admonition, the voice of years in their flight, has inculcated the same warning. I do not pledge myself to have forsworn peccadillos of a similar character; but I mean never again to perpetrate offences of romance on a large scale. I hope, the reader will be more ready to accord indulgence in this case, as knowing, it will be his last opportunity. Criticism, of whatever character, cannot deprive me of one satisfaction,—the testimony of my inward consciousness, that whatever other demerit may attach to my writings in this walk, they are at least free from the inculcation of a single sentiment, that had not in my view the purest moral tendency.

With Elswatta, I deprecate the walking of little men over the graves of my romances; and I earnestly desire, that no one will intermeddle in this work, in the way of criticism, who has neither eyes to see, imagination to admire, or heart to feel simple nature, as I have communed with her in scenes, the memory of which is attempted to be transferred to these pages. To those, who love forests, meadows, rivers and mountains, the gay April singers, who return to their forsaken groves, to chirp the tune of the melting snows, the yellow cup of the cowslip, the renovated croaking of the water-dwellers, and the breathing odors of the first vernal vegetation, to whomsoever any touch of sensibility of this sort appertains, to him, to her I dedicate this book; and I will meekly abide their award, be

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it for good, or evil. I am sufficiently aware, that enough will be found to say backward prayers. I would comfort them by the information, that I have already gathered a reward, which is stored out of their reach, the pleasure of contemplating these pictures, as they rose in my mind, beguiling me of many an hour of pain; and soothing many an anxiety and care, excited by far other associations.

In relation to the materials of this tale, I would only remark, that many years past, I had the pleasure to be present, where M. Mackay, the venerable commandant, under the Spanish regime in Louisiana, of the district of Carondelet, or 'Vide Poche,' below St. Louis, made one of a company of several travellers, who had each crossed the Rocky Mountains to the Western sea. He had himself been an extensive traveller in the interior of our continent, and was one of the most intelligent, with whom I have ever met. Their conversation chiefly fell upon the adventures, which had befallen them in their trips over the rugged and nameless mountains, between that place and the Pacific. These narratives of surpassing interest of the spectacles, rencontres and accidents, by flood and field, which naturally befel them in a journey of such immense length, and in such wild regions, planted in my memory the germ and the *stamina* of the following tale. Elder Wood and Baptiste, Ellswatta, Areskoui, Manitouna, the self immolation, and even Jessy, *mutato nomine*, are no fictions. I have only to apprehend, that their intrinsic interest will have been diminished, in passing through my version. To those, who find me in any instances minute and prolix, I offer the admirable apology of the minister, who replied to the charge of delivering too long sermons, that he had not time to make them shorter. I felt myself almost constrained by necessity to sketch similar landscapes, which presented on the different wanderings of the Shoshonee, which there will not be wanting wise ones to stamp with the opprobrium of repetition. In classical humility I remind them. that Homer is famous for repeating a good thing, *verbatim et literatim*, seven times. If I am not always alike, they will remember. that Horace says

'Aliquando bonus Homerus dormitat.'

CHAPTER I.

There unnamed mountains hide their peaks in mist,
And devious wild streams roll.

The Shoshonee are a numerous and powerful tribe of Indians, who dwell in a long and narrow vale of unparalleled wildness and beauty of scenery, between the two last western ridges of the Rocky Mountains, on the south side of the Oregon, or as the inhabitants of the United States choose to call it, the Columbia. They are a tall, finely formed, and comparatively fair haired race, more mild in manners, more polished and advanced in civilization, and more conversant with the arts of municipal life, than the contiguous northern

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tribes. Vague accounts of them by wandering savages, hunters, and *coureurs du bois*, have been the sources, most probably, whence have been formed the western fables, touching the existence of a nation in this region, descended from the Welsh. In fact many of the females, unexposed by their condition to the sun and inclemencies of the seasons, are almost as fair, as the whites. The contributions, which the nation has often levied from their neighbors the Spaniards, have introduced money and factitious wants, and a consequent impulse to build after the fashions, to dress in the clothes, and to live after the modes of civilized people, among them. From them they have obtained either by barter or war, cattle, horses, mules, and the other domestic animals, in abundance. Maize, squashes, melons and beans they supposed they had received as direct gifts from the Wahcondah, or Master of Life. The cultivation of these, and their various exotic exuberant vegetables, they had acquired from surveying the modes of Spanish industry and subsistence. Other approximations to civilization they had unconsciously adopted from numerous Spanish captives, residing among them, in a relation peculiar to the red people, and intermediate between citizenship and slavery. But the creole Spanish, from whom they had these incipient germs of civilized life, were themselves a simple and pastoral people, a century behind the Anglo Americans in modern advancement. The Shoshonee were, therefore, in a most interesting stage of existence, just emerging from their own comparative advancements to a new condition, modelled to the fashion of their Spanish neighbors.

Their common hunting grounds are on the wide grass plains, stretching from their native mountains to the western sea. Elk, antelopes, mountain sheep, deer and water fowls are their most abundant game on their own side of the mountains. Along their smaller streams and mountain torrents they trap the beaver, otter and muskrat. Ermine, sables, and four species of foxes, constituted the chief material of their peltries. They had often descended the Oregon to pursue seals and the other hairy dwellers in the depths of the sea. The traces of their footsteps, and their temporary huts were frequently seen amidst the dark hemlock forests on the Pacific shore. These free rangers of the deserts, as they saw the immense fronts, range behind range, of the ocean surf rolling onward, to whiten, and burst on the sand at their feet, had their own wild conceptions of the illimitable grandeur, and the mysterious and resistless power of the ever-heaving element. They nerved their Herculean frames by bathing in the pure waters.

Variety and change are indispensables in the sum of their wants. To diversify their range and their monotonous thoughts, they set their faces towards the rising sun, and marched gaily along the grass plains, to scale the cold summits and breast the keen air of the mountains interposing between them and the hundred branches of

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the long Missouri, along whose valleys they purposed to course the buffalo. Hence their wide range of survey, the variegated modes of their existence, their different objects of pursuit, their alternate converse with ocean, river, valley and mountain, and the various mental tension necessary to diversify their meditations, according to their range and object, gave them the intellectual superiority, in comparison with the more stationary Indians, of travellers capable of a certain amount of reasoning, comparison and abstraction.

Their chief village, or metropolis, will be hereafter described. The great body of their nation dwelt near it, so that the mass of the people could be assembled, on an emergency, in half a day. Their free domain comprised an extent of five hundred leagues. The country of their compact and actual settlement is a vale, than which the earth cannot show one more beautiful or more secluded, the vale of the Sewasserna. This stream, in which the poets would have placed the crystal caves of the Naiads of the ancient days, comes winding down in a clear, full, strong, and yet equable and gentle tide, from the mountains. Up its pure and ice formed waters ascend, in their season, countless numbers of the finest salmon; and in its deep and circling eddies play trout, pike, carp, tench, and all the varieties of fish of cold mountain rivers. The Indian, as he glides down the stream, sees the shining rocks at the bottom, covered with tresses of green waving moss, at the depth of twenty feet. This circumstance, along with its transparency, unquestionably furnishes the etymology of its name, which imports the sea green river. Streaked bass, shiners, gold fishes, and beautiful and undescribed finny tribes, dart from their coverts along the white sand, flit from the shadow of the descending canoe, or turn their green and gold to the light, as they fan, as it were, with their purple wings, or repose in the sun beams that find their way through the branches that overhang the banks.

A splendid variety of wild ducks, the glossy grey mallard, the beautiful, blue winged teal, the green crested widgeon, the little active dippers, the brilliant white diver, appropriate to those waters, in numbers and diversities, which the naturalist only could class, the solitary loon, raising his lugubrious and ill omened note in unsocial seclusion, the stately swan, sailing in his pride and milky lustre slowly along the stream, the tall, sand hill crane, looking at a distance precisely like a miniature camel, the white pelican with his immense pouch in front, innumerable flocks of various species of geese, in short an unknown variety of water-fowls with their admirable sailing structures, their brilliant, variegated and oiled vestments, their singular languages and cries, were seen gliding among the trees, pattering their broad bills amidst the grasses and weeds on the shores; or, roused by the intrusion of man among them, their wings whistle by in two disparting flocks, the one tending up, and the other down the stream.

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It would be useless to think of enumerating the strange and gay birds, that sing, play, build, chide and flutter among the branches of the huge sycamores and peccans. Among the more conspicuous is the splendid purple cardinal, with its glossy and changeable lustre of black crest, the gold colored oriole, looking down into its long, hanging nest, the flamingo darting up the stream, like an arrow of flame, the little peacock of trees, the wakona, or bird of paradise, the parti-colored jay, screaming its harsh notes, as in every portion of our continent, the red winged woodpecker, 'tapping the hollow beech tree,' the ortolan in countless flocks, in plumage of the most exquisite softness of deep, shining black, the paroquets with their shrill screams, and their splendor of green and gold, numberless humming birds, plunging their needle-shaped bills into the bignonia, bustards, grouse, turkies, partridges, in a word an infinite variety of those beautiful and happy tenants of the forest and the prairie, that are formed to sing through their transient, but happy day among the branches.

The mountains, on either side of the valley, tower into a countless variety of peaks, cones, and inaccessible rocky elevations, from six to ten thousand feet high. More than half of them are covered with the accumulated snows and ices of centuries, which, glittering in mid air, show in the sun beams in awful contrast with the black and rugged precipices, that arrest the clouds. From these sources pour down the thousand mountain torrents, that fill the Sewasserna with waters of such coldness, that, even in the high heats of summer, if you bend from your position under the shade of the peccan, and dip your hand in the water, thus collected from numberless and nameless mountains, the invigorating chill is, as if you plunged it in ice-water. The rocks, cliffs and boulders, partly of granite and partly of volcanic character, black and rugged in some places; in others porphyritic, needle, or spire shaped, shoot up into pinnacles, domes and towers, and still in other places, lie heaped up in huge masses, as though shook by earthquakes from the summits, where they had originally defied the storms; and now show, as the ruins of a world. Yet between these savage and terrific peaks, unvisited, except by the screaming eagle, are seen the most secluded and sweet valleys in the world. Here and there appear circular clumps of hemlocks, spruces, mountain cedars, silver firs, and above all the glorious Norwegian pines. They dot the prairie in other places, showing like a level, cultivated meadow, covered with a rich and short grass, an infinite variety of plants and flowers, among which wild sage, ladies' slippers, columbines, and blue violets are the most conspicuous. The breeze, that is borne down from the mountains, always sighs through these ever-green thickets, playing, as it were, the deep and incessant voluntary of nature to the Divinity. Under the dark brown shade of these noble trees repose, or browse, elk, antelopes and mountain sheep. In numerous little

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lakes and ponds, where the trout spring up, and dart upon the fly and grasshopper, the verdure of the shores is charmingly re-painted, in contrast with the threatening and savage sublimity of the mountain, whose summits shoot down as deep in the abyss, as they stand forth high in the air. As you turn your eyes from the landscape, so faithfully pencilled on these sleeping waters, to see the substance of these shadows, the view dazzled with the radiance of the sun beams, playing on the perpetual snows in the regions of mid air, reposes with solace and delight on the deep blue of the sky, that is seen between, undimmed, except by the occasional passing of the bald eagle, or falcon hawks, as they cross your horizon, sailing slowly from the summit of one mountain to another.

In a valley of this sort, spreading ten leagues in length, from south to north, and sustaining an average width of a league, dwelt the Shoshonee, and their subdued allies, the Shienne. Beside the bisection of the Sewasserna, it is separated into two regular belts, or terrace plains. The partition between the two terraces is a prodigious, brilliant colored lime stone wall, rising fifty paces east of the Sewasserna, which meanders through the valley from south to north, seeking its junction with the Oregon. This singular *wall*, from a tradition, that a large party of Black-feet savages were once driven, after a severe defeat, to leap it in their escape from their foe, and in which leap more than fifty of them were dashed in pieces, is called in Shoshonee Wes-ton-tchalee, or the fatal leap. It has a general elevation of at least three hundred feet; and shoots up among the hemlocks and cedars into turrets, pinnacles, spires, cupolas and domes, as though here were the remains of some ancient and depopulated city, with its temples and towers, defying time, in everlasting stone. Conforming to a common analogy of such walls, when they form the bluff of a river in an alluvial valley, it had an immense curvature within, and the summit projected in the form of a half arch, nearly a hundred feet beyond the perpendicular of the base, forming for a distance of many miles an alcove of inexpressible grandeur, shielded from all the inclemencies of the seasons, except in front, and even that was walled in with the ever-green branches and the lofty columns of hemlocks and pines, of a thickness and depth of verdure, to create a solemn twilight at noon day. One would think, that the very court and throne of echo was held in this vast rotunda. The solemn and swelling whisper of the breeze, as it rose, and sunk away in the ever-greens, was magnified here to the anthem stops of an organ. The traveller in the wilderness sees a thousand places, where nature has method in her seeming play. The showing in this strange spot was, as of a succession of ancient castles and alcoves, the grandeur and extent of which mocked all the petty contrivances of human art.

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The Shoshonee and Shienne, with a tact and calculation very unlike the general heedlessness and want of forecast of the savages, had selected their winter, and what might be called their permanent habitations, in this noble range of rotundas. Trees, with straight and branchless shafts of an hundred feet, marked the divisions between family and family. A frame of wicker work within corresponded with the divisions, and extended to the base. The ceiling was of bark, and wrought with that dexterity and neatness, which that people always put in requisition, when they intend ornament. Vistas, cut at regular intervals through the thicket and quite to the banks of the Sewasserna, at once gave light to the dwellings, furnished a view and a path to the river and the green and open plain on the opposite bank, and marked off the bounds and the compartments of the different families. Screens of beautifully painted rush work were sometimes used to exclude the inclemency of some of the winter days. But, such was the depth and security of the shelter from the extremes of heat, or cold, such the extent of the provision in this work of nature for habitancy, that the temperature in this generally equable climate must be severe indeed, when artificial exclusion of the cold, or kindling of fires was necessary for comfort. Such were their winter dwellings. Their summer houses were on the upper belt, overhung by the eastern mountains on the right, and looking down upon the Sewasserna and the green vale below on the left. Here they pitched large and cone-shaped tents, neatly formed either of rushes, or buffalo skins. The terrace above was an alluvial plain of a soil still richer, and of a mould still blacker and more tender, than that below. Noble peccan and persimon trees shaded their tents. Pawpaw shrubberies marked off their limits in long squares; and here, amidst a profusion of wild flowers, and under the embowering foliage of wild grape vines, they passed their summers. At present they dwelt secure from the fear of any foe. But it had not always been so. The Indians of the remote north, united with the Blackfeet, and finding friends in their immediate neighbors, the Shienne, had formerly been formidable enemies; and in the days of their forefathers, rude ladders had been formed by thongs of hide, and, appended from the hemlock trunks above, had constituted a rope ladder, by which, when danger was apprehended, they fled from their summer tents to their ropes, and, like opossums evading their pursuers, they all dropped in a few moments to the unassailable fastnesses of their winter retreats.

Nature furnished them with inexhaustible supplies of prairie potatoes and other esculent roots, grapes, wild fruits, and strawberries. In summer they speared an ample supply of salmon, with which the Sewasserna abounded, pickled their buffalo humps and tongues, and smoked and jerked their elk and deer's flesh and hams. Sea fowl, turkies, bustards, and the smaller kinds of game

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and fresh venison rarely failed them at any period of the year. But in the winter, their provisions all laid in, their tallow, their seal and sea lion's oil provided for lights, and, in addition, a huge supply of the splinters of fat pine, they gave themselves up to visiting, journies of amusement, trapping the otter, beaver and muskrat, and just so much hunting, as furnished fresh venison, and offered diversion. The vast alcove, that arched over them, defied the storms; and during the long evenings, was brightly illuminated by the burning pine, and their lamps, formed of the large, purple sea-shells. Here the old men smoked, talked over the story of their young days, and settled in council, when the moon of flowers should return, whether they had best pursue seals in the great salt lake, or scale the mountains, and follow the buffalo over the measureless verdure of the Missouri prairies. The young men and women sat apart, and whispered, and laughed and made appointments, and circulated scandal, and managed love much in the same way, and to the same effect, as white people in towns during the same season.

The Shienne, incorporated, intermarried and amalgamated with them, still preserved recollections, that they had once been a powerful people. But they were subdued, and compelled to live in the immediate vicinity and constant survey of their conquerors; and necessity and policy taught them to smother deep in their bosoms their proud and revengeful feelings, and to wait for a time auspicious to more decisive manifestation. The chief town, if four hundred habitations, ranging under this arching battlement of stone might be so called, was nearly in the central point of the valley. An interval of a mile divided between it, and the central residences of the Shienne. But, as happens among the whites, there were clans within clans; there were large family connexions; there were associations of like-minded people; there were single solitary families, that preferred to live alone; there were families, who could not endure the more comfortable dwellings of the villages, and chose to live in rude bark or log cabins, like the Black-feet. Hence there were villages on the declivities of the mountains, and on the margins of the streams, that entered the Sewasserna from them; and there were hamlets, and detached and solitary habitations sprinkled over the whole extent of the valley.

In summer the numerous tents on the upper terrace showed at a distance, like communities of bee hives. In winter, the traveller, who sauntered along the eastern bank of the Sewasserna, marking the flights of wild fowls, hovering over the dark-rolling stream, or the summits of the mountains alternately showing black peaks, or glittering masses of ice, observed, indeed, this grand and singularly curved wall on the right. He marked numberless smokes streaming above the tops of the pines. He noted the straight columns of their trunks in front of the nature-built battlement. He saw from this grand and enduring structure spires and domes of stone surmount the

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wall. He traced the straight avenues cut through the pines and the frequent tracks of human feet. He saw cattle, asses, mules and horses grazing, or browsing on the upper and lower terraces. He heard the shrill notes of domestic fowls, and the barking and baying of numberless dogs. But, were it not, that here and there Indian boys were seen shooting with the bow, a woman passing to the river for water, or a warrior listlessly stretching his arms in the sun, he would not have known, that he was passing by the proud metropolis of the Shoshonee, which, like Rome, had its tributary and subdued nations; which, like every place, where men and women congregate, had its ambition, intrigue, love, broil, exalted and humble aspirations, in short the real, equal, though miniature correspondence—as the Swedenborgians say—of all, that was in Rome, or is in Pekin or Petersburg, Paris, London, or Washington.

The Shoshonee *capitol* ought not, however, to be altogether pretermitted in description. Being the only permanent building, that was entirely artificial, they had exhausted their industry, skill, wealth and ornament upon it. It was at least three hundred feet in length, its centre resting upon the trunks of lofty pines; its sides supported by shafts of cedar trunks, planted deep in the earth. It was roofed with bark; and elsewhere covered with boards, split from the pine. Every idea of Indian taste had been put in requisition, to embellish the Shoshonee council-house. Beautifully painted buffalo robes, ornamented with the *totems* of the chiefs and of the tribe, were suspended as a kind of interior hangings from the walls. Articles of Spanish furniture—Spanish flags, crucifixes and other church ornaments, attested that they had made successful incursions into the Spanish settlements. Every thing, in fact, that Indian ingenuity could invent, or Indian wealth supply, had been lavished in the fitting up of the interior. It was all neatly carpeted with rush matting, marked off in compartments of blue and red, except a large circle round the council fire in the centre, which was *medicine ground*, and within which none but the aristocracy of the tribe might enter.

A more important appendage still to their establishment was the common field. It was along the western bank of the Sewasserna, some miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in depth. A living hedge of pawpaw fenced it on three sides, and the river on the fourth. It was a friable, black, level alluvion, inexhaustibly fertile, and of a loamy and tender texture, easy to be tilled. At intervals nature planted sycamores, and peccans threw out their verdant and sheltering arms, to shade the weary laborers, as they tended their maize under the high heats of summer. Here waved their maize. Here were their squashes and melons, and such other esculent plants, as they cultivated; and every Shoshonee had his limits marked off, and was assessed an amount of labor, corresponding to his extent of ground. Those, who were too indolent to

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labor, shared not in the harvest. Those, who preferred solitary and individual exertion, selected such a spot, as pleased them, and cultivated, and labored little or much, at their own choice. The same council-house was common to the Shoshonee and Shienne; but the latter with their sympathies of nationality, cultivated a second common field, in front of their own chief village.

Here would be the place, to describe their government, in form a fierce democracy; but in efficiency a strong monarchy, or rather despotism, in which all the emblems of power, all the badges of authority, and all the words of injunction, and prescriptions of law were inaudible and invisible. Here might be given the ceremonies of their worship of the Wah-con-dah, or Master of life, a ritual simple, mild and unpersecuting, their marriages, their modes, their traditions, their manner of intercourse, and the numberless details, that belonged to their interior and domestic existence. But this would require an extent and compass of details foreign to the purpose of this history; and besides such development of these subjects, as is material to the narrative, will naturally be interwoven with it in the proper place.

Here, in these quiet and green retreats, secluded from that world, which calls itself civilized, and by eminence the great world, by nameless inaccessible peaks of a line of mountains, stretching along the western front of the American continent, had lived successions of the Shoshonee for countless generations. Their traditions reached not to the time, when their tribe had a commencement. Their minds had not grasped the idea, that it had not been, as they believed, an eternal chain. Their recent history, in its public details, showed almost unbroken annals of successful incursions and attacks, or of peace, abundance and prosperity, and their general holiday was the whole period of the year.

Happy for them, if an impassable gulf, a Chinese wall, an adamantine barrier could for ever have protected them from the ingress and communication of the white race, their gold and their avarice, their lawless love and their withering influence, their counsels and their new train of thoughts, their excitements, schemes and passions, their new habits and necessities originating from them; their power to inspire in these simple people disrelish and disgust with their ancient ways, without imparting better, and, above all, their accursed besom of destruction, in the form of ardent spirits. But, in a disastrous era for them, the white men had found their way into these mysterious hiding places of nature. Their ever restless feet had scaled these high and snow-clad mountains. Their traps had been already set upon the remotest mountain torrent of the Sewasserna. This ingress had been cloaked by as many ostensible pretexts as there had been immigrants. But every motive had been a direct appeal to the unsuspecting, instinctive and ample hospitality of the Shoshonee. Some had come among

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them, as suppliants, and really emaciated with hunger; and perishing with exposure, toil and disease, had appealed to their pity and humanity. The unwieldy Spanish fire arms, with which they had been partially supplied, were exchanged for British guns and American yagers, brought among them by itinerant trapping traders. Guns and gunpowder and blankets and trinkets and vermilion and looking glasses were in a little time almost regular articles of supply from the mouth of the Oregon. Unhappily, all the visitants concurred in bringing ardent spirits, to neutralize, and mar all the questionable advantages of their intercourse.

For some years their most frequent visitants had been of those strange, fearless, and adamantine men, the hunters and trappers of the Rocky Mountains, who followed the steps of the intrepid Lewis and Clarke from the regions of the rising sun. Wandering alone, or in pairs, eight hundred leagues from the habitations of civilized men, renouncing society, casting off fear, and all the common impulses and affections of our nature—seeing nothing but mountains, trees, rocks, and game, and finding in their own ingenuity, their knife, gun and traps, all the Divinity, of which their stern nature and condition taught them the necessity, either for subsistence or protection, they became almost as inaccessible to passions and wants, and as sufficient to themselves, as the trees, or the rocks with which they were conversant; they came among the Shoshonee more adroit, and more capable of endurance, than themselves.

Not long after, boats rowed by white men, were seen ascending the Oregon and the Sewasserna, from the Western sea. The dwellers in these secluded valleys, though separated by immense distances from the Spaniard on the one hand, and the Muscovite on the other, and the shores of the widest sea on the globe at the west, and the eight hundred leagues of the lower courses of the Missouri on the east, from other inhabited regions, began to find it necessary, in order to account for these strange visits of different people from such remote and opposite quarters, to resort to their ancient and vague traditions, that 'the little white men of the mountains,' had filled all the world with pale faces; and had left them, the Blackfeet, and the other tribes of red men, with whom they were acquainted, in these delightful solitudes—as in a vast and happy island, to which the restless pale faces were laboring to attain from all points of the compass.

The views of these visitants were as various, as their characters. Most came to hunt, and trap, and trade, and barter with the Indians, and gather peltries and furs, with the leading inducement to make money. Some of these sojourners, no doubt, looked about them with a certain degree of enthusiasm and excited thought, a certain half chill sensation of the awful and sublime, as from the green vale and its devious stream they surveyed the frowning peaks, rising in their savage grandeur to the region of eternal storm and

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ice. Others saw all this with perceptions, probably, less keen, than the wild deer, that bounded among the trees. Some loved the images of unrestricted love, of licensed polygamy, of freedom from the legal ties of marriage, of free and untramelled roving. But all the adventurers were, more or less, imbued with an instinctive fondness for the reckless savage life, alternately indolent and laborious, full and fasting, occupied in hunting, fighting, feasting, intriguing, and amours, interdicted by no laws, or difficult morals, or any restraints, but the invisible ones of Indian habit and opinion. None know, until they have experimented, for how many people, who would be least suspected to be endowed with such inclinations, this life has its own irresistible charms. People, who have long been soldiers, it is well known, are spoiled for every other profession. They, too, who have long reclined on the grass in Indian tents, who have gambled, and danced, and feasted, and jeoparded life in murderous rencounters and unforeseen battles and exterminating wars, and who have contemplated the varieties of prospect and event in their interminable expeditions, seldom return with pleasure to the laborious and municipal life of the whites.

Among the traders, some had come up the Sewasserna with an assortment, such as they could bring in one, or perhaps two periogues, rowed by hired Indians. Others had packed their commodities, brought by water to the sources of the Missouri, on horses over the mountains. A new, and previously unknown avenue to their country had been recently practised, through a singular gap, or chasm in the Rocky Mountains, and over the wide and beautiful lake of Bueneventura. By far the most abundant supply of goods, however, arrived from the mouth of the Oregon, to which the Indians made frequent trips, to sell furs, and bring back goods, and trade with the ships in the river, and supply themselves with ardent spirits. The frequency and uniformity of this intercourse almost equalled the regularity of a mail. The great amount of furs, peltrics, dried salmon, jerked venison and smoked deer's hams, though sold for very inadequate values of barter, in a short time introduced among the Shoshonee most of the common and cheap articles of prime necessity in the domestic wants of such a people.

But though, what is known in these countries by the common term Indian goods, made a considerable proportion of the stock in this trade, the greatest amount, cost and consumption was still in the article of ardent spirits. They, who brought the greatest abundance of that, were always most welcome. It was to no purpose, that an occasional white sojourner, of higher principles and better thoughts, warned them of the fatal influence of that seductive poison upon their race. It was in vain, that their intelligent and moral chief remonstrated against the introduction and use of the bewitching mischief. The Indian trader had not yet been seen among them, who possessed sufficient amount of principle, or capa-

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bility of moral resistance, to stand out against the entreaties and menaces of the Indians, and the profits of the trade. Whatever quantity of this article he brought, it was soon consumed. But the quantity was generally so small, in comparison to the multitudes, among whom it was to be distributed, that individual intoxication, for a considerable time after the introduction of ardent spirits, was an uncommon spectacle. Enough was drunk for the most part, only to thaw out the cold, stern and saturnine bosoms of this strange people to unwonted hilarity, ardor, and kindness of feeling. Hence the coming of a new trader among them, who brought a quantity of this pernicious beverage, not unaptly denominated in their language, 'the fire medicine,' was an era of general excitement and festivity. Hence, too, the visits of the whites to their nation were always associated with these ideas, and were eagerly welcomed. The visitants, of course, were always at first in high favor. A temporary wife from the tribe was either offered by the chiefs, who regulated the introduction and citizenship of the whites, or easily obtained, after the selection of survey. If he conducted with any degree of decent conformity to their immemorial customs and modes of thinking, the stranger was at once free of the tribe, and had a range of inclination and choice, as wide and unmolested, as the Indians themselves. As furs, peltries and salmon were quite abundant, and easily transported down the Sewasserna and Oregon, the traders were seldom long, in selling out their stock of goods and spirits, at a profit almost to the extent of their very flexible consciences.

NATIONAL LITERATURE,

As influenced by the general devotion of the American people to politics.

What sort of people we are considered in the parent country, may easily be gathered from the general scope of three or four of the last Quarterlies, both London and Edinburgh, in their remarks upon the United States. We leave the partial, wanton and evidently envious assault upon the general favorite of our country, Dr. Channing, to bear its own comment. They allow us, besides him, the late president Edwards, Brockden Brown, and the novelist Cooper. What industry they must have exerted to become acquainted with our literary claims and resources, not to have heard of Everett, Bryant, Verplank, Walsh, Cooper, Eliott, and a host of other names of similar import, names with which we certainly do not compare some of those, that they allow us; and names of men, who in their several walks, we speak it confidently, write as well, as either the London or the Edinburgh can show. Of their fairness and capacity to judge, let the following extracts from the London Quarterly of November 1829, serve as a sample. 'We may make the same remarks

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on the other objects, in which the United States have been pursuing, *though at a vast distance*, our steps. Of canals, rail roads, high ways, bridges, steam engines, and other improvements, utterly unknown in some, and very imperfectly known in many parts of the continent, we may affirm, that the extension has been more than ten times as great within one fifth of the space, in Great Britain, as America.' What wonderful illumination! What accuracy of information! This very review is predicated upon the published travels of two men, who each record, in the book reviewed, their transit on a canal longer, than any other on the globe, if we except the grand canal of China. Each could have informed the writer, that the United States had already in operation, or in rapid progress towards completion, four times as great a length of canal, as the whole united kingdom. Compare the Baltimore and Ohio rail way with any thing of the kind ever meditated by Great Britain. Compare the high ways and bridges on Tanner's map, with those, numerous though they be, of the diminutive isle of Britain. And where is the part of our continent, in which steam engines are not known? Is it along the Atlantic shore? Is it along our lakes, along their own borders? Is it on the hundred rivers of the Mississippi? Really, of a country like ours, feverish with the excitement of canals, rail roads and steam communications, such assertions are not arrogant alone, but disgraceful to the information of those who make them. The most ignorant school boy of the remotest back woods seminary would know more of England, than to make such contemptible statements in regard to that country.

There is too much truth in the following. 'Almost every city has a college, as it is called; though, in fact, they are little better, than our day schools. Yet degrees of bachelor of arts, and master of arts, are bestowed by them on boys of twelve and fifteen years of age; and announced with more form and pomp in their public papers, than those conferred at Oxford and Cambridge on competent scholars, at from twenty to twenty-five years of age. The whole construction of society seems opposed to any other system of education, than that of the most superficial kind.'

The reader will place what follows beside the assertion, that we are following the parent country at an immense distance, in point of canals, rail ways and the use of steam power. 'We should, probably find,' says the reviewer, 'a much larger proportion of persons in America, destitute of even the knowledge of reading and writing, than in any part of Europe, except Russia and Turkey: certainly a much larger proportion, than in a country, which of late years, it has been the fashion with persons, who know nothing of its concerns, to cry down, as hopeless and incurable—we mean Spain.' It is very surprising that such a race of unlettered barbarians, should be, as the reviewers, rather forgetful of consistency, say they are in another place, 'quite as acute, as the English, in every thing that concerns profit and loss.'

Captain Hall supposes, and the reviewers devour it all for gospel, that the whole people in the United States are a nest of litigants, engaged in one incessant and never ending lawsuit. How ridiculous must this seem to us, who know, that the great mass of our citizens know little about suits from their own personal experience; and that only the same people

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are litigious in America, who would be in every country, if they had scope and the means. It is very pleasant to be informed from the other side of the sea, that judge Cooper was dismissed from being president judge of the court of Pennsylvania, only for the assigned reason, *that he had compelled a man to take off his hat in court*. 'We have seen,' say the reviewers, 'other accounts of the most unimpeachable credit, which represent the condition of these state courts, be it remarked whose decisions are the most numerous and most influential, in a far more degraded light, than Captain Hall has thought it prudent to represent'! 'It will, no doubt,' they continue, 'strike some persons, who have visited America, or read much concerning the Americans in their own weekly and daily papers, that Captain Hall must have collected many curious instances of the vulgarity, knavery, sottishness and hypocrisy, which would have been both amusing and characteristic; and that having omitted them, he has scarcely dealt fairly with his readers.—Collections of anecdotes of even a scandalous kind are certainly attractive to some classes of readers, and are easily furnished by some classes of writers.' We add, in relation to Messieurs, the reviewers, that there is a class, we hope a small one in America, to whom details of knavery, sottishness, vulgarity and hypocrisy are amusement—are food and drink; that is to say to *kindred spirits*. To all respectable people, such details minister only disgust. What must be the moral sense of these reviewers, to complain of Captain Hall, for withholding this detestable chronicle; for it seems, abusive as we thought him, they consider him as holding back; and they suppose his work to be popular with the better informed of our country. But, not to dwell longer on the scope and spirit of these reviews, of which we have seen enough in the papers, and which are supposed to declare the sentiments which the better classes entertain of us, not to descend to the common sewers of the journals, one of which, and the court official, recently spoke of Louisville, as on the Mississippi, and the ultimate point to which our population had yet pushed in the wilderness, we are led to a point in these reviews, which arrested our attention, and became as a text of suggestion of the thoughts of this article.

What we quote below, is matter of melancholy truth and fact. 'It has been well remarked by one of the most judicious and practical statesmen in America, De Witt Clinton, of New-York, that the country has been more or less exposed to agitations and commotions, for the last ten years. Party spirit has entered into the recesses of retirement, violated the sanctuary of domestic life, invaded the tranquility of private individuals, and visited with severe inflictions the peace of families. Neither elevation, nor humility, nor the charities, nor distinguished services, nor the fireside, nor the altar, have been free from attack; but a licentious and destroying spirit has gone forth, regardless of every thing, but the gratification of malignant feelings and unworthy aspirations; and, till some adequate preventatives and efficacious remedies are engrafted into the constitution, we must rarely expect a return of the same tranquility, which formerly shed its benign influence over the country. Such and so similar are the result of all Captain Hall's observations on this head, and the life long experience of one of the *few Americans, whose name can be expected to carry weight in Europe*.'

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It is wise, says the great Roman bard, to be taught by enemies. Much of the recent, reiterated and concurrent attacks upon our national character, in these distinguished British reviews, is so palpably calumnious, misstatements the result of such gross ignorance, that they are worthy only of the smile of derision. But, that our country exhibits to a stranger, passing through it, the spectacle, from all that he sees, hears, and reads, of having but one absorbing interest, the discussion of politics and elections, is too true. But it is a truth, with which an English traveller ought to be the last to reproach us. The same revolting spectacle has been visible in his own country for two centuries. From England we inherited the temperament. The popular institutions which we have copied from her, have developed it. Our institutions are still more popular, than the model.—Theatres for the display of personal ambition are infinitely more numerous, owing to the complication of our national and state governments. We have, probably, far transcended our example. We, perhaps, show more ferociously and coarsely the universal appetite for this foul feeding, than the people from whom we sprang. Though in travelling through our land, little interest or excitement is seen in any thing, but electioneering and politics; that is on the surface of society, although the columns of our newspapers are occupied with little else, we know, that there is in our country a numerons body of men, isolated though they may be, and personally unknown to each other, who view this order of things with the deepest regret; who would rejoice to see a regard for literature, the fine arts, the lesser morals, and the charities of life, replace this barbarous and Gothic public taste, this relish born in a tavern, nourished with whiskey, and developed and matured in the electioneering arena. If these men, who would rejoice to see another and an infinitely higher interest excited among us, could know each other, and become possessed of each other's views, and could unite their bearing and influence, they would not be without their effect, in kindling a better excitement, a more refined national taste. We know, that there are thousands of the most talented and respectable men, who are worn out, and disgusted with the nauseating and incessant clatter of electioneering and politics. Would, that their voices could be heard, that their influence could be felt, and that we had a great national society, to keep peace, and put down babblers and demagogues; and that papers, which inculcate literary taste, and diffuse literary information, and a regard to the lesser morals, and the domestic charities, could come into favor, instead of the thousand vehicles of fierce and noisy politics.

In our subsequent remarks, be it understood, we attach no blame to the editors of political papers. They cannot be expected to control public opinion, which controls them. We cannot exact of them, to struggle against an irresistible current. Whatever be the prime article of public consumption, it will, of course, be found in the market. Not only have we no right to expect other, than that an editor will fill his columns with politics, garnished to the taste of his party; but we must perceive, that every editor, thus absorbed into the current, will add by his own example, and his own descent, to the weight of the stream.

Suppose we could disengage ourselves from the influence of those habits, in which we have been reared; suppose the scale, which long custom

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has brought over our mental vision, could drop off, what an ineffably ridiculous view would strike us, in seeing not only the few, who have something to gain, or lose in the scramble, but the million, who have not an interest of the weight of a thistle down in the contest, as noisy, and as much heated, as though it was something to them, who, of four or five candidates, would be the next president. We admit, that so far as a real regard to our glorious free institutions is concerned, we ought all to be watchful and conscientious, to avail ourselves of our elective franchise, and to select for office, upright, capable, and liberal men. Having, in this way, performed our duty, we ought to leave the issue to its peaceful course. If all politics and electioneering, other than that, which originates in a vigilant attention to our liberties, and the proper exercise of the elective franchise, were suppressed, we are confident, ninety-nine hundredths of the whole bluster would pass away. As it is, the people of the United States have such an incessant uproar to keep up about their liberties, their elections, and their public men, that, one would think, the whole concern of the community was for the few hundreds of public functionaries; and that the private millions were of no account in the matter.

Whose eyes can fail to have been wearied for the last few years with the incessant recurrence of some half a dozen names? Returned to the crowd, they instantly become as little conspicuous, and as seldom the object of remark, as the rest. Men prodigious either for true greatness or crimes, Washingtons, Napoleons, Neros, might justly excite remark, either in public, or in private life. But why do men, no wise distinguished, but by official rank, fill all eyes, and occupy all pens and voices? What was their mode of rising to this envied notoriety? In hundreds of instances, what we call accident, pure contingency. Sometimes merit and talent, called forth in a particular emergency, that had never occurred before, and might never occur again. But nine cases in ten, the simple, original influence of a controling spirit, who identified his own interest, in some way best known to himself, with the advancement of this instrument of his ambition. He induced his friends to put their shoulders to the wheels. The car of the hero begins to move; and force, to push it onward, accumulates, as it advances, like the rolling mass of snow. The object of the electioneering effort is placed conspicuously on his eminence. Forthwith the eyes of the ten thousand are fixed upon him, and see him an entirely different being, from what he had ever appeared to them before.

Upon what principle of human nature can we account for the fact, that a certain number of individuals, when contemplated from our own level, in no point of view prodigies, become, as soon as they are associated, and called a national legislature, the centre of all interest, and the object of all contemplation? The great points of legislation, the abstract general principles have been so unchangeably fixed, that innovation must generally be for the worse. The chief legislative matters, then, must be touching individual and sectional interests, and the exceptions, which naturally arise out of all general rules. What bearing can such legislation have upon the wide spread mass of our people, from the mansion to the log cabin? Why should it fix every eye, as though nothing else of interest was transpiring in our world? With the exception of the speeches of a few really great men, who would chain attention any where, and upon any

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subject, if we were compelled to hear the rehearsal of the speeches of the rest, at home, and in our own church, or court house, we should consider it a probation, and a tedious discipline. Place them in the columns of a political newspaper, and let it appear, that they were uttered on the floor of congress, and the eye and attention of the reader is chained from commencement to close. If every possible bearing of legislative enactment, in ordinary and peaceful times, were calculated with the nicety of scales, that weigh gasses, it would be found to have little more influence upon the individual enjoyment and interest, than the falling of the last year's leaves. Yet no conversations are listened to with so much attention, as those, which treat of it. No journals are adequately sustained, but those, whose columns are filled with it. In the sacred privacy of the parlor, in the hotel, the assembly, the steamboat, or stage coach, by land or by sea, politics, eternal politics, or partizan religion, which is but another form of the same spirit, are the constant wearying theme.

It is the more unjust for Englishmen to charge this revolting national temperament upon us; because, as we have said, we inherit this grossness of blood, this defective moral organization, this coarseness of taste, this barbarous appetite, from the parent country. A man is nothing there, any more than in our country, except he be a political man. It results, that the family charities, the delightful and refining and humanizing influences of the cultivation of literature, the fine arts, the imagination and the heart, are as nothing, compared with the daily, gross and sickening chronicle of electioneering and politics. Ask those, who with eager appetite are devouring this daily food, what is the source of the sapidity and high flavor, and none can tell you. Drinkers of whiskey soon lose, in the gross and poisonous stimulant effect, in the phrenzied excitement, all relish for the generous, cordial and gentle exhilaration of wine. Whoever has given up his heart and his thoughts and his powers to politics, as that term is understood among us, can be expected to have little relish for literature, and the inculcation and discussion of those lesser morals, which make up, in fact, almost the elements of all honest, comfortable and improved social existence. You can say little to interest such an one, except you discuss the tariff, land equivalents, the merits of the different candidates, or who shall be next president. Beside the officers of presidential nomination and appointment, even this all absorbing question bears upon their other interests, which it can never touch, in relation to all other individuals, only as a unit to ten millions.

The people of our twenty four republics talk much, as we all know, about their independence, and proud regard to their own individual rights and claims. Yet we are afraid, that no people on earth can be found, more greedy after office, more fierce in scrambliug for it, and more ready to sacrifice private independence, and personal exertions for subsistence, for the precarious and unsubstantial dependence upon public favor. We look at office, as an engine of spell and charm, which transforms insignificance to importance. We regard it, apparently, as misses do their dolls. The wooden or waxen puppet undressed, the muslin and ribband are handled with very little ceremony, or estimate of the importance of the constituents. But as soon as the thing has passed through the process of dressing (election,) it has experienced a metamorphosis. It is now a shin-

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ing doll, with a name; and is kissed, and treated not only as a thing of life, but claiming the most respectful treatment.

So far as either of the co-ordinate constituents of government affect individual rights and enjoyments, the judiciary is certainly important, infinitely beyond either the executive or legislative. Even this affects but the few, who are either turbulent and dishonest, or are connected by circumstances with those, who are such. Strange, that this department of government scarcely excites sufficient interest to induce the mass to become acquainted with its constituents, and the details of its transactions.

Why it has happened, that boys, who must be whipt into the dry details of grammar, and the prosing of elementary technics, should grow up to fatten upon the chronicles of politics, is to us inexplicable. We never could enter into the interest of the voluminous details of legislative squabbling in the classical histories of England. The philosophical principles of legislation constitute a delightful study, and Montesquieu may be read with untiring interest. Not so the long winded and agitating disputes about the details of legislation. It seems to us, that an appetite must be constituted expressly for that purpose, to relish them. We have read the Philippics of Demosthenes, and thrilled with the rest, as he made his glorious appeal to the shades of those, who fell at Thermopylæ, Marathon and Platea. In reading the political orations of Cicero, we can experience a certain delight in the magnificence, with which he rolls along his harmonious periods. We can admire the splendid efforts of Burke, especially that on the trial of Hastings. These have come down to us with the consent of all time, as the grand models, the *chef d'œuvres*, and the ultimate example of eloquence. We cannot forget, in reading them, that they all touch only party and political and present interests; that they are all more or less imbued with the spirit of an advocate espousing the interests of a client, or a party. We have compared with these orations the funeral discourses of Bossuet, about which not a hundredth part as much has been said, which touch interests, that belong to man at home and abroad, in the house and by the way, in prosperity and in reverses, in life and in death, in time and during eternity. The efforts of the former were great in comparison of a theme, which was transient, partial and momentary in its importance. To us the latter are as much more affecting and impressive, than the former, as eternity is more enduring than time. Genuine and real pulpit eloquence is to that of the bar, the rostrum and the legislative hall, interesting and affecting to us in the same proportion. We are perfectly aware, how few would agree with us in this opinion, and how generally forensic and political eloquence is placed before that of the pulpit. We speak of what ought to be, and what might be the character of this eloquence, not of what it is.

It is a fact forever to be deplored, that the pulpit, which ought to be the model school of the highest conceivable forms of eloquence, is in fact, as constituted in our country, but too generally an outlet of the heat, bigotry and blindness of political fury, escaping in another direction, and sanctified by another name. Nine pulpits in ten in our country, as we believe, are occupied chiefly in the denunciation of other sects; and in carrying the proscriptive feeling and phrase of party politics into that sacred place. Where will you go, to hear calm, dignified, and to say all in

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one word, ***evangelical*** discourses from the pulpit, such as would naturally arise from the theme of Christ's sermon on the mount? We have served up to us the same dish, that we get at the bar, or the rostrum, only garnished and prepared differently, and called by a sanctified name. Why should it be otherwise? The first thing, which a child hears among us, is to electioneer. The thousand female societies have taught the science even to ladies. From the primary school to the ladies' boarding school, from the high school to the college, and from infancy to age, every interest of the country is settled by electioneering. Is it strange, that the minister is chosen by the same means? Or that his course afterwards should be to balance parties by antagonizing one element with another? Born in politics, drawing them in with his first breath, making his way upwards every where, at school, in society, in obtaining his lady love, by the gymnastics of demagogy, why should we expect other, than that he should carry the spirit, which he drew in from his mother's breast, into the pulpit, and regard himself there, as raised by suffrage to a momentary and slippery pre-eminence above his fellows, to be preserved only by the arts and management of a party, by crying up one set of men and opinions, and crying down another?

People may not be agreed about the origin and causes of this absorbing interest of politics in our country; but, that the actual fact is as we *state*, seems to us unquestionable. Even if our liberties depended, as *some will* say, upon this state of things, we should hardly deem the blessing worth preserving at such a price, nor Propter libertatem—***perdere causas vivendi.*** But so far from this being the fact, it is the experience of all time, and of human nature, that this feverish malady has always, sooner or later, been mortal to freedom. If the people would choose their political guardians quietly, watch them with a spirit at once vigilant and generous, and in that spirit leave them unmolested, to pursue the functions for which they were elected, we deem that our liberties would be quite as safe as now, that we babble perpetually about them. All this might be accomplished, without occupying a thousandth part of the place in our public discussions, in our journals and our thoughts, as at present.

There was a period in the British annals, when that people, always up to fever heat in politics, sustained by a prodigious patronage such works as the ***Tattler***, ***Spectator***, ***Guardian***, ***Rambler***, &c. works, which turned almost exclusively upon the lesser morals, restraints, charities and modes of domestic society; points which belong to the refinement, improvement, and daily happiness of the million. All cotemporary literary history is unanimous, in attesting the influence, as salutary, as it was great, upon public manners and morals. The appetite for crude and brutifying politics became palled, when the mind was supplied with purer and nobler materials of enjoyment. The seeds of literature are sown in our soil.—We only need the suns and rains and temperature of popular favor to cause them to develope in magnificent luxuriance in our country. Who can doubt, whether a higher, more polished, a happier and more enviable state of society would ensue, when such themes of discussion, as those of the Spectator, should find general favor in our country?

But this can never be, so long as the phrenzy of political excitement occupies all the interest of the country. We very much fear, that the

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original *Spectator* might transmigrate to our country and our time, and conduct his work unnoticed and unknown. The coarse diet of our daily food has blunted our perceptions. The loud and hoarse cry of electioneering would prevent the still small voice of his charming themes from being heard. He might as well think of arresting the current of the Mississippi with his gray goose quill, as render himself conspicuous among the ten thousand aspirants, making their way by different claims. He would have reason, we fear, to say

'All fear, none aid me, and few understand.'

We have at least a thousand 'singing men and singing women.' But they pour songs as uselessly upon the passing breeze, as the sybil committed her responses to the leaves, or the red-bird sings in the depths of the Mississippi swamp. We find even our Bryant devoted to the columns of a political newspaper. We have, indeed, our full share of what we call, in courtesy, literary papers and reviews. Their languid dragging their slow length along is no certain indication, that we want talent to sustain them; but is most unequivocal proof, that there is but a certain amount of physical and moral excitability in our community; and that the great portion of this is expended either upon politics, or the acquisition of money. Every thing else settles down to the level surface of uniform mediocrity.

We may talk about literature as much as we will; and we may have new publications dropping from the press in every considerable town; but so long as the great mass of the people will taste nothing, but politics, and see nothing but political consequence, so long as the national feeling and enthusiasm evaporate solely in that direction, so long we shall never have that real national literature, which is only fostered by finding on every side a genial and a paramount interest. Till that time, a hundred literary papers will spring up, like the prophet's gourd, in the night, and will die in the night. Till then our songs will be the poor imitations of those, who have nothing better to do, than to sing. The *beau ideal* of our scholars will be, that learning is dullness—sesquipedalia verba—and dignity, a solemn and consequential style.

In some parts of our country, a spectacle as new, as it is cheering, is now and then witnessed; that of distinguished men declining to serve longer, or to stand candidates for election; of men, who have become weary and satiated with the scramble;—who prefer their native shades, their books, or their original pursuits. The portions of the country where these rare spectacles are seen, are precisely those, in which mental cultivation and refinement have made considerable advances. We do not believe, that a better scale to mark this advancement, can possibly be found, than in the eagerness to obtain political promotion. You will find offices just as much more greedily sought in the newer states and territories, as they are more rough and uncultivated.

Let it not be said, that we do not cordially respect a competent legislator; or that we do not consider it the duty of every man, to obey the distinct intimation of the will of the country, that he should serve it. But when we see what miserable timber is wrought into the political ship, how many bipeds are sent to our legislatures, who ought never to have aspired to any thing, beyond finding the way from the bed to the fire, we cannot

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but feel a certain humiliation in this degradation of our country's character, apart from its bearing on the point, for which we contend. Our consolation is, that every thing changes in our country. The fashion of belles lettres, literature and the fine arts, will come round in its turn; and mean while, knights of the quill must toil on, with what courage they may.

TRANSLATIONS FROM DICTIONAIRE BIOGRAPHIE CLASSIQUE.

(CONTINUED FROM APRIL NO.)

BUFFON (GEORGE LOUIS LECLERC DE) member of the French acadamy and that of sciences; born Montbard, 1707, was one of the writers, whose reputation augmented the glory of France, after the illustrious age of Louis XIV. His *Natural history* is a monument of eloquence and genius, which is the envy of Europe. The distinguished men of all nations render homage to the author; and foreigners have lavished on him the testimonies of their consideration. He enjoyed the highest favor with the government of his own country. Louis XV erected his estate of Buffon into a county. D'Angivillers, superintendant of the public works, erected a statue of him during his life, in the reign of Louis XVI, at the entrance of the king's cabinet, with this inscription,—*Majestati naturæ per ingenium.* 'With the exception of some obscure critics,' says one of his biographers, 'no voice disturbed the concert of his praises.' If the learned have been divided on the merit of Buffon, as a philosopher and naturalist, if Voltaire, D'Alembert and Condorcet have judged his hypotheses severely; and that vague manner of philosophizing, according to the general perceptions of the mind, without calculation, and without experience, and if, in fine, many foreign naturalists have harshly attacked certain errors of detail, which escaped him, and have dispensed much blame on his departure from the methods of nomenclature, without prizing sufficiently the services he has rendered to science, by enriching it with a multitude of facts, at least no person will deny him the merit of having made it generally felt, that the actual state of the globe results from a succession of changes, which it is possible to trace. He has made observers attentive to the phenomena, from which they can ascend to these changes. As for his system upon organic molecules, and upon the interior constitution to explain generation, it cannot be denied, that his exposition wants clearness, as well as sequence; and that its very foundation seems directly refuted by modern observations, particularly, those of Haller and Spallanzani. But his eloquent picture of the physical and moral developement of man is still an extremely beautiful *morceau* of philosophy; and is worthy of being placed beside the most esteemed parts of Lock's book. He erred, in wishing to substitute for the instinct of animals, a sort of mechanism, more intelligible, perhaps, than that of Descartes; but his ideas concerning the delicacy and the degree of influence, which each organ exercises upon the nature of the different species, are ideas of genius, which will become henceforward the basis of all philosophic natural his-

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tory; and which has rendered so much service to the art of method, that it ought to procure pardon to the author for the hard things, which he has said against method. In fine, his ideas upon the degeneracy of animals, and upon the limits, which climates, mountains and seas assign to every species, may be considered as true discoveries, which every day tends to confirm; and which have given to travellers a fixed basis for their researches, which they absolutely wanted before. There are two editions, 4to. of his *natural history*, published at the royal printing press. One in 36 vols. appeared between 1749, and 1788, and is the most esteemed. None of the numerous subsequent editions have been adequate to replace it for naturalists. Notwithstanding its extent, the Natural History has been translated into English, Italian, Spanish and Dutch. There are two German editions, with additions of various kinds. D. Paris, 1788.

Byron, George Gordon Lord, born Dover, 1788. We should be obliged to over-step the bounds of this work, to speak adequately of him, whose fame is co-extensive with the world. Born with an illustrious name, but early an orphan, and heir of a fortune dissipated by his father, the young Byron passed his early youth in Scotland, wi h his mother. At the death of his uncle, a whimsical and morose man, who left no children, he succeeded to the title of Lord, and was sent to school at Harrow, whence he went to finish his studies at the university of Cambridge. After having distinguished himself there by certain eccentricities of character, more than by academic success, the young lord came to join his mother at the abbey of Newstead. Love had rendered him a poet, while yet a scholar at Harrow. He collected his verses, and published them under the title of *Hours of Leisure*. A most caustic criticism in the Edinburg Review seized upon these efforts of a young man, and mixed gross personalities with bitter notices of his verses, counselling him to renounce poetry. Exasperated at these judges, Byron replied by a satire, imitated from Juvenal, Pope and Gifford, stinging them with the most concentrated venom of wit; and immolating, by a blind resentment, the principal literary reputations of the epoch. This was to avenge one injustice by another. But genius obtains easy absolution for its faults. The greater part of those, who were attacked in the *British bards and Scotch reviewers* afterwards became the friends of Byron; among others Thomas Moore, and his illustrious rival, Sir Walter Scott. After having passed some time in dissipation at Newstead, and then at London, where he disdained the accustomed honours of peerage in the house of Lords, notwithstanding the success of his first speech in that illustrious body, tormented by ennui and satiety, he travelled, in the indulgence of his reveries, into Spain, Portugal and Greece. On his return, he published a poetical recital of his voyage, under the title of *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*. The hero of this poem is, obviously, Byron, with that vague melancholy, and depth of interior passion, which never left him. There is unequalled energy of emotion in it, and a singular combination of scepticism and enthusiasm. This poem created that enthusiastic interest of admiration, with which all his different works were afterwards received. The public ceased not to identify the poet, painted with different attributes, with the heroes of his imagination, who in new situations always re-produced a character much the same,

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the expression of a soul incessantly agitated, passionate, and exalted. The poesy of Byron is natural, even in its exaggeration. We cannot but admire the great verity and graphic power of expression in the *Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, Lara, the Siege of Corinth, Parasina, Manfred, the Prisoners of Chillon, Mazeppa,* &c. In 1816 he married Miss Milbank Noel. This unhappy union became too famous by the separation of the parties. Byron, seeing his errors exaggerated by calumny, and disdaining to justify himself before the high circles of England, voluntarily abandoned it, and his daughter; visited the bloody field of Waterloo, and chose his temporary abode near the lake of Geneva, and afterwards in Italy. These countries are powerfully described in the third and last canto of *Childe Harold.* At Venice he composed *Beppo,* and a part of Don Juan, a kind of reprehensible satyrical odyssey, left incomplete. It is a brilliant gallery of portraits, where the manners and opinions of the epoch are passed in review before the reader with a rare felicity. The tragedies of Lord Byron are also dated from Italy. They are, perhaps, the least happy of his creations. His *Mysteries, Cain, Heaven and Earth,* &c. are works, however, in which he demonstrates, that the climate of the country of Dante had not enervated his talent. An ardent lover of liberty every where, and more than all in Greece, Lord Byron responded to the first cry of independence from the Greeks. He consecrated his fortune to their resources; and repaired thither himself from Italy, to contribute by his arm and by his lights to their enfranchisement. His presence was the rallying point of parties. He was preparing to direct an important siege, when death struck him. He died, after having composed his last hymn to liberty, and pronouncing the names of his inexorable wife, his sister and his little daughter, whom he had always tenderly loved, though unknown of her. Greece wept for him, and honored him, as a hero of the time of her glory; and declared, that she adopted his daughter. Byron had left memoirs, the deposit of which his friend, Thomas Moore, sacrificed to the exigencies of the family. His works will last as long as his language; and be read wherever that language is known; though there is much in them prosaic, common place, and reprehensible. They have been translated into French, and re-printed many times. The last French edition, 8 vols. 8vo. contains an essay upon his genius, and character, by M. Amedeé Pichot, upon which Lord Byron himself had remarked. The most complete and beautiful edition of the text of his works has been published in France. It is that of the librarian Baudry, 7 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1825.

Canova Antonio, a celebrated Italian sculptor, born Possagno, a village of the Venetian state, 1747. The dispositions which he manifested from infancy for the art, which he afterwards enriched with a great number of *chefs d'œuvres,* gained for him the protection of Falieri, Lord of Possagno, who placed him at Venice with Torreti, the most accomplished sculptor of the time. The young Canova was not slow to render himself conspicuous, by the boldness and elegance of his first essays. He gained many prizes at the academy of the fine arts at Venice. He established himself at first in a small work-shop. After the success of his first labors had rapidly ameliorated his condition, he gave a wider scope to his enter-

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prises. Finally, 1779, the ambassador Girolamo invited him to Rome. The false and degenerate taste, which then prevailed in that great school of the arts, might have opposed obstacles to Canova. But being often in the society of the ambassador of his nation, it was his fortune to receive sage views from the most distinguished amateurs; among others, from Hamilton, the ambassador from England to Naples; of Winkelman and Mengs, who had all three the honor, to restore by their writings, the true theory from oblivion; which had been, so to speak, proscribed by the public blind impulse, for mannerism. The first composition of Canova, which bore the impress of the beautiful style, which he restored, and in which the imitation of nature associated with the ideal beauty of antiquity, was the *group of Theseus sitting upon the vanquished Minotaur*. It will be sufficient to indicate the principal *chefs d'œuvres*, which afterwards placed him in the first rank of modern sculptors. *Mausoleum of Clement XIV*. in marble, placed at Rome, in the church of the Holy Apostles. The pontiff from the summit of his tomb, extending his hands, seems to bless those who come to him. His head is of the greatest beauty. The *Mausoleum of Clement XIII*. placed in the basilisk of St. Peter. The taste is more pure, than that of the Mausoleum of Clement XIV. An infant Psyche, erect, holding a butterfly laid in the hand by the wings; *the repenting Magdalen*, a statue in marble, nature in miniature. After having passed through many hands, it has become the property of M. de Somariva, and is found in the beautiful gallery of Paris. The *Mausoleum of Maria Christina*, archduchess of Austria. Nine figures of native grandeur are introduced into this vast composition, of which the idea is original, but the effect complicated. *Venus coming out of the bath*. The character and the movement of the head are nearly the same, as in the *Venus of Medicis*. The *Mausoleum* of Alfieri, in the church of the holy cross at Florence, erected by the care of the countess of Albani, the illustrious friend of that poet. *Washington*, in white marble, in the Roman drapery, and destined for the senate hall of North Carolina. Canova left his country in 1798, and travelled two years in Prussia and Germany, in company with the prince Rezzanico. On his return to Rome, he was named by Pius 7th, inspector general of the fine arts, and was created a Roman knight. Bonaparte having invited him to Paris, in 1802, he repaired to that city, with the consent of the Pontiff; and experienced in that capital a reception worthy of his talents. The class of the fine arts of the institute placed him in the rank of the foreign associates. When, in 1815, the allied powers had decreed, that the monuments, which decorated the museum of the Louvre, should be restored to their ancient possessors, Canova returned to Paris with the title of an ambassador of the Pope, to preside over the recognizance and the transferment of those which the pontifical government claimed. On his return to Rome, the pope gave him a diploma, which attested the inscription of his name in the golden book of the capital, and made him Marquis of Ischia, with an income of 3,000 Roman ecus, which he proposed to consecrate entirely to the prosperity of artists and the arts. Towards the last years of his life, he wished to construct, at Passagno, a church, in which he purposed to place his *colossal statue of Religion*, which they found difficult to admit into the basilisk of St. Peter. This church is a rotunda, on the model of the Parthenon;

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with this difference, that it is of stone, and the Parthenon of Athens is marble. He died at Venice, before he had terminated this edifice, October 22d, 1822. Magnificent obsequies were celebrated in his honor, in all Italy. His works were published 1824, by M. M. Reveil and de la Touche.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE (JAMES HENRY) a celebrated French writer, born Havre, 1737, of a descendant of the famous Eustace de Saint Pierre, mayor of Calais. The life of this celebrated man, until the publication of his *Studies of Nature*, was but a succession of events, to which his love of humanity constantly rendered him a victim. Entered at 20 years of age into the military department of engineering, he went in the capacity of engineer, to Malta, whence he soon returned, filled with disgust. With the hope of realizing his projects of legislation in Russia, he accepted of the empress Catharine a lieutenancy in the department of engineers; but his plans not being adopted, he gave in his resignation, after four years service; and went to Poland, in the hope of being in some way of service to this kingdom, torn by factions. Notwithstanding his zeal, he preserved his life, defending himself with intrepidity, fighting as he retreated, and re-entered France. A short time after the baron de Breteuil procured for him the commission of captain of engineers, in the Isle of France. This mission was not more fortunate than his former *ones*. He retired, after three years, carrying with him nothing but shells, *and insects*, and the relation of his voyage, which he published, 1773. This was his *coup-d'essai*, in his literary career; and the germ of the talent which was soon to develope itself was recognized in it. At this time d'Alembert brought him forward at Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse's, the *rendezvous* of the *beaux esprits* and philosophers of the time. But his courageous firmness in combatting all irreligious systems having drawn upon him the animadversions and sarcasms of this society, he soon withdrew from it, sought seclusion, connected himself with Rousseau, and completed in solitude the *Studies of Nature*, in the publication of which M. Didot, the younger, consented to engage, after many arrangements. The book appeared, 1784, and had five successive editions. *Paul and Virginia*, that charming episode, saw the light, 1788, and had, in less than a year, more than 20 counterfeits, besides the editions acknowledged by the author. The products of these two works finally put him at ease. He published, 1789, *Vœux d'un Solitaire*, and two years after, *The Indian Cottage*. Appointed, 1792, superintendent of the garden of plants, and the cabinet of natural history, by Louis XVI, he prepared his *Harmonies of Nature*, and labored to realize his useful plans, which were only too late. He lost his place and his pensions, and escaped only by a miracle the revolutionary proscription. In 1794, he was professor of morals at the *normal* school, and was called the following year to the institute, where he had to combat the irreligious spirit of most of his colleagues. At this period Bernardin, aged 64, a widower in consequence of the death of Mademoiselle Didot, his first wife, espoused Mademoiselle de Pelleport. This last marriage, a pension of 2000 francs from the government, and one of 6000 francs from Joseph Bonaparte, placed his fortune in a much more advantageous situation; and enabled him to settle at Œragny near Pontoise, where he finished his days, 1814, aged 77. The works of this celebrated man are full of

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a pure and religious morality, and an impressive and touching eloquence, which penetrates the heart, and leads it to virtue; creates admiration for the wonders of Providence, and lightens the evils of humanity. He informs us, in his own frank and charming way, that all the critics of Paris, to whom he read his *Paul and Virginia* in MS. condemned it as a work, that would not succeed. He says, he afterwards read it to a little circle of female friends. Every one was dissolved in tears. This he considered as the most unequivocal of all criticism; and these good ladies had thus the honor of giving birth to the most eloquent and pathetic romance that ever was written. It is said, his charming young wife, in alluding to the advanced age of her husband, affirmed, that the author of the *Studies of Nature* could never grow old. His style, which has been compared to that of Rousseau and Fenelon, has a character of its own, and a something not easily defined, of tenderness and affection, which gains all hearts. As a philosopher, he drew on himself, deservedly, many criticisms: but he has a right to the eulogies of all as a writer. M. Aime Martin, who espoused his widow, gave, 1815, a very beautiful edition of his *Harmonies of Nature*, a work of the author's old age. The same editor has published a complete edition of the works of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, 1818–20. 12 vols. in 8vo. with plates.

Dictionairie Historique d'Education, ou sans donner preceptes, on se propose d'exercer, et d'enrichir toutes les faccultes de l'ame et de l'esprit, en substituant les exemples aux maximes, les faits aux raisonnements, la pratique a la theorie. Nouvelle edition, revue, corrigee et augmentee, &c. Par M. FILLASSIER, *des academies royales d'Arras, de Toulouse, de Marseille, &c.* 3 vols. 8vo. comprising in the whole 1524 pp. Paris, 1818.

An Historical Dictionary of Education; in which is proposed, without laying down precepts, to exercise, and enrich all the faculties of the mind and the heart, by substituting examples for maxims, facts for reasonings, and practice for theory. A new edition, revised, corrected and enlarged. By M. FILLASSIER, of the royal academies, &c.

Longum per præceptæ, breve per exemplum iter.

THIS has long been a standard book of its class in France, having, like the 'Child's Friend' of M. Berquin, run on to a great number of editions. Mere accident brought it under our eye, and our attention was chained, until the reading of this large work was finished. It may be an old book in its native country, but it is new here. We know not, but it may have been translated into English. Two motives have produced this notice of it. It is the most interesting and complete work of its class, we have ever read; and we were thence induced to make such extracts from it, as will tend to enrich our journal, and add to its interest and variety. We are, moreover, persuaded, that with some alterations, adapting it to the meridian of our country and our institutions, a single volume might be compi-

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led from it, which would be the richest present, that could be made to our schools. That this use should be made of it, we are confident, that it is only necessary that it should fall under the eye of some competent translator, interested in the all important subject of education, and with leisure to prepare the work.

The motto will explain the object of the author. '*The road by precept is long, by example short.*' All the cardinal virtues, affections, dispositions, greater, and lesser morals, to be instilled into the young, are arranged, as heads of chapters, alphabetically—as *abstinence*, *activity*, *alms*, *bravery*, *character*, *chastity*, *duty*, &c. traversing the circle in this order. The whole body of history, ancient and modern, in all languages, and in all countries, has been culled, to gather the choicest and most pithy and impressive examples of the sublimest exercise of each of these virtues, or the most revolting pictures of the influence of the opposite vices. These examples are not at all the fictions of romance, but the best attested facts of the most reputable historians. It is true, the natural aspect of the book will be that of high colored, improbable and exaggerated painting. But we know, that, in every age, there are examples, as different from the common, as our estimate of angelic nature is from that of the herd. There have been beacons set up in the general darkness and degeneracy of all countries and all time, showing us, what man sometimes is; and what, under the influence of extraordinary circumstances, and on great emergencies, he may achieve, and become. Curtius leaping down the gulf is only an improbable prodigy to men of grovelling minds; or men who have not remarked, that nature delights to show us, that she is not to be tried by our selfish, *mediocre* and common place rules; but that, in a phrase, which has been rendered ludicrous, but which contains much pith and meaning, *some things can be done, as well as others.* Dr. Johnson was accustomed to counsel young aspirants, to aim at an eagle, even if they could reasonably expect to bring down only a sparrow. We are clear for the general adoption of this noble sentiment. The present is the age of avarice, of tame, flat mediocrity—of the searing and withering influence of ridicule—of shame even of the thought of old fashioned love. These examples of magnanimity, of daring, self-denial, noble forgetfulness of self, and sublime manifestation of the most difficult virtues, may have, to the eyes of the hackneyed, who are worn in to the general course, an air of extravagance. But such examples cannot be too often, and too strongly held up in the view of the young, before they have drunk into the spirit of the world; before enthusiasm is forever smothered; before they are taught by all, that they see, and feel, that the glorious by gone world, in which their unpolluted and generous thoughts and affections have expatiated, is but an illusion—and that the only real aspirations of practised worldlings are prudence and self-advancement. Here are examples of a devotion, that unites the soul with the power, goodness and truth of the Divinity; a self denial, which defies pain and privation; a courage, which fears not danger and death; affection of a constancy, to be proof against every trial;—in short, the manifestation of what every individual might become, in the ultimate exemplification of the capabilities of human nature. While the eyes of the young glisten, and their bosoms expand, as they read these affecting tales, they cannot but imbibe loftier sentiments, more heroic im-

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pulses, better dispositions, and more incentives to upright and virtuous character. In the words of the compiler

'The models, which we offer to our pupils, in exciting in them the noble desire of imitation, may, at the same time, fortify them against the dangerous examples, which assail their weakness from every quarter. By the happy habit, which they will contract, in the school of the heroes and sages of all ages, and of every country, they will learn, without difficulty, to discriminate the false *eclat*, with which vice invests itself, from the real glory of virtue. In beholding, so to speak, kings, princes, generals, and holy men marching at their head, in the paths of honor, a sublime enthusiasm will pervade their spirits. Accustomed only to see striking traits of magnanimity, wisdom and benevolence, they will themselves become magnanimous, sage and wise, by emulation.

There are other necessary advantages, which ought not to be passed over. The variety of facts will stimulate their curiosity, without fatiguing their attention. They will find under almost all the articles, and particularly under the titles *bons mots, naivete, pleasantry, repartee*, &c. a mass of cheerful and decent anecdotes, which will enrich their memory without offending their manners; and which will impart to their mind that piquant urbanity, which is, as the salt of society. We have not harvested the vast field of history; but of the flowers, which decorate it, we have chosen the most obvious, and those which will most efficaciously diffuse the delightful perfume of virtue.'

We shall only add, that we have no where seen extracts of taste, facts, anecdotes, and pithy sayings, in beauty, number and impressiveness, to compare with this collection. Perhaps the greater portion only refreshed our recollections of former reading. It may be, that the half, or the third part of them have been before the American public, dispersed in our different collections for the use of schools. It would be, of course, the object of the compilers, to select the most striking. It will be equally our purpose, in choosing the following, to translate such as have not been so much hackneyed in this way. From these samples of what remains, after diligent and keen research of so many gleaners in the field of selection, and compilation, the reader will be able to judge of the tenor and value of the work, from which we translate. We select two examples of *abstinence*.

During a long and painful march in an arid country, Alexander and his army suffered extremely from thirst. Some soldiers, sent in advance for discovery, found a little water in the hollow of a rock, and brought it to the king in a helmet. Alexander displayed the water to his soldiers, to encourage them to support their thirst with patience, as it announced to them their vicinity to the source. Afterwards, instead of drinking it, he poured it upon the ground, in the view of all the army. The Macedonians applauded this heroic abstinence with loud acclamations; and, thinking no longer of their thirst, they cried to their monarch, that he might lead them wherever he chose, and that they would never cease to follow him.

Under the head of *activity*, the following is an impressive extract from Roman history:

He (Asdrubal) marched against the left wing of the Romans. Livius received him with invincible bravery. The shock was terrible, and the

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resistance furious. On one part and the other, warlike troops, and full of courage, and, moreover, animated by the presence of generals, who were the first to brave peril and death, long held the victory balanced. Nero made useless efforts to mount a hill. The Carthaginians continually drove him back, by horrible discharges of arrows and stones. Seeing, that it was impossible to reach the enemy by this route, 'what,' cried he, addressing his troops, 'what! have we come so far, and so rapidly, to be idle spectators of the triumph of our fellow countrymen!' He said, and sped, like an arrow, with the division of the right wing; passed in the rear of the battle, made the circuit of the army, and poured obliquely on the right wing of the enemy, which he soon after attacked in the rear. Until then, success had been doubtful. But when the army of Asdrubal saw itself charged at the same time in front, flank and rear, rout became entire. Asdrubal perceived, that victory declared for the Romans. He would not survive his misfortune; but threw himself in the midst of a Roman cohort, where he perished, as became the brother of Hannibal. The very night after the combat, Nero set off to rejoin his army; and using increased diligence, after ten days march, he arrived in his camp. Instantly he caused the head of Hannibal's brother to be thrown into the entrenchments of Hannibal, and released two prisoners, who gave him ample details of the fatal day of Metaurus. Hannibal, seeing the head of his brother, at once affected, and terrified, exclaimed 'alas! I have lost all my hope and happiness.' He decamped, and retreated to the extremities of Italy, to Brutium, vanquished without resource by the activity of Nero.

Under the title *addresse d'esprit*, we have the following anecdote of Michael Angelo. We witness every day the same blind and carping envy, in relation to cotemporary men and things.

Michael Angelo, indignant at the unjust preference, which the pretended connoisseurs of his time gave to the works of the ancient sculptors, piqued, beside, at what they had said of himself, that the most inferior of the ancient statues was a hundred times more beautiful than any thing he had wrought, or could ever make, imagined a sure method of confounding them. He wrought in secret a Cupid of marble, in which he put forth all his art and all his genius. When this charming statue was finished, he broke off an arm; and, after having given to the body of the statue, by the application of certain reddish tints, the venerable color of the antique statues, he buried it, during the night, where they were soon to lay the foundations of an edifice. The time came, and the workmen discovered the Cupid. The curious multitude ran to admire. 'They had never seen any thing so beautiful. It is a *chef d'œuvre* of Phidias,' said some. 'It is the work of Polycletes,' said others. 'How far are we,' cried all, 'from being able to produce any thing resembling it at the present day! What a misfortune, that it wants an arm!' 'I have the arm, gentlemen,' said Michael Angelo, after having listened to their stupid exaggerations. They cast on him looks of incredulous pity. What was their surprise, when they saw the entirely new arm join perfectly to the shoulder of the statue! They were obliged to feel, that they possessed a Phidias and a Polycletes, capable of contesting the palm of merit with the ancients; and if their envious prejudice was not destroyed, it was at least silenced.

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Another, under the same head, will, probably, be new to most of our readers.

The Caliph Mahadi was passionately fond of hunting. Being lost, he entered into a peasant's house, and asked drink. His host brought him a cruise of wine, of which he drank, and then asked him, 'if he knew, who he was?' 'No,' replied the Arab. 'I am one of the principal officers of the Caliph's court.' He then took another draught, and again asked the peasant, 'if he knew him?' He answered, that he had just told him, who he was. 'Not at all,' replied Mahadi. 'I am greater, than I have said.' He took another draught, and repeated his question. The Arab, wearied with the catechism, replied to him, that he had been explaining himself upon that subject. 'No,' said the prince, 'I have not yet told you all. I am the Caliph, before whom all people prostrate themselves.' At these words the Arab, instead of falling prostrate, took the cruise, and replaced it, whence he took it. The Caliph, in astonishment, and believing, that he put away the vase on account of *his* presence, wished to assure him against the fear of having transgressed the law of Mahomet, which forbids wine. 'Oh! it is not that,' replied the Arab; but that, if you should drink another draught, I am afraid, that you would turn out to be the prophet; and that finally, at the last drinking, you would make me believe, you was the Omnipotent God himself.'

Under the head of *friendship*, a great number of interesting and some sublime instances are given. Among the amusing ones we select the following.

The celebrated Voiture, one of the *beaux esprits* of the age of Louis XIII, had lost all his money, and had an immediate call for 200 pistoles. He wrote to the abbe Costar, his faithful friend. This admirable letter presents us with a trait of that confidence and frankness, which sincere friendship inspires. It runs thus: I lost yesterday all my money, and 200 pistoles more, which I have promised to pay to day. If you have that sum, do not fail to send it. If not, borrow it. Come as it may, you must lend it me. Be careful to let no one anticipate you, in giving me this pleasure. I should be concerned how it might affect my love for you. I know you so well, I am aware, you would find it difficult, to console yourself. To avoid this misfortune, rather sell, what will raise it. You see, how imperious love is. I take a certain pleasure, in managing after this fashion with you; and I feel, that I should have a still greater, if you would be as free with me. But here you want my courage. Judge, if I must not be perfectly assured of you. I will give my promise to him, who shall bring me your money. Good day.

The abbe Costar replied—I feel extreme joy, to be in condition to render you the trifling service, which you demand of me. Never had I thought, that one could have so much pleasure for 200 pistoles. Having experienced it, I give you my word, that I shall have for the rest of my life a little capital always ready for your occasions. Order confidently at your pleasure. You cannot take half the satisfaction in commanding, that I shall have in obeying. But submissive as you may find me, I shall be revolted, if you wish to compel me to take a promise from you.

Another affords a fine example to rival authors.

The friendship of Racine and Despreaux is so much the more worthy

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of eulogy, as a union so constant is a phenomenon between people of superior genius, ordinarily divided by a fatal rivalry. When Racine was persuaded, that his malady would end in death, he charged his eldest son to write to M. de Cavoye, to beg him to solicit the payment of what was due of his pension, that he might leave some ready money to his family. The young man wrote the letter, and read it to his father. 'Why,' said he, 'do you not ask the payment of the pension of Boileau? We must not be separated. Write again, and let Boileau know, that I have been his friend even to death.' When he gave him his last adieu, he rose in his bed, as much as extreme weakness would allow; and as he embraced him, said, 'I regard it as a happiness for me, to die before you.'

The chapter on *love*, is commenced with these pithy words.

'Hunger, time, and the rope—these are the remedies of love,' said the philosopher Crates. 'But it is only fools, who avail themselves of the last receipt.' The ancients deemed, that love perfected noble minds, and that it is the exciting cause of great deeds. Thus it was the essence of ancient chivalry to have a *lady*, to whom, as to a superior being, they disclosed all their sentiments, thoughts and actions. 'Oh! if my lady saw me,' said Heuranges, as he mounted the breach.

On the theme *self-love* more amusing anecdotes are collected than we have before met upon that subject, which a prevalent human weakness renders so common. We select a few.

Louis XIV having done Madame de Sevigne the honor to dance with her, the lady resumed her place near the count Bussi Rabutin. She was no sooner seated, than she said, 'Oh! dear count, avow, that the king has great qualities. I am sure, that he will obscure the glory of his predecessors.' 'Who can doubt it? Has he not just danced with you?' replied the count, smiling at the motive, which inspired this animated eulogy. In her enthusiasm, she could scarcely refrain from crying out, 'long live the king.'

We recommend the following to the numerous corps of office seekers.

One day Socrates, having met a self important young gentleman, named Glaucon, 'you have, they tell me,' said the sage, 'a passionate desire to govern the republic.' 'They say true,' replied Glaucon. 'The design is splendid,' resumed the other. 'If you succeed, you will be in a condition to serve your friends, aggrandize your family, and extend the bounds of your country. You will be known not only in Athens, but in all Greece; and perhaps your renown will reach even barbarous nations, like that of Themistocles. You will be the subject of all eyes; and you will attract to yourself the respect and the admiration of the world.' An address so insinuating, so flattering, delighted the young man, who immediately succumbed under his besetting weakness. He remained in silent rapture; and the other continued, 'since you desire esteem and honor, it is clear, that you think, also, of rendering yourself useful to the public.' 'Assuredly.' 'Tell me, then, I pray you, what is the first service which you propose to render the state?' As Glaucon appeared embarrassed, and was meditating, what reply he should make—'apparently,' resumed Socrates, 'it will be to enrich, that is to augment the revenues.' 'The very same.' 'And without doubt, you know, in what the revenues consist, and how much can be raised? You cannot fail to have made that a particular study;

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that, if any great resource should suddenly fail, you might be able to replace it by another?' 'I swear to you, that this is the very point, upon which I never thought.' 'Point out to me, at least, the expenditures of the republic; for you know of what importance it is, to retrench all, that are superfluous.' 'I am obliged to avow to you, that I am no better instructed upon this article, than the other.'

'You must put off, then, to some other time, the purpose, which you have to enrich the republic; for it is impossible for you to do it, if you are ignorant both of its revenues, and expenses.'

The conversation began to be not altogether so pleasant for the young politician; because it compelled him to the humiliating avowal of ignorance upon those very points, where he ought to have been best informed. Hope, however, sustained his vanity; and profitting of an idea, which appeared to him unanswerable; 'it seems to me,' said he, 'that you pass in silence a mean, as efficacious, as that, of which you have been speaking. Can we not enrich the state by the ruin of its enemies?' 'Exactly so. But to avail of this mean, we must be the stronger party. Otherwise we run the risque of losing our own, instead of gaining theirs. Thus he, who speaks about undertaking a war, must know the forces of the one, and the other; that, should he find his party the stronger, he may boldly counsel war; and if he find it the weaker, dissuade the people from engaging in it. Do you know what are the forces of our republic, by land and sea; and what those of our enemies? Have you this information reduced to writing? You will do me the pleasure, to communicate it to me. 'I have not done it yet.' 'I see then, we must not be in haste to make war, if they assign to you the charge of the government. It seems, then, there are many things for you yet to know, and much care of preparation yet to be bestowed.'

He thus led the young man over many other articles, upon which he found him equally new, and caused him to touch, with his own finger, the ridiculousness of those, who have the temerity to intermeddle with government, without bringing to it any other preparation, than a great esteem for themselves, and a measureless ambition to mount to the first places.

'Fear, my dear Glaucon,' added he, in conclusion, 'lest a too vehement desire of honor should blind you, and cause you to assume a part, which would cover you with shame, in bringing to the fullest light your incapacity and inexperience.'

Under the copious head of *conjugal love,* we quote but a single example.

After the unfortunate enterprise of king James to remount the throne of England, the English noblemen, who had embraced his party, were condemned to perish by the hand of the executioner. They were executed, March 16, 1716. Lord Nithisdale was reserved for the same destiny; but he saved himself by the ingenious tenderness of his wife. It had been permitted the wives to see their husbands, the evening before their death, to take their last adieus. Lady Nithisdale entered the tower, supported by two of her women, and holding her handkerchief before her eyes, in the attitude of one in despair. As soon as she was in the prison, she persuaded her husband, who was of the same stature with herself, to change dress, and to depart in the same attitude, in which she had entered. She

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added, that a carriage would conduct him to the shore of the Thames, where he would find a boat, which would take him to a vessel ready to hoist sail for France. The stratagem, happily, succeeded. Lord Nithisdale disappeared, and arrived at three in the following morning at Calais. As soon as he put foot upon the ground, he skipped for joy, crying out, 'blessed Jesus! I am safe.' This transport discovered him; but he was no longer in the power of his enemies. The next morning, they sent a minister, to prepare the prisoner for death. He was strangely surprised to find a woman instead of a man. The news spread in a moment. The keeper of the tower consulted the court, what must be done with lady Nithisdale. He received orders, to set her at liberty; and she rejoined her husband in France.

Under the article *filial love*, we translate the following.

A Japanese widow had three sons, and subsisted by their labor. Although this subsistence was extremely economical, the labors of the children were not always sufficient, to meet it. The spectacle of the mother, whom they loved, pining with want, caused them one day to conceive this strange resolution. It had been just published, that whosoever would deliver up the thief of certain effects, should receive a considerable sum. The three brothers agreed, that one of the three should pass for the thief; and that the other two should deliver him up to the judge. They drew lots, to ascertain, who should be the victim of filial love; and the lot fell upon the youngest, who consented to be conducted, as a criminal. The magistrate interrogated him. He admitted, that he had stolen. He was sent to prison, and the others received the promised sum. But their hearts began to be affected by the danger of their brother. They found means of gaining admittance to his prison; and supposing themselves unobserved, they tenderly embraced him, and shed over him a shower of tears. The magistrate accidentally noted them; and, surprised with a spectacle so new, charged one of his people, to follow the two informers. He expressly enjoined it on him, not to lose sight of them, until he should have discovered something to throw light upon a fact so singular. He acquitted himself perfectly of his commission; and related, that having seen the two young persons enter a house, he drew near to it, and heard them relate to their mother the circumstances, that have just been stated; that the poor woman at the recital raised heart rending cries, and ordered her children to carry back the money, which they had given her, affirming, that she had rather die of hunger, than preserve life at the price of that of her dear son. The magistrate, scarcely conceiving of this strange prodigy of filial love, ordered the prisoner before him; interrogated him anew, touching his pretended thefts, and even threatening him with the most cruel punishment. The young man, persevering in his tenderness for his mother, remained immovable. The magistrate penetrated with an action so heroic, embraced the young man, and departed immediately to instruct the emperor of the case. The prince, seized with admiration at the recital, desired to see the prisoner. When he appeared, 'virtuous son,' said he, extending his hand to him, 'your conduct merits the highest praises. The country shall celebrate it; and it is mine to recompense it.' Immediately he ordered him a handsome pension, sent for his two brothers and their mother, bestowed on them abundant caresses, and retained them at court.

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Love of country, as might be expected, includes a great number of splendid historical examples, for none of which we have space. Under *love of the sciences*, we select the following.

Alphonso V, king of Aragon, eagerly sought medals of the emperors; particularly those of Julius Cæsar. Every one was desirous to find them for him; and he received them from all Italy. Sometimes amusing himself for hours together, in the fixed contemplation of the heads of these illustrious men, he used to say, 'my emulation kindles at the view of so many heroes. They all have the aspect of inviting me to follow them in the path of glory; and to achieve, like them, deeds worthy of immortality.'

Francis I, was passionately attached to Leonardo del Vinci. The illustrious artist finally expired in his arms, to the astonishment of the grandees of his court. The king observed to them, 'you are wrong, to admire at the honor, in which I hold the great painter. I can make, any day, a number of nobles, like you; but God only can create a man like him I have lost.'

Louis XIV, had always in his *suite* some illustrious *Savans*. Among them Racine and Boileau were distinguished. After the death of Racine, Boileau, in old age and infirmity, retired to his house at Anteuil, and rarely appeared at court. The king said to him one day, drawing his watch from his pocket, and presenting it him, 'if your health will allow you sometimes to visit me at Versailles, I shall always have an hour to devote to you.' What courtier, what prince even, could have obtained a similar favor?

The following is under the head of *love of glory*. A soldier was sent by Vauban, to examine a position. He surveyed it a long time, notwithstanding a shower of fire from the enemy, in which he received a ball in his body. He returned, and gave an account of his observations, with all possible tranquility; though the blood flowed abundantly from his wound. The general, to recompense his bravery and services, offered him money. 'No, your highness,' replied the soldier, 'that would spoil the deed.'

The two following, under the head of *assurance*, will be new to most of our readers.

At the battle of Aignadel, gained by Louis XII, 1509, the victory was long balanced, without declaring for either party. All was in terrible confusion. The French and Venetian battalions were mixed in promiscuous fight, without being able to recognize each other. In the horrible tumult, the soldier could scarcely distinguish the voice and the orders of his general. Louis, without regard to his person, exposed himself to the hottest fire. His courtiers supplicated him, to consider the danger, to which he exposed himself. 'Not at all! Not at all!' he replied. 'I have no fear; and whoever has, let him get behind me. He shall receive no harm.' This heroic confidence animated the dejected courage of his warriors to redoubled efforts, which finally triumphed.

Haclod Khan, son of Gengiz Khan, at the head of an immense body of Tartars, made all Europe tremble. A Saxon nobleman wrote the news to the duke of Brabant, and the letter was sent to queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis. The princess, in her alarm, exclaimed, 'my son, my dear son, what shall we do, in this terrible extremity? What will become of

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the church? What will become of us all?' 'What shall we do, madam?' replied the young king—Look to heaven for consolation and strength. Every body says, that these Tartars came from hell. We will send them back there; or they will send us to paradise.' This trait of intrepidity was soon diffused even among strangers, and inspired a masculine vigor, which took the place of the sudden panic, which had pervaded all minds.

We have scarcely turned over half the pages of the first volume, seizing an anecdote here and there, only guided in the choice, by a desire to select those, that have been least seen. We hope to find another occasion to resume these translations, or at least direct some compiler of juvenile books to this admirable work.

The Philosophy of a Future State. pp. 308. *The Philosophy of Religion, or an illustration of the moral laws of the Universe.* pp. 461. By Thomas Dick, 'author of the Christian Philosopher,' &c. &c. Reprinted by E. & G. Merriam, Brookfield, Mass. 1829.

These books are from a Scotch writer, of popular and established standing, among a certain class of orthodox divines. They have been extensively read, and have gone, we are told, to a number of editions. There is much writing in them of eloquence and power; and numerous historical extracts, of a very peculiar character. It should seem, as if the whole body of voyages and travels had been culled, with a view to select the most chilling and abhorrent views of human nature. We have no doubt, that the extracts are made with fidelity; and we know in most cases, that they are from authors of approved credit. Yet we have not before had similar views, creating such unqualified abhorrence; nor such horrid representations of the results of religious persecution. The effect, probably, results from this circumstance: that we have before seen them scattered promiscuously, and in detached points of history; and that they are here thrown together;—and thus grouped, the horror of one running into that of another, increasing the concurrent effect of the whole, gives the representation, taken together, an air of incredible enormity; and we involuntarily turn to the pages, whence the authorities are cited, to see, if we had so read them before. We are far from subscribing to all the positions of the author. Yet we deem the works, on the whole, to be eloquent, of great research, and calculated to produce, especially among that class of religionists, who will read them, (and we may add, will not read us) a vast amount of good. Dedicated, at least one of them, to Chalmers, it may be easily inferred, that they are not the narrow orthodoxy, which measures the Divine government by the boundaries of a province, and the members of a few congregations. These books, on the contrary, profess to take broad and philosophical views of God's government; and, like the astronomical sermons of the great man, to whom one of the works is inscribed, survey the operation and character of those laws to the remotest suburbs of our system, *et ultra flammantia mœnia mundi.* The style, as might be expected in an ambitious book of the present Scotch school, is sometimes

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inflated, sometimes obscure—sometimes puerile; and often overgoes its purpose, by an accumulation of epithets, climaxes, and horrors, which give the work an aspect of exaggeration and overwrought effort at effect. We suspect, no secret in writing is so little understood, as economy of eloquence, effort, splendor, and good things. A few glow worms show delightfully on the springing verdure, in a night of darkness and spring. But the millions of a sultry August night confuse and tire vision by the general mass of scintillation.

We could not but make involuntary comparisons of this work, which assumes the depravity of human nature, in consequence of the *fall*, which treats of the *locality* of heaven, and the *pursuits* of angels and the immortal spirits of men in another existence, with the views of Combe *on the Constitution of Man*, so clear, so precise, so approving themselves to common reason, and the general perceptions of men. We do verily believe, that there is a religion, which must be received, on fair and full examination, by the most enlightened minds; that it is the ultimate result of the highest and best power of the human understanding, exerted in its noblest and most legitimate pursuits. While every article of a mere human creed is continually exposing the mind to fluctuate between the faith of authority and example, and the uncertainty of scepticism, according to its prevalent tone, this faith strengthens, as we advance in reasoning, experience and time. Instead of changing with the fluctuation of our feelings, with the different positions, in which we may happen to be placed, or the different people, or circumstances, with which we may be surrounded, it grows more firm and unwavering; less liable to be affected by our different frames, in health or sickness, in joy or sorrow, in the midst of life, or in the near approach of death. We consider the points of this faith, which thus obtain in the mind a distinctness, *a local habitation and a name, the essentials of religion*, those in which all Christians, on examination, cannot but agree; and the denial of them to imply a renunciation of all faith or interest in any thing beyond this present existence. The more we converse with men, whose general walk and character evince real wisdom, worth and independent sincerity, the more we find, that, like our own, their minds, in viewing this subject of all absorbing interest, have wandered through all degrees of speculation, confidence, distrust, doubting and anxiety; until finally they have settled to rest, not in a creed of numerous articles—but of a few simple truths, to which the mind clings more closely, the more they are examined; which fluctuate not with our temperament, hopes and fears; but which claim, like the great principles of morals, the steady assent, under all changes and circumstances, which the mind gives to the law of nature. Every candid commentator upon the divine writings must allow, that each one of the almost innumerable sects of the Christian religion can prove his own creed unanswerably, if you allow him to take texts in detached selection, and give to them a literal meaning; the puerile and unworthy way, in which almost all religionists have chosen to advance their systems. The Catholic, for example, founds the authority of his church on a single text. The Protestant opposes him by another text. Allow the literal and detached meaning, and both are true, though directly contradictory.

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Touching this point, there can be among honest men but one opinion, that the scriptures must receive such a general construction, in reference to leading doctrines, as to make the whole one great and consistent scheme. That must be the true construction of the divine writings, which makes the whole mass most consistent with itself, with the teaching of reason, the voice of nature, and the consent of mankind. So interpreted, this volume bears, as if written in sun beams, the impress of a few great truths. Admit them to be the burden of the teaching of the bible, and the bearing of every part of it becomes significant, the construction easy, unforced, satisfactory. Conviction is the result; and the conviction of fair examination is the only faith, that is worth a moment's desire—the only faith, that will prove the guide of action against weakness and temptation, and the same in all periods and conditions of life;—the only faith, that will abide the searching anxiety of the hours, in which death is seen to be at hand.

What article can there be, in religion, of much value to regulate life, and sustain us in calamity and death, but the conviction, that there is one God, the infinite and eternal—an everlasting life after death, and the retribution of carrying into eternity the capacities for happiness or misery, which we have acquired in this life? Well has it been said, by one of the noblest minds that Christian philosophy has ever produced, *that the* declaration of these grand truths on authority was well worthy *of all the* scaffolding of the Christian dispensation, well worthy of the *Mission* of the Messiah to our world; and that if Christ had uttered but the single sublime truth, which he so solemnly declared over the tomb of Lazarus, an eternal life, and an eternal retribution by a resurrection from the dead, it would alone have justified all the magnificence of prophecy, and all the importance, which Christ and his apostles have attached to Christianity. Divest the creeds of all the different sects of their technicality, and language without meaning, and what is there left, of any significance, but an eternal state of retribution beyond the present life? An eternal life of happiness is all we can desire—an eternal life of misery the worst we can have to fear.

We must do the author before us the justice to say, orthodox though we suppose him to be, that these are the chief points of discussion in these two works. We do not contemplate a detailed analysis of them. It would lead us beyond our purpose, and our accustomed limits. They embrace a great amount of such matter, as we should suppose, might have been condensed from a body of sermons, and much of it loose and declamatory. We shall, therefore, stand a better chance of being useful, and read, if we touch upon only a few of the more important points; in most of which we entirely agree with him; and to others beg leave to enter our dissent. These points, and extracts illustrative of his manner, and containing matter interesting in itself, will occupy all the remaining space, which we have to spare to this article. The author begins with the only point in religion, on which all others depend—*immortality*. Its natural and moral proofs, its proofs from reason and revelation. It seems to us, he might have spared any declamation upon the importance of this doctrine. What grandeur of thought, what structure of sentences, what words of power will operate upon the thoughtlessness and obtuseness of that mind, that is

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not struck with the simple sublimity of the idea, involved in that one word—immortality? Death—it is the grand object of human dread: immortality—it is the ultimate aspiration of the human heart. The author's arguments are clear and well arranged, though nothing new is advanced. We should have arranged the argument somewhat differently, as thus. We think; and that, in which thought inheres, must be immortal. We have the sentiment and the desire of immortality—and God would not have given these to beings, who were not destined ultimately to receive it. The hands do not feel—the eyes do not see—more than the staff, which we handle, or the spectacles, which we wear. Our conscious thinking substance gives no certain evidence, that it dwells either in the hands, the head, the heart. It is not diffused—because it would in that case change with the changing body, which it does not; but remains from birth to death—through all the material changes and physical accidents of the body, one and the same. It can act without the body—as we perceive in dreams, when the spirit traverses land and sea, the visible and invisible universe, converses with the dead, and passes beyond the ken of Herschel's most perfect telescope, in the twinkling of an eye, and while the body is in effect inert and dead; at least not obedient to volition.

The soul is immortal—for in every country, wherever man has been found, and in all time, he has been found reaching forward into an immortal existence. This consent of saint, savage and sage, of Jew, Turk, Christian and Pagan, of the inhabitants of the remote and barbarous isles of the sea—of the refined and thinking Europeans, could neither have been traditionary, nor conventional; the teaching of priests, or the vision of earnest desire; but is one of those strong, universal and unequivocal instincts, which are the voice of God in the heart, proclaiming the verity of his destination; one of those universal, inwrought persuasions, which can no more deceive, or disappoint us, than the eternal truth of the Divinity can be called in question; one of those voices of the author of our being, as confidently to be trusted, as the fact, that a corresponding gratification must somewhere be provided for every one of our natural appetites.

Man is immortal, because the divine plan, in relation to him, is not completed in this life. The good or evil of his condition corresponds not to his conduct—but is so calculated, as it would be in a case of incomplete discipline—a few morning lessons, the result of which is not to appear until another day. He is immortal, because he has powers and capacities, which would be worse than useless, except on the supposition, that this life were the commencement of another. As certainly, as starting pinions indicate, that birds, yet in the nest, are intended by the Creator in future time to fly, so certainly the incipient mental energies, the undeveloped powers of man, which in this life have no adequate scope—the glorious aspirations, and the ardent longings after something, which earth does not, and cannot supply, are the testimonies of the Creator, that this being commences but a pupilage here, to prepare for a complete unfolding of all his capacities, and manifestation of the object and utility of all those endowments, physical and mental, in his structure, which, if intended only for this life, would be not only useless, but an incumbrance.

Man is immortal, by the analogy of all else in nature. The forms of

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existence change—but nothing perishes, in the sense of annihilation. Mind, the animating principle of the universe, shall that perish? The very circumstance of its conscious existence, with the capacity to dread annihilation, and to image to itself a continued conscious being in future worlds, is the bonded pledge of the Divine veracity, that man shall exist forever. Numerous races of animals undergo a change, with the aspect of being as destructive to conscious existence, as far as the senses can reach, as death; and yet that change only introduces them to higher modes of life. The transformations of various tribes of insects are familiar examples. They slumber in their films; and life seems as completely extinct, as in the body, that has faded back to earth. A germ of existence, however, remains. The animal crawled, before its metamorphosis. It becomes, in the next stage of being, a butterfly.

The last, and to Christians the best proof of all, is, that the place, where lay the body of the head of our profession, is marked with a cenotaph. *He is not there, but is arisen,* and become the first fruits of them, that sleep. Such are the heads of those general processes of reasoning, which, when carried into their consequences, are to us proofs, that the structure of immortal hopes and aspirations raised within us by the Creator, cannot, and will not be destroyed. They seem to us to have justified such men, as Socrates and Cicero, in their persuasions of immortality, as taught by reason alone. We find the author before us, for the most part, walking in the same track. We dissent from him, however, in his supposing, that the immutability of the thinking principle is not necessary to give more validity to the natural arguments for the immortality of the soul. He affirms, that the only ground of the conviction of immortality is in the proof, that God wills the soul to be immortal. But do we not come to our conclusions, what is the will of God, from the analogy of nature? For example, we see a being evidently of a robust and durable structure. We have, in consequence, stronger confidence in the duration of his life. Whatever is of earth and of parts can be separated, and decomposed. The life, that depends upon organization, must partake of the same accidents. In proportion to the simplicity of structure, and elementary incapacity of dissolution, we infer the durability of all, that depends upon that organization. If we knew, that the substance of the conscious, sentient being, man, had no parts, was uncompounded, and incorruptible in its nature, we should not only have no reason to suppose death would destroy our consciousness; but a positive ground of conviction, unless there was direct proof to the contrary, that it would not.

One hundred and twenty-two pages of the work on Immortality, are devoted to the argument in favor of it from reason and analogy. He then proceeds to those drawn from revelation. We are glad to find, that his general views of this impressive subject are rational, and conformable to sound expositions of scripture. He does not at all understand by the language of the bible, commonly quoted for that purpose, that this, our earth, is to be annihilated. As a specimen of the turgid, and disgusting rant, which is sometimes heard from the pulpit on this theme, we quote a note from him, only remarking, that we can at any time, with very little trouble, hear fustian of the same kind, compared with which, this is sobriety and sound sense.

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'As a specimen of the vague and absurd declamations on this subject, which have been published both from the pulpit and the press, the following extract from a modern and elegantly printed volume of sermons may suffice.—"The blast of the seventh trumpet thundering with terrific clangour through the sky, and echoing from world to world, shall fill the universe, and time shall be no more! The six trumpets have already sounded: when the seventh shall blow, a total change shall take place throughout the creation; the vast globe which we now inhabit shall dissolve, and mingle with yon beauteous azure firmament, with sun, and moon, and all the immense luminaries flaming there, *in one undistinguished ruin;* all shall vanish away like a fleeting vapour, a visionary phantom of the night, and *not a single trace of them be found!* Even the last enemy, Death, shall be destroyed, and time itself shall be no more!" &c. &c. When such bombastic rant is thundered in the ears of Christian people, it is no wonder that their ideas on this subject become extremely incorrect, and even extravagantly absurd.'

In the remainder of this volume, we enter very little into the author's speculations, touching the *locality* of heaven, the *study of mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy,* &c. in which, he supposes, the angels are engaged; and in which they will become preceptors to the *spirits of just men made perfect.* Were it not for the solemnity of the subject, such speculations, founded only on supposition, would provoke a smile. As regards our future existence, it seems to us, that the predicaments of the *when,* the *where,* and the *how* are points for the simple exercise of faith. Life would be to us a dreary blank, and *darkness would be the universe,* if we were not firmly persuaded of a future existence. But, with respect to the place, and the modes, we can only trust, that He, who made us, and gave us his broad seal impressed upon our nature, that it was immortal, will, in his own time, place and manner, render us happy, if in this life; we have acquired the capability of happiness.

In part 3d, page 202, there are some impressive and apparently just thoughts, respecting the aids, which science affords, to enable us to form a conception of the perpetual improvement of the celestial inhabitants, in knowledge and felicity. Too long have christian pulpits, especially of a certain class, furnished scoffers with a theme of ridicule, in deriding the idea of a future felicity, which is supposed to consist of perpetual singing of psalms, and ascriptions of glory. But there is no foundation in reason either for the ridicule, or the idea in which it is founded. That the purer enjoyments, and the nobler pursuits of earth will follow the spirits of *just men made perfect* into a higher existence, is equally the dictate of reason and revelation. Though they may not, as Pope irreverently said, 'show a Newton there as we show an ape,' there can be no doubt, that the perpetual opening of new views, brighter discoveries, and more certain and satisfying tastes of truth, will constitute the employment and the felicity of the celestial inhabitants, in whatever scenes they may be placed. There is no sublimer expression in human language, than that of the gospel. *'They shall see Him, as He is.'* What are all the conceptions of poesy, compared with what is unfolded in this expression? To be forever approximating just conceptions of the grandeur and immensity of the Divinity—such a study may well be imagined, as the delightful occupation

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of an existence which shall have no end. The author presents us some outlines of the extent of one province of his kingdom in the following.

'But it is a fact which cannot be disputed, that the sun and all its attendant planets form but a small speck in the map of this universe. How great soever this earth, with its vast continents and mighty oceans, may appear to our eye,—how stupendous soever the great globe of Jupiter, which would contain within its bowels a thousand worlds as large as ours—and overwhelming as the conception is, that the sun is more than a thousand times larger than both,—yet, were they this moment detached from their spheres, and blotted out of existence, there are worlds within the range of the Almighty's empire where such an awful catastrophe would be altogether unknown. Nay, were the whole cubical space occupied by the solar system—a space 3,600,000,000 miles in diameter—to be formed into a solid globe, containing 24,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubical miles, and overspread with a brilliancy superior to that of the sun, to continue during the space of a thousand years in this splendid state, and then to be extinguished and annihilated—there are beings, who reside in spaces within the range of our telescopes, to whom its creation and destruction would be equally unknown; and to an eye which could take in the whole compass of nature, it might be altogether unheeded, or, at most, be regarded as the appearance and disappearance of a lucid point in an obscure corner of the universe—just as the detachment of a drop of water from the ocean, or a grain of sand from the sea shore *is unheeded* by a common observer.

'At immeasurable distances from our earth and system, immense assemblages of shining orbs display their radiance. The amazing extent of that space which intervenes between our habitation and these resplendent globes, proves their immense magnitude, and that they shine not with borrowed but native splendour. From what we know of the wisdom and intelligence of the Divine Being, we may safely conclude, that he has created nothing in vain; and consequently, that these enormous globes of light were not dispersed through the universe, merely as so many splendid tapers to illuminate the voids of infinite space. To admit, for a moment, such a supposition, would be inconsistent with the marks of intelligence and design which are displayed in all the other scenes of nature which lie within the sphere of our investigation. It would represent the Almighty as amusing himself with splendid toys,—an idea altogether incompatible with the adorable Majesty of Heaven, and which would tend to lessen our reverence of his character, as the only wise God. If every part of nature in our sublunary system is destined to some particular use in reference to sentient being—if even the muddy waters of a stagnant pool are replenished with myriads of inhabitants, shoud we for a moment doubt, that so many thousands of magnificent globes have a relation to the accommodation and happiness of intelligent beings; since in every part of the material system which lies open to our minute inspection, it appears, that matter exists solely for the purpose of sentient and intelligent creatures. As the Creator is consistent in all his plans and operations, it is beyond dispute, that those great globes which are suspended throughout the vast spaces of the universe are destined to some noble purposes worthy of the infinite power, wisdom and intelligence, which produces them. And what may these purposes be? Since most of these bodies are of a size equal, if not superior, to our sun,

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and shine by their own native light, we are led by analogy to conclude, that they are destined to subserve a similar purpose in the system of nature—to pour a flood of radiance on surrounding worlds, and to regulate their motions by their attractive influence. So that each of these luminaries may be considered, not merely as a world, but as the centre of thirty, sixty, or a hundred worlds, among which they distribute light, and heat, and comfort.

'If, now, we attend to the *vast number* of those stupendous globes, we shall perceive what an extensive field of sublime investigation lies open to all the holy intelligences that exist in creation. When we lift our eyes to the nocturnal sky, we behold several hundred of these majestic orbs, arranged in a kind of magnificent confusion, glimmering from afar on this obscure corner of the universe. But the number of stars, visible to the vulgar eye, is extremely small, compared with the number which has been descried by means of optical instruments. In a small portion of the sky, not larger than the apparent breadth of the moon, a greater number of stars has been discovered than the naked eye can discern throughout the whole vault of heaven. In proportion as the magnifying powers of the telescope are increased, in a similar proportion do the stars increase upon our view. They seem ranged behind one another in boundless perspective, as far as the assisted eye can reach, leaving us no room to doubt, that, were the powers of our telescopes increased a thousand times more than they now are, millions beyond millions, in addition to what we now behold, would start up before the astonished sight. Sir William Herschel informs us, that, when viewing a certain portion of the *Milky Way*, in the course of seven minutes, more than fifty thousand stars passed across the field of his telescope,—and it has been calculated, that within the range of such an instrument, applied to all the different portions of the firmament, more than *eighty millions* of stars would be rendered visible.

'Here, then, within the limits of that circle which human vision has explored, the mind perceives, not merely eighty millions of worlds, but, at least *thirty* times that number; for every star, considered as a sun, may be conceived to be surrounded by at least thirty planetary globes; so that the *visible system* of the universe may be stated, at the lowest computation, as comprehending within its vast circumference, 2,400,000,000 of worlds! This celestial scene presents an idea so august and overwhelming, that the mind is confounded, and shrinks back at the attempt of forming any definite conception of a multitude and a magnitude so far beyond the limits of its ordinary excursions. If we can form no adequate idea of the magnitude, the variety, and economy of *one* world, how can we form a just conception of *thousands?* If a *single million* of objects of any description presents an image too vast and complex to be taken in at one grasp, how shall we ever attempt to comprehend an object so vast as two thousand four hundred millions of worlds! None but that Eternal Mind which counts the number of the stars, which called them from nothing into existence, and arranged them in the respective stations they occupy, and whose eyes run to and fro through the unlimited extent of creation—can form a clear and comprehensive conception of the number, the order, and the economy of this vast portion of the system of nature.'

His thoughts upon the grandeur of the Deity, and the glory of his throne, are sometimes eloquent and impressive; but rather resemble common declamations from the pulpit, than such as are in keeping with the *Philoso-*

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phy of a future state. It is matter of regret, that we cannot introduce the very interesting and instructive astronomical note, on page 251, which gives a sketch of the apparent motion of some of the more obvious fixed stars, within the last 150 years. The author's impressions from this fact seem to be, that all the systems of the universe are connected by one invariable law, and belong to one central system, round which all revolve, as the worlds of our system about the sun!

Nothing can be more just and philosophical, than his views of the qualifications, for a future state. It is, in one word, that we must carry with us out of life characters formed to the pursuits and enjoyments of the country. What constitutes misery in man here, we have no reason to doubt, will do so in eternity. Good men commence heaven on earth, and carry heaven with them, wherever they carry their conscious being; and wicked men will create for themselves a place of torment, in this, and in all future worlds. There can be no question that virtue will be happiness, through every province of God's universe, in eternity still more emphatically, than in time.

The volume closes with an abhorrent catalogue of the worst and most malignant characters, recorded in the page of history, in proof, that bad passions must every where create a hell for the possessor. The whole theme in this volume is one of the utmost magnitude to our present and eternal well being, that the mind can imagine; and well might the motto have been those impressive words of Hyeronymus.

'Sive comedam, sive bibam, sive aliquid aliud faciam, semper vox illa in auribus meus sonare videtur: Surgite Mortui, et venite ad judicium. Quotius diem judicii cogito, totus corde et corpore contremisco. Si qua enim præsentis vitæ est lætitiæ, ita agenda est, ut nunquam amaritudo futuri judicii recedat a memoria.'

'Whether I eat or drink, or in whatever other action or employment I am engaged, that solemn voice always seems to sound in my ears, 'Arise ye dead, and come to judgment''—As often as I think of the day of judgment, my heart quakes, and my whole frame trembles. If I am to indulge in any of the pleasures of the present life, I am resolved to do it in such a way, that the solemn realities of the future judgment may never be banished from my recollection.'

Philosophy of Religion.

THE Philosophy of Religion is a large, and closely printed volume, containing, like the former work, many eloquent passages. sometimes reaching the sublime; and not unfrequently introducing a trivial, and unworthy, and ill assorted thought in the midst of the noblest flights. With a great amount of splendid declamation, there is much, that is turgid, the mere rant of a noisy field preacher, put forth to inspire amazement, exclamation and tears. From numerous examples of anti-climax, we select one.

'Again, in order to gratify the sense of *hearing*, He formed the atmosphere, and endowed it with an undulating quality, that it might waft to our ears the pleasures of sound, and all the charms of music. The murmuring of the brooks, the whispers of the gentle breeze, the soothing sounds of the rivulet, the noise of the waterfall, the hum of bees, the buzz of insects, the chirping of birds, the soft

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notes of the nightingale, and the melody of thousands of the feathered songsters which fill the groves with their warblings, produce a pleasing variety of delightful emotions;—the numerous modulations of the human voice, the articulate sounds peculiar to the human species, by which the interchanges of thought and affection are promoted, the soft notes of the *piano forte!* the solemn sounds of the organ—and even the roaring of the stormy ocean, the dashings of a mighty cataract, and the rolling thunders, which elevate the soul to sentiments of sublimity and awe—are all productive of a mingled variety of pleasures; and demonstrate, that the distribution of happiness is one grand end of the operations of our bountiful Creator.'

But our concern is not with the style, or manner, but with the declarations and thoughts of this singular volume, so calculated to produce effect.

The introduction discusses the objects of knowledge, the moral relations of intelligent agents, and the inutility of ethics, detached from revelation. The author considers *order* to be the first idea of morality. The most sublime example of physical order is the beautiful harmony of the universe. Moral order is the harmony of intelligent beings, in their relation to their Creator, and to each other. He presents terrific images of the natural universe, on the supposition that physical order were destroyed; and the still more terrible spectacle, that would result to the moral universe, from the absence of moral order. *Love to God and love to men* are the great principles of moral order. To prove, how worthy God is of this affection, successive chapters treat of his attributes. Any one, acquainted with the style and manner of Dr. Chalmers, (this book is an imitation) will readily imagine, how he expatiates in this glorious theme, the omnipotence, the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. There are splendid paragraphs on pages 42 and 43; one at least not much inferior to some passages on the same theme in Chateaubriand and St. Pierre.

It would be dangerous for a nervous man to read his eloquent and condensed view of the astonishing contrivance of the human structure, in relation to the senses. Who can think of it, without a thrill of admiration and astonishment? The author draws, of course, strong inferences, respecting our indebtedness to the Divine preservation, in keeping the incomprehensible tissue of this amazingly complicated and delicate machinery in order. What a Divine workmanship is the structure of the eye! What a web of infinite delicacy in the constituents of vision! The particles of mist in the ocean would sooner be numbered, than the rays of light, that pour upon it from a single object. An anatomical dictionary is called for, to name all the constituents, and point out all the uses of the structure of the ear. Who can imagine the delicacy and complexity of the infinitely ramified web of nerves, necessary to communicate with odors, in the sense of smell? The same may be said of taste; and more emphatically of touch, an inconceivable sensibility diffused over the whole human frame, and which seems to operate the concurrent result of millions of souls, and which enables the single conscious being to receive information from every pore. Then think of the mysterious power sitting behind the screen of invisibility, knowing every thing, but itself, to whom all these millions of sentient instruments conduct; and allow, that man is indeed *fearfully and wonderfully made.*

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To keep this machinery in action, beside all this infinite complication of structure, the heart is required to give 96,000 strokes for every 24 hours of health, to propel the vital fluid through its almost innumerable canals. In the same length of time, the lungs must expand, and contract 28,000 times, to imbibe the necessary portion of oxygen from the atmosphere. Then imagine the machinery of the stomach, necessary to digestion, of the lacteals to the incorporation of nutriment with the frame, and the simultaneous movements, necessary to throwing off noxious accumulations, by the countless millions of pores; and all this to qualify us for the simplest sensation.

Then, to consider the more palpable constituents of the frame; there are reckoned in the human body 245 bones, each with 40 distinct intentions; and 446 muscles of motion, each with at least 10 intentions. Imagine, then, what is going on unconsciously in every living human frame every moment of life. To estimate the result of the slightest derangement of any part of this machinery, ask not him who is gasping with incurable asthma, but a person, who has a single nerve of a little bone, the tooth, disordered. Let not the hypochondriac dwell intensely upon this machinery, lest he feel the lungs labor, as soon as he thinks of them. Let the cold blooded Atheist enquire, if all this infinite tissue of complication had no original designer. Let the Christian think of it, and *thank* God for every moment of comfortable and healthful existence.

In taking a philosophical view of the mercy and forbearance of the Divinity, the author declaims upon the point, how easy it would be, for the Divine being to destroy animated nature by propelling light with greater force; by decomposing the atmosphere; by destroying the balance of the compound motions of the solar system; by earthquake, electric action, and the like. We have heard the same theme in the pulpit. It always strikes us, as anti-climax. Surely it need not be said, that He, who created, and balanced all these terrific powers, could destroy them in whole, as easily, as disarrange them. To Him the one would be the same, as the other. But to us this adverting to the less, and the included, has the disagreeable effect of anti-climax.

Passing, as we are obliged to do, over his ample, and in some places, eloquent orations upon the justice and mercy of God, and our consequent obligations to gratitude, humility, and resignation, we come to his second table of duties, love to subordinate intelligences, in other words to our neighbor. That is one of his most impressive chapters, in which he proves, beyond all possibility of gainsaying it, the perfect natural equality of mankind. Thence he proceeds to point out the infinite diversity of human relations and dependencies, rendering it unanswerably clear, that *no man liveth to himself;* that we all owe duties to our fellows of every country and clime, which can only be rightfully fulfilled by our cultivating the universal law of love to our neighbor. Bright and millennial views are given of the effects, that would result to man, every where on the earth, if this divine principle were in right action in every bosom. An ingenious and poetical, if not a just analogy, is traced between the principle of *love* in its bearings upon the moral universe, and *attraction*, as operating upon the physical system of nature. No comparison can be more fruitful in the noblest conceptions of poetry.

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There is a very impressive chapter upon the practical operation of benevolence, and the various modes, in which we may display it to mankind. He then touches, in passing; upon the inefficacy of all human systems of ethics, in comparison with the simple, and lucid morality of the bible, of which he gives a long and elaborate analysis in an exposition of the decalogue. He says, under the head of benevolence to animals, that even the tiger has been tamed by kindness. In his views of idolatry, he presents most revolting pictures of the tendency and effect of the ancient systems of paganism, as proofs of the moral tendency of departing from the worship of the one true God.

In a note, under the head of Sabbatical exercises, in his exposition of the decalogue, he has some thoughts, equally striking and just, in relation to the impropriety of many of the collections of hymns used in divine service. Never was there a more amiable man, than Watts. Many of his hymns are beautiful; and a still greater number are of a character to excite astonishment, that such a man could write them; and still deeper astonishment, that any human being can be found, *in these days*, to read them in a church. We should not dare to transcribe hundreds of his stanzas, and place them in juxtaposition, lest the uncircumcised in heart, and the Philistines, should triumph at the spectacle.

Under the discussion of the effects of avarice, he informs us in a note, that the accursed traffic in slaves is still carried on with unabated vigor, by some of the *civilized* powers of Europe. In 1824, the boats of the British frigate Maidstone boarded ten vessels, in a single harbor on the coast of Africa, measuring between 14 and 1600 tons, destined for the living burial of 3000 human beings, torn from their country. The report to government says, 'the schooner La Louisa, Captain Armand, arrived at Gaudaloupe, in April, 1824, with 200 negroes, the remainder of a compliment of 375, which that vessel took from the African coast. The vessel not being large enough to accommodate so great a number, *the overplus were consigned to the waves by the captain*'!!

On page 296, the author commences his survey of the moral state of the world. He takes for granted, for surely the texts, usually quoted for that purpose, are not even the shadow of proof, that man is *fallen*, in the orthodox sense of the term—that the general and undeniable depravity of human nature is not the perversion of dispositions and propensities, which are right in their right exercise, but a radical degeneracy from a moral condition, which was originally perfect. In this way most assuredly all human responsibility and guilt are forever wiped away; since no one supposes the serpent more guilty for its propensities to bite, than the dove for its supposed gentleness and inclinations to feed on grain. But we have no intention to move the bitter waters of that controversy. They who can find proof of innate depravity, resulting from a supposed *fall*, in the texts usually quoted for that purpose, can find sufficient authority for every fiction of the Paradise Lost, in the same book.

But, in pursuing this theme, the author walks through history, voyages and travels; and never did the darkest crayon sketch more revolting pictures of human nature. For more than 100 pages, the views of human character in different countries are absolutely sickening. Little favor does he show to the generals and heroes, the warriors and conquerors, the

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Alexanders and Scipios of the olden time. In the wars of Africa, in the time of Justinian, five millions are said to have been destroyed. The Gothic conquest of Italy destroyed more than fifteen millions. Jenghiz Khan in the last 22 years of his reign, is supposed to have destroyed fourteen million four hundred and seventy thousand. These desolations are but a circumstance, but a drop in the bucket. From the crusades, the author proceeds to the atrocities naturally, and every where connected with war; in which discussion he furnishes ample materials for our peace societies. He traverses the barbarous and savage nations, country by country; and finds every where such traits, as we do not wish to contemplate, and still less to quote. We feel fearful, that he has taken his survey with a bilious and jaundiced eye.

In touching upon Christian amusements, he handles the subject with no sparing hand; and not withholding his darkest colors. Torture, as a legal measure, passes in review. Hunting, fowling, bull baiting, &c. are considered. Then he sketches for us tattooing, puncturing the body, painting some parts of it blue, and others yellow, slitting the lips, hanging pieces of ivory in the ears, drawing down the lips by monstrous jewels, appended to them by a chain thrust through them, the little and compressed feet of the Chinese, and the flattened and compressed head of the Choctaws; and the author fails not to group with them the same kind of distortion of nature, in the equally tasteless hoop, insect lacing, and horrible bunches of borrowed hair, with which, with precisely the same views, modern belles think to decorate their persons. If fashion had not blinded us to their monstrous violation of nature and good taste, as well as their injury to health, the appendages of a modern belle would make no mean contrast beside the female attempt at ornament in a New Zealand lady.

The author gives no more quarter to the fashionable reading of novels and romances. His countryman, poor Sir Walter, is dished without mercy. All the light and fictitious reading of the age is sentenced together; and, notwithstanding all, orthodox ministers will read Sir Walter; and the ladies, who can afford it, will wear hoops, and false hair; and lace themselves into deformity and hectics, just as though nothing had been said; a sad proof, that much writing and moral harangue are given to the winds.

His details of religious persecution are altogether too horrible to touch upon. His views of punishments, in different countries, are such, as people would not love to read, just before going to sleep; lest the horror might return in dreams. From Morse he quotes the description of scientific *gouging*, as that author represents it to be practised in North Carolina; and as some have been bold enough to insinuate, that it has been sometimes operated along our own water courses. British pugilism receives a passing compliment—and the *fancy* is traced in colors of true black ink. We learn, that this horrible practice is tolerated, as we recently remarked, at Eton School, where the patrician children are educated. Two instances, one a recent and very affecting one, are recorded, of death resulting from fist fights between the sons of noblemen.

The Catholics, as we may suppose, are spared as little as any other religionists, in their follies and enormities. A most ridiculous view is given of the *feast of the ass*, formerly practised by that church, in commemoration of the Virgin's flight into Egypt. The priest, when he dismissed

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the people, brayed three times, like an ass; and the people brayed, in the same manner, the usual response, '*we bless the Lord.*'

Towards the close of the book, he takes up the inquisition—Autos da fé, and generally the history of bigotry and superstition in all countries. Human language cannot prepare a darker picture of it. It would be invidious to quote his terrible account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomews. But he is not at all more indulgent to the intolerance of one sect of protestants towards another. Instead of dwelling upon the bloody details of the spirit of bigotry, as he has grouped them, in his extracts from history, we quote his views of the influence of the bigoted and persecuting spirit in the protestant church at the present day.

'The present state of the Christian world affords abundant proofs that this spirit is far from being extinguished. Christians are at present distinguished by the peculiarity of their opinions respecting—the Person of Christ, and the attributes of which he is possessed—the means by which salvation is to be obtained—the measure and extent of divine benevolence—the Government of the Christian church—and the ceremonies connected with the administration of the ordinances of Religion. Hence the Religious world appears arranged into such sects and parties as the following:—Arians, Socinians, Unitarians, Sabellians, Necessarians and Trinitarians;—Baxterians, Antinomians, Arminians, Calvinists, Lutherans, Sub-lapsarians, Supra-lapsarians, Sandemanians, Swedenborgians, and Moravians;—Roman Catholics, Protestants, Hugonots, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Seceders, Brownists, Pædo-Baptists, Anti-Pædo-Baptists, Keilamites, Methodists, Jumpers, Universalists, Sabbatarians, Millennarians, Destructionists, Dunkers, Shakers, Mystics, Hutchinsonians, Muggletonians, the followers of Joanna Southcott, &c. &c.—Most of these sectarians *profess their belief* in the existence of One Eternal, Almighty, Wise, Benevolent, and Righteous Being, the Creator and Preserver of all things;—in the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures;—that God is the alone object of religious worship;—that Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah, and the Son of God;—"that he died for our offences, and was raised again for our justification;"—that there is a future state of rewards and punishments;—that there will be a resurrection from the dead;—that it is our duty to love God with all our hearts, and our neighbour as ourselves;—that the Divine law is obligatory on the consciences of all men;—that virtue and piety will be rewarded, and vice and immorality punished, in the world to come.

'Yet, though agreeing in these important articles of the Christian system, how many boisterous and malignant disputes have taken place between Calvinists and Arminians, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and Methodists, respecting the speculative points in which they disagree! While controversies among philosophers have frequently been conducted with a certain degree of candour and politeness, the temper with which religious disputants have encountered the opinions of each other, has generally been opposed to the spirit of Christian love, to the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and even to common civility and decorum. The haughty and magisterial tone which theological controversialists frequently assume,—the indignant sneers, the bitter sarcasms, the malignant insinuations, the personal reproaches, they throw out against their opponents,—the harsh and unfair conclusions they charge upon them,—the general

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asperity of their language,—and the bold and unhallowed spirit with which they apply the denunciations of Scripture to those whom they consider as erroneous, are not only inconsistent with every thing that is amiable and Christian, but tend to rivet more powerfully in the minds of their opponents, those very opinions which it was their object to subvert. To gain a victory over his adversary, to hold up his sentiments to ridicule, to wound his feelings, and to bespatter the religious body with which he is connected, is more frequently the object of the disputant, than the promotion of truth, and the manifestation of that "charity which is the bond of perfection." And what are some of the important doctrines which frequently rouse such furious zeal? Perhaps nothing more than a metaphysical dogma respecting the sonship of Christ, absolute or conditional election, the mode of baptism, the manner of sitting at a communion-table, an unmeaning ceremony, or a circumstantial punctilio in relation to the government of the church! While the peculiar notions of each party, on such topics, are supported with all the fierceness of unhallowed zeal, the grand *moral* objects which Christianity was intended to accomplish are overlooked, and the law of meekness, humility, and love, is trampled under foot.

'The following are some of the ideas entertained respecting the *rights* of religious disputants, as assumed by the disputants themselves:—"The Controversialist," says Mr. Vaughan, in his "Defence of Calvinism," "is a wrestler; and is at full liberty to do all he can, in the fair and honest exercise of his art, *to supplant* his antagonist. He must not only be dexterous to put in his blow *forcibly*; but must have a readiness *to menace with scorn*, and *to tease with derision*, if haply he may, by these means, unnerve or unman his competitor. I know not that he is under any obligation to withhold a particle of his skill and strength, whether offensive or defensive, in this truly Spartan conflict." In perfect accordance with these maxims, he thus addresses his adversary: "Why, Sir, I will *fight you* upon this theme, as the Greeks did for the recovery of their dead Patroclus; as Michael the archangel, when, contending with the Devil, he disputed about the body of Moses; as the famed Athenian, who *grasped his ship with his teeth*, when he had no longer a hand to hold it by. It shall be with a loss not less than life, that I resign this splendid attestation (Rom. viii. 28—30.) to the triumphal origin, procession, and coronation, of grace in the redeemed."'

Our object has been to draw public attention to two eloquent orthodox books, which have circulated very extensively in Scotland and England, and are but little known in this country. We are aware, that much in these books will seem overcharged. Yet there is a commendable independence, fairness and impartiality, in regard to all sects and opinions, however opposite from the author's, which is rather to be expected from a layman, than from a minister. True, there is an evident tincture of bigotry and the spirit of sect occasionally manifested. Yet, on the whole, we can cordially recommend this orthodox book to liberal Christians; as containing much eloquence, and the result of vast research and study; and tending to fortify our persuasion of another existence, and enlarge our conceptions of the Divine government and glory; and to bring *peace on earth and good will to men.*

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Transylvania Journal of Medicine, extra. A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Transylvania University. Lexington, Ky. January, 1830.

It is gratifying to us to be able to give the following synopsis, in evidence of the rising and flourishing condition of this University. The number of trustees is 17; and the names and standing of these men are guarantee, that they do not consider their office a mere sinecure. The immediate faculty comprises 14 officers of instruction, beside the treasurer and librarian; and the number of students in all the departments shows the imposing total of 362;—of which number 73 are from Lexington; 21 from the county of Fayette; 107 from other parts of the state, and 159 from other states. It cannot but be a pleasant contemplation to a western man, to compare this total with that of the best known of the Atlantic universities. This most ancient and noted of our literary institutions, suffers yet, we are told, under many wants essential to its proper efficiency and prosperity. It sustained, as the community knows, a desolating and sweeping disaster from fire. Its library and apparatus in some of the departments, though respectable, are by no means yet, what its public reputation and the honor of the west require. We are sorry to learn, that literary munificence was scantily manifested towards this institution in the recent event of its great loss by fire. We know not where it could be more nobly or usefully displayed, than in contributing to enlarge the fountains, whence healthful and the most necessary instruction should flow over all our great valley.

We are still less able to account for the almost total neglect of the institution, by the great and spirited state, to which it appertains. We see in this fact a direct denial of the common philosophic maxim, that the whole is as the parts. A Kentuckian, at home or abroad, is ready to do chivalrous battle to the death for the honor of old Kentucky. But bring the representation of the state in mass, and point out ever so clearly the requisitions to sustain its reputation and character, and the matter immediately becomes tinged with the bilious colors of party. We neither know, nor desire to know the numberless eddies, upper and under currents, whirls and quick-sands of party spirit in Kentucky, nor how the interests of this university are identified with them. But we do know, that however it may be regarded in Kentucky, it is throughout the valley of the Mississippi, and through our union, and in foreign countries, as the most ancient and best known literary institution of the west, identified with the name, character and reputation of old Kentucky. We have, indeed, no college in America to compare in endowment with the universities of the old world. But to look at the number of students at Transylvania, compared with that of Harvard or Yale, and then to contrast its endowments, literary, and other facilities, we feel reluctant to have it known, as it must be in Gath and Askelon, what six hundred thousand Kentuckians think of the value of science; and what the four millions of our valley can show, in relation to our most noted university.

Nothing, in our view, is more hostile to the real interests of science, than sectarian institutions. It is positively Gothic, and setting our faces back towards the dark ages, to build up a hundred feeble sectarian competitors, Presbyterian and Catholic and Methodist and Episcopalian col-

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leges—rivals, spies, institutions, which can only prosper, the one by the downfall of the other; as though science was Presbyterian, or Catholic, or Episcopalian—or sectarian of any class. Others may reason and controvert, but we feel, that the mind is narrowed, enfeebled, and forced to operate in the hemisphere of a nut shell, by the influence of the spirit of these institutions, if conducted on sectarian principles; and if not intended to be so conducted, why affix these names?

We remark thus, because we verily believe, that Transylvania is not a sectarian institution. Its respectable, unassuming and industrious president, and some of its other efficient officers, are understood to be orthodox. This ought to secure it from the stain of a suspicion, that latitudinarian sentiments, in regard to religion, are inculcated there. We confess, that we have not been without our fears of the prevalence of an opposite bias. We retain them no longer. We have come to the conviction, from a scrutiny as faithful as our means, and our earnest good wishes for science would allow, that the general course of instruction imparted at Transylvania is broad, generous and unbiassed. Whatever prejudices may have existed abroad, in regard to the influences of the example of Lexington, they are, as we believe, wholly unfounded at present. Instead of being, as it has been imagined at a distance—a place, where the warm blooded and unregulated young men of the south would be exposed to a continuation of the influences of their birth, it is the tropical climate of orthodoxy, where a faith exists to remove mountains, and strongly tending to the spirit, which convened the excellent old puritans of the Westminster confession, to settle in conclave what, and how much children and youth ought to believe.

The Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review. Jan. 1830. New series.

This work, formerly a monthly, and, we believe, the most extensively circulated work in our country, has been new moulded, and cast in a quarterly review form, of a more literary and select character. We took occasion to speak of it, in its former condition, as containing a great number of articles well written, and of general interest, and abundantly evidencing, that the Methodist connexion was no way behind the other denominations, in point of intelligence, and resources for good writing. Two numbers of the work, in its present form, are before us—each adorned in the frontispiece with an engraving; and one, that of the Rev. William Capers, one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. We feel a glow of pride and pleasure, as we contemplate such proofs of the general advance of our country, as this work presents. Our readers need not be told, what associations used instantly to be called up by the term *methodist.* Here is a Methodist review, which, in point of beauty of execution, and spirit and talent in many of its articles, vies with the first periodicals in our country. We were inadvertently about to write, that we were sorry to see so large a portion of the work devoted to the discussion of the

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schism, which exists in the bosom of the Methodist church. But, on maturer thought, we are not sorry. Along with the noble zeal, the indefatigable industry, and the incalculable services of that church, there has been mixed too much of the denouncing and bitter leaven of the other denominations. Nothing is so effectual to bring men to understand this thing, as to feel its effects in their own case. Let denunciation and recrimination pass, and re-pass, until all men, that profess to be Christians, shall feel, how utterly unworthy all this is of the name. We may be allowed to express the hope, that the respectable editors of this work will exercise a severe supervision, in regard to the character of the articles admitted. We cannot doubt their tact, in reference to what will be in keeping with the general standard of the work. We imagine, that they understand as well, as the enlightened of any other church, that an article is not necessarily pious, because it savors of a time-honored phraseology; or wanting in piety, because it is written with good sense and in just taste. No denomination in our country has it in their power, so effectually to put a veto upon the spirit of intolerance, and denunciation, on the ground of honest difference of religious opinion, as the Methodist church. May they use it aright. This publication has our hearty good wishes for its extensive circulation.

Reverend Mr. Young's Sermon, at the ordination of the Rev. James Thompson, at Natick, Mass.

We wish, we were sure, that the western readers of the M. W. Review took the same interest in reading notices of the numerous sermons that issue from the American press, that we do in seeing, in the increasing eloquence, discipline, enlargement and elevation of thought of these productions, the most unequivocal of all demonstrations of the rapid progress of our country in literary and intellectual improvement. It remains for some one to graduate this scale, by a general comparison of the printed sermons of twenty years past, with those of the present. A number of impressive and eloquent sermons have passed under our eye, within the few past months, which have failed to receive that notice which our judgment and feelings dictated, from our knowing that too many of our readers think only and care only for the things that pass away.

We take leave earnestly to recommend to all those, who do not deem it, in orthodox phrase, *the most soul destroying of all heresies*, to believe, with us, that the great object of the teaching of the Old Testament, and a prominent and pointed inculcation of Jesus Christ in the New Testament, is, that there is but one God on the throne of the universe; to those, we say, who deem this no heresy, we take leave earnestly to recommend the '*Liberal Preacher*,' as a work conducted with great talent, and eminently qualified to impart genuine piety, in eloquent and impressive diction, especially to the young, and in families where the reading of sermons makes a part of the course of domestic training.

We have no space, in which to dwell on the merits of the beautiful sermon before us. Those, who remember his admired and useful sermon on

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the 'Sins of the Tongue,' will feel anxious to peruse this. As a specimen of eloquent and fine writing, it will sustain a comparison with those, that have done most honor to the American pulpit. Elliot, the beloved and venerated N. E. Apostle of the Indians, rested from his labors in the place, where this sermon was delivered; and an interesting biographical notice of that good man is very appropriately appended to the sermon.

To the extent of our space, the following sample will give better views of the sermon, than any criticisms of ours.

'The Christian sabbath! that is an institution so novel, so peculiar, so dissonant from all his former experience, that it attracts the particular notice of our Athenian visiter. For six successive days, he sees all around him activity and busy life; in the streets, the moving multitude; in the fields, the joyful occupations of the husbandman; industry in the workshop, enterprise in the public walks, and thrift at home. The morning of the seventh day arrives, and the scene is changed. The din of labour has ceased; the workshop is closed; the fields are vacant; the public places are deserted; the streets are a solitude. He listens, but his ear can catch no sound. He fears that some terrible judgment has fallen upon the devoted city, and that the inmates of its dwellings are lifeless. But soon this mysterious and melancholy silence is broken; a strange sound strikes upon his ear. It is the sound of the sabbath bell. At the signal, he observes the inhabitants issuing from their homes. He goes forth himself, and is borne along by the swarming multitude. He remarks an entire change in the appearance of the population. The very countenances, in which, but the day before, he had read the deep traces of anxiety and toil, are now tranquil and composed. The habiliments of industry, too, are laid aside, and a simple and decent habit distinguishes the day of rest from the day of labour. The mixed multitude enters what seems to him a place of public resort. He thinks, doubtless, it is the *school* of some eminent philosopher, who there proposes to teach men wisdom. He has a curiosity to hear the system which he teaches, that he may compare it with those prevalent in his own times; and he accordingly enters.

'He finds gathered there persons of all ages, ranks, and conditions, engaged with solemn demeanour in what he supposes to be a religious service. He listens to the address of the officiating priest, and confesses that he has at last heard what he had long sought, yet sought in vain, among the discordant and bewildering systems of ancient theology. He hears the welcome declaration, that a Saviour 'hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light; that the hour is coming in which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and shall come forth.' Christ crucified might, indeed, appear foolishness to his countrymen assembled in the Areopagus. They might mock when Paul preached to them the resurrection of the dead. But to the enlarged and enlightened mind of Socrates, it would present itself as a most reasonable and acceptable doctrine. To him, who had himself died a martyr in the cause of truth and virtue, a crucified and a risen Saviour would appear 'the power of God and the wisdom of God.' When reflecting, at the close of the day, on all that he had seen and heard, he would testify that this stated season of rest and worship was a most useful and blessed institution. He would acknowledge that the sacrifices and ceremonies of his national religion, were but as the shadows of that spiritual worship in which he sees the highest and humblest in this christian land, unitedly engaged. He

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would admit that all the gorgeous processions and splendid festivals of which antiquity could boast, were but poor pageants when contrasted with the simple repose and silence of the christian sabbath.

'To the thoughtful and discerning mind of the wise man of Athens, there is one characteristic of the christian dispensation, that would present itself with peculiar force; and that is, in its design and adaptation to be a *universal* religion. The sublime truth announced in these words of our Saviour, 'I am the light of the world,' is one of the most striking features of our religion. Unlike all other teachers who had preceded him, his declared purpose was to enlighten the whole world. The lawgivers, who, before his time, had devised codes and established rules of civil polity, had legislated solely for their own nations. The framers of religious systems had formed and adapted them to the character and circumstances of a particular people. The reformers, who at various times had risen up among men, had confined their plans of revolution and improvement to some designated community. And the philosophers imparted their instructions within so limited a range, and to so small a body of select disciples, that it seems as if they purposed to conceal them from all but the initiated, and were unwilling that their tenets should be known beyond the precincts of their own schools. In the long lapse of ages, the world had seen a Moses, a Numa, and a Zoroaster, men of singular wisdom and virtue, laboring with untiring perseverance to effect the moral and religious reformation of their countrymen. There had been many and worthy examples of disinterested benevolence, and of a pure and devoted love of country. Politicians, and patriots, and benefactors of nations, had appeared in every age and in every region of the globe.

'Jesus Christ appeared upon earth, and at the very outset, by the mere annunciation of his purpose, a purpose at once so sublime and comprehensive, raised himself far above all the reformers, philosophers, and sages that had ever lived. His large and generous soul surveyed and comprehended in its wide grasp, all the capacities, interests, wants and woes of the human race. He sent a keen and searching glance over the earth, and he beheld a world lying in wickedness and misery. As a philanthropist, he mourned over the moral desolation and wretchedness of man. He would not, therefore, suffer himself to be trammeled and impeded in his career of benevolence and reform by the mere accidents of time and place. He does not come forth, and, with the narrow views of other reformers, proclaim, 'I am the light of the age—I am the light of my nation—I am the light of Judea and Galilee.' But, at the first annunciation of his design, he rises at once to the original and grand conception of a universal religion; a religion which should comprehend in its wide embrace the numerous and scattered tribes of the great human family; a religion which should be promulgated in every language and in every climate; and accordingly he utters the sublime and solemn declaration of the text, 'I am the light of *the world*,'—of the world in all its diversified regions, and in all successive ages.

'This idea of a universal religion, a religion which should supersede the countless systems of polytheism and false religion, that prevailed and flourished on the earth, you will admit, my hearers, was a vast and stupendous one. Putting entirely out of view the question of the truth and divine origin of this religion, it must be admitted, even by the skeptic, that the mere conception of a scheme so novel and grand, is indicative of superior intellectual light and power, and entitles him who disclosed it, to profound admiration. And need I ask how much his admiration

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would be increased, when he learns that this original conception was first avowed by an obscure and unlettered individual, in a secluded region, and in the midst of an ignorant and narrow-minded people. Let him cast a glance upon the map of the ancient world, and he will observe, bordering on the eastern extremity of the great inland sea, a small and narrow strip of land, inhabited by a separate and singular people; a people cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world by the peculiarities of their civil and religious polity, by a distinctive language and by national prejudice; a people regarded by all other nations with aversion and contempt, on account of their alleged exclusiveness and 'hatred of the human race,' and consequently debarred from all the light that might possibly be derived from the learning and philosophy of their more intelligent neighbors. Now let the unbeliever consider, that it was from the bosom of a people so secluded, so illiterate, and fully persuaded of the perfection of their own religious faith and ritual, that there proceeded a Teacher and Reformer, who had formed views and projected a scheme for the spiritual and moral renovation of our race, which had escaped the researches of all preceding times, and far transcended the wisdom of the world. An uneducated peasant, a despised Galilean, promulgated a plan for the reformation and advancement of mankind, that has never once entered the mind of any one of the boasted sages and philosophers of the most liberal and cultivated age.—Can the infidel maintain, can he believe, that there was nothing extraordinary, nothing unaccountable, nothing supernatural in all this? Which requires the greatest measure of faith, to believe that a solitary, unaided individual, under the inauspicious circumstances which have just been detailed, arrived, solely by the use of his natural faculties, at the knowledge of most important truths, which had eluded the sagacity of the wisest men in all ages, or to believe that it was by the inspiration of the Almighty that Jesus of Nazareth was enabled to speak as never man spake?

'And here I cannot help remarking the seeming unfitness and natural inadequacy of the means and instruments employed in this great scheme of universal reform. Had it been left to human judgment to appoint the circumstances of its origin and diffusion, the author of it, instead of being the reputed son of a carpenter, cradled in a manger and bred in obscurity, would have been born in a regal palace, and nurtured amid delicacy and refinement. The wise men of all lands would have been summoned to become his teachers, and the princely pupil would have imbibed the best lessons of earthly wisdom from the lips of an Aristotle, or a Zeno. When he entered upon his great work, he would have chosen men of the same description as his disciples; and his theology would have been cautiously and systematically unfolded to the curiosity of the educated and refined in the groves of the Academy or in the seclusion of the Porch.

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Rev Mr [illegible]
Boston Mass.

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THE WESTERN MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1830.

The following extract from 'The Shoshonee Valley,' now in the press, is given with the double purpose of presenting a sample of the work; and it is believed, a fair specimen of many of the discourses, which have been delivered among the Indians, and their modes of replying to such doctrines.

This evening was the reign of Elder Wood. He had gradually prevailed, to be able to introduce regular religious exercises, when the tribes were stationary in their towns, twice in a week; on the Sabbath, and on Wednesday evening. As the Indians have much leisure, and spend but a small portion of their time in labor, they naturally covet holidays. Any thing, that creates a distraction for the wearying monotony of their thoughts, is a relief to them. Gatherings to attend Elder Wood's worship were additional holidays engrafted upon their ancient stock. His services were not without their effect. Most of them spent no profound or painful thoughts upon the subject; though all thrilled at the grave and serious presence, the deep words and solemn tones of the minister. To some, who reasoned with him, and were capable of that exercise, the exposition of some of his dogmas was positively revolting. But he visited the sick, and prayed with all, who would allow him. He relieved the wants of those, who failed in their hunt or supplies, or were in any way poor and destitute. He cultivated peace and good will among them; reconciled, as far as they would allow him, their quarrels, gave always good counsels; and on the whole, exercised in the tribe a high, salutary moral influence. There was of course a general and unequivocal feeling of respect towards him. Partly from that feeling, partly from curiosity, and partly from their natural love of a festival, or any kind of distraction, they generally attended his meetings with a great degree of punctuality. Two or three Indian women had professed themselves serious, and

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were now catechumens, under his especial care, as preparatory for administering to them the ordinance of baptism.

To attend upon the service of the evening, to talk over the preceding evening's circumstances, and to see and communicate with the strangers, once more brought a numerous concourse together. The preacher was clad in a full black suit of canonicals, put in order by Jessy and her mother. The added number of distinguished strangers, and the nearness of the time to the great Indian religious festival of the preceding day, concurred to make this a season of peculiar display. Long and deeply had he meditated his subject; and while he would have severely tasked Jessy and the young men, for devoting midnight vigils to considering, in what dress they should appear next day, he overlooked his own night-watchings, where the All Seeing Eye, probably, discovered, that the chief element in his meditations, was to produce an imposing display of oratory this evening. It must be allowed, that the scene was one of most impressive and touching interest. In a deep grove, God's first temple, under the huge 'medicine' sycamore, beside the Sewasserna, the same calm rolling river, that was the night before broken by the movements of a thousand warriors, and flowing in crimson with the light of as many torches, was the place of worship. Beneath its long, lateral, white arms, held out as if in shelter, were collected thousands of these simple people, of every age. Their uncovered heads, their ever grave copper faces, their stillness, and the intense interest in their countenances, the earnestness of their efforts to hush the cries of their children, all united to give deep interest to the occasion. Half formed leaves rustled over their heads; and through the branches, the blue and the stars were seen twinkling in the high dome of the firmament. The sighing of the evening breeze, as it came down the mountains, over the hemlocks and pines on their sides, sounded in the ear like the deep whisperings of communication of heaven with earth. The ancient mountains, with their hundred peaks, stood forth in the light of the moon, to testify the eternity of that Power, who had reared these enduring and sublime piles, and to bear concurrent witness with Elder Wood.

Under such circumstances, the minister appeared before them, venerable in form and person, serious and thoughtful in his manner, and with enough of the peculiar temperament of his country, to be not only perfectly composed, but even to feel the full influence of an excitement, which imparts to a person, so constituted, the power of achieving something more, on the spur of the occasion, than he could have accomplished in the silence of his closet. It has been remarked, that the Indians are singular for the decorous attention with which they listen to whatever purports to be worship. The arrangement was in semi-circles, commencing a few feet from the preacher, who sat central to the smallest. On the first were the

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white people, the visitants, and Jessy in the brightness of her beauty, but with the thoughtful look, which she always bore at divine service, as if waiting to hear. Next were the chiefs and their families; and beyond them, circle after circle, until the outer circumference of the multitude was lost in the darkness.

The most conspicuous influence, which Elder Wood could be said to have wrought upon this people, was in having inspired in them a taste for psalm singing. The Indians, it is well known, as a race, are keenly alive to the influence of music. Though it may be presumed, that Elder Wood had thoughts above the sleeping majesty of the eternal mountains, that constituted the glorious outer walls of his temple; yet, no doubt, he felt some leaven of earthly mould, in a disposition to display to the best effect, the proficiency of his red pupils in psalmody, in proof of his own industry, and that a part, at least, of his apostolic labors, had prospered. It must be admitted, that the heart of this good man kindled with rapture, as well as pride, while he heard his catechumens sing.

He arose, after the fashion of his country, without note or book, save the bible and a collection of hymns. 'The Eternal,' he said, 'dwelleth not in temples made with hands. In ancient days, the pure in heart worshipped Him in the covert of groves, as we do. Yonder are his goings above the mountains. We have met in his unwalled temple, to show forth his praise. He hath sent me to proclaim redemption for sinners, even for the red dwellers in the wilderness, 'who were once afar off, but now are nigh.' There is hope in the eternal mercy of God, of the pardon of sin, beyond the grave. We are all journeying to the common place of meeting in the dust. Beyond is eternal retribution. Let us then, with true hearts, worthily celebrate the praises of the Eternal. Let us invoke his mercy, pray for deliverance from sin, and for a never-ending life of glory and felicity beyond the stars, and beyond the grave.' Such was his exordium, delivered slowly, and with deep intonation, uttered first in English, and then with deliberate and distinct enunciation rendered into Shoshonee. In the same impressive manner, he recited first in English, and then in Indian, the following lines of a hymn:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
  Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
  Towards heaven, thy native place.

Sun and moon and stars decay;
  Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
  To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
  Nor stop in all their course;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun;
  Both speed them to their source, &c.

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These simple children of nature caught the strain of this beautiful hymn, as he raised the first notes himself. The very trees seemed to have become vocal. There was an awful key in the wild sound, as it rose loud, full and clear in the peculiar accent and tones of these native dwellers of the forest. No other people could have produced such music, and in no other place would it have been so appropriate. The singing had in itself a wild grandeur; but the circumstances would have rendered any singing, from such people, grand. The music of the hymn was in itself of the richest; and they sung it with an enthusiasm, that gave it the fullest effect. As the song was repeated, in bursts and cadences, sent back by echo from the mountains, it almost raised the impression, that these venerable witnesses for God had joined in the strain. The frame, that would not have thrilled, the heart, that would not have softened, the soul, that would not have felt the upward movement of religious enthusiasm, as these simple sons of the forest followed Elder Wood through the strains of this anthem, must have been obtuse and insensible. Frederic felt the moisture rush to his eye, and the chill of holy feeling run over his frame. Even the dissipated heart of Julius Landino acknowledged the painful compunctious visitings of a moment.

Elder Wood rose to pray, and the vast audience reverently stood up, listening with grave attention. Prayer finished, he commenced his sermon, translating, as before, sentence by sentence. The intonation in Shoshonee showed the hearers the point, on which it had been laid in English, serving as a kind of interpretation, and giving a singular impressiveness to the sentences. The discourse was sensible, fervid and eloquent; for these were attributes, that belonged to his genius and character. He manifestly strove to be simple, and to use Indian figure and illustration. In this effort he was only partially successful; for full success of this sort can be the result only of the training of a life. In the doctrinal part of his sermon, he evidently failed; for, instead of dwelling on the simple and universal, but all important points, in which thinking beings must agree, he very inappropriately selected a doctrinal subject, not only wholly unfit for the Shoshonee, but one deemed equally unscriptural and unreasonable by the greater portion of professed Christians. The tenor of his reasoning upon his subject was abstruse, abstract, and out of the range of thought of his simple audience, to whom there was but one way of becoming usefully intelligible; and that was to address them in simple ideas, clothed in language and figures drawn from their daily train of thought, and modes of conversing with visible nature. Unfortunately, the preacher had deemed it a matter of duty, to ground these simple Indians in the first points, of what he considered the only true orthodoxy. These points had hitherto constituted the chief burden of his

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theme. They were the absolute and total depravity of human nature, its entire impotence and helplessness previous to grace, unconditional election, and the certain and inevitable destruction of all those, who did not receive all these doctrines and act upon them, as well those who had never had an opportunity to hear the gospel, as those who had heard and rejected it. There was power, and strong though undisciplined eloquence, in his way of stating these dogmas. But those of his white hearers, who attended to his discourse, and cared enough about the subject of his discussion, to deliberate and weigh it, clearly dissented from both his positions and conclusions, as equally revolting to Scripture and common sense. Still there was a serious earnestness and simplicity of truth in his manner, that caused the hearer, while he disliked the general doctrine of the discourse, to feel respect for the preacher. Occasionally, the deep guttural ugh! the note of doubt and dissent, arose from some of the council chiefs, as some of the stronger and more intelligible points of the discourse were rendered into their own speech.

A short extract is given, as a sample of the whole discourse. 'This book came from God; and He hath given me a spiritual understanding to comprehend its true meaning. Whosoever believeth not all these doctrines, contained in it, will suffer eternally in hell, that eternal and bottomless lake of brimstone and fire, of which I have so often spoken to you. It declares, that the white men in their cities of splendor, the simple and moral people of the country, the inhabitants of the east and the west, the people of all languages and climes, children as beautiful and seemingly as spotless as meadow lilies or the mountain snow, are born wholly corrupt, entirely depraved and sinful, black with native pollution, at war with the Great Spirit, and receiving life under his everlasting wrath and curse. The infant of a span long, who dies out of Christ, and the hoary sinner of four score, who has rejected him, will alike wail forever in the bottomless pit, kindled to tenfold fierceness and fury by the wrath of an incensed God.' This declaration was followed by an immediate and general *ugh!* The preacher paused a moment, a little disconcerted. But his native firmness came to his aid. 'I know,' he continued, 'my dear red brethren, I know, that this is a hateful truth to flesh and blood. I know, that it runs counter to all the wicked passions of depraved nature. I know well, that this preaching does not agree with carnal and corrupt human nature. This is the preaching, that in all time has roused up all the opposition of man against God's eternal truth. For preaching these truths, missionaries and martyrs have died among the heathens. For these truths the prophets were stoned; the apostles crucified, and the Son of God bled on the accursed tree.' This too, was followed by a gentle *ugh!*

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'The Great Spirit, from the depths of his own eternity, and to magnify his own glory and the riches of his mercy in Jesus Christ, did of his free and sovereign grace, and without reference to merit, seen or foreseen, to good or evil works, done, or to be done, and without any regard to difference of character, elect from all eternity a few—a very few—I know not how many. God, who chose them from everlasting, only knoweth. They were elected to everlasting life; and the rest, being reprobate, and passed over, must and will inevitably perish. The elect were chosen by infinite mercy, 'before the morning stars sang together, or the sons of God shouted for joy.' In the fulness of time they were to be sprinkled from the native corruption of their hearts, by the blood of the Son of God, the second person in the adorable Trinity. They were to be renewed and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, the third glorious person of the Godhead. Bought by the blood of the Son of God, elected by the Eternal Father, and their salvation sworn by the oath of Him, who cannot lie, not one of them can be lost. Not one of them can ever stray from the heavenly mansions. The rest, the countless millions of the reprobate, are passed by, and sealed up, as vessels of wrath, and reserved for the eternal malediction of the *triune Jehovah*! The spotless throne of the Eternal is guiltless of their blood, and their destruction, and will be equally glorified with their execrations, as heard from the depths of the bottomless pit, as with the hosannahs and hallelujahs of the choral anthems of the blood-purchased elect, who shall praise Him in the heaven of heavens.' Here was a long and full drawn *ugh!*

He paused a moment, and resumed. 'The last and most solemn head of my discourse is, there is but one way, truth and life, but one baptism by immersion, one fold and one shepherd. All, that belong to this fold and shepherd, and have received this baptism, are saved. The rest perish everlastingly. Of the countless millions, who have never heard the gospel—all—all will perish everlastingly. This brings me to my grand point. It is to declare the great truths, my dear red brethren, for whom Christ died, that I have put my life in my hand, and come among you. It is for this, that prophets, and apostles, and evangelists, have gone into heathen lands, and have braved every form of torture and death. It is for this, that my soul is in trouble, that rivers of tears run down my eyes, that I besiege the throne of God day and night, that he would give me the souls at least of some of you, my dear red brethren, in answer to my prayers and cries, as my crowns of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus; that he would give me your souls, my white brethren according to the flesh, that you may hear, believe and be saved, and shine with me, as stars in the diadem of the Redeemer. The case would not be so terrible, so worthy of labor, pity and tears, if it were not, that every one, who doth not receive this gospel, in

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its full import, truth and simplicity, into a new and converted heart, will be everlastingly scorched in the flames of the bottomless pit, under the inexorable doom of a just and benevolent God. By what motives, ye children of wrath, ye dead in trespasses and sins, shall I warn, and adjure you, to arise, and call upon Christ to give you light and life!'

Here the preacher commenced a simple, fervid and affectionate adjuration. It was earnest and solemn, and in some points even thrilling and of the most touching pathos. He continued to kindle his own feelings with the subject, until, stern and little addicted to the melting mood as he was, his voice quivered with emotion, and his eyes streamed with tears. This part of his address went home even to the hearts of the Shoshonee, and many a hard featured warrior, who had brandished the hatchet, or drawn the yager with an unblenching eye and an unfaltering hand, was seen to drop tears in silent sympathy with the preacher.

Such was the scope of a sermon, not without sense and eloquence, but without judgment and discrimination, which produced little impression upon most of the white people, which operated in the naturally acute and discerning intellects of the Indians positive dislike, and unbelief, and which confounded the docile, but enquiring spirit of Jessy. Having finished, as was his custom, he called upon any of the hearers, if they had any thing on their minds relating to religion, to declare it; and if they had any thing to object, he would be willing to hear them state their objections, that at the next meeting he might be ready to obviate them.

Tutsaugee, or The Changing Wind, was the chief reasoner among this people; and to him was generally assigned the part of reasoning, and commenting upon points, which, it was expected, the Indians would answer. He had acquired great readiness and acuteness at this kind of exercise, and was the professed debater and disputant of the Shoshonee. When Elder Wood gave out the challenge, a number of the chiefs, disposed, as it appeared, to have the amusement of a little wind in the form of religious disputation, looked round to Tutsaugee, and gave the usual ugh! in token, that it was expected, he would reply to the positions of Elder Wood. Tutsaugee arose, showing a calm and plausible countenance, and an admirable sly natural physiognomy for a lawyer. He reached forth his brawny right arm from the folds of his buffalo robe, and began raising himself to his utmost height, and speaking gracefully, and with vehement gesticulation. 'Our white father will forgive the ignorant words of his untaught red brethren. We are sensible, that we know nothing, and that the pale faces know all deep things. Still it seems to us, that all the talk of our white medicine father, this evening, is not good talk. It is a strange and strong talk, and our red men are too ignorant, to understand it. Hearken, white

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father, and explain. You say, that the little babes of the white and red people are born under the wrath and curse of the Master of Life. Your Wahcondah, then, must be quite different from ours. Our Master of Life is too good to send little, innocent babes, who have no strength, nor understanding to do wrong, into life, to make them bad, and then bestow his curse upon them for being so. Hearken, father, and explain. You say, that the Master of Life chose, before the sun and moon rolled in the firmament, a few to go to the good place; and chose them, not because they were good, or would be good; and passed by the rest, not because they were bad, or would be bad; but merely for his will and pleasure; that the chosen will surely go to the good place; and the reprobate forever burn in the brimstone lake. This seems to us not a good talk, father. The worst red men in our nation would not act so cruelly, and our Wakondah is far better, than the best of our men. We have even seen no pale faces so bad, as that. The Wakondah of red men chooses, and sends to the shadowy land of souls brave and free spirits, because they are brave, true and good. We do not feel, as if we could love, and trust the Wakondah of the pale face, if he conducts in a way, that seems to us so partial and *cruel*, merely to show his power. We may fear his power; but *if he* so shows it, we cannot love him. Hearken, father, and explain. You say, that your Master of Life hears the groans of the damned, making as pleasant sounds in his ears, as the hosannahs and praises of the blessed. Ah! father, is it because the pale faces worship such a being, that we have heard, that they are all so hard-hearted, cruel, and unjust? Hearken, father, and explain. You say, that the brown faces and the red skins, and the black people, and all the strange people in the far countries, and the islands of the great salt lake, who have not heard of the Wakondah of the pale face, will be damned, and burned forever in the brimstone lake. Ah! because they never heard of him? Father, will the Great Spirit of the white men punish the ignorant red men, because they never heard a talk, that no body was able to tell them. The red men are ignorant. The Master of Life placed them where they must be ignorant, and ought to pity them for their want of knowledge. But do you say, father, that he first makes them ignorant, and then damns them for being so? Father, that seems to us a bad talk. We fear, that you do not say right words of the Wahcondah. We think you slander him, and that he will be angry with you. Put your ears to your medicine book again, and be sure that it speaks just such words as you declare. Father, explain. We are ignorant; but we believe, that the Master of Life has always had kind thoughts in his heart, and kind deeds in his hands. You ask, since we so think of the words, which you find in the book of the Wahcondah, why we so respectfully hearken to our white father, and love him, as a

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wise man, and give heed to him, as a medicine man? Fat[illegible], we hear you speak strange words of the Wahcondah, which [illegible] neither understand nor believe. But we see you doing good de[illegible] We think, you must be a very good medicine man, if you worship a strange and cruel Wahcondah, and yet always do good. We love our white father, because he does not act like the other white men. We know, that words are wind. Deeds stand fast like the mountains. Father, next time you declare to us a medicine talk, we hope you will explain. I have done.'

Most who heard, were convinced, that missionaries, who preach the mild and sublime truths of the gospel, to simple and ignorant people, ought to dwell chiefly on the clear and innate truth of that divine system, and not strive to perplex these children of nature with abstract, not to say revolting doctrines. Some took the preacher at his literal word, and others cared for none of these things.

THOUGHTS ON THE MIGRATIONS OF FISHES.

Might not certain kinds be naturalized in the Ohio, and other Western waters?

'OH, that I had the wings of a dove,' ejaculated the Psalmist, 'that I might fly away, and be at rest.' Dedalus allowed not his eager desires to share the privilege of the tenants of the air, to rest in barren aspirations. He tried the experiment; and his waxen pinions melting in the sun beams, and letting him down from his ærial and unpractised heights, have rendered him immortal in song. The British bard evinces the same passion.

> 'Who has seen them brightly shining,
> Nor turn'd to earth, without repining,
> Nor wish'd for wings to soar away,
> And mix with their eternal ray?'

Poets, and imaginative men, and restless men, and conquerors, and moon gazers, and lovers in all ages, have wished for wings. The numberless achievements, the dangerous and daring efforts of æronauts, all go to prove the restless desire of men to fly. An upward course is the natural aspiration of the human heart. There is, probably, not an individual capable of thought, who has looked upward, and seen the infinite ease, with which the various classes of birds cut the ærial element, and exult, as they mount towards the stars, who has not felt the wish, that the privilege had been allowed to man. Even the hard and mathematical cranium of political economists and engineers has labored, in the soft and sentient matter under it, imaginative freaks, which have resulted in rail roads, and steam, and moving vehicles, which emulate the swiftness of birds. Every one is trying some experiment, either physical or of wishes, to fly away from self, and the stale, flat and unprofitable reality of things, as they exist on this our nether sphere.

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Recommend us meanwhile to the philosophic boy, who, when asked, what he would do, if he were a king, replied, that he would live upon tharkik (molasses boiled with milk) and swing upon a gate. For us, we are not sure, that we do not envy the condition of fishes, quite as much, as of birds. On the oriential doctrine of transmigration, we are not satisfied, that to dart through the coral forests of the sea green element—to descend one of our long rivers, from its mountain source to the sea; or ascend from the sea to the far lakes of the north, would not be as pleasant a tour, as to soar with the lark, or look at the sun with the eagle. These animals, beside, have more resources and stronger security against the greedy and life-devouring appetites of man. They are in a measure exempted, too, it should seem, from one of the most annoying inconveniences, which flesh, whether animal or intellectual, is heir to, in every clime —change of temperature. Their blood being of the temperature of water, they neither sweat from the sun's perpendicular height, nor have fevers and chills from the unsettled weather of spring or autumn, or suffer from the blasts and frosts of winter. There is still abundant evidence, notwithstanding the temperature of their blood corresponds with that of the water, that they suffer from the intemperate heats of summer, when exposed to the fierce influence in unshaded and shallow waters. This circumstance accounts for the innumerable shoals, that crowd, during the heats of summer, into the streams of Louisiana and Florida, that have courses in the pine woods. Those streams wind in deep valleys, over white and clean sands, are fed by cool and fresh springs, and are so narrow, as to be nearly embowered by the vine covered trees, that bend over them. The fish, oppressed with the radiance of a burning sun on the bosom of broad streams, or shallow lakes, flock by millions to their summer watering resorts, to taste the coolness of springs trickling from the hills, and to luxuriate in the deep eddies under the thick foliage of the muscadine. It is impossible to see them sporting over the sands, or fanning themselves, as it were, in the voluptuous repose of a position, where lines of sunbeams flicker upon them through the foliage, and not instantly conceive the idea, that their enjoyment is high and exquisite. We know of no image in visible nature of so delightful a mode of existence, as that of the fishes, as we see them pursuing their sports in their own transparent element. We have no doubt, that the common impression of their little sensibility to pleasure, or suffering, is an utterly erroneous one. We see no sentient beings evidencing keener anguish than fishes, when thrown upon the shore, or when torn with the hook or the spear. No animal dies with so much visible and apparent agony as a fish.

Among all the tribes of animated nature, none more wonderfully exhibit the infinite contrivance of the Creator. Who could ever survey the astonishing adaptation of these animals to the water, and for a moment doubt the existence of a wise and designing cause? We can conceive no addition to their structure, which would not be a hindrance and an annoyance. We can take nothing from their formation, without disqualifying them for their proper movements and enjoyments. What an astonishing contrivance is that sack of air, obviously distended, or contracted at the voluntary action of their own will?—thus enabling them to mount or sink, on the simple principles of specific gravity, without an effort. And

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of all the infinite varieties, though the structure is universally based upon a general outline, yet the greater length, bluntness or sharpness, form of the mouth, fins and scales, the jaws, teeth, and lungs, and every model, from the beautiful salmon, and trout, to the swift pike, the fierce and arrow shaped gar, the unseemly shovel fish, with all the uncouth and monstrous forms, that are found in the seas, rivers and lakes—will be found, as soon as their modes of living and feeding are understood, to have a structure exactly adapted to their destination. No person can have surveyed the specimens of ichthyology in a museum, or have seen the living beings playing in their own element, without having been struck with this fact. We are told, that after all the specimens of naval architecture, after all ideal models, that ever entered the scheming human brain of Tyrian, Carthaginian, Briton, or American, no shape for moving in the water, has ever yet been imagined, uniting convenience and speed in movement, like that of the fish. Hence the best possible shape for the prow of a ship is, to mould it as near, as may be, like that of some of the stronger races of fishes destined for quick and powerful movement. A volume would be insufficient for an enumeration of the evidences of wisdom and adaptation to their pursuits, manifested in their structure. It would be easy, also, to multiply proofs, little as they have been viewed in this light, that they are capable of being tamed, and in some sense domesticated; of manifesting pleasure at the sight of those, who feed them; that relations of affection have been established between them and men; that the dolphin has been known to receive a child on its back, and to manifest grief, when the child, having deceased, came no longer to his accustomed sport. It has but just begun to be matter of experiment, how far these animals can be tamed, and domesticated.

The emigration of fishes is an astonishing fact, well known to naturalists; but one to which no scientific attention has been bestowed, at all adequate to the subject, either as an enquiry of extreme interest in philosophic investigation, or as claiming attention on the score of its relation to utility. It is a fact, which all voyagers have attested, that in the seas of the polar circles, where ice mountains dash against each other, and where storm and frost hold their perpetual and terrific empire—and in those dreary and inhospitable regions, where man is seen only, as a daring and occasional intruder, the greatest numbers and varieties of fishes and aquatic animals breed, and fatten. There the enormous whale—the questionable kraken—the voracious tribes of sharks—the countless monsters, said by sailors to furnish a resemblance to every living thing, that walks the earth, not excepting man—pursue their uncouth sports in those unfathomable caves of ocean, unvisited by aught but themselves and the poet's dream. There the innumerable tribes, in all their colors of green and gold, in all their forms and magnitudes collect, and train their innumerable squadrons. Hence, as from the centre of a circle, they dart away in radii for the milder seas and regions of the south. The innumerable lakes and rivers of the northern seas are first filled, and each with their peculiar species—and of a species the same varieties haunt a particular river or lake. For example, the shad and salmon of the rivers of New Brunswick are different from those of Maine;—and of that state, those of the Kenebec from those of the Saco, and both again from those of Piscataqua.

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A connoisseur well knows, equally by their shape as their flavor, the shad of the Hudson from those of the Potomac. At the proper season of the year, the countless swarms move forward from the frozen seas of the north. At the appointed time, and as periodical as the return of the vernal breeze and the spring blossoms, these tenants of ocean return to their forsaken water-caves, to their former haunts, to the places endeared to them by the remembrance of having there reared their young. Their mossy beds are already prepared for them. They find themselves once more in their ancient retreats, though perhaps situated far up the rivers that wind through the forests, by the same instinct, as it would seem, by which the birds in spring return to their forsaken groves. One day the salmon and shad are taken in the streams of Maine: the next, they are found in the Piscataqua of New-Hampshire,—and so successively along the shore quite to the rivers of Virginia. The salmon or shad of one stream never mistake their course, and stray into another; and their return is as regular and as invariable as the courses of nature.

Of all animals, fishes are from this habit, the easiest led to new water courses, and naturalized to new pasture. This is perfectly understood by all those, who create artificial fish ponds. It is only necessary to become acquainted with the general habits of the kinds, which it is wished to naturalize, the elements requisite to their health and their food, and they are transferred to an entirely new collection of waters, even from what is called freestone to limestone water; and they find themselves at once thriving and at home in their new position. To those, who possess these artificial reservoirs, it is a study of exhaustless interest, to remark their habits, to note how quickly they become to a certain extent domesticated, how regularly they come under the influence of habit to receive food, which is supplied to them at regular intervals. An almost universal impression has prevailed, that their modes of existence are so wholly unlike those of terrestrial animals, that no sympathy, or relationship could ever be established between them. Experiment has demonstrated, that they easily learn to discriminate one person from another—and there are too many recorded facts, to leave it in doubt, that they evince pleasure from the sight of their feeders.

The Chinese have carried the art of raising fish to a greater extent than any other people. It is said, that in that immensely populous empire, where subsistence is so difficult, and famine so common, almost as many subsist on the water, and from that element, as from the land. Of course, with the treasured experience of all the knowledge that relates to subsistence, which has accumulated from an unbroken succession of thousands of years, they have experimented every thing, that relates to the economy of rearing fish, with as much precision and minuteness, as what relates to breeding domestic cattle. They know in what waters, and with what food quickest to fatten particular species. They understand the kind of food and pasturage necessary to all the kinds, as accurately, as an English grazier does in what pasture to raise sheep. Not a stream, not a brook, lake, pond, or collection of water, natural or artificial, but what teems with fishes, carefully selected, and trained with reference to their wants, and that knowledge of their habits which takes into view the kind proper for the climate and place. They know perfectly well of the same kind by what

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process they can quickest be fattened. Thus, not only every rood of land maintains it man, but every patch of water. Nor are their liquid pastures by any means the most unproductive, or unprofitable. Nor need we here discuss their equally artificial and ingenious modes of taking the fish thus reared; among which fishing with trained cormorants, around whose gullets brass wires are fixed, to prevent them from swallowing their prey, is the most amusing and original. It may be added, that this branch of economy is easy, simple, delightful; requiring little expense for their food, and less extra care, than for the raising of any other animals; and has the added advantage of being clear gain—as in most countries waters are considered in the nature of entire waste.

The most obvious fact, in regard to the modes of fishes, is that they are more entirely subservient to the law of habit, than any other order of animated nature. Habit operates upon them with the unvarying certainty of the chain of cause and effect. The following practical facts, in proof of it, bear directly upon our ultimate purpose in this subject. In their annual migrations, of which we have spoken, the gregarious tribes, salmon, shad, herring for example, invariably return, at a certain season of the year, to certain points in ascending long rivers. It happens, that these rivers at those periods are sometimes full to the summit of the banks, and have no fall. At others, there is a difference, as in the Ohio often happens, of twenty or thirty feet in the height of the water at the same period in different seasons. In the low stages, these rivers may possess falls of some feet perpendicular—as at the falls of the Ohio. The gregarious swarms arrive in the low stages at foot of these falls. With the wonderful pertinacity of habit, they are seen by moon light springing up these falls, to ascend to their customary haunts. No facts are better attested, than that salmon will leap some feet to ascend falls; and that multitudes of shad are killed in their persevering efforts to overcome them. Where canals have been dug, and these gregarious fishes have been carried up, and put in at the head of the canal, they are found to have acquired the instinct, or habit, or whatever it may be denominated, the impulse of ascent. They descend through the open locks. The next year, they are seen arriving from the sea at the first locks, making vain efforts to ascend. These facts are so well attested, as to leave with us no question of their authenticity. The Middlesex canal connects the Merrimac with Boston harbor. Herring from the Merrimac descended that canal. The next year, schools were seen at the lower locks near Charleston harbor, manifesting strong inclinations to ascend, whence they came down the preceding year. The same fact is a matter of general observation, wherever similar circumstances exist.

We do not vouch for the fact, but give as we have received, in reference to the naturalizing the fish called tautaug, in Boston harbor. They had never been known to be taken in those waters, says the report, which we credit, until a certain vessel bringing them round the cape in a fish rack, in distress, was either wrecked, or obliged to liberate the fish. Since that time, they have been naturalized north of Cape Cod, as before they had been south of it.

So important an element in the resources of Massachusetts is the ascent of salmon, shad, and herring, or *alewives*, as the technicality of

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the law has it, and so necessary has it been deemed to attend to their habits, that in the enactments of that state a very great number of statutes in relation to them, with penalties, appear among the laws; and the fish officers are magistrates along waters, which these fish ascend, of no small dignity and responsibility. The law clears away dams and obstructions; and suits for violation of these enactments are matters of the most common occurrence. Indeed every yankee is acquainted with the standing witticism, in relation to the good citizens of Taunton, and some other places in that state, that during the season of the ascent of shad and herring, the people are more erect and laconic in their speech, or as the Kentuckians would say, more saucy at that period, than in the meeker epoch, when those fishes are not to be had. The northerners have hinted in retaliation, that a Virginian of the Potomac, during the shad season, is a less civil gentleman, than at any other period of the year.

However this may be, it is a serious and well known fact, that these fish are considered an immense resource along the water courses, which they ascend. The best places for taking them are farmed, and yield in numerous instances a handsome revenue. If it were our object to present statistics upon this subject, our readers would be astonished at the amount of this advantage along the water courses, which these valuable fish ascend. The pickling them, and sending them abroad, is no mean item in their exports. So many of certain kinds are taken, that in the strait between Rhode Island and the main, vessels are loaded in a few hours; and every inhabitant of Massachusetts knows, that the herring ascend many of the brooks in such inconceivable numbers as to have been often used for manuring corn fields. A boy with a scoop net will throw out a barrel in an hour. At the season of shad, fish carts are passing the country in every direction, conveying these excellent fish to the remotest habitation of the most secluded hamlet, rendering the luxury as accessible, as it is cheap. They constitute one of our few productions, which even the grumbling Capt. Hall deigns to praise, when he tells us, in the incidental kind humor consequent upon a good meal, that the luxury of the Hudson shad is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Every *bon vivant* knows, what is meant by the first salmon of the season; knows that yankee land has in this delicious fish a luxury, which nature has denied to their more southern neighbors. How little some Bostonians value their money, in competition with their appetite, may be inferred from the fact, that 40 dollars was demanded this spring in the market for the first salmon of the season.

Every one knows that one of the staple resources of Massachusetts is in her fisheries on the grand banks, where so many millions of cod fish sport, probably allured there by the insects and other food carried down from the tropical climate by the gulf stream. Every emigrant epicure knows, in his sojournings in our interior, how often, over our flesh pots, and the abundant products of our prolific soil, he has eaten in dreams the mackerel dressed fresh from the water, the snow white fin of the huge halibut, and the fancy parts of the peach-blossom-colored lobster. These are luxuries, which can here only be enjoyed in dreams; for, though our waters furnish abundance of fish, and of the finest appearance, they are, compared with these tenants of the pure and sea green waters along the shores of New England, but the apple of Sodom, mocking the appetite,

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only with a deceitful show. Indeed, we are waiting with what patience we may, to see the completion of the rail roads that are to connect us with the Atlantic by flying vehicles, which, according to our friend Mr. Green, of Marblehead, are to send us a treat of fresh codfish for our breakfast.

Our readers may not have imagined, with what views we have travelled round the circuit of this discussion, which the more critical may possibly pronounce an episode, and the more witty a fish story. *N'importe.* The Hibernian said, the farthest way round is the nearest way home. We have had our distinct object in view. If shad ascended the Ohio, and its branches, as they do the Connecticut, Hudson, and Potomac, not to mention the inconceivable myriads of herring, that generally follow in their wake, the advantage would be absolutely incalculable. It has been asserted, that the true shad of the Atlantic waters has been taken in the Ohio at Pittsburgh. We do not credit the report. We do not believe, a fish of this kind has ever been seen in the western waters. But the shad is known to ascend streams as far to the south as the entrance of the Mississippi; and is taken in abundance in the Potomac, in a more southern latitude than the general course of the Ohio. Certainly this fish ascends Atlantic streams more turbid, than our great river, which, except in the time of high waters, is beautifully transparent; and the waters of which are incontestably of the purest and most healthful class. Why should these fish, which, it has been proved, can be naturalized in any pure waters, refuse habitancy in the Ohio, if they were once made free of the river, and invested with the privileges of citizenship? What we have wished, in this article, is, to call the attention of the western people to this most interesting branch of natural history, the habits, and migrations of fishes; and the possibility of training them, like domestic animals, to new haunts and new pastures. Let the first fruits of connection of Pittsburgh with the Delaware, and the Ohio with the lakes, by the two great canals, be the bringing salmon, shad, herring, and other valuable gregarious fish of periodical migration, in a state of health and vigor, in fish racks, to the Ohio. Let them there be turned loose, and made free of our valley. We have no doubt, at least in regard to the shad, that it would find itself at home. Natural historians have asserted, that a single fish, of the more prolific classes, breeds many millions in a year. Fish are known to have Kentucky propensities, in regard to their fondness for range. The ascent and descent of our numerous and almost interminable streams would gratify to a luxury these happy and nimble travellers. Assuredly the chances are worth the trouble of the experiment, were it only to enlighten a most interesting point in natural history. Whether we shall ever eat shad of the Ohio, is a question upon which we have no fixed faith. But, that they will one day be found on the tables of our posterity, we have little doubt; nor that it will be written in the future history of this valley, that previous to such a year, the fish of the Ohio were of little value; that on a certain time, public spirited men, in the exercise of an enlightened zeal to do good, introduced certain of the more valuable of the Atlantic kinds into the waters of the Ohio; that they multiplied inconceivably, and in a few years were found ascending all the water courses of the Ohio and the Mississippi, in as great numbers, as in the Atlantic rivers. So may it speedily be written.

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If any of our cousins german of the quill should intimate, that a great amount of sage counsel of this sort, as of poetry, is thrown to the winds, and upon a community, which is little apt to erect statues to its benefactors, we admit, that we have already pressed many a cheese for the ungrateful city; that we do not ask them to take, but merely to read our prescriptions. We have had the comfort of giving, what we consider an important hint, which we did not intend should die with us. Let the readers of fish stories, and the western lovers of good shad, look to it. It is to us a feast in anticipation to have uttered our oracular enunciation, and to have done our duty.

CLIMATE WEST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

It would seem, that enough had already been written upon this subject. But of the succession of travellers from the Atlantic country, with whom we are continually meeting, and most of whom have read all upon this subject, which they could procure, we find scarcely one, who has clear and precise ideas upon the point. It is rather for the information of such, than for western readers, that we have thrown together a few facts and observations, the result of our own experience, during a period of nearly fifteen years, in various points of this valley.

In point of salubrity, every part of the western country is visibly becoming more favorable to health. The same circumstances, in regard to marshy districts, and contiguity to stagnant waters continue to take place, as in the Atlantic country. Though we have an undoubting impression, that the marshy lands of Ohio do not generate fever and ague, as certainly, or as severely, as in the level and wet districts of New York, in the vicinage of the lakes; nor do we think intermittents so common or stubborn in the southern vicinity of the state, that slopes towards the Ohio, as in the northern division, which descends to the lakes.

In the forest regions, wherever the country has been cleared, and settled for a length of time, it becomes visibly more healthy. Cases of intermittent fever are exceedingly rare in this city and vicinity; nor do we hear much of it in the thickly settled district between the two Miamies. The fertile valley of the Scioto, in its first settlement the grave of so many of its early inhabitants, has now become comparatively healthy. The terrific tales of the sufferings of former years from sickness, in all directions, have passed away. Some imagine, that our atmosphere is more humid, than that of the Atlantic country. As we have a greater elevation, than that country above the level of the sea—and as the free course of the winds is less impeded, than there, by mountains, and as ventilation is more perfect, we should doubt the fact. But if it be so, the cause, in our view, must be sought in the deeper and more loamy soil, evidently more retentive of moisture. In proof of this, it is said, that cellars in this region are visibly damper than that.

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In regard to the comparative chances of health and exposure of life, we imagine, few portions of the Atlantic country, can be found, where health and life are less exposed, take all the seasons, and all classes of constitutions, and all the conditions of society into the account, than in the country between the two Miamies, or the interior of Kentucky and Tennessee. Indiana, Illinois and Missouri are still in the fresher and more exposed stages of habitancy, and the chances of health cannot be so strongly and confidently asserted, as in the districts cited above. In regard to St. Louis, we well remember, that it used to have its sickly season; and we have witnessed more than one, in which that season was marked with malignant and sweeping disease. The character of its atmosphere seems to have been changed for a number of past years. It is now pronounced by adequate and impartial judges a healthy town; and certainly the ravages of autumnal fever are less frequent and sweeping, than formerly. The general health of that city through the summer and autumn has been excellent for two or three past years. The same may be emphatically pronounced of Louisville, formerly noted for any thing, rather than health through the summer and autumn. The fact can hardly fail to have forced itself upon general observation among us, that our climate is becoming more salubrious, either from the advance of cultivation, or from the acclimation of the people to the atmosphere; and, probably, more than all from the general possession of ampler means of comfort, better food, houses and clothing, more experimental acquaintance with the requirements of the climate, and a more judicious adaptation of the modes of life to those requirements. Even the American bottom, we are told, now shows many healthy families through the autumn, a remark, that would hardly have been warranted, but a few years since. One fact is clear; the people expose themselves in the west to the vicissitudes of temperature and the weather, to night air, and to sleeping under the open sky much more recklessly, than in the Atlantic. The general impression is, that it can be done with better chances of impunity.

We have, it must be allowed, our full share of sudden transitions in temperature, particularly during winter, and the first two months of spring.—But we experienced last autumn in New England, (we think it was on the eighth of September) a more rapid change of temperature, and a greater range of the mercury, than we have ever noted in this valley. Our vicissitudes of cold and heat, however, in winter and spring, are sufficiently trying to sensitive constitutions, and require, that great care should be bestowed upon corresponding changes of dress. Indeed, from the Gulf of Mexico to Wheeling and St. Louis, the greater part of winter is a series of successive changes. In New Orleans the temperature is generally sufficient to bring various species of roses into blossom, in mid-winter, in the open gardens. We have seen daffodils and green peas in bloom on new-year's day. The bland south generally prevails there for two or three days in succession at that period. It is comfortable then, while the sun shines, to sit in the piazza or at the open window. A white frost ensues, followed by rain, and three or four days, in which a breeze down the Mississippi predominates, and it is, of course, cold and uncomfortable, requiring closed rooms and a fire. Such, with a change of temperature, corresponding to latitude, is the most common alternation of weather, over the whole

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valley: to wit, two or three days of south west wind, followed by frost, rain, and two or three cold days. Every one must know, that there are exceptions. But all attentive observers have remarked, that this is the general order. Of course, our winters are a continued succession of freezes and thaws; and,in point of muddiness and unpleasantness of travelling, compare very nearly, in the middle regions of the valley, with the lower slope of the country between the Delaware and the Potomac.—Cincinnati, through the winter, in point of mud, is the exact counterpart of Washington—though the latter place has the most snow and cold weather.

From our having no mountains to change the direction, or impede the free course of the wind, our country is remarkable for feeling the influence of a full ventilation. The number of days, in which we have not a breeze. is very small. We have almost constantly a pleasant and cooling air through the summer. But high winds, as far as our knowledge extends, are much less general and frequent, than along the Atlantic shore. We have experienced nothing to compare with the Atlantic gale of the autumn of 1815. We were in Florida. during the gale of autumn, we think, 1823. It did not compare with the former, either in violence or duration.

It is true, we have had terrific instances of the force of the wind this spring, at Urbanna, and near Pittsburgh. But the prevalence was but for a few minutes; and the desolation was inflicted only on a surface of a few rods in width, and a few miles in length. The tracts of land, every where in the western country, known by the common name '*hurricane*,' evince the same result;—narrow and limited extents, where every thing has been swept before the wind.

It would be a desirable point, to compare the mean annual temperature of different towns along the Atlantic shore, with places in corresponding latitudes in our valley. We are of the opinion, that our temperature is, on the whole, more equable and rather higher than theirs. We imagine, that, under the same circumstances, green peas are brought to the market at Cincinnati and Norfolk at the same time. From our having no mountains, and from the generally equable surface of the country, climate corresponds to latitude, probably, more accurately, than in the Atlantic country. Though, in ascending from Cincinnati to the table height between the waters of the Ohio and the lakes, in the same parallel, we find the same results, as in travelling elsewhere from the south toward the north.—There is a difference of a week in the forwardness of the seasons between these two points, where the latitude is the same.

The circumstance, that climate in this valley corresponds to latitude, affords facilities to note one of the most delightful physical pictures of nature, that can be contemplated, in ascending in a steam-boat from New Orleans to Cincinnati, or St. Louis. The boat departs, for example, on the first of April. At that time, green corn, new potatoes, squashes and cucumbers are abundant in the New Orleans market. The cane shows in luxuriant beauty. Nature in every aspect wears the livery of high summer. At Natchez, the trees are only in full leaf, and the foliage has a fragile and tender aspect, as if just formed. At the Walnut Hills, the trees are not yet in full leaf, and in ascending, every bend of the river shows, that you are outtravelling the onward course of spring, and you reach the

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mouth of the Ohio, as the half formed leaves begin to tremble in the breeze. This living calendar, this graduated picture of the progress of spring, we have always found one of the most interesting circumstances of a steamboat passage up these rivers, in the month of April.

There is a great difference between the number of cloudy and fair days in the eastern and western divisions of this valley. Take the States of West Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, in the line westward from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and we are not sure, that there are not as many cloudy days, as in New England. Our autumns are evidently dryer; and September and October are, for the most part, cloudless and without rain. But we have much cloudy weather in November, December and March—with the true leaden sky, characteristic of the English hanging month; and travelling, the while, is any thing, rather than pleasant. But we have never witnessed that long succession of gloomy and cloudy days, during which, along the Atlantic shore, the weather-cock seems fixed to the northeast, and in which blue lips are the temporary heritage of even the young and beautiful. We have, however, it must be admitted, a sufficient number of gloomy days, from November to April, to try the patience and constitution of nervous invalids.

But as we recede west from this city, the sky constantly becomes more cloudless. We have, we are confident, one third more cloudy days, than the inhabitants of St. Louis. The balance, however, is as advantageous for us in summer, as unfavorable in winter. The recurrence of cloudy days tempers the heat of our summer days. The remarkably regular distribution of showers procures us a verdant turf, an excellence and abundance of garden vegetables, and an ample supply of grazing and cultivated grass, which on the whole leaves the balance of climate in our favor. We have not seen in this region such long droughts, such a sear and scorched summer surface, as there; and we think, there is no part of America, where summer rains are more seasonable, and at more regular intervals, than in the middle regions of the Ohio valley.

The summers on the banks of the Ohio are certainly, at some periods, uncomfortably warm. The river travels along a deep valley; and the sun's rays are powerfully reflected from the shelving Ohio hills. But reach the summits of those hills, and travel, where the air is unobstructed, and one could scarcely ask a pleasanter temperature, than we experience, during the greater portion of the summer. The mornings after our frequent thunder showers, even in July and August, are often uncomfortably cool to an invalid—though to others elastic and refreshing. On the table summits of the hills above Cincinnati, the mercury in Fahrenheit generally stands some degrees lower through the summer, than in the city, which is built in a basin, surrounded by a circular range of hills, of a general elevation of three hundred feet.

Northerners, on their first arriving here, generally complain, that they feel more languid and unelastic, and less disposed to motion and exercise, than in their natal climate. In the same manner, the English complain of New-England, compared with Old England. In the same manner, we imagine, emigrants almost always find things wrong, and for the worse, when they shift their position. We suspect, however, that there may be something in the allegation, in regard to the western country. The south

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wind prevails much more, than in the Atlantic country. It inspires a luxurious indolence and listlessness, less frequently felt at the north. If more adverse to labor and movement and vigor, it is, we conceive, take one constitution with another, more friendly to health and life; and certainly more congenial with enjoyment. Our mild autumnal days, fanned with the south-west, have a temperature of deliciousness, which words do not reach; and the sensation is as of bathing in the breeze.

In regard to the phenomena of storms and thunder; thunder storms are far more frequent in this valley, than in the country north of the Delaware, in the Atlantic regions. They commence, in Louisiana, early in February; and from that month to June, almost every night brings thunder. They commence here early in April. At St. Louis they come from the west and the north, and are borne down the Missouri and the upper Mississippi. At New-Orleans they come down the Mississippi, and from the south-west. At Alexandria, on Red river, and at Cincinnati, they come alike from every point of the compass; and when a thunder cloud is seen forming, no calculation can be made from its direction, whether it will visit us or not. Thunder clouds rise more rapidly with us, than in New-England, and pass quicker away, watering less extents of country. The lightning is more frequently vivid. But we remember severer thunder storms and heavier thunder there, than we have witnessed in this valley; except, perhaps, once at St. Louis, once on the Missouri, and twice *in the* Pine woods of Louisiana. The unfrequency of recorded fatal *accidents* from lightning may have resulted from the sparseness of the population; and, until lately, the more unfrequent and uncertain communications, and the small number and remoteness from each other of the journals. We have known fatalities from this cause at St. Charles, St. Louis and New-Orleans, though not in numbers proportionate to the commonness of thunder showers. A number have occurred within the few past years in this city; and the greater number in a particular part of it, although most of the considerable houses have electric rods. But the Atlantic papers bring to us much greater numbers of recorded accidents of this kind, as it seems to us, in a given space, than are known to happen even in the thickly peopled regions of this vicinity.

Of other atmospheric phenomena, we seldom witness those extraordinary meteoric appearances, that so frequently eke out a paragraph in the Atlantic papers. We have never seen in a single instance any thing like Aurora Borealis. The face of the sky seems content with a uniform fashion of decoration, and less disposed to gratify the curiosity of star-gazers.

With regard to the transparency of our atmosphere, during an unclouded sky, and the intensity of the cerulean, there seems to be a concurrent opinion, that it is comparatively great. It may result from our elevation above the level of the sea. It may be owing to the perfection of ventilation in our atmosphere. We believe the fact to be, that objects are seen here in a stronger light, and through a more perfect atmospheric transparency of medium. Our men of taste have supposed, that it is owing to this circumstance, that children seem to be more generally born with the aptitude to painting, and to those imitative arts, that depend upon vision, than in the Atlantic region. This valley, in the coming periods of greater refinement, will be the Italy of America, in regard to this science.

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Whether the following fact has any connection with the preceding, we undertake not to say. We state it as it is, and leave others to make the inference. We may not presume to compare with the Atlantic country in general intellectual advancement. But in as great a collection of autographs, as is, perhaps, possessed by any other individual, we notice the fact, that the hand writing of the western people is generally superior to that of the eastern. We remark this, as many scholars, very absurdly, as we think, are ashamed to write a good hand. From atmospheric circumstances, which we undertake not to attempt to explain, there is a glory and a splendor in the morning of all portions of the Mississippi valley, especially during the prevalence of the south-west wind, which we have no where else seen. The season of the renovation of nature and of man, and of the return of the most cheering and glorious luminary of the universe, is sufficiently beautiful every where: and has been sung in every combination of rhythm and image of poetry, that the teeming imagination could originate. But we walk forth in our fine spring and autumnal mornings, to greet the first beams of the sun, as he comes over our hills; and as we have so many hundred times enjoyed this spectacle alone, we have felt, that none need envy the possessors of opulence the poor pageants, which can be got up for money. Night begets in our valleys, along our water courses, sometimes dense fogs; but more frequently a thin, transparent and gossamer mist, which seems to be attracted towards the first sunbeams. It rolls up the sides of our hills, in its ethereal whiteness. When the full orb of the sun is seen, and when the gentle breath of the south aids the spectacle, such a kind of ruddy light, such a peculiar glory of morning evolves the fresh creation from the mist, as we have no where else noted. We mean to allow no scope to imagination, but simply state the fact; for words would be thrown away upon the subject.

For the rest, in the climate of Cincinnati, the spring opens a month sooner, and the autumn closes a month later, as we judge, in the ordinary course of the seasons, than in the latitude of Boston, in the Atlantic country. The latter is more favorable to vigor and elasticity, though not to strength; and would be preferable for persons of a sanguine and full habit, on the right side of forty-five. But to persons on the waning side of that epoch, to persons of delicate, and especially hectic habits, to the sedentary, the feeble and the aged, our climate is decidedly preferable.

There will always be some, to whom other data will present more satisfactory and clearer views of our temperature, in comparison with that of other regions. To such we give the following thermometrical table, very accurately kept, and on the results of which the most perfect reliance may be placed.

The observations on the next page, it will be perceived, have been made by two gentlemen, in Cincinnati, and include the months of December, 1829, and April, 1830—omitting February, which with us is generally a month that belongs to spring as decidedly as March, which is in the Ohio valley a changeable and unpleasant month.

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1829. Fah't ther.

Dec.	8am.	4pm.	Course of Wind.		Ob's.
4	36	40	Easterly	Easterly	Rainy
5	54	59	ssw	ssw	Cloudy
6	58	64	sw	ssw	Cloudy
7	61	68	sw	ssw	Fair
8	40	41	North	North	Rainy
9	35	40	North	North	Fair
10	29	42	North	se	Fair
11	44	58	sse	South	Cloudy
12	30	33	nw	West	Fair
13	33	46	West	sw	Fair
14	40	50	ssw by s	South	Fair
15	42	35	ssw by s	nnw by n	Snow
16	25	32	North	ene	Fair
17	28	37	ne	ne	Cloudy
18	34	38	nw	West	Fair
19	33	48	West	sw	Fair
20	40	54	Calm	sw	F'r. pl't
21	48	52	sw	nw	Fair
22	33	42	nnw by n	North	Fair
23	40	49	North	Calm	Cloudy
24	54	60	South	South	Show'ry
25	57	54	South	ne	Rainy
26	45	51	ne	ne	Rain
27	46	45	North	West	Damp
28	42	46	West	Calm	Cloudy
29	50	61	Calm	Calm	Fair
30	50	62	Calm	Calm	Cloudy
31	40	44	North	North	Fair

1830. Fah't ther.

Jan.	8am.	4pm.	Course of Wind.		Ob's.
1	34	45	North	Calm	Fair
2	35	51	Calm	Calm	Fair
3	48	60	sse by s	wsw	Cloudy
4	34	37	nw	nw	Cloudy
5	25	30	nw	nw	Fair
6	32	34	nw	sw	Snow
7	40	50	ssw	West	Fair
8	37	42	West	wnw	Fair
9	37	44	Easterly	se	Rain
10	39	29	nnw by n	North	Snow
11	20	30	Calm	West	Fair
12	30	42	Calm	wsw	Fair
13	30	46	sw	ssw by s	Hazy
14	34	50	ssw by s	sw	Fair
15	35	50	Calm	Calm	Fair
16	32	44	sw	Calm	Cloudy
17	29	30	nnw by n	North	Fair
18	20	30	nne by n	Calm	Fair
19	32	46	ssw by s	South	Cloudy
20	32	38	nw by w	West	Fair
21	20	30	wnw	South	Fair
22	42	40	ssw by s	West	Cloudy
23	18	23	West	nw	Fair
24	14	30	South	Calm	Cloudy
25	41	32	sw	nnw	Snow
26	12	22	nw	Calm	Fair
27	30	40	ssw by s	West	Cloudy
28	22	25	North	Calm	Cloudy
29	24	24	nw	nw	Snow
30	8	19	nw	North	Fair
31	22		Calm	se	Snow

1830. Fahrenheit's Thermometer.

Mch.	6am.	10am.	2pm.	6pm.	9pm.	Ob's.
1	46	48	52	53	48	Rain
2	34	37	37	36	34	
3	32	34	38	37	36	Cloudy
4	27	35	49	49	44	
5	37	43	47	46	48	Rain
6	47	50	53	55	53	Cloudy
7	50	52	46	38	35	
8	30	34	43	38	33	
9	22	30	43	42	39	
10	38	48	58	58	55	
11	50	53	59	49	46	Cloudy
12	40	46	61	62	68	
13	58	58	52	52	46	Rain
14	34	37	50	52	47	
15	32	42	56	53	52	
16	47	51	56	57	58	Rain
17	54	55	55	53	51	Rain
18	42	45	51	52	47	
19	38	52	59	58	56	
20	50	57	58	56	56	Rain
21	53	59	70	68	62	
22	53	64	72	68	51	Windy
23	43	44	45	50	46	
24	37	43	48	48	47	
25	44	45	46	44	40	Rain
26	37	44	54	53	49	
27	37	49	64	62	56	
28	40	50	70	63	58	
29	50	64	72	62	62	Rain
30	56	52	53	52	50	Rain
31	44	51	56	53	49	Cloudy

1830. Fahrenheit's Thermometer.

Ap'l.	6am.	10am.	2pm.	6pm.	9pm.	Ob's.
1	42	46	49	46	45	Rain
2	40	46	49	51	46	Cloudy
3	34	46	60	59	54	
4	40	53	70	68	60	
5	50	64	77	72	66	
6	56	63	74	71	67	
7	57	64	67	67	65	Cloudy
8	58	67	73	73	68	
9	54	64	70	68	66	
10	50	48	48	49	46	Snow
11	40	49	60	58	56	
12	50	58	72	72	66	
13	53	64	74	73	67	
14	54	61	73	71	65	
15	56	59	63	62	54	Rain
16	48	51	56	56	53	
17	44	56	70	71	62	
18	50	60	79	73	66	
19	52	68	76	76	66	
20	65	68	79	76	69	
21	65	72	69	71	68	Rain
22	65	67	72	70	67	Rain
23	65	66	71	69	67	
24	60	66	77	76	72	
25	68	61	58	58	52	Cloudy
26	45	50	59	59	52	
27	40	52	65	67	59	
28	47	61	76	74	65	
29	55	68	78	77	69	
30	60	71	80	77	70	Rain

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Thoughts on the style and eloquence of the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Press, in the three great divisions of the United States.

It would be easy to bring before the reader's eye a discussion of a hundred pages length upon this subject; but, perhaps, not so easy to induce him to peruse it. We frankly avow, that our chief object in writing,—bating that we are, as every candidate in his stump speech modestly proves himself, vastly desirous to benefit mankind,—is the hope of being read. We are aware that the holder of a ticket has as much right to count confidently on the highest prize, as we on being read, unless we are short. Short, therefore, shall be this discussion, upon some obvious features of the subject at the head of this article.

There are traits of national difference of character between the inhabitants of the northern, middle, and southern States, which would generally be overlooked by foreigners, and which such a traveller as Captain Hall would not see at all, and, in the confidence of his discriminating powers, would deny. They are traits, for the most part, too slight for the observation of any, but either keen observers, or such as are intimately acquainted with great numbers of the samples in each of the divisions. But the natural historian finds his pleasure greater to discriminate specific differences between specimens of the different species, or individuals of the same species, just in proportion as the shades of difference are slight and delicate, and not noted by the common eye.

The French are a singularly unique people, and as far as we are able to remark, from the specimens we have seen, very little marked with individuality, as concerns those national differences. Yet an observing native readily distinguishes a Norman from a Gascon, and both from a Provencal.

We might expect national differences of character in the United States, from the differences of climate, subsistence, pursuit, origin and education. No employments can well be imagined more unlike, than those of the inhabitants of Maine and Louisiana; and we have, diffused through our population, a sufficient sprinkling of diverse and foreign origin, to account for obvious and striking differences of dialect. But the great uniformity of our national institutions, commencing de novo, and on a blank sheet, tends at the same time more strongly to break down these differences, than those of any other people. Every where in the United States we have introduced the same way of getting onwards. We elect our officers, our ministers, and our school masters in the same way. Our popular modes of transacting those affairs, that bring people together, and make them acquainted with each other, are every where nearly the same. Yet we have already established three distinct styles, and standards of eloquence, to contemplate at this time no other points of national difference, in the three great divisions of our country.

We remark, then, that there are, in these respects, three styles in the United States,—the northern, the mixed, and the southern. New-England is the region of the first; New-York and Pennsylvania of the second, and the southern states of the third. Ohio among the western states, and Indiana, so far as any thing can be predicated of institutions so fresh as hers, are samples of the second class; and all the other western states of the third.

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The most obvious originating cause of the New-England style may be sought in the uniformity of the origin of the people; their more frank, free, and equal communications, especially the young of the different sexes; the greater uniformity of their modes of worship; the circumstance, that the different churches bring almost every member of the community into contact on the sabbath;—but more than all, the influence of common schools. Never did nation invent any other engine of equal efficacy to establish individuality of national character. No other institution, we may add, can ever be established of the same power, on which to rear a truly republican character.

From the numerous academies, and high schools, from the influence of the two chief literary institutions, Harvard and Yale, and the other respectable colleges, and from the strong, and perhaps, we may add, injurious fondness for giving the sons a professional education, it happens that a much greater number of the young, in proportion to the whole population, are there educated in a considerable degree, than in any other part of the union. It follows, that criticism, general criticism, and self criticism, are in the same proportion more generally practised. The farmer's family, as one of the members reads, during a winter's evening, becomes a natural court of criticism. Every worshipper in every congregation becomes a critic upon the sermon; of course criticism follows the child, the man and woman every where, and into every walk of life. Hence the susceptibility of the New-Englanders of ridicule. Hence their greater bashfulness, *mauvaise honte*, self criticism, and native *gaucherie*, that follows them every where, and tinges their cheek with the burning blush of shame, where a Kentuckian and a Virginian would feel entirely cool and self-possessed. This national trait has its advantages and disadvantages. It generates a stronger train of interior combination—restricts the mental movements of the interior, creates concentration of thought, and the basis of a firm and decided character. But self criticism, and the shrinking and unremitting fear of ridicule, repress the strong movements of the heart, and nip the buddings of fancy and imagination. Hence a northern divine, if you took away his notes from him, would dismount from his desk, and send his flock away without a sermon. Hence the young northern lawyer, when he makes his debut, has his speech perfectly committed to memory, before he trusts the effort. Hence in the pulpit, and at the bar, and the legislative hall, if the speaker have not written notes, every thing, which he delivers, is moulded to the manner of those, who deliver from notes. Hence the basis of New-England style in writing and in eloquence. A more severe manner, more chastened regard to the rules of criticism, a more shrinking dread of exaggeration, mock grandeur, and false sublime.—We think, that an accurate eye can easily distinguish the productions of a northern scholar, by these marks, were others wanting.

No where is this attribute of northern manner so conspicuous, as in the pulpit. A traveller from the middle and southern states is struck with it, into whatever church he enters in the country; and still more so in the city and more polished congregations. The more measured manner, the milder and more subdued tone of voice, the more perfectly arranged ceremonial strike him forcibly, in comparison of the free and unrestrained movements, the louder tones of voice, the franker and more

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soldier-like deportment in the pulpits at the south. The sermon at first, to the southerner, has an air of restraint and coldness, and the measured etiquette of a levee, which strikes him unfavorably. But as habit accustoms him to the regulated tones of voice, which seem dictated by a fear of disturbing the slumbering echoes, to the severe and sternly measured conciseness, to the condensed matter, and well ordered arrangement, he soon learns to prefer it to the more random and scattering declamation, to which he has been accustomed. In one word, the beau ideal of New-England is that transmitted by birth, blood and institutions from the parent country. It is the style of Old England. English pulpit eloquence is the model of the New-England pulpit, and the same general basis may be predicated of the eloquence of the bar and legislative hall, and the general style of writing from the press.

The French, perhaps, would object to being considered as the models of Southern eloquence. We have often listened to French preachers; and southern American ministers much more resemble them in manner, than their northern brethren. Except among the Episcopal clergy, we have not seen a southern minister appear before his audience, with any written notes. The self possessed manner, the military ease and confidence, with which he comes forward, evidence self-reliance, and the formed habit of extemporaneous speaking. A northerner, unacquainted with the other divisions of the country by comparison, can have but imperfect conceptions of the entire ease and self possession, with which a Kentucky clergyman or orator ascends the pulpit, how unembarrassed and at home he seems, when thus presenting himself before the multitude. Being of Virginia staple, and having lost nothing of the blood of the Douglas by this transplantation, he may be put down as the fullest example of southern style and manner.

His first point of difference from the northern speaker, is in the greater exertion of voice, which he puts forth from the beginning. He commands in general a much greater compass of voice, and modulates it between a greater number of notes in ascent and descent. We have heard speakers in the pulpit and at the bar, and of reputation in both places, who made use of scarcely less than the range of an octave. It is true, that the difficulty of right enunciation, and well modulated accent and tone, increases exactly in proportion to the extent of the scale. Hence a northern speaker generally speaks in better taste, and less offends the ear by violations of propriety in the modulation of his voice. For the same reason, a southern speaker, when he does succeed in modulation, accent and cadence, taking a higher aim, is a better speaker than he who avails himself of the safer effort of unambitious monotony. For want of understanding this matter aright, how many persons have we heard tearing their passion to tatters, and pouring forth sounds of as little melody as a cracked fiddle—or 'two old lutes with ne'er a string, or none except the bass.'

But the difference is still more palpable in the matter, than the manner. Heaven, earth, and ocean are rifled of their rich things for figures. The highest flights of Phillips, the utmost ken of Chalmers to the verge of the galaxy, his synopsis of the systems upon systems, in making the tour of the universe, are no holiday jewels, but mere common ornaments in the harangues of an unlettered advocate or minister in the south and west.

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We remember to have heard a young lawyer make his *debut*, in a fourth of July oration, in the south. He treated all our common school collections of reading and speaking, with Phillips for an appendix, as we make use of a lemon. He had the concentration of all the glaring sayings and brilliant passages. He had exhausted heaven, the grave, the last judgment, and the final conflagration, without exhausting the patience of his hearers. So far from it, every eye was strained. The fair hair on the heads of the ladies rose, in the electric enthusiasm of their admiration. 'What a fine fellow he will make,' said the men. He continued to explode, burst after burst, until alluding to the future advance of our country, he saw, rapt into visions of the future, the Columbia covered with ships and steam boats; whereupon he embellished himself from Campbell's ode, and worked in 'the mountain wave.' Hohenlinden was naturally associated with that string of pearls; and, rather unfortunately, he pointed to 'yon lurid sun,' who, in a fit of jealousy, had hid his head in thick clouds, and was no where to be seen! All this there raised a feeling of enthusiasm and grandeur, and admiration of the speaker, while among the same class of hearers, of the same order of intellect and information at the north, he would only have inspired irrepressible ridicule and disgust. We are by no means sure, that the former temperament is not a more desirable one, than the latter; as when it is guided by enlightened taste, it is a much more powerful stimulant to invention, much more sensible to the beautiful, pathetic and sublime, than the chilling temperament, that shrinks from criticism, and is keenly and morbidly sensible to ridicule.

Hence a southern speaker or writer is more confident, gives more scope to the teeming impulses of his thoughts, and pricks his Pegasus to the top of his speed with a more reckless persuasion, that he shall not be unhorsed. It follows in our view, that the southern temperament would be more desirable, could it be enlightened by true taste, just criticism, and fulness of thought.

The style of New-York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, is a fair and equal compound of the two. There is no settled standard. In the course of a month, if attending the different places, where the greatest number of examples might be heard, you would find the stern, New-England, cold propriety in one place; in another, a compound of the north and the south, in all proportions from a decided preponderance of the one to a clear balance of the other, though, on the whole, far too much favor towards fustian and the mock sublime.

The three reviews of these three divisions, and the speeches in congress of the members from them, are less marked exemplifications of the three styles; for it is the tendency of training and collision with the best minds to break down, and wear away the sharp corners and the strong points of difference. Nevertheless, we think, it is visible even in them. But the strongest cases are to be found at the backwoods bar, pulpit, and stump rostrum, and in the interior papers, that travel not into the great world; aboriginal specimens, which the degeneracy of modern criticism has not yet touched. Here we see the native samples in their unpruned luxuriance. From them specific differences are to be settled.

We were led to these reflections, from having risen from the perusal of Mr. Webster's, Hayne's, Clayton's and Benton's recent celebrated speech-

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es, successively; which, as we thought, afforded the fairest and best samples of the three kinds of style and oratory. Each is excellent in its kind. An enlightened reader, who reads them with simple pride of country, unmixed with any party feeling, will regret to see such an amount of the effort of these fine minds thrown away upon personal allusion, crimination and recrimination, the small talk which, however felicitous, witty, prompt and well turned, is only in place at the bar, where it is learned and properly practised. In the hall of the Senate of the United States it ought to be out of place.

It can hardly be said that Webster is an entire sample of the northern manner. More than once on other occasions, and on his last great efforts, he showed a temperament capable of feeling, and eliciting the power of tenderness and pathos. The mantle of Fisher Ames is only wanting, to render him the pride and the boast of any country. We conceive, that the key, which unlocks the reservoirs of tears, is, after all, the most valuable appendage of the store house of talent. Every thing in the present progress of society tends to dry up these fountains, to sear the brain, and harden the heart, and reduce every thing to dry statistics, and the power of the nine digits. Meanwhile, the withering sneer of the Lilliputian quill drivers, called critics, has for them a happy tendency, to let loose the grin of ridicule upon every thing, that transcends their own power of originating and conceiving.

As the productions of a scholar, those of Mr. Hayne are certainly not inferior to those of Mr. Webster. He has, perhaps, more critical exactness in the justness and uniformity of his figures. But there is a vehement earnestness, an impulse of feverish confidence—a something, which smacks of the *argumentum ad gladium*, which does not exactly match the prompt felicity, the easy transition from one subject, to another, the apparent frank and fearless magnanimity of a reliance upon the argument, precluding ruffled temper, doubt and fear, which constitute the charm of Mr. Webster's great speech. It wants but a slight transfusion of a little more of the southern daring of invention, but a more copious touch of that mellow and deep sentiment of pathos, occasional indications of which are spread along the whole texture, and a subject of sufficient generality, reach and grandeur, to have been a chef d'œuvre of its kind.

We cannot forbear referring to three or four points in this speech. The first is the rather mordant comment on Mr. Hayne's quotation of Col. Barre, in reference to the causes of the settlement of the western states. The second we quote, because it is equally true and important.

'It is a consideration of great importance, that probably there is in no part of the country, or of the world, so great a call for the means of education as in those new States; owing to the vast numbers of persons within those ages, in which education and instruction are usually received, if received at all. This is the natural consequence of recency of settlement and rapid increase. The census of these States shows how great a proportion of the whole population occupies the classes between infancy and manhood. These are the wide fields, and here is the deep and quick soil for the seeds of knowledge and virtue; and this is the favored season, the very spring time for sowing them. Let them be disseminated, without stint. Let them be scattered, with a bountiful broad-cast. Whatever the Government can fairly do towards these objects, in my opinion, ought to be done.'

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The next is genuine wit, and the associations happy and delightful.

'The gentleman, sir, has spoken at large of former parties, now no longer in being, by their received appellations, and has undertaken to instruct us, not only in the knowledge of their principles, but of their respective pedigrees also. He has ascended to the origin, and run out their genealogies. With most exemplary modesty, he speaks of the party to which he professes to have belonged himself, as the true Pure, the only honest, patriotic party, derived by regular descent, from father to son, from the time of the virtuous Romans! Spreading before us the *family tree* of political parties, he takes especial care to shew himself, snugly perched on a popular bough! He is wakeful to the expediency of adopting such rules of descent, as shall bring him in, in exclusion of others, as an heir to all public virtue, and all true political principle. His party, and his opinions, are sure to be orthodox; heterodoxy is confined to his opponents. He spoke, sir, of the federalists, and I thought I saw some eyes begin to open and stare a little, when he ventured on that ground. I expected he would draw his sketches rather lightly, when he looked on the circles round him, and especially, if he should cast his thoughts to the high places, out of the Senate. Nevertheless, he went back to Rome, *ad annum urbe condita*, and found the fathers of the federalists, in the primeval aristocrats of that renowned Empire! He traced the flow of federal blood down through successive ages and centuries, till he brought it into the veins of the American Tories, (of whom, by the way, there were twenty *in the* Carolinas, for one in Massachusetts.) From the Tories, he followed *it to the* Federalists: and as the Federal party were broken up, and there was no possibility of transmitting it farther on this side the Atlantic, he seems to have discovered that it has gone off collaterally, though against all the canons of descent, into the Ultras of France, and finally become extinguished, like exploded gas, among the adherents of Don Miguel! This, sir, is an abstract of the gentleman's history of Federalism. I am not about to controvert it. It is not, at present, worth the pains of refutation, because, sir, if at this day any one feels the sin of federalism lying heavily on his conscience, he can easily obtain remission. He may even obtain an indulgence, if he be desirous of repeating the same transgression. It is an affair of no difficulty to get into this same right line of patriotic descent. A man, now-a-days, is at liberty to choose his political parentage. He may elect his own father. Federalist, or not, he may, if he choose, claim to belong to the favored stock, and his claim will be allowed. He may carry back his pretensions just as far as the honorable gentleman himself; nay, he may make himself out the honorable gentleman's cousin, and prove satisfactorily, that he is descended from the same political great grandfather. All this is allowable. We all know a process, sir, by which the whole Essex Junto could, in one hour, be all washed white from their ancient Federalism, and come out, every one of them, an original Democrat, dyed in the wool! Some of them have actually undergone the operation, and they say it is quite easy. The only inconvenience it occasions, as they tell us, is a slight tendency of the blood to the face, a soft suffusion, which, however, is very transient, since nothing is said by those whom they join, calculated to deepen the red on the cheek; but a prudent silence observed, in regard to all the past. Indeed, sir, some smiles of approbation have been bestowed and some crumbs of comfort have fallen, not a thousand miles from the door of the Hartford Convention itself. And if the author of the ordinance

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of 1787, possessed the other requisite qualifications, there is no knowing, notwithstanding his Federalism, to what heights of favor he might yet attain.'

Two passages more follow; and to us the most impressive in the speech.

'Then, sir, the gentleman has no fault to find with these recently promulgated South Carolina opinions. And, certainly, he need have none; for his own sentiments, as now advanced, and advanced on reflection, as far as I have been able to comprehend them, go to the full length of all these opinions. I propose, sir, to say something on these, and to consider how far they are just and constitutional. Before doing that, however, let me observe, that the eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge, that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor. I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurens, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright, as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State, or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and, if moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

'Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God, that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution—hand and hand they stood round the Administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

'Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain for-

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ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness – if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.'

We regret, that so great a portion of Mr. Hayne's speech is retort and recrimination, that, nervous and eloquent as it is, (it is not our present mark to enquire, in regard to its justice,) we are restricted by the consistent purpose of our pages to narrower limits of selection, than we could wish. Nevertheless we select two passages, which show him not an unworthy competitor with his strong antagonist.

'I shall make no profession of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit)—that may challenge comparison with any other for an uniform, zealous, ardent and *uncalculating devotion* to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service has she ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity, she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God.—Domestic discord ceased at the sound,—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. What sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute.—Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty, that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations either of interest, or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all, in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during that Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had

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been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, (sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions,) proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.'

'I come now to the war of 1812, a war which I well remember was called in derision (while its event was doubtful) the Southern war, and sometimes the Carolina war; but which is now universally acknowledged to have done more for the honor and prosperity of the country, than all other events in our history put together. What, Sir, were the objects of that war? "Free trade and sailors' rights!" It was for the protection of Northern shipping, and New England Seamen, that the country flew to arms. What interest had the South in that contest? If they had sat down coldly to calculate the value of their interests involved in it, they would have found that they had every thing to lose and nothing to gain. But, Sir, with that generous devotion to country, so characteristic of the South, they only asked, if the rights of any portion of their fellow citizens had been invaded; and when told that Northern ships and New England seamen had been arrested on the common highway of nations, they felt that the honor of their country was assailed; and acting on that exalted sentiment "which feels a stain like a wound," they resolved to seek in open war, for a redress of those injuries, which it did not become freemen to endure. Sir, the whole South, animated as by a common impulse, cordially united in declaring and promoting that war. South Carolina sent to your councils, as advocates and supporters of that war, the noblest of her sons.—How they fulfilled that trust, let a grateful country tell. Not a measure was adopted, not a battle fought, not a victory won, which contributed in any degree, to the success of that war, to which Southern councils and Southern valor did not largely contribute.'

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

In the following we give, as we have received. When we receive a sensible and well written article, from an orthodox source, we desire to bless the founder of the benefaction, and ask no questions. We need enter no protest for the consistency of our journal. All, who have done us the honor to read, know, that a uniformity of principles and inculcation has marked it from the commencement. The reviewer cannot go beyond us in his abhorrence of profligacy, both of principle and practice. We doubt, however, whether Moore's ridicule of the commonly received notion of the personality of the devil, with horns, tail, cloven foot, and the other attributes, by which he is pictured, be sufficient proofs, that he is censurable in this way; nor have we before heard him charged with actual immorality, whatever may be thought of the tendency of his writings. With the reviewer before us, we did not estimate very highly Moore's Life of Sheridan. We are entirely in sentiment with him, in regard to the smooth and plausible and unreproving phrase and manner, in which the biographer slides over the vice and profligacy of his hero, as will appear from our own reflections which occur after his.

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We beg leave still further to suggest, whether the cause of morals is likely to gain from the high key of sweeping denunciation, with which some have treated the great poet. Many a good thing from the pulpit is rendered unavailing, by the harsh and ungracious manner in which it is said. It is high time that moralists and divines should understand, that men can neither be scolded, nor frightened into good morals. Reason, persuasion, and gentleness, ought to be the only allowable, as they certainly are the only efficient weapons of their warfare. No one can fail to have seen, what effect harshness and terror have, when adopted, as the only expedients of domestic education. One reason, beyond question, which contributed to render the works of lord Byron so popular, was the overcharged denunciations, which were at first rung against them. The public mind, urged too strongly in one direction, reacted, and began to hold him innocent, where he really was guilty.

Letters and Journal of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE. 2 vols.

BIOGRAPHY, according to Lord Bacon, excelleth in profit and use, all other kind of history. Possessing great advantages in point of unity, over the histories of nations, it is thereby more easily comprehended, and by being personal, it excites a deeper interest. As our intimacy with the subject of a memoir increases with the progress of perusal, we *contract* a friendship for him. And in the spirit of friendship, we rejoice *in his good* fortune, and are chagrined at his failures. This is succeeded *by* a propensity for imitation. It is the duty of a biographer, by a judicious display of the virtues of his hero, to render this disposition beneficial to the reader; or on the other hand, if his subject be unamiable, he should by painting it in its true features of deformity, hold forth an object of aversion. As the latter is by far the more difficult task, it seems to require a man, who to a profound knowledge of human nature, should unite the purest and most fervent piety. Not a single chord should be left unstruck, whose vibrations would be in concert with the harmony of virtue; not a single vice should go unscathed, that a darling passion, or vulnerable spot in him who inflicts the castigation, may escape unrebuked or unimpeached.

The superior facilities for information, of a cotemporary biographer, are counterbalanced by his liability to the influence of the party spirit of the day, which materially affects the moral reputation of great men. So that what the account gains in copiousness, it loses in impartiality. And if the biographer have been the warm and intimate friend of his hero, it would be just as reasonable to expect an unbiassed history from him, as from an enemy.

If we are correct in these opinions, it will appear, that the author of the work, whose title page is at the head of this article, is one of the last men who should have undertaken the task. Belonging to that class of writers, who to the dishonor of the age, and country, have prostituted genius to immorality, and tried to cloak their disregard to religion, with a contempt for hypocrisy, Thomas Moore has attempted to deify in his poems that sensuality, which is the reproach of his private life. He cannot with any grace, denounce the evil deeds of another, when he is himself a criminal. He would not bestow censure which would redound to his own condem-

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nation. On the contrary, he has the strongest inducement, to palliate the vices of Lord Byron, or overlook them in the blaze of his intellectual glory. For by this course he hopes to secure for his own character an immunity from reproach, and whilst he is endeavoring to give Lord Byron an honorable station in the temple of fame, provides another for himself by the side of it. If we are to forget the vices of Lord Byron in our admiration of his genius, then may Thomas Moore, confessedly not so conspicuous for either, hope for a similar though humbler honor.

The habits of intimacy which subsisted between Byron and Moore, and the warm professions of friendship for each other, which they mutually and constantly expressed, would be sufficient, without any thing else, to make us strongly suspect the impartiality of the biographer. Friendship, like love, makes us blind to the minor frailties, and indulgent to the more flagrant faults of others. Pride, operating insidiously and insensibly, will not permit us to believe, that those who have *our* esteem, are unworthy the like sentiment from the world. And in defending or applauding our friends, we seem to be following, rather than vindicating our own judgment.

Versatility of genius is rarely united with vigor. The greatest authors have always been sufficiently unequal in their productions, to show us, for what labours they were best qualified. 'Nature,' as Mr. Moore observes, 'seems to set herself against pluralities in fame.' The regions of literature have their provinces, in which aliens do not flourish. And none are more widely different than those of fiction and fact. No two talents of high order, are less similar than those for biography and poetry. Sheridan, whose extraordinary and eventful life presented one of the most admirable subjects for biography, ever known, was unable by the splendor of his eloquence, the beauty of his writings, the sparklings of his wit, and the vicissitudes of his fortune, to inspire his biographer with an adequate idea of his character. And those who have been disappointed in the perusal of that work, will hardly find that 'this time hath made amends.' If we were to select a biographer from the poets, we should seek one whose works display a more intimate acquaintance with human nature, than the author of Lallah Rookh. A poem which deserves indeed all the celebrity, which is due to the most beautiful imagery and luxuriant fancy;—but is the veriest antipode of a biography.

Mr. Moore himself does not appear to estimate his powers in this line very highly, as the present work bears a very unpretending title, and contains but little matter from the pen of the author—perhaps not a tenth part of the book. Nor has he bestowed that attention to the style, which the brevity of his labors might very well allow. The choice of words is far from being fastidious; harmony is often neglected, and unity frequently violated. For instance, page 22. 'But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly out-breaks—in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c. there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his years, easily manageable, by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for

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the task.' Indeed we are strongly inclined to believe, with many others, that the author was actuated in writing this work, more by pecuniary considerations, than a zeal for Lord Byron's reputation, or an expectation of increasing his own.

The morality is such as we might expect from a sceptic. It is quite common for such men to make themselves merry with the popular belief in the agency of the devil, as where in law crimes are said to be committed by his instigation. Lord Byron himself, in one of his letters observes, that men are too apt to lay their sins to the charge of the devil, when the fault is purely their own. A sentiment too superficial to be of any weight. But if Lucifer is relieved of the odium of our misdeeds, it is only to saddle it upon some other being, certainly as innocent and equally imaginary: such as Fate, Chance, Destiny, &c. Or a resort is made to that unintelligible subterfuge of false philosophers, the force of circumstances. To those also the dispensations of Providence are ascribed. The following extract from one of Moore's letters to Lord Byron, upon the separation from his wife, developes pretty clearly the writer's belief in the force of circumstances, and notices the event which proves that belief unfounded.

'Most sincerely do I grieve at what has happened. It has upset all my wishes and theories as to the beneficial influence of marriage on your life; for instead of bringing you, *as I expected*, into something like a regular orbit, it has only cast you off again into infinite space, and left you, I fear, *in a far* worse state than it found you.' Byron himself entertained a *similar belief*, as to the beneficial influence of marriage in controlling uncontrollable passions, and correcting incorrigibly bad habits. 'I believe,' said he, 'that marriage would be the salvation of me.' The opinion, in fact, is too prevalent—to the disappointment of many a rake, and the sorrow of many a virtuous wife. Byron's marriage is a striking instance, among many, of its falsity as a general principle. Miss Milbank, who became his bride, was a paragon of virtue and good sense. Blessed with the choicest gifts of nature, and adorned with almost every accomplishment, she had all the advantages of high life to command admiration, united with those charms which are calculated to inspire love and affection. Her conduct as a wife was applauded by Lord Byron, immediately after the separation. And Moore, rather than acknowledge ingenuously the incorrectness of his opinion, or the faults of his friend, resorted to the pitiful subterfuge of saying that she was 'too precisely perfect for a wife,' and then blundered into a contradiction by an elaborate attempt to prove that genius is inimical to conjugal happiness.

In vain do we look in this work, to see those flagrant outrages upon morals and decorum, of which the subject was so often guilty, denounced with that indignation which every virtuous mind must feel, and the most charitable man might utter. On the contrary, repeated violations of a most sacred obligation are spoken of with the most notable equanimity, and only censured for their tendency to injure the reputation or interfere with the convenience of the perpetrator. Thus page 118. 'An amour (if it may be *dignified* with such a name) of that sort of casual description which less attachable natures would have forgotten, and more prudent ones, at least, concealed, was by him converted, at this period, and with circumstances of most unnecessary display, into a connection of some

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continuance—the object of it not only becoming domesticated with him in lodgings at Brompton, but accompanying him afterwards, disguised in boy's clothes, to Brighton.'

And again, speaking of the reasons for Lord Byron's marriage, his biographer says:—'It was under this conviction, which not only himself but some of his friends entertained, of the *prudence* of his taking timely refuge in matrimony, from those *perplexities* which form the sequel of all less regular ties, that he had been induced about a year before to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage.' And—'Fully concurring with the opinion not only of himself, but of others of his friends, that in marriage lay his only hope of salvation from the sort of perplexing attachments into which he was now constantly tempted, I saw &c.' How deplorably devoid of virtuous feeling must be that heart, which could unmoved allow a strain like this. A style, a language, only less detestable than the shocking depravity it portrays.

The author's faith in the force of circumstances, is a great help to him in accounting for the direful passions and degrading vices of his hero. Nature is first introduced to bear the requisite share of blame. Thus:—'That as a child his (Byron's) temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her, one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of 'his silent rages,' (as he has himself described them) seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance.' Next comes his mother's infirmity of temper, which had a tendency to blight the filial love he bore to her. Then his juvenile disappointments in love, the scepticism of his acquaintances, the want of friends; his high station, pecuniary embarrassments, and the severe treatment of his first works in the Edinburgh Review. This is the ill-starred conjunction of circumstances, which fashioned the dark direful destiny of Lord Byron. Even were we to adopt the false philosophy of the biographer, we have the vanity to believe that we could take his own horoscope, and by calculating the force of benign as well as malignant planets, arrive at a different result. As for Byron's passionate temper when a child, it is a circumstance of little weight. Half the children who are born have a similar disposition, and can notwithstanding be very pious christians, and very good citizens. Besides, his biographer is anxious to show, and we are quite willing to allow, that he was friendly and affectionate in early life. The capricious and violent temper of his mother, was an evil to which he was but little exposed, having been sent to school at a very early age, and continuing either there or at college, with but little intermission, until he entered into active life. But notwithstanding the irregularities of his temper, she had a warm affection for him, and this deserved reciprocity. His early disappointments in love, might have been expected, from the age of his fair one, which exceeded his own by two years. And although it was long remembered, yet we cannot believe, that it was a painful reminiscence; by celebrating it in verse, he showed (to use an expression of Mr. Moore's,) that it had passed from the heart into the fancy. To counterbalance the

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scepticism of his acquaintances, he had the testimony of all good men in particular, and mankind in general. If he was afterwards without the company of friends, the more time was left for reflection; and if the benefit of their example in the pursuit of virtue was wanting, he was not seduced by them into vice. True, a high station had a tendency to foster pride and arrogance, but it was also calculated to inspire his breast with a love of country, and unite him by the attractions of a laudable ambition, to labor for the welfare of mankind. His pecuniary embarrassments were produced by extravagance. And to console him for the satire of the Edinburgh reviewer, he had the homage of his acquaintances for his talents, and the favorable opinion of the public. What then is the reason, that Byron, with all these inducements was not a good man? Because, to use the expressive language of our Saviour to the people of Jerusalem—he 'would not.' This is the only reason, why men are wicked, that can be given, and it is the true one. The influence of circumstances, in bringing forth the talent, good or evil, which lurks in the mind—in showing that sinfulness to the world, which otherwise could only be known to the searcher of hearts—or in disclosing that virtue, which vaunteth not, so far from denying, or despising, we readily acknowledge, and freely appreciate. And whatever weight this might have in restraining us from denouncing with too much severity, those sins, which under similar circumstances we ourselves might commit, it should not be extended into an immunity *for the* crimes of those, who have rendered themselves conspicuous *by their* talents, and pernicious by their example. It is the price, which genius pays for eminence, that her actions must be brought to an impartial tribunal, which will nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. We could not deprive any man of the benefit of that charity, which covers a multitude of sins. And the sons of Genius are not less entitled to it, than any other class of our fellow beings. For 'the tree of knowledge is not that of life.' But let evil actions be forgiven, not justified; let not sophistry be substituted for charity. Let not the distinction between virtue and vice be confounded, by ascribing both to the influence of circumstances. Let not the salutary influence of evil be lessened by treating it with unconcern.

In tracing the workings of genius, in delineating the poet, Mr. Moore is far more correct, and more successful, than in describing the man. It is here that the experience of a brother poet is available. And accordingly we here find the beauties of the work. The following extract affords perhaps one of the best specimens, which the work contains, and is the last we shall make.

'Unpromising, however, as was his youth of the high destiny that awaited him, there was one unfailing characteristic of the imaginative order of minds—his love of solitude—which very early gave signs of those habits of self-study and introspection, by which alone the 'diamond quarries' of genius are worked and brought to light. When but a boy, at Hanover, he had shown this disposition strongly; being often known, as I have already mentioned, to withdraw himself from his playmates, and sitting alone upon a tomb in the church yard, give himself up, for hours, to thought. As his mind began to disclose its resources, this feeling grew upon him; and had his foreign travel done no more than, by detaching him from the

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distractions of society to enable him solitarily and freely, to commune with his own spirit, it would have been an all important step gained towards the full expansion of his faculties. It was only then, indeed, that he began to feel himself capable of the abstraction, which self-study requires, or to enjoy that freedom of other's thoughts, which alone leaves the contemplative mind master of its own. In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient leisure and seclusion to look within himself, and there catch the first 'glimpses of his glorious mind.' One of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his 'Memoranda,' was when bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters, and lost in that sort of vague reverie, which however formless and indistinct at the moment, settled afterward, on his pages, into those clear bright pictures, which will endure forever.

'Were it not for the doubt and diffidence that hang around the first steps of genius, this growing consciousness of his power, these openings into a new domain of intellect, where he was to reign supreme, must have made the solitary hours of the young traveller one dream of happiness. But it will be seen that even yet he distrusted his own strength, nor was at all aware of the height to which the spirit he was now calling up would grow. So enamoured, nevertheless, had he become of these lonely musings, that even the society of his fellow traveller, though with pursuits so congenial to his own, grew at last to be a chain and burthen on him; and it was not till he stood, companionless, on the shore of the little island in the Ægean, that he found his spirit breathe freely. If any stronger proof were wanting of his deep passion for solitude, we shall find it, not many years after, in his own written avowal, that even when in company of the woman he most loved, he not unfrequently found himself sighing to be alone.

'It was not only, however, by affording him the concentration necessary for this silent drawing out of his feelings and powers, that travel conduced so essentially to the formation of his poetical character. To the East he had looked, with the eye of romance, from his very childhood. Before he was ten years of age, the perusal of Rycaut's History of the Turks had taken a strong hold of his imagination, and he read eagerly, in consequence, every book concerning the east he could find.

'In visiting, therefore, those countries, he was but realizing the dreams of his childhood; and this return of his thoughts to that innocent time gave a freshness and purity to their current which they had long wanted. Under the spell of such recollections, the attraction of novelty was among the least that the scenes, through which he wandered, presented. Fond traces of the past—and few have ever retained them so vividly—mingled themselves with the impressions of the objects before him; and as among the Highlands, he had often traversed, in fancy, the land of the Moslem, so memory from the wild hills of Albania, now carried him back to Morven.'

But notwithstanding this and a few other pieces of fine writing, that are scattered through the work, we will hazard the opinion, that the fame of Thomas Moore, either as a biographer, a writer, or a moralist, will not be much increased by the Life of Lord Byron. Nor will the character of that great genius derive much benefit from all that his friend has advanced

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to excuse and palliate. His letters, which constitute so large a portion of the book, disclose a being which it is beyond the power of

'Florid prose and honied lines of rhyme'

to consecrate. And it is with sorrow, rather than anger, that we contemplate the melancholy fate and disastrous influence of that mind which was formed for the enjoyment and advancement of all that is high and holy in man.

Since the reception of the above, we have ourselves found time to look over the first volume of Moore's Life of Byron; and beg leave to put down some of the thoughts excited in us by reading it.

It seems to be an exceedingly full and faithful view of the life of the great poet, being almost altogether made up from his letters, and such extracts from his writings, as serve to throw light upon the unconnected statements and indications made in them, with only occasional remarks of the biographer, thrown in to arrange the order of the matters touched upon in a chronological synopsis. The style is not *recherche*, it is true; but there is an ease in it, to our taste, preferable to the buckram and pedantry of mere dry faultless accuracy, made up from a dictionary, a grammar and an old school rhetoric. We find fault—and we wish to make it emphatic—with the indifference and *sang froid*, with which the biographer speaks of the vices of his friend. Away with all softenings upon such points. Atheism and adultery and seduction and prostitution and drunkenness and gambling and gin and 'the fancy,' and domestic quarrelling and the discharge of poker and tongs back and forward, between mother and son, and separation of husband and wife—are not at all less reprehensible in the upper, than in the lower walks of life; but a thousand times more so—inasmuch, as the fortunate inmates have a thousand more motives and restraints, and in the same proportion, less temptations. May the public vision in the United States never become so far perverted, as to call light darkness, and darkness light, or allow an American to speak, either with complacency, or even softening extenuation, of such crimes, as were woven into the very woof and tissue of Lord Byron's life. No matter how such crimes are viewed by the *haut ton* of England. Death is death, though patricians may choose to call it decease; and drunkenness and gin and adultery and fighting remain the same things, however lords and fine ladies may phrase them by more palliating and fashionable terms. We desire, however, not to adopt the cant of prudish and affected sanctity, which defeats its own purpose by the use of an overcharged vocabulary of fault-finding. But there is a real and positive evil influence, likely to flow from an affected softening, in speaking of the follies and crimes of such a man, as the person, we are considering. It is much easier to copy the profligacy of Lord Byron, than to acquire his genius and talents. Many a weak and silly Roman advocate walked with his neck awry, because Cicero had a wen, and was physically obliged so to walk. We have known more than one fool fancy himself a genius; and to create the same illusion in others, quarrel with his wife, and part from her, to become more like Byron. Men are sufficiently prone to gratify their propensities, without the example of the rich and titled and talented and admired, to bear them out in doing it. And there is a ridiculousness of ineffable degradation, in

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copying the follies and deformities of those above us in the endowments of nature and fortune, too likely to be endemic, unless every trait of this sort is set forth in its true light, and called by its unsoftened and unsophisticated name. This is all we deem necessary to remark, in regard to the execution of this volume, until we shall see the remainder of the work, and the winding up of the plot.

We remark, in the character before us, another exemplification of the saying of the philosopher, *nature brings forth all her productions complete and entire in themselves.* As certainly as the future size, flavor and quality of the apple, with the seeds of other generations, *ad infinitum*, are all involved in the bud of the yet unformed apple blossom, so clearly we discern, with the first developments of thought and character in the child Byron, the distinct germ of all, that he afterwards evolved. There are the rudimental compounds, the distinct elements of the mule, the bloodhound, the voluptuary, the unequalled poet, the author of the Prisoners of Chillon, the seducer, the husband of Miss Milbanke, the lover of the 'fancy,' and the hero of modern Greece. In no case have we been so struck with the miniature identity of the boy with the mature man, to the end of his career of celebrity. Do we, in saying this, tend to unhinge the master principles of moral obligation? Not at all. The value of the apple depends on the suns and rains, the position, training, and culture of the tree. Nature gives the rudiments; and whatever after is developed, it is always identical, distinct—marked with her own unchangeable seal, and no more to be altered, than mineral of lead can by any process be smelted into gold. Moral training and education will never produce their adequate and just results, until their power, and *modus operandi* are rightly understood. They can modify, and remould, and render what would otherwise have been useless, of the highest value. But they cannot change original acidity into sweetness. Where endowments are not given, they cannot create them. Moral training and education, when their efficiency is justly estimated, are seen in this light to be more important, than in that, in which they have generally been viewed.

To return. There was no original material of thought and power ever after in Byron, which was not there, the first time his bosom swelled with the view of the blue mountains of Scotland. In the head and heart of the shy, silent, murky, proud, invincible boy, with his silent rages, lay, integument within integument, all, that he ever afterwards evolved. There the seeds of those explosions of the passions and the intellect were germinating, and concocting, preparatory to all their after manifestations, as the eruptions of Etna are preparing under the stillness of its vine-clad hills.—Within his own teeming mind were not only the primordial and chaotic elements of all the insatiate cravings of his passions, and interminable aspirations of his ambition; but all those glorious images, all those creations, infernal and celestial, to which he afterwards gave birth.

He would probably have been, under any circumstances, however favorable, a man to whom a good and considerate father would not have dared to trust the keeping of the happiness of his daughter; with whom no judicious friend would have wished to have made a voyage round the world in the same cabin. But under better training, and more fortunate circumstances, he would have been in the main a good and respectable man;

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subject to alternations of predominant good feeling and purpose, and bad; to compunctious meltings and repentance, to transient reforms, and transitions down the proclivity of his propensities. But a deep sense of self-respect, and the necessity of the observation of the conventional morals and opinions of society—along with the influence of the moral sense, and the persuasion of a retributive existence in the world to come, would have formed him such a man, as the world would not only have called good, but perfect. His column would have been as lofty, as the means and the pride of his descendants could have supplied—and it would have been all scored with eulogy from apex to base. His poor widow would have walked amidst the supporters of her train, remembering a hundred things, of which she would not wish to recount one; and receiving to the truth of the letter condolence and tears for her irreparable loss. High talent, real genius never existed, without some inward consciousness from the first felt germination of the seeds. He had a presentiment from a child of his future fame. But by no means the self-confidence, and the weak and overweening estimation of it, that clearly mark the vanity of a fool. Byron felt, he knew not what, laboring and fermenting within him, like the throes of the head of Jupiter, before the armed virgin issued from his cleft brain. But so far from inspiring vanity and confidence, it made him shy, diffident and distrustful. It was not until long after public opinion had been in accord, in regard to his poetry, that he caught confidence and self-reliance. Hence his early fondness for solitude; and that love of dreamy imaginations, in retirement, which, more or less conspicuously, have marked high talent and endowment in all time.

Poor Byron! He may be pitied, if not excused. He was born with the transmitted germ of talent on his father's side; but accompanied with pride, voluptuousness and self-will, in the highest degree. From his mother he inherited capriciousness, an ungovernable tide of passion, and the most violent extremes of temper. The combination was labelled with a broad seal of his own individuality—uniting all these fierce extremes of temperament by concentration—stubborn perseverance in his purpose, and a certain perverse self-control, producing as singular a commixture, as original and non-descript a whole, as perhaps ever had been called by the complex term man.

His father had obtained his first wife by seduction, adultery and elopement. A professed and beggared profligate, he married the mother of the poet, avowedly for her money; and soon, also, beggared her. They quarrelled, and separated; though Mrs. Byron most unequivocally loved the abandoned and heartless wretch, to the end of his career. Under such auspices, with such a temperament, and under the influence of such examples, he was born. The trainings of the latent and unfolding mischief of his nature were constantly modified by the weak fondness of a mother, as uncontrolable, as a lioness licking her cubs; vibrating from the extreme of maternal tenderness to that of fury and rage, without apparent motive or cause. Add, that both were equally proud and poor, and withal impressed, that the world owed them much on the score of their birth and ancestry; and we see some of the malign and adverse influences, under which his rudimental impulses were fostered, and the germ of his character developed. Before eight, and long before the excitement of sexual sen-

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sation, he was most violently and unequivocally in love with Mary Duff, a pretty child of his own age;—a proof, that physical love can exist wholly independent of sensual appetite. We have no doubt, that most precocious children, of similar endowment, could make the same confession, were it necessary. Shyness, pride, stubborness, a hatred to labor, as such, and as imposed by his masters, but a devouring fondness for reading, that fell in with his own propensities, marked his early years. He learned little, as was exacted by the routine of the schools; but more than all his fellow-students, as he loved to read at the dictation of his own wayward humors. The first in an insurrection or a fight, he often manifested astonishing generosity and Spartan capability of endurance.

Such he had been, the nursling of chance, poverty, capricious and misguided fondness, under one master to-day, and another to-morrow; floating at the direction of his passions, without pole-star, or haven, when he succeeded to a title and the estate of Newstead Abbey, with an example transmitted along with that inheritance, of an influence as malign, as that from his father. His mother, for reasons, that do not appear, received a royal pension of 300£. a year; and influences, directly opposite to those of his former poverty, and still more pernicious, those of wealth, and pride of birth, and the cringing homage of dependants, and the more seductive, because more concealed, homage and flattery of the world, began to breeze in the sails of the young adventurer.

We pass over the indiscretions of his wild and ungovernable, though doatingly fond mother, over his quarrels and reconciliations, over his letters and early poems; all, however, marked with his distinctive character, and containing palpable indications of what he was one day to be; only observing, that 'he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;' and that his early letters, and his letters throughout, strongly stamped with his head-strong, impetuous, witty, and original character, are as decided testimonials to his mental powers, as his after verses.

Another epoch in the history of his passions, is marked at the age of sixteen, when he became desperately smitten with Mary Chaworth, an heiress, and a beautiful girl of eighteen, in the vicinage of Newstead Abbey. There were deeper combinations and other elements in this love, than in the childish one of eight. Had he married her, and had she been a spirited and sensible woman, disposed to take the trouble to train her husband, and understanding how to accomplish it, this might have been the balanced moment of his destiny. But she had no such thought.—Judging him, as is common with the great portion of her sex, by his externals, she saw nothing in him, but a somewhat informed lad, with shy and no ways prepossessing manners, and withal lame. The laboratory of worlds, which imagination had never visited before—the teeming operations of his original and powerful mind, were silently going on within, and under a brow, which to a common eye showed no traces of the intense interior elaboration. A kindred and an equal mind would have been necessary, to make the discovery. A single answer of her's proves, that pretty, and clever, and graceful as she may have been, she had no such mind. When her maid jested with her, touching the manifest passion of the poet, 'do you think,' said she, 'that I have any thought of that *lame boy?*'

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From this time to that of his majority, spent at Harrow and Cambridge, at his studies, and at Southwell, where he sometimes tasted the pleasures of domestic intercourse and the charm of female society, there appears enough of the attraction of generosity and truth, and the brilliance of talent thrown over his character, to interest us strongly; and enough of the dawning of what he was shortly to become, to inspire us with pity and disgust.

We seize from the mass of recorded traits but one, as peculiarly indicative of his shy and retiring character. He had stood aloof from the young ladies at Mrs. Pigot's, where he had been visiting with his mother. They might have parted with mutual sentiments of indifference, if not of aversion. But, as the mother and son one morning were taking their leave, one of the young ladies playfully addressed him by a name in a play, which she had recently seen enacted. His proud heart was thawed out. A confidential acquaintance immediately ensued.

About this time a scene is recorded between him and his mother, equally burlesque, and disgusting. She had allowed something in his deportment to work her temper up to a perfect phrensy. She had before interfered between him and his masters, to the extreme of unmanageable folly. She had before, in her paroxysms, spoken of him by the appellation 'the lame brat.' She now 'threw the poker and the tongs at him,' and was in a perfect fury. He eloped, and fled to London; and in a witty *letter describing* the scene, shows himself to us in a light as unamiable, as *in* any other epoch of his life. That is an admirable precept of the Jewish code, which forbids children by implication to disclose the failings and follies of their parents. That child must already be on the declivity towards the abandonment of all good, who exposes the weaknesses and vices of a parent, be the circumstances of provocation what they may. The relation is so sacred, and the obligations of such a peculiar delicacy, that the moment we hear a child speak slightly of a parent, under any circumstances, we instantly sink him many degrees in the scale of our estimation.

But from this time the peculiar character of the great poet, which had so long existed interiorly, in its entireness, becomes distinctly manifest to others; his proud spirit of defiance, his shy holding back from all, who have not made the first step towards his acquaintance, his misanthropic views of human nature, his love of witnessing boxing, his fondness for theatricals, his wasting his time in the haunts of dissipation, and, more than all, his addictedness to that vice, which, beyond all others, palsies all that holds back from vice, and gives headlong impulse to all, that leads to it—a vice, which whosoever practises, it has been said with equal truth and justice, will soon find it the least sin, of which he is guilty. For this vice he soon became infamously famous; and all the accustomed train of quarrel, ill-health, satiety, disgust, brutification of character, and contempt of the other portion of the species, the instruments and the victims of his downward course, followed, as links of an inseparable chain.

He collected, and published a volume of his poems, many of which had already been published in detail, and in various periodicals. Never was work received with more bitter and caustic criticism. The Edinburgh put forth all its wit, causticity and ridicule. It counselled him to renounce poetry, and said, that being from a lord, his nonsense must be received

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thankfully, and no questions asked; and followed up the criticism by a series of remarks, of which this was the index. A more unjust criticism could not have been imagined. For, although much of the poetry was crude and immature, and some of it even dull—a conclave of asses, so that they had walked upon two legs, could have seen enough to redeem the whole work; and must have been struck with the promise of his future harvest. But the conductors of that work had probably never read the volume. At any rate, they manifested the heartless arrogance of trampling on what they thought could never rise. But they reckoned, as often happens to those who practice on such principles, without their host; and in his 'British Bards and Scotch reviewers' he inflicted the most terrible retaliation, with which unjust criticism was ever visited; and in going beyond his fair measure of retributive vengeance, he transcended the mark of equity, as far as they had, and punished one species of injustice, by another equally wanton, and only wanting the shade of aggression.

It is a curious fact in literary history, that all men in every age, with minds of his stamp, have been barked at by all the little fry of all the literati of the time. In looking over many thousand distinguished writers, we have found this circumstance, in a greater or less degree, invariably attendant upon every one. Homer had his Zoilus, who led a whole band of Zoilii; Virgil had his Mævius; Boileau had his Chapelain; Milton had his hundred revilers. Voltaire was hoary, before he could gain admission to the French academy; and his chief object, in his earnest efforts to obtain that favor, was to get rid of the hundred curs, who were snapping at his heels, the members of the academy having a protecting law in their favor against libels. Every one is acquainted with the immortal heroes of Pope's Dunciad. Never was poor author so baited, as Byron. Innumerable of the little English oracles of taste proclaimed him any thing, rather than a poet. Some curious examples of their carpings and decrials are preserved in this work; and whole volumes might be filled with them. We speak not of those, who condemned his writings, on account of their moral tendency; but of those, who found his poetry weak and indifferent. Some mistakes of the same sort, by persons with as fair claims to be oracular, as any other, were made on this side of the Atlantic; and in view, we believe, of no other work than his inimitable 'Prisoners of Chillon.'

But there is a felt grandeur and power in real talent, which, coming from the same source with the electric stroke of heaven, like that pursues its course regardless of opposition, and strikes down whatever comes in resistance. One flash came after another. The little cynic carpers gathered themselves together, and crawled into the shade; and according to their nature, when they next came forth, were ready to join in the cry of acclamation. The poet journied in the sunny climates of Spain, Italy, Constantinople and Greece, where his heart and his earliest imaginings had already preceded him. In these wanderings, where all his dreams were out; where he saw mountains white with unmelting snows, mountains, which have been rendered immortal in the song of the elder and younger bards, broken columns, mouldering temples and ruins, the memorials of the gone-by world of memory and history,—saw them in the brilliant sun, or voluptuous shade of Italy and Greece, where pleasure and youth and money and

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imagination and nature imposed no reins. He there painted his sensations and his inner man; and we have the bride of Abydos, the Giaour, the Siege of Corinth, and, more than all, the first cantos of Childe Harold.

There was no mistaking, or resisting the testimony of these works. He had triumphed over envy with his glory. His critics had become his friends. His works alone would have made him rich. Perhaps no man ever enjoyed more substantially and fully, the triumph of the acknowledgment of talent of the highest order.

We have only space to advert to the second great epoch in his life, that of his marriage. No lady in England could be ignorant of his character, nor of the nature of his frequent *connections*, of which Moore speaks with such a polite and well bred whisper. He offered himself to Miss Milbanke, an heiress, of sufficient wealth to retrieve his fallen fortunes, though he affects to view that circumstance as a matter about which he made no enquiry, and had no concern. He had been told, when dragging himself like a ship-wrecked and water-logged vessel from the winds and waves of the ocean of debauchery, in which he was plunged, that 'marriage alone could save him.' First thoughts are said to be best, and they generally are so. Miss Milbanke was well, and was afraid to risk the chances of not being better. She was a paragon—an heiress and a beauty. She was an *only* child; and was every thing to her parents. She refused the great *poet;* but it was a shrinking kind of refusal, leaving future chances *open. by* granting him the privilege of a correspondence; and they *corresponded.* But, no doubt, in such a heart as that of Byron, the shaft of *refusal* rankled. We question, if ever mortal was refused, who had any of the customary measures of human nature in him, who did not remember it, without the necessity of putting the incident in his calendar.

Byron cooled his rage and his passions, by plunging once more into the slough; and the escape valve of his burning thoughts was in song. Another and another of the hard dilemmas of transgressors followed; and he veered his harrassed and hackneyed nature once more towards the harbor of matrimony. There can be no doubt, that he was aware, just what influence his overwhelming reputation, as a poet, had upon the mind of Miss Milbanke. No doubt, he had keenly analyzed, with but too deep an acquaintance with the subject, the motives, which lead ladies, and these paragons of virtue in particular, to look with an eye of favor upon those polluted wretches, called rakes. He knew well how mixed motives deceive us all; and make us put actions to the credit side of our balance with virtue, that really belong to the other side of the ledger. He could not but suppose, that the daughter and the mother had discussed, and weighed him in the privacy of their dressing room. Although they may have had but very inadequate ideas of the general irritability of poets, and of the particular fierceness of his temper and passions, and his want of self-control and amiability, yet it is hardly supposable, that they had not heard of some of the many memorable passages between him, his mother and friends, which must have thrown light, or rather darkness, upon their estimates of him. Certain it is, they must have known him an abandoned and notorious rake. To partake the renown, and *to share the title*, and to reform the rake; *hoc nomine pretexit culpam.* These were probably the avowed motives for inducing the daughter, on a second application, to relent. He had

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been refused by another lady, whose name does not appear; and to a friend he remarked, as he renewed his successful suit, 'you see it is to be Miss Milbanke after all.' Before one particle of pity is bestowed upon this lady, to all appearance a coldly virtuous, and most accurately clever, discreet and decorous personage, let it be remembered, that every mother, and every daughter, who consents to such a proposition, instead of having a right to lay the unction to their souls, that their chief motive is the Christian one *to reform a rake*, ought to put it to a very different motive, which we choose not to name; and, at any rate, according to all human chances, they ought to have calculated, that there was scarcely another alternative, than that of misery for life, and a reduction of the wife to the husband's scale of morals, or a quick separation, like that, which retrieved, as far as it might be retrieved, the guilty error of Miss Milbanke. Reform a rake! It were, as if a lady in her pride should fasten her skiff to a steam-boat, and expect to guide it against steam and current by her single rowing. Every mother and every daughter, who put themselves in this glorious arena of reformation, have a right to calculate the result, which followed in the case of this marriage, as the most fortunate, that can befal them.

The beautiful heiress, the learned paragon, consented to wed him, in the specious and avowed hope of reforming a rake; and Byron writes like a fool, about his terrors of a blue coat, which, as a lord, he must wear at the bridals, and omens, and the like. But not a word appears on either side, indicating the slightest incipient spark of affection. They do not see each other. The lawyers are the chief mediators; and the poet jokes about her, who is to be the Gracchi of his children.

An innocence, the necessary result of industry and humble life, the natural and calm and onward course of the affections, thank God, are the portion of the million. It is for heiresses, who have nothing to do, but to extinguish every natural feeling in the bosom, to give themselves up to idleness, ennui, and gloom; it is for lords cursed with genius, money and fame and want of employment, to marry together, torment each other and be wretched. If the fair lady in question had been a milliner, or a school mistress, and the lord a lawyer at a country bar, we might not, perhaps, have had these fine songs for our money. But they would sometimes have been kind, and at others sullen, like the rest. They would have had sons and daughters in privacy, if not in peace; and Mr. Moore, wanting the subject of this biography, would have had ten thousand dollars less in his pouch. Such is the advantage of idleness and wealth; and such the fruits of having no time, in which to quarrel and be miserable.

They were married. The veil of *bienseance* falls over their intercourse. The lady will say nothing, because she will not violate propriety. The husband will say nothing, because he is too proud, and too stubborn to speak out. When they separated, just as many rumors and falsehoods were originated in the case, and not one more, than might have been expected. They both concur in admitting, that she thought him mad; and that he was unconsciously under the *surveillance* of physicians on that supposition. In a letter, which every one has read, drawn forth by the publication of this volume, she states distinctly, that she thought him mad, that she consulted physicians on the subject, and that, on the supposition

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of his insanity, she had written him the kind letters, and used at their parting the playful and affectionate words, which her husband wrested, as proofs of her inconsistency and duplicity. She says, that simple humanity would have dictated such words to a person in such a predicament, and that her physician charged her to soothe him, and that as soon as she was convinced that he was not insane, she made up her mind, without bias from father or mother, to leave him, and never return to him more. Such was the issue of this incompatible and ill-fated union. Every thing in the case of each was as adverse to their chances of being happy, as can well be imagined. Abominable must have been his deportment to her, during the short time of their residence together, if the fair inference, which follows from her letter, is warranted, that the only extenuation, which it admitted, was his supposed insanity.

With his departure from England, after his separation from his wife, this very ample, and to us very interesting volume, closes.

The letters are the brief, witty, hurried, lazy, careless and cursing letters of a profligate lord. They are full of stars, breaks, inuendoes, initials, and the *cognoscenti* and slang style of high life, and the 'fancy,' and the knowing ones. We are perfectly aware, how many American noodles and literary dandies will strive to imitate Lord Byron in these ridiculous particulars. We prophecy, that within the year fifty thousand letters will be written, full of short and hurried passages, very flippant, and dull and *lazy* and full of stars and initials, and the *cognoscenti and slang style of the* fancy—under a full impression, that to do this, is to become Lord Byron the second.

For us the letters are witty, show great quickness, and happiness of imagery and opulence of invention; and there is an intense interest in them, for a hundred reasons. His poetry, we would repeat, in our view, stands alone. But his letters, merely as samples of epistolary writing, fall far below those of Gray, Pope, Swift, and the charming models of Cowper. They want dignity, continuity and grace. They want that ever-watchful carefulness, which is imposed by the self-respect of conscious talent.

But it is time for us to relinquish this article, whose length has already transcended our original purpose. Byron wants but one attribute to have made his verses inimitable and immortal. Lamartine, with less genius and less invention, and less interior resources, thrills the heart with the holy influences of religion, added to his other resources. There can be no enduring and immortal verses, which do not take immortality and eternity, and the hope of another life, and the affections, which are generated by that hope, and which run out towards it, into the account. The ancient theogony assigned to the muses an origin from Jove. Milton has proved what cords sound from the lyre, which is tuned with the songs of Zion. Byron is all of the earth. No hope of holier intimacies, purer affections, and more elevated modes of existence, open for him a vista into the eternal regions of those, who truly and greatly live in a better world. What songs would have been those of Byron, if he had possessed the endowment of Milton, superadded to his own.

Another striking circumstance, disclosed in this volume, marks the concentrated self-esteem of the poet. He has generally been supposed to have

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been careless, and to have struck off every thing by inspiration. Here we see the evidence of that extreme care and caution, with which he elaborated his writings, often sending a third alteration of a word, or a phrase to the printer; and cursing, as was his wont, when the demons after all, as will often happen, marred him. Though to us it is a painful discovery, to mark by what slow degrees, and the alteration of word after word, those beautiful lines were filed out, which in the reading showed so like the continuous impulse of inspiration.

Lastly, we remark the palled appetite, the craving, satiated with praise, of the over-be-praised poet, morbidly turning to the fancy of another sort of food. We find him sick of poetry, and literary fame. It is with him all miserable stuff. Like our McDuffie, he would none of your scholar's laurels. Give him action. And this panting after a diverse fame, that of a fighter and a hero, was, no doubt, the essence of that motive, that induced him to find his death in Greece.

Translations from the Dictionaire Biographie Classique.

(CONTINUED.)

CHRISTOPHE (HENRY) negro king of Hayti (St. Domingo) under the name of Henry 1st; born, according to the Haytian biographers, Oct. 6, 1767, in the island of Grenada, one of the Antilles, served in the war of American independence, and thence went to St. Domingo, where he made himself conspicuous during the insurrection of 1790, by a boldness and activity which soon procured him a command among the men of his color. Appointed gen. of brigade by Toussaint Louverture, he rendered him signal services. After having taken by surprise the young negro Moses, an insurgent, whom the generallissimo put to death without pity, although connected with him by ties of blood, he succeeded him in the command of a northern province, and dispersed the numerous partisans of his ambitious predecessor, who, it is said, wished to exterminate all the whites in the insurgent colony. Christophe had obtained command of the Cape, when, 1802, the expedition conducted by gen. Leclerc disembarked before that place. Compelled to give way to numbers, after a vigorous resistance, he set fire to the city, and rejoined Toussaint Louverture, leading 3000 men, the remains of the garrison. He afterwards united his forces to those of gen. Dessalines, became commander in chief of the blacks, and contributed by the success of his arms to the abandonment of the island by the French. He soon acquired new importance in the state, by aiding in the elevation of the commander in chief to the *imperial throne of Hayti*. The overturn of this new sovereign was yet more favorable to him. He did not hesitate to seize this occasion to elevate himself in his place. Proclaimed *president and generallissimo of the state of Hayti*, Christophe appointed the mulatto Pethion his lieutenant. This man was one of the principal agents in the movements, to which he owed his dignity, and he bestowed upon him in addition the government of the southern part of his dominions. Meanwhile the states general, under the name of the *national*

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assembly, having been convoked at the Cape, a misunderstanding broke out between the two chiefs. Pethion rose against the pretensions of Christophe, who aspired to supreme power. Finally, Christophe contending that the authority belonged to the strongest, declared Pethion guilty of rebellion, and compelled him, by force of arms, to confine himself, in his exercise of supreme authority, to Port au Prince, with the simple title of *President*. Disembarrassed from all fetters, Christophe had the ceremony of his coronation performed in the city of the Cape, 1811. He was consecrated by the name of *Henry 1st*. Surrounding himself immediately with all the show of European courts, the new monarch sought, also, to ape their etiquette and ceremonial. He struck out several feudal institutions, which appeared grotesque, from the circumstance that they showed without the aid of the prismatic colors, through which they are viewed in the old countries. The re-establishment of the French monarchy gave lively inquietude to the Haytian monarch, and paralyzed the ambitious projects he meditated in regard to the part of the island governed by Pethion. The death of the latter, 1818, seemed notwithstanding to offer a favorable occasion for the execution of these designs; but he failed in his efforts against the republican troops, commanded by gen. Boyer, their new president. A short time after, an insurrection produced by the rigid despotism of Christophe, united perhaps with the suggestions, or the example of the neighboring republic, began among the garrison of St. Marc, and extended rapidly throughout the kingdom. Abandoned by the people, the army, and even the courtiers whom he had loaded with honors and riches, in vain he made courageous efforts to defend his throne; and, despairing of success, put himself to death, 1820. The prince royal, eldest son of Christophe, and the greater number of dignitaries, who remained faithful to the royal cause, were massacred in Fort Henry, where they had taken refuge.

Cloots (John Baptiste du Val de Grace) a Prussian baron, b. Cleves, 1755; took a very active part in the French revolution, and styled *himself the orator of the human race*. After having changed his first names for that of Anacharsis, he besieged the national assembly with his petitions, felicitations and discourses of all sorts, and was a member of the convention, voting for the death of Louis 16th, adding, 'I condemn the infamous Frederic William to death also.' At the time, when the Jacobins subjected their party to a purifying scrutiny, the Prussian baron declared, that *his heart was French, and his soul sans culotte* (without breeches.) Robespierre apostrophised him, saying, that he distrusted a pretended *sans culotte*, who had 100,000 livres of rent. Cloots was excluded, accused a short time after, and ascended the scaffold, 1794. He published pamphlets, in which he attacked all powers, professed atheism openly, and preached the doctrine of a universal republic. His principal work is entitled *Certainty of the proofs of Mahometanism*. London. 1780. in 12mo.

Correggio (Ant. Allegri) so called from his natal city, Corregio of Modena, a celebrated Italian painter, founder of the Lombard school, b. 1494, was the creator of the beautiful tint of the *clear obscure* and the *raccourcis*. He will ever be one of the first models in the mild and graceful style of painting, which he made the principal aim of his observations and studies. It is not known, from what master this great artist received

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his first lessons; but it is certain, that he owed his superiority principally to the genius, with which he was endowed by nature. Attached in some sort to his natal soil by the wants of his family, of which he was the sole support, he saw neither Rome nor Florence; and painted only in Parma and Lombardy. He exacted, or rather obtained, but a moderate remuneration for his immortal labors; whence it is inferred, that he was not himself aware of their value. But how can such an opinion be reconciled with the words, that history has preserved, which escaped him, after a long ecstacy before a painting of Raphael, "*Auch 'io son pittore.*' And I also am a painter! This exclamation proves at least, that he felt the full extent of his genius; and if he lived in indigence, the cause must not be attributed entirely to his willingness to lighten others from the reproach of the weight of misery, under which he groaned himself; but it must be remembered, that he found in his country no other Mæcenases, than monks as avaricious, as they were opulent. After 10 years of assiduous labor, he finished the *cupola* and *dome* of St. John. The sum, that had been promised him for these *chef d'œuvres* amounted only to 9884 francs. He was nevertheless compelled to solicit long for the last payment of this moderate compensation, and when his debtors, wearied with his importunate visits, finally consented to pay him, they gave him, in copper money, a sum equal to 200 francs. Impatient to carry it to his family, he set forth with his charge, and had hardly arrived at Correggio, when he was seized with a violent fever, of which he died, aged 70. Besides the *chef d'œuvres* mentioned, he produced a multitude of others, the most noted of which are the *picture of the Holy family;* a *St. Jerome;* a *Christ taken down from the cross;* a *Madelaine* in the gallery of Dresden; the *Infant Jesus,* and an *Antiope asleep.* The two latter ornament the French museum.

D'JENGUYS KHAN TEMANDJYN, the true name of a famous Mogul sovreign, whom European authors, before the learned M. Langles, have called Genghiz Khan, was son of a chief of a Mogul horde, a tributary of the khan of Nien-Tche Tartars, then masters of Oriental Tartary, and all the northern portion of China, b. 1164, and received the name of Temandjyn. At the age of fifteen, he signalized his astonishing career by a complete victory over the tributary rebels; and by the horrible punishment of the chiefs of the insurrection, he gave a prelude of the innumerable butcheries, with which he was to astonish Asia and the world. Protected by the grand Khan of the Keraite Mogols, who gave him his daughter in marriage, he was not slow to aggrandize his estates by new successes, gained over the neighboring princes who had leagued against him. After having conquered successively the Naimans and the Oigours, he resolved to invade that portion of China, occupied by the Nien-Tche. He passed over the great wall, 1209; took the capital at present called Pekin by assault, and returned to Tartary, leaving his generals in pursuit of the Emperor Nien-Tche. The conquest of Turkistan and Khairzim followed that of Northern China.—The cities of Bochara and Samarcand were pillaged and burnt, and their inhabitants murdered or reduced to slavery. All Transorana, Khorassan, Irac Adjessig, and the other Oriental provinces of Persia, underwent the same destiny. After having threatened India, penetrated by himself, or his lieutenants, into the heart of China, reduced Nien-Tche to the last extremity, and multiplied for his kind all sorts of torments and deaths, he

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died peaceably in the bosom of victory, 1227, surrounded by affectionate relatives, devoted subjects, and numerous tributaries, entirely resigned to his yoke, and absolute master of a territory more than 1500 hundred leagues in extent, reaching from Tauris on the Caspian sea to Pekin. 'His existence, his elevation and his furies,' says his judicious biographer, M. Langles, 'must have cost the human race from five to six millions of human beings, without speaking of the annihilation of an immense quantity of the monuments of the arts, and precious Mss. which Balkh, Samarcand, Pekin, and other cities of 'Eastern Asia,' celebrated for their literary establishments, contained.' It is nearly in the same manner, that conquerors in all countries and in all times have concurred for the progress of light, and the increase of population, and the happiness of humanity. A great part of his estates passed to Koublay, (v.) one of his nephews, who is regarded as the founder of the Mongolian dynasty of China.

Translations from the Dictionaire Historique d'Education.

(CONTINUED.)

We have room from these interesting volumes but for a few more extracts; and they are from the chapter on *Taste*, where the object is to bring to its observation a copious collection of instances of different kinds of writing in bad taste.

Good taste, says the author, is a mental sensation, by which the mind is attached towards whatever possesses the truly beautiful; and through which it discriminates the false traits, with which unregulated imagination invests objects. Nature gives it; labor forms it; and excellent models unfold it. Nothing tends more strongly to preserve its strength and purity, than to expose such examples to the young, as that they shall feel the barbarous want of taste in former periods. It is the method we shall pursue in this article. In the pursuit, the author produces a great number of examples, sufficiently whimsical and amusing—for which we have no place. We select one from specimens of exaggerated eulogy of great men, from the discourse of the Sieur de l'Hostal upon Sully. 'Pillar of iron, firm column of state, two edged sword for combats, head doubly charged with brain for counsels, mouth of torrent for persuasion, hands and feet of wind for execution, Sully, one of the fibres of the heart of his prince, one of the feet of the tripod of his oracle, and certainly worthy of the most showy titles of honor, since thou art found worthy to serve so great a prince—a monarch, who makes a *conserve* of all the virtues into the honey of wisdom,' &c.

The preachers of the fourteenth century in France, affected to cough, as a circumstance, which gave grace to their declamations. Olivier Maillard, a preacher of the Cordeliers, much in fashion in his time, and who enjoyed a brilliant reputation, has not failed, in a sermon of his, printed at Bruges about the year 1500, to mark in the margin by *hem! hem!* the passages, where he had coughed. All the audience responded to this eloquence of the breast in a manner still more eloquent. It is thence, perhaps,

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that the usage has been derived, of blowing the nose at each division of the sermon.

A preacher, in speaking of the dissoluteness of the priests, cried out—'O poor city (the church,) deplorable Sion! how wretchedly art thou guarded! How cowardly and maimed is thy garrison! Thou art defended by a soldiery, who know not how to ply the sabre of justice, nor the sword of virtue, nor the blunderbuss of faith, nor the rifle of hope, nor the musquet of charity, nor the hammer of tribulation, nor the scissors of penitence, nor the broom of confession.'

A Cordelier, preaching on the festival of St. Nicholas in a village, drew a parallel between that great saint and the virgin. Among other things, he said, 'She was chaste; he was pure. Let us cut off his beard. We shall then have him an entire virgin.'

They still recollect in Paris the witticisms, and comic taste of *little father Andrew*, a famous preacher of the last century, and a monk of the convent of Augustine fathers at Paris. He was a man of extremely holy life and great austerity of manners; but of an eloquence sometimes rather ridiculous, as would seem from the following specimens. A bishop had called him *the little lantern*. Preaching in presence of that prelate, he avenged himself in this way. His text was '*vos estis lux mundi*,' ye are the light of the world. 'My lord,' said he, addressing the bishop, 'you are the great lantern of the church, but for us, *pauvres diables*, we are only little farthing rush lights.' He was one day in his sermon, when queen Anne of Austria entered the church. The ceremonial of the time was, on the coming in of such a personage, to begin the sermon anew. 'Welcome, madam;' said he, 'we will not put the great pot on to the fire;' and he continued his discourse without resuming it from the beginning.

He once preached before a bishop, and the prelate fell fast asleep. Father Andrew said to the Sexton of the church, 'close the doors; the shepherd is asleep; the sheep will be off. To whom, then, shall I preach the word of the Lord?'

He had been notified to announce a contribution, to make up a portion for a young lady, who wished to take the veil. He gave out, before commencing the sermon, 'brethren, we commend this day to your charity a young lady, who lacks sufficient money, with which to take the vow of poverty.'

He had preached lent in a city, where no person had invited him to dinner. He said in his *adieu*, 'I have preached against all the vices, except good cheer; for I know not how they here treat that matter.'

He preached in a convent, and wished to excite charity in his audience towards the religious. 'I propose to you,' he said, 'a strong motive. The lightning of heaven fell upon their house. But, thanks to the Omnipotent, the thunder-stroke took the library, where there was not an individual. Ah! if *par malheur*, it had fallen on the larder, they would all have perished.'

One day, pouring forth bitter denunciations against libertines, he closed his climax with vehemence; 'you flatter yourselves, wretched sinners, that at the hour of death a convenient *peccavi*, (I have sinned) will settle every thing. Stupid souls! you deceive yourselves. You will only have time to utter *pec* (pickled herring) without the chance of adding—*cavi;* and there is a soul friccasseed in a fashion, that I have no taste for describing.'

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At the close of our third volume, we return our cordial thanks to our generous patrons, and inform them, that this work will hence- forward be continued in a quarterly form—the first number to issue in September. We have long experienced the inconvenience of a monthly periodical. The trouble is great. The necessary limits of the articles cramps scope and freedom. The labor that ought to have told on the subject, is spent in efforts to condense it. We can enjoy neither the colloquial freedom of a newspaper, nor the grave consideration and deference exacted by a quarterly. These, among many other considerations, have induced us to make one further appeal to the good feeling of the Western people. We hope they will award, that we shall not be compelled, as heretofore, to contend merely for the honor of the flag, without fee or reward. As we have been paid, the W. M. Review has as yet hardly sup- ported itself.

We shall strive, that our work shall contain as much matter, and be as well executed, as the three other quarterlies—and be deliv- ered free of postage for the same price, to wit, five dollars per an- num. As regards the capability of the conductor of this work, it would be both superfluous and improper to speak. We have a degree of pride in relation to the west, which, we hope, will excite us to redoubled exertions, that it may sustain an honorable competition with the other quarterlies. We think, that we have a clear estimate of the arduous character of our enterprize, and are prepared accordingly. We flatter ourselves that we *shall be aided* by the hearty co-operation of a few ripe scholars. *Our articles* will be of course more extended and scientific. We intend them, also, to be more miscellaneous, and less restricted to the form of simple review, than those of the other quarterlies. But *after* all that we could say on this occasion, the public would still test us by the actual inspection of our work. We assume one degree of merit, deserving it or not, that we have never yet fallen short of our pro- mise, in appearing before the public. Our labors so far have availed us nothing. If the western people shall continue to say by their patronage, that we have deserved nothing at their hands, we are well aware, that repining and complaint, if we were disposed to in- dulge them, would fall innoxious and unappropriated upon the increasing millions, that spread from Pittsburgh towards the west- ern sea. We have learned to endure patiently those evils, which no exertions can remedy.

We once more solicit the active interference of those friends, who have so often cheered us with their encouraging voice. All our present subscribers, who do not write us a discontinuance, will be considered as subscribers to the work.

Terms—It will be published in Cincinnati, quarterly, in two volumes a year, comprising at least 1000 pages. The work will be forwarded to subscribers, who enclose five dollars by the mail in advance without postage. To those who de- sire it, and warrant the conveyance and pay the postage, it will be sent by mail. Any person subscribing for five copies will receive a sixth gratis.

Communications are to be directed to E. H. Flint, *publisher*, No. 156, *Main street, Cincinnati.* Cincinnati, June, 1830.

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