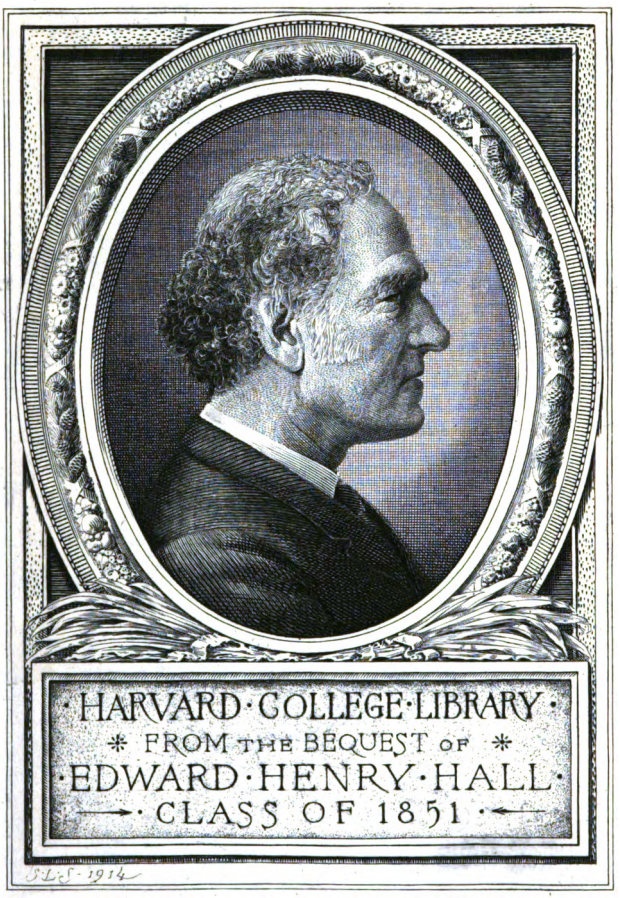

THE OLD BACHELOR.

Avia——peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fonteis
Atque haurire; juvatque novos decerpere flores—
Lucretius, Lib. IV. v. I.

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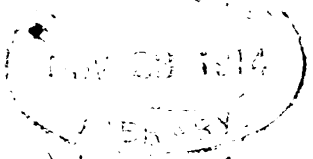
1814.



DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA, TO WIT:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on this L. S. fifth day of January, in the thirty eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Thomas Ritchie of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit: "THE OLD BACHELOR." In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entituled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to an act entituled, "An act supplementary to an act entituled, An act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of maps, charts & books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned. And extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

Wm. MARSHALL,
Clerk of the District of Virginia.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following essays were the amusement of a few short intervals of leisure; and were given to The Enquirer with the hope of their amusing, also, his country readers. Their author never calculated on their taking the form of a book; and wrote, therefore, with a rapidity and carelessness, excusable only in the *ephemera* of a news-paper.

In an early number communications were invited and many were received. Some of these are given to the public in this series of essays; many of value yet remain, which at a future day may possibly contribute to form another volume.

The subject of Eloquence, merely begun in a few numbers near the close of this book, had constituted a prominent figure in the original design of the work. But the author's hours of leisure becoming more and more rare, as well as shorter, he was forced to leave the Essays which are published on that topic in a very crude and mutilated state, and to suspend, at least for a time, if not to abandon, altogether, the whole project. This he regrets.—For the occupation was delightful to him; and he learned from a variety of quarters that it was not without pleasure or profit to the readers of The Enquirer. It is much to be lamented that this pleasing and popular mode of conveying instruction is not more courted in this country. We have many who have both time and talents for such compositions, and who might do much good to others and credit to themselves by devoting a few hours in each week to such a work. There may, indeed, be less fame in such an employment than in many others; but in none can there be more peace, innocence or pleasure; and in few, indeed, more permanent utility. Pythagoras thought it more

honorable to preside in a seminary of learning and form the future statemen, orators and heroes who were to govern and adorn the world, than to take an individual part in the political concerns of any country; hence he declined the various splendid offers of preferment which were made him, courted peace and science in the school of Crotona, and won immortality by the wisdom of his course.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

Number I.

Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis, et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.
Horace Lib. 2. Od. 14.

How swiftly glide our flying Years!
Alas! nor Piety, nor Tears
Can stop the fleeting Day;
Deep furrow'd Wrinkles, posting Age
And Death's unconquerable Rage
Are strangers to Delay.
Francis.

Alas! it is too true: I can no longer hide the melancholy fact, even from myself: I am, indeed, an Old Bachelor. Yet let not the confession deprive me of a single reader; for my fate is not a voluntary one; if it were, I should look for neglect, because I should feel that I deserved it. But let the reader believe the assurance, which, on farther acquaintance, I flatter myself, he will not doubt; that no narrow and sordid cast of character, no selfish love of solitude and silence, no frost of the spirit, nor (what is more frequent) habits of low and groveling vice, have kept me so long a bachelor. No, gentle and friendly reader; I am a bachelor, as Moliere's Mock Doctor was a physician; *in spite of myself.* For the last five and twenty years of my life, I have not failed to dispute this point of dying a bachelor, once a year, with some charming woman or other: but as in every case the lady was both judge and party, I fared as it might have been expected; I lost my suit.

Nor let my ill success be ascribed to any fickleness or petulance on my part; for I never changed the object more than once a year, nor desisted until I had met a rebuff for every season in it. This last rule of conduct I adopted

for a philosophical reason: for although I knew that, in general, May was the mother of love, yet I knew, also, that the sex was not so mere a thermometer as to depend, entirely on the weather: I knew that the peculiar cast of character had much to do with this business; and that although it might, in some cases, require the genial ray of spring or the more fervid one of summer to touch 'the consecrated snow that lies on Dian's lap,' yet that in others, the same approach of the sun might volatilize and dissipate the character beyond the point of steady thought and feeling. Hence I followed and watched my reigning fair one, through every sign in the zodiac, with all the assiduity and enthusiasm of an astronomer, but without ever having, once, had the felicity to observe a conjunction. I have tried every age from fifteen to forty; and every complexion from the Italian Brunette, to the dazzling and transparent white of Circassia. Nor let it be supposed that I have gone about this, as a matter of business; as if actuated merely by a cold and formal sense of duty. On the contrary, I think I can truly affirm that there never beat in the bosom of man a heart more alive, than mine, to all that is charming in woman. Indeed, it is to this excess of feeling and the officious, awkward and fatiguing anxiety of manners which it generates, that I charge the ill success of my courtships. Yet few men have had a better opportunity than myself to gain the polished negligence so pleasing to women. The reader may not be displeased with a sketch of my life; he has, indeed, a right to know the man who addresses him, whether for the purpose of amusement or instruction; and I shall introduce myself to him, if he please, without reserve or apology.

I am a native of Virginia; and lost my father at an age too young to retain any knowledge of him. In the year 1770, after having graduated at Princeton College, I travelled, by the indulgence of the best of mothers, over the whole of civilized and refined Europe; visited every court, associated with the first circles, and, what will appear strange to those who know me now, received a brilliant compliment on my address from the most polished nobleman that ever adorned a court. I returned to my native country in time to witness the opening of the war with Great Britain and to receive one ball in my hip and another in my shoulder at the battle of Brandywine. This put an end to my campaigning; for, ever since, I have been compelled to hobble on a cane and have been unable to lift any weight in my right hand, much heavier than my pen.

My mother (who is now an angel in Heaven,) had taken it into her head, with that erring partiality which is so natural, so excusable and even so amiable in a parent, that there was something uncommon in my character and that I was formed to make a figure in some line or other. Not being able, however, to define to her own satisfaction in what the peculiar superiority of my mind consisted, nor consequently what the particular profession, was, in which I was destined to shine, she determined that I should try them all round, until the chord of genius should be struck; and, with this view, directed my first efforts to the profession of law. *Her* will was *my law*; and I knew no pleasure on earth equal to that of obeying it. I entered, therefore, at once, on the Herculean labor of the law: and an Herculean one I made it; for having, early in life, adopted the maxim that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," I took a route in the study suggested by my own judgment. Dissatisfied with the jejune course commonly pursued, and aspiring to something beyond mediocrity, I took the science from its basis, the law of nature; and raised upon it an unusual and most extensive superstructure of national and civil, as well as municipal law. But my success by no means corresponded with the preparation; for when I came to the bar of my county, I found that I was like a seventy-four-gun ship aground in a creek; while every pettifogger, with his canoe and paddle was able to glide around and get ahead of me. I found myself, in short, so entirely eclipsed by littleness, chicanery and sophistry, set off by a bold and confident front and a loud and voluble tongue, that having no necessity to continue the practice, I retired from it, I will not say, in disgust; but under a conviction, that the profession was an Augean stall which required cleansing, and that, to give it all its appropriate dignity and attraction, a fundamental reformation was indispensible. On this subject, the reader will hear farther from me, in the course of these papers: at present I return to my narrative.

Having thus ascertained to my mother that the bar was not the theatre for which my stars designed me; having (not to disguise the matter) entirely failed in it, "rather" (as my indulgent and too partial parent was wont to say) "from the delicacy of my feelings, than any want of parts;" I entered at her desire, in the next place, on the study of physic. With this, as a study, I was in the highest degree, delighted. The subjects which it treated—the curious structure and œconomy of the human system; the history of diseases, their remote and subtle symp-

toms, and the mode of ascertaining and combating them; the countless diversity of singular affections, mental and corporeal, with reports of which the books abounded; and the astonishing proofs of the sagacity of man in the various and beautiful theories proposed for explaining the causes of our maladies, and waging war against the king of terrors—were interesting to me beyond expression. I pursued the study not as labor, but *con amore*; and although I was somewhat advanced in age, and the mischievous wags, my fellow-students, in sly allusion to my former profession and my failure in it, used to greet me every morning when I entered the lecture room, with a mock-tragic bow and the L. L. D. and A. S. S. which have since made such a figure in the mouth of Doctor Pangloss; yet as they shewed plainly enough, that they loved, & if necessary, would have shed their blood for me, I took it all in good part, and pressed on in my studies with unabated ardor.

There were, however, two circumstances in this profession, that gave me great inquietude; the first was the multitude of miserable spectacles in the hospitals which were, daily, appealing to my sympathy; and the other, the extreme uncertainty of the remedies which were exhibited for their relief. On the first head, however, I was consoled by learning that I should soon become used to it, and grow callous to the touch of another's woe; and on the last, my vanity was flattered by being reminded of the scope which this uncertainty gave to genius, and the vast region of *terra incognita*, which thus courted the enterprize of the adventurer. The reader when he comes to know me, will believe that I was not much soothed or gratified by either of these prospects; the total extinction of my sympathies for my fellow man; or voyages of discovery to be made on seas of human blood. Still amused, however, with the science, and animated by the hope that it might qualify me in some cases to be of service to my fellow creatures, I pressed on to a diploma; and having obtained that and procured a supply of medicines, I returned to my parental estate to dispense the fruits of my studies.

Alas! my medical career was a very short one; for the first patient submitted to my skill, was my own beloved mother.—Ah! how unavailing, how contemptible then appeared to me all the triumphs of the art: I called in my instructors. It was in vain; the disease gathered strength every hour, and I saw, distinctly, the approach of death. But I forget that I have no claim on the sympathy of the reader. She expired in my arms, and I was no longer a physician.

The loss of such a parent, in such circumstances—whose

last intelligible whisper was—"God bless you, my son!" and that accompanied with such a look—whose recollection, even at this distance of time, cuts me to the heart, and fills my eyes with tears—the loss of such a mother, the last speculation of whose eyes was fixed with the fondest, tenderest affection, and died upon her son—whose soul I saw, as it were, launched into eternity—and fancied that I could almost see the luci-form vehicle that then received and clothed her spirit—such a scene gave me a view of eternity so near and close, as to seize all the powers of my mind and all the sources of my feeling, and unfit me for every thing but the contemplation of that vast and awful subject.

Enthusiasm is the prominent feature of my character; and it is not a matter of wonder, that, so excited, my genius took a new direction; that my abortive efforts to shield my fellow creatures from death, were now converted into a resolution to teach them how to die. To qualify myself for this function, I immediately set about acquiring the Hebrew language; studied the old testament with all the commentaries of the Rabbis; procured and read all the remains of Porphyry, Jamblichus, & the whole tribe of eclectic philosophers, who, in the third and fourth centuries attacked the religion of the son of God; together with the able, the eloquent and conclusive replies of the Christian fathers; travelled, minutely & laboriously through the whole course of ecclesiastical history, and perused every thing of any note, *pro* and *con*, on the Christian controversy and scheme of salvation, which had ever been published either in Europe or America. And although, at last, I did not feel myself authorised to enter the sacred desk in the character of a teacher, yet I shall never regret my having fortified my own faith against the assaults of sophistry and qualified myself to silence the cavils and witticisms of the infidel.

But I am admonished by my sheet of paper that I have already indulged the garrulity of age far enough for one number. In the next I propose to close the account of myself, and to explain the motive and object of these papers.

Number II.

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.
Juv. Sat. 1. v. 79.

If nature does not, anger makes us write.

The reader has been, already, informed, by what causes, I was led, step by step, through the study of the three learned professions. I thank heaven, that, by the industry and frugality of my ancestors, I am exempted from the necessity of pursuing either of those professions for a living; and have been permitted, for the last fifteen years of my life, to follow my own taste, in delivering myself up to the pure and simple pleasures of the country and the uncloying charms of general literature.

As sensible as any one of the ridiculous habits and attachments which bachelors are apt to form, I have avoided them most carefully, and contrived to substitute something more rational in their place. Hence I am not distinguished by the disgusting and loathsome neglect of my person on the one hand; nor by the elaborate tidiness, formality and precision of my dress and appearance on the other. My rooms are not polluted with the fumes of tobacco and brandy; nor my toilet covered with lotions and patches and powders. It is true that in the winter my doors are, commonly, kept shut and my hearth clean; yet a servant may leave a door open for an instant, and a visitor may stir my fire, nay stand, and even spit, upon my hearth, without giving me a fever, or making me insult him by my looks. I am no spendthrift. The voice of the rake and reveller is never heard within my walls. But then, on the other hand, I am no miser. I cannot drive a hard bargain against my neighbor; take advantage of his necessities, and build my fortunes upon his ruin. Neither can I feel myself an alien to the world in which I live. I cannot, to save a penny, shut my door against hospitality, my bosom against sociability, my heart against the brightening countenance and inspiring salute of friendship. I feel that *I am a man; and nothing which touches the human family is foreign to me.*—It is true, that I have no favorite cat, nor dog, nor horse: but in lieu of them, I have two fine boys and a girl, the orphan children of a favorite sister. She left them to me as a legacy—and they are the richest legacy that she could have bequeathed.—May heaven forever bless them!

The reader will not be displeased, I hope, if I introduce him more particularly to my family, my farm, my occupations and my fire side. This will not be entirely, a vain and profitless service ; for it will have the contingent advantage, as we go along, of opening my own character to him and shewing him my qualifications and resources for the work which I have undertaken.

My farm, far removed from the tumult and bustle of life, is situated in a fine and healthy part of the country, has been laid out with great skill and taste by my manager (for I will not usurp a single leaf of his laurels,) and commands a most extensive and beautiful prospect. I am now, at the desire of my niece, my dear Rosalie, cutting an avenue through a forest which will give us a short, but picturesque view of the mountains : for at this point, they present a vista of two peaks almost as bold and towering as those of Otter. My house is of stone ; and although not very large, is turreted and built with walls of cannon proof. It stands on the summit of a crag, inaccessible but when I please ; and at the foot of this, lies my garden, on a gentle slope, fronting to the south, and bounded by a river. I am well aware that the reader will smile at the description of my house ; and will suppose that I indulged that whim as a compensation for my self-denial in regard to other singularities. This, however, was not the motive ; but I will confess to him very frankly what it was. Before the death of my sister, whom I have already mentioned, I lived in a small wooden cottage on one side of my farm, and this crag was a perpetual offence to my sight, for it seemed as if dropped from the clouds to spoil my plantation. But when on her death-bed, that best of women so often repeated the solemn injunction—"take care of my children"—and I as often and as solemnly promised it—this crag seemed as if dropped from the heavens to enable me to fulfil my engagement.—The reader has already been told that I am subject to the most extravagant starts of enthusiasm. And hence, after my sister's death, I considered my promise *to take care of her children* as an undertaking to provide, as far as I was able, against every extremity that I could anticipate, and as looking to a state of war as well as peace. With this view I built The Castle as it is called in the neighborhood ; for it is known that I designed originally to fortify it with cannon and to surround the base of the crag with a moat and draw bridge. But before the work could be compleated, the fit had gone off, and only enough of the original project remains to cast a suspicion on my sanity.

My fortune, although ample enough when kept together,

to support and educate my children (for so I consider them) will not bear such a division as to make three families independent. Hence I am giving my boys (who, I must be permitted to say, are both uncommonly fine fellows,) the benefit of a profession; and suffering them to pursue their several inclinations, Alfred is studying the law in one city, and Galen, physic, in another. As to my sweet little Rosalie, I think her no where so safe as under the protection of my own eye. I have a very good library and philosophical apparatus of my own; and having found no difficulty in procuring masters to give her the ornamental accomplishments of her sex, while she retains and blends with them all the winning simplicity of the country, I trust that I shall give my boys no reason to blush for their sister, when she goes to take her station in the circle of life. She has a little spice of the romance in her composition, with which I am by no means displeased, and has been amusing herself, this winter, in fitting up my house in the style of McQueen's in The Children of the Abbey. My carpets and curtains are all as thick and warm as his are described to be; my rooms have all the snugness and comfort; and she says, I want only a bag pipe, a house full of children, and McQueen's inquisitive garrulity and skill in pedigrees, to make the parallel compleat.

We divide our time, very agreeably, between our studies, the exercise of walking and riding on horseback, and the thrilling music of Rosalie's harp and voice. I believe no parent ever felt a purer rapture or a prouder triumph of the heart than I do, in the contemplation of this child. The reader would smile to see me reclining on my elbow, in silence, in the farthest corner of my hall, and surveying this beautiful young creature, while, seated in the middle of the floor, she bends forward to her harp, and, with all the innocence and all the expressive intelligence of an angel, mingles her fine voice with the deep, the grand and solemn tones of the instrument! Then, while the rich harmony is floating around and fills the room, to mark the fine contour of her figure, her striking attitude, her eye of heavenly blue, raised to the cornice and rapt in all the sublimity of inspiration, while her 'eloquent blood' undulating over 'her cheek of doubtful die' speaks to the heart with more emphasis than even the melody of her lips!—In such a moment, when she herself so intensely feels and imparts such ecstacy, how often have I wished for the pencil of Raphael that I might seize the bright vision and transfer it to canvass!—What a portrait would it form!—The reader must pardon me; he will find that I claim but few of the privileges of age; but one of them must be to

pave whenever I speak of this favorite child of my adoption. Let me, however, now return to a much less pleasing subject, myself.

Until the last year, I have been in the habit of making annual excursions to the north and south, so that I am as well acquainted with the manners and customs of the other states as those of my own. In the winter I have sought amusement and information by attending the debates of Congress; and when this source failed, I have visited for a month or two the best theatre that I could find on the continent; hence I am intimately acquainted with the first performers on both stages, and can predict the success of a piece, in either house, by the casting of the characters.—On these occasions as Rosalie was too young to accompany me, I placed her under the protection of her aunt, who lives at the foot of the Blue Ridge; and I believe that her romantic fancy was no less delighted with her excursions and the wonders of nature which they spread before her, than my curiosity was gratified by those of art.

But my wounds, especially those in my hip, are becoming more and more troublesome, the farther I advance into the winter of life; and I very plainly feel that, hereafter, I shall have to read more and travel less. My boys, however, and my girl, will soon be in the world, and their lively reports will be more gratifying to me than even my own ocular observation. I am not yet so disabled, however, but that I still travel, with ease, any where over the state, and even to the city of Washington. So that I am not to be regarded as a cloistered monk, writing strictures upon a world which he never sees.

To enlarge the sphere of my literary enjoyments, I have lately subscribed for The Edinburgh Review. I have been, hitherto, kept from doing this, by the asperity of the work, and the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments which I thought I observed in it. But my objections were overruled by my boys, when they were with me, last summer; the rogues, I suppose, are fond of mischief; and I began to fear from the entertainment which the work afforded me, that I was contracting something of the cynical moroseness usually ascribed to my years; when in the XXXth No. for January, 1810, I came to the review of Ashe's Travels in America. The coarse and vulgar calumnies of Mr. Ashe gave me no inquietude; but the left-handed defence of us, by the critic, stung me into such a fever as I have not felt for many years. Only observe the insulting picture which he has drawn of our

manners and morals :—"That the Americans have great and *peculiar* faults both in their *manners* and their *morality*, we take to be *undeniable*. They have the vices and the virtues that belong to their situation ; and they will continue to have them until that situation is altered. Their manners, for the most part, are those of a scattered and migratory, but speculating people ; and there will be no great amendment until the population becomes more dense, and more settled in its habits. When wealth comes to be more generally inherited than acquired, there will be more refinement, both in vice and manners : as the population becomes concentered, and the spirit of adventure is deprived of its objects, *the sense of honor will improve, with the importance of character.*"—Who would suppose, from this description, that the people of America were any thing better than a horde of wandering and predatory Arabs? And who would suppose that this writer, from the proud and lofty tone with which he treats us, inhabited, himself, a country less perfect in its virtues than that Paradise which *Gaudentio di Lucca* has created amid the deserts of Africa ? And yet this declaimer against *migratory adventurers* and *speculators* ; this *teacher of refinement and grace in manners*, is himself a Scotchman ! —or, at most, an Englishman !—and let him be of which of those nations he may, we have seen samples enough of his countrymen, here, ministers as well as speculators, to know that this critic would have displayed more understanding as well as justice by taking the tone of modesty than that of arrogance ; and that a fair comparison of either of those countries with ours, would give him no ground of triumph, before an impartial tribunal, on the score either of morality or of manners. As to Scotland, I should be glad to know on what quarter of the world, where a penny can be turned, even by carrying a pack, she has not poured and is not daily pouring her " adventurers and speculators ?" It may be very true, and according to Doctor Johnson's account of the matter, certainly is so, that in Scotland ' the spirit of adventure *is deprived of its proper objects* ;' but we are yet to learn that this deprivation has had the effect of " improving" either " *the importance of character or the sense of honor.*" And as to England, I should be glad to learn what she is but, confessedly, *a nation of speculators and adventurers ?* The man who becomes the aggressor in casting national reflections should take care that his own nation is invulnerable, at least in the particulars which he censures :—but to select the very points, in which his own nation is most offensive, as the topics of proud and wanton abuse against another,

and to call them "great and *peculiar* faults," is to subject himself to the charge of a want of good sense as well as good breeding, from which no elegance of style or poignancy of periods can save him.

The picture which this critic has drawn of our literature, although certainly aggravated to a caricature, has more resemblance of the truth.—"Now," says he "tho' we are certainly of opinion, that the second rate pamphleteers of that country, write incomparably better than Mr. Ashe—it is no doubt true, that America can produce nothing to bring her intellectual efforts into any sort of comparison with *that* (meaning, I suppose *those*) of Europe." I fancy that Mr. Hammond, Mr. Erskine and Mr. Rose, must have shrunk and shaken their heads, in token of dissent, when they read this period. The writer proceeds—"Liberty and competition have as yet done nothing to stimulate literary genius in these republican states. They have never passed the limits of humble mediocrity, either in thought or expression."—Then follows a personality which I do not choose to repeat. He then proceeds—"In short, Federal America has done nothing, either to extend, diversify or embellish the sphere of human knowledge. Though all she has written, were obliterated from the records of learning, there would, if we except the works of Franklin"—(for the suppression of which *en passant* a corrupt attempt was made in England, to save, I suppose, the necessity of this exception,) "be no positive diminution either of the useful or agreeable. The destruction of her whole literature," (always excepting, I suppose, those parts of Franklin's works, which escaped the meditated destruction,) "would not occasion so much regret as we feel for the loss of a few leaves from an ancient classic."

Then follows a paragraph which exhibits a most palpable and ludicrous struggle between the disengenuousness & conscience of the critic; between the complex and conflicting duties of lashing Mr. Ashe for lashing the Americans, and at the same time inflicting the lash on them himself; between those sweeping censures by which the critic was disposed to exterminate every thing like talents from this country, and the strong and glaring evidence of the reverse, which he dared not for his own sake directly to deny. Mark the labor and discord of the paragraph, and let the reader, when he has finished it, ask himself, what clear and definite opinion of America can be deduced from it. "But notwithstanding all this, we really cannot agree with Mr. Ashe, in thinking the Americans *absolutely incapable or degenerate*; and are *rather* (reluctantly,

I suppose) inclined to think, that when their neighborhood thickens, and *their opulence ceases to depend upon exertion*, they will shew *something of the same talents* to which it is a part of our duty to do justice to *ourselves*." At present, then, it seems we have shewn *nothing* of these talents; but let us see the residue of the paragraph, that we may learn what talents we have shewn. "And we are more inclined to adopt *this favorable opinion*, from considering that her history has already furnished occasions for the display of *talents of a high order*; and that in the ordinary business of government, she displays *no mean share of ability and eloquence*."—Then it seems that talents for war and the ordinary business of government are no part of the talents to which it is the duty of those critics *to do justice among themselves*—in other words, are no part of the talents of their country; for since *we have* shewn talents of *a high order* for war; and *some talents for the ordinary business of government*; and yet have shewn *nothing* of *those talents to which it is a part*: (an oppressive part, no doubt,) *of the duty of those modest gentlemen to do justice among themselves*, it follows that talents for war and the ordinary business of government, are no part of their talents. A concession which, altho', at the present day, merely due to truth, would have done more credit to the critic, had it flowed spontaneously from his candor, instead of being wrung from his agonies and embarrassments.

But I should be glad to know what this gentleman means by *the ordinary business of government*, on which he has paid us the penurious and reluctant compliment in question? Does he mean by it, the exploit of the old continental congress, in guiding the bark of state through the revolutionary storm, amid all the rocks and shoals which surrounded them? Does he consider the formation of such a constitution as that of the United States, *the ordinary business of government?* Or does he consider it a part of this ordinary business, to preserve the peace and honor and prosperity of a nation, inviolate, under the present state of morals in the belligerent world?

This critic, however, very graciously and very sagely predicts, that *whenever opulence ceases to depend on exertion*, WE shall shew *something too, of the same talents to which it is a part of their duty to do justice among themselves.* What kind of talents does he mean? Does he mean such talents as those which were displayed by Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Otway, &c.? If so; I would ask whether those were men, *whose opulence had ceased to depend on exertion?* Were they not, on the con-

trary, men who lived by their talents, who wrote for their daily bread, and one of whom, actually, died for the want of it? Who are the professors, historiographers, politicians, lawyers, doctors and divines who have done the highest honor to British literature and British genius? Men, who in the beginning, at least, of their career, and as to many of them, during their brightest displays, were so far from opulence, as to depend on those very displays for their subsistence? What those talents are, then, to the display of which opulence is necessary, to which *it is a part of those gentlemens' duty to do justice among themselves*, and of which also they kindly prophecy that we shall shew *something, when our opulence ceases to depend on exertion*, it is not easy to devise; unless, indeed, they be those talents which their opulent aldermen display at a Lord Mayor's feast; or those talents which their wealth bribes into their service, and which are employed in flapping and amusing their fatuity, in feeding their spleen, in feasting their vices, and pampering their pride, individual and national, at the expense of truth and justice and virtue? These, I would fain hope, are not the talents of which it is a part of those gentlemen's duty to do justice among themselves.

Instead, however, of exasperating myself and my readers still more, by dwelling on the rude and insolent strictures of this critic, it is the part of wisdom to turn them to our profit. Some one has said, that when his enemies reproached him, he considered with himself, first, whether he deserved their reproaches—if he did not, he considered them as having been intended for some one else—but if he found that he did deserve them, he took care, by an immediate reformation to deserve them no longer, and thus he made his enemies, in spite of themselves, tributary to his advantage. Thus let us act towards this Reviewer of Mr. Ashe.

That our manners and our morality are equal to those of Great Britain, ought not to be enough—we need to have advanced a very little way in either to be able, to make that boast with truth. Our enquiry should be, have we no faults which care and exertion might prune away? Are there no graces and delicacies of action, which a little culture might introduce? Are the sources of literature beyond our reach? Or is it not in our power to wipe away entirely the reproach which the British critic has in this respect thrown upon us?

To assist those enquiries and aid these exertions, are the objects with which this paper is begun. I shall fur-

nish it from time to time, as occasions invite, and shall suspend and resume it, as my health and occupations may permit.

Number III.

Periculosæ, plenum, opus aleæ
Tractus, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos, cineri doloso.

Horace Lib. ii. *Od.* i.

The task is full of peril, and you tread
On fire, with faithless ashes, overspread.

It is my custom, when I am meditating any step of importance, to hold a council of my children upon it, and after announcing the subject to them and giving them time for consideration, to take their opinions, *seriatim* (as the lawyers say) on the prudence and rectitude of the measure. By this course I give them a habit of circumspection, and at the same time, teach them, in the most practical and impressive form, the kinds of consideration which ought to influence and guide the conduct of a virtuous character. For some months past my life has been so stagnant that I have had no occasion to call a board: the project of publishing this paper, however, at length afforded one; and some of the members being absent, I collected their opinions through the channel of the mail, before I had prepared the first number. A serious division occurred among the members: the arguments for and against the publication were strenuously urged: and as my boys have exposed, in a manner, at least, as luminous and entertaining as any that I could adopt, a subject which I am now desirous of laying before the reader, I will, without farther introduction, give their letters, as I received them: the first is from the youngest, Galen; who seems, on this occasion, to have changed professions with his brother, since he shews as much of the cold caution of a special pleader, as Alfred does of the happy rashness of a knight of the lancet.

***********, December 10, 1810.

"I regret extremely, my dear Uncle, that I united with my brother in pressing you to subscribe for the Edinburgh

Review, since it has had the effect of stimulating you to endanger the repose of your age by commencing author. The die, however, is not yet cast: and let me conjure you, my dear uncle, by your fireside, your altars, your household gods and every thing sacred to peace, to dismiss the idea forever. I am sure that you do me the justice to believe that I understand, clearly and distinctly, the purity, the patriotism, the philanthrophy of the motives that have suggested this design to you. But I am persuaded that the benevolent purposes which you have in view will not be answered; while the attempt will draw upon you the displeasure and hostility of many, who either do not know you, now, or if they do, look upon you, at present, with complacency and friendship.

My first position is that the purposes which you contemplate will not be answered: I understand these purposes to be, to refine the manners and stimulate the literary curiosity of your countrymen. But, to produce either of these effects, your essays must be read; and when read, they must have such force and authority as to throw off from the state that leaden mountain of lethargy which has been accumulating for six and thirty years. In the first place, I believe you will not be read. I do not mean to say, my dear uncle, that you will not deserve to be read; because I am persuaded, that, inexperienced as I presume you are in all the mysteries and arts of authorship, yet the native warmth of your heart and correctness of your mind, would make you very interesting on every subject not invincibly repulsive in its nature. But I believe that in the present habits of our country, every ethical work is of this nature; that there is an inherent repulsion in didactic moral writing which no talents or address can vanquish, and that the reader will instinctively turn away from the essay the instant he discovers it to be of that character.

But suppose that you could cast a plan and strike upon a manner so captivating as to ensure you readers, is it not to be feared that this country is too fixed in its habits to be moved by the power of any pen? Can any genius rouse them from the torpor of indolence in which they are sunk, or exorcise the demon of avarice which possesses them?

Let it be admitted, however, that one or two docile readers, here and there, might be awakened to their benefit, by your labors: will this be an equivalent for those perils and losses which you must *infallibly* encounter? I repeat it *infallibly*; because I believe it will be impossible for you to avoid personalities, or, at least, the imputation of them: and either way you must make enemies and many of them.

In the first place it will be exceedingly difficult to avoid personalities: this may sound like a paradox at first: but I am persuaded that an attentive consideration of the matter, for one moment, will make it clear. The description of a vice or blemish in manners, in the abstract, will be poor, cold and inefficacious; to expose it successfully, you must describe it by its effects; you must exhibit it in a picture; and drawing from the life, you will necessarily exhibit it in those circumstances in which you have yourself seen it; you will select for your model the person in whom the vice or fault is most conspicuous, and as you must paint enough to shew the fault at full length and make it odious, you will paint enough to point out the original to some circles of your readers, from whom the intelligence will fly with electric rapidity.

To show that this is not merely a visionary fear, remember the fate of The Spectator. It is no other than the virtuous and pious Addison who in the 16th Number of that work declares explicitly that he will not descend to personalities—"If I attack the vicious, says he, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular criminal. In short, I have so much of Draw-cansir in me, that I shall pass over a single foe to charge whole armies. It is not Lais nor Silenus, but the harlot and the drunkard whom I shall endeavor to expose, and shall consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual." And again in the 34th Number the same moral and pious Addison says, "I must, however, entreat every particular person who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself or any of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him never to draw a faulty character, which does not fit, at least, a thousand people."

No person, I presume, can doubt that Mr. Addison was sincere in making those promises; nor can it be supposed that he or any other writer for the Spectator was forced from a compliance with them and driven to the invidious business of pourtraying individuals, by any poorness of parts or penury of resources. Yet we learn from Doctor Johnson in his life of Addison that "the personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal; they were then known and conspicuous in various stations." He asserts this on the authority of Budgell (one of the writers for The Spectator) who states it in his preface to Theophrastus; a book, says Johnson, "which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it.—Of those portraits," he continues,

"which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished and *sometimes aggravated*, the originals are now partly known, and partly forgotten." Now, how are we to account for this breach of engagement in any way consistent with the veracity and honor of Mr. Addison, but by the difficulty of separating a picture of manners from the individual who is conspicuous for them, or the impossibility of giving sufficient interest to a moral work which shall be purely abstracted. Do we not know that Johnson empaled even his friend Garrick in the character of Prospero in The Rambler? And do we not, also, know by another anecdote in relation to the same writer, that no innocence can save a writer from the imputation of personality? I allude to the country club, who had determined to revenge themselves on him by violence, for an imaginary attack at a time when he did not even know of their existence?—Yes, believe me, my dear uncle, that although it were possible for you to avoid the design of personalities, there will not be wanting curious and malicious persons enough, who will apply your remarks and appropriate your pictures to individuals, and thus excite against you a host of enemies. Alas! it is not your retirement nor your age that can save you. Alas! I imagine that I can already see the sunshine and halcyon peace that now surround you, and illumine your face with smiles, exchanged for darkness, clouds and tempest. I implore you, my beloved uncle, and were I with you, I would implore you on my bended knees, to dismiss the baleful project from your mind forever, and so confirm your own happiness, as well as that of your dutiful and affectionate nephew.

GALEN **********.

**********, December 12, 1810.

I am delighted, my dear uncle, with the scheme which your letter discloses; and feel a new obligation to the writers of the Edinburgh Review, for having caused it. I am persuaded that a course of moral and literary essays, executed in such a style as to draw and fix upon them the public attention, would do great good in this country, and great honor to their author. As to the idea which you suggest, that the world is, perhaps, already full enough of such works, and that the topics are all exhausted, I am sure, you urged it, merely to try my judgment or to give me the triumph of refuting it.

For as to Casa's book of manners, and Castiglione's Courtier in Italy, Bruyere's manners of the age, in France, or the Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, &c. in England—

what have they to do with American manners? What instruction does a lady, in this country, gain by being told that a girl with a hoop petticoat, whom the Spectator saw fall in the streets of London, looked for all the world like a bell without a clapper; or that another who fell down stairs with a head dress, four stories high, resembled an Ægyptian pyramid set upon *its apex?* Every country and every age has its peculiar manners, and, therefore, no portrait of one, can serve for another; on the contrary, a picture of manners "living as they rise" in any country, will always be new, original and captivating.—In matters of literature there is, indeed, more unity and durability; but then the topics which it presents are so various, and, indeed infinite, that there is no danger of finding subjects enough to which a writer of genius can give novelty and grace.

And even on the same subject, different men have such different modes of thinking, that I believe such a mind as Goldsmith's, for instance, could have walked directly over the track of the Spectator, without any danger of tiring his reader. You will say that you are no Goldsmith; to which I answer that to counterbalance this advantage, you have a new country; a vast field covered with a heavy harvest, which no sickle has ever yet entered.

As to your doubt whether such a work would produce any effect on the inveterate habits of this country, why should we think so humbly of ourselves and so illy of others? I presume that the people of England in the reign of Queen Anne, were at least as luxurious, as vicious and inveterate in their habits as the people of this country: and yet we are told by Addison, that the Spectator had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolick and the gay to unite merriment with decency. You will say that you are not an Addison or a Steele: never mind, my dear uncle, I will help you: so that you see there is no danger of my failing in my profession by my modesty.

But you apprehend that you may inflict pain where you mean only to give pleasure, and make enemies of those whom it is your wish and intention to serve. If I could believe this, I should certainly oppose the measure, *totis viribus;* but why is such a consequence necessary? I take it for granted, that you do not propose to write lampoons and satires upon individuals: but strictures upon the manners of the age—the reader who feels that your remarks are just and apply to himself, will certainly feel pain from that consciousness; so also does the patient whose leg a surgeon amputates to save his life; and so

also does the sinner who trembles under the voice, and shrinks from the probe of a penetrating and eloquent preacher—but what then? Shall the surgeon throw away his instruments, and the preacher seal up his lips, and so, to avoid present pain, let the patient die and the sinner go to hell? No, sir—inflict the salutary pain of a moment—it is a cheap price for an eternity of happiness.

As to your creating enemies without any intention to do so, let the benevolence of your intention be manifest on the face of your works, and there is no danger of your making enemies of any but the vicious, the malicious and the mean, whose enmity is honor. What do you care for such people? You depend upon them for nothing: and their displeasure will be infinitely overbalanced by the applause and esteem of the wise and good. Go on, my dear uncle, I conjure you: and that God, whom you adore, will not fail to follow with his blessing, a work which he must approve.

Tendering to you and our beloved Rosalie, the compliments of the approaching season, I am, my dear uncle, your affectionate nephew.

ALFRED *********.

After I had read these letters to Rosalie, I called for her opinion; whereupon, I perceived immediately an arch smile playing around her lips, and dimpling her sweet cheek. "In the first place, uncle, said she, I must be frank enough to tell you, that I have been bribed to vote in a particular way." "Bribed, by whom?" "Why, that sly rogue Alfred, apprehending that Galen and himself would differ in opinion, has written me a promise that, if I would vote with him, he would make me a present of a new edition of The British Classics, and give me six kisses into the bargain, when he comes home in the spring. It was right that you should know this fact, in order that my opinion may stand for no more than it deserves. After this confession, I must confess farther, that my brother Galen's letter has alarmed me exceedingly, and brought to my mind the fable of the bear, who, stung by a single bee, as you have been by the British Reviewer, overset, in revenge, the whole hive upon his own head. Yet I do not see why a person should be restrained from a virtuous action, which may do good, by any terror of the low and wicked. I perfectly approve of the rule which directs that we should do whatever our conscience tells us to be right and leave the consequences to Heaven. The bribe apart, therefore, I vote with Alfred, so far as to advise that we make the experiment. We will watch the ef-

fects, and desist if we find Alfred's hopes likely to be frustrated, or Galen's fears to be realized." Rosalie's vote, supported by her own and Alfred's arguments, at once determined me, and I commenced the work. How long it may continue, will depend more upon my readers than myself; upon their tractability and submission to my authority, as well as the candor and justice with which they shall treat my motives.

Number IV.

Satin' parva res est voluptatum in vita,
Atque in ætate agunda
Prequam quod molestum'st! ita cuique comparatum
Est in ætate hominum.
Ita Dis est placitum, voluptatem ut mœror comes consequatur;
Quin incommodi plus malique ilies adsit, boni ei obtigit quid.

Plaut. in Amphitr. Act II, Scene 2.

Compar'd with all its sorrows, cares and strife,
How few, in every age, the joys of life!
The Gods decree it—and our sighs are vain—
Sorrow shall follow close in pleasure's train.
Yet give me still, ye Gods, more sorrows, cares and strife,
So that ye, also, give th' enchanting joys of life.

It is but a desponding and poor-spirited account of human life that Pliny, the elder, has given, and very unworthy, I think, of so great a Philosopher. For after a mournful dirge, in which he contrasts the infirmities and miseries of man, with the superior advantages and enjoyments of brutes, he cites a sentiment which he represents as common in his day, that it would be best for a man not to be born or to die quickly: and to shew that these sentiments were not the capricious effusions of the moment, he asserts in another book, that the greatest blessing which God has bestowed upon men, amongst so many pains and troubles of life, is the power of killing themselves. How much more just as well as beautiful the view which Seneca has taken of the subject: when, after casting his eyes up to the Heavens and around upon the earth, surveying the countless variety of objects that have been formed to

entertain and regale us, and contemplating the high and perfect capacities for enjoyment, sensual as well as intellectual, that have been bestowed upon man, he breaks out into the finest strain of eloquence, and calls upon his reader to say whether Heaven has not provided not only for his subsistence, but even for his luxury, and that with the most unsparing hand, the most profuse munificence! This feast, however, of the senses and mind, depends for its enjoyment, like every other feast, on the health and appetite with which we sit down to it; and this health and appetite (unfortunately for us, as we manage it,) depend in a very great degree on ourselves. I do not pretend that any exertion, on our part, will always ensure us a zest for this banquet; because sickness and sorrow, the common lot of humanity, will have their turn; and tinge, for a time, the whole creation with melancholy: but what I say is, that far the greater part of the miseries as well as misfortunes of which people complain, is purely and entirely their own work. Look at the character of those people who most frequently make this complaint of *the load of life*—how rarely will you hear it from innocence and active industry? How often from indolence, dissipation and vice? Peace must begin at home. He who receives from his own heart, when he first awakes in the morning, the salutation of an approving smile, will, when he rises and goes forth, see all nature smile around him; while the wretch, whose interrupted slumber is broken by the gnawings of remorse or the pangs of guilt, will see the image of his own internal trouble and horror reflected from every object that meets his view. But how are we to secure this morning salute of a smile?

This question was answered for me by a peasant in Switzerland, when I visited that country in 1772. I could not help being struck, on my first entrance into it, with the picture of national happiness which every where presented itself. Wherever I turned, I heard the hum of cheerful industry;—wherever I looked, I saw the glow of health and smile of content. If I entered a town, I heard, on every hand, the rattling of the hammer and clinking of the trowel, bearing witness to the progress of wealth and population: If I sauntered into the country, I heard the rosy daughters of industry, singing aloud to their spinning wheels; or saw them engaged in that sweetest occupation of primeval innocence, pruning and dressing their luxuriant vines and teaching the young tendrils how to shoot; if I climbed a mountain, I saw it animated, from its base to its summit, with a sprightly flock, that seemed to be conscious of the general happiness of the country, and to par-

take in it; skipping from rock to rock, with astonishing agility and browzing briskly and cheerfully, on the scanty productions of the soil; while their shepherd master, with his alp-horn to his lips and peace and gladness at his heart, poured from the echoing mountains into the valley that smiled below, the simply wild and touching notes of his favorite air, the *rans des vaches*.

Affected, almost to tears of pleasure by this finished scene of earthly happiness, as I stood looking at it, from the cottage door of a venerable old peasant; I asked him how it happened, that in a climate so little favored by nature, and the far greater part of whose soil was surrendered to mountains and hopeless sterility, I witnessed all this peace, all this content, all this glowing, smiling happiness? "The answer is very short and easy," said this rural philosopher, pleased with the interest which he saw in my face; "all that you see is the effect of *industry*, protected and not incumbered by government; for industry is the mother of virtue and health, and these are the parents of happiness; as idleness is the mother of vice and disease, the immediate parents of human misery. Behold the whole secret of the health, innocence and peace of Switzerland!" Accordingly when I passed on to Italy, blessed as that country is with the finest climate that ever indulgent Heaven shed upon the earth, and crowned with every beauty and every luxury that can feast the eye, the ear, the taste, or gratify the mind of man, I heard the nobles, in their palaces of marble and on their sofas of silk, complaining of their stars, "in holyday terms," and exclaiming against the hard condition of human life! and when I got to England, that boasted land of roast beef and October, of liberty and plenty, I found the loungers pretty much of Pliny's opinion; that the privilege of killing themselves was the greatest, if not the only blessing, that Heaven had bestowed on men: a privilege which they accordingly claimed, and exercised, whenever their money, the sinews of vice, gave out, or their guilty pleasures came to pall upon the sense.

Every thing that I have observed while abroad, as well as at home, has served to confirm the philosophy of the peasant of Switzerland. Insomuch that wherever I see the native bloom of health and the genuine smile of content, I mark down the character as industrious and virtuous: and I never yet failed to have the prepossession confirmed on enquiry. So on the other hand, wherever I see pale repining and languid discontent; and hear complaints uttered against the hard lot of humanity, my first impression is, that the character from whom they proceed

is indolent, or vicious, or both ; and I have not often had occasion to retract the opinion.

There is, indeed, a class of characters, rather indolent, than vicious, who are really to be pitied ; whose innocent and captivating amusements, becoming at length their sole pursuits, tend only to whet their sensibility to misfortunes, which they contribute to bring on ; and to form pictures of life so highly aggravated as to render life itself, stale and flat. Of this cast was the immortal Homer ; who has the credit of having first advanced the opinion which Pliny has so much amplified, that in human life, the sum of evil far exceeds that of good. It is not wonderful that Homer should have advanced such a sentiment, if we may confide in any of the ancient accounts of him, which have been handed down to us ; more especially in that circumstantial one which is ascribed to Herodotus. According to these accounts, he was the offspring of an illicit amour, never recognised by his father, and in his childhood, dependant on a mother who had to support herself and him by manual labor. Arrived at years of maturity, he at first taught a school, and afterwards wandered about Greece, in the character of a rhapsodist, (somewhat analagous to the bard or minstrel of ancient Britain,) singing his poems at great men's houses, and subsisting on their precarious bounty. During this vagrant life, he was supported for a considerable time at the house of a leather-dresser ; and having, by repeated attacks of a defluxion in his eyes, entirely lost his sight, and remained blind for several years, he at length died, a wanderer, and was buried in the sands of the sea shore. Compare these disastrous and humiliating events with the character of the man ; that tender and dissolving sensibility which beams with such irresistible effect from every part of his works ; which drew the parting of Hector and Andromache, and the no less pathetic meeting of Ulysses and Penelope ; compare his own poverty and mortifications with that genius which was for ever representing to him characters and life on their grandest and noblest scale, and will you see any cause to wonder at Homer's estimate of human life ? Those who have succeeded this Prince of poets, in his profession, have resembled him much more in their poverty, misery and consequent estimate of life, than in sublimity of genius and immortality of works.

But against the opinion of these men, we have that of Socrates, pronounced by the oracle of Delphos, to be the wisest man of the age in which he lived ; of Plato, Aristotle, Seneca, and an ancient poet, as eminent for dramatic composition as Homer was for epic ; I mean Euripi-

des, who after citing the opinion of Homer, advances the exact reverse of it, and supports himself by an argument which has been termed *inspiration*. In proof of the generality of this latter opinion, too, we have the whole practice of antiquity; for they held suicide to be no crime; and if they really believed the evil of life to surpass the good, how did it happen that they did not get rid of it?—that, on the contrary, with the prolocutor whom Plautus introduces in my motto, they were guilty of the practical solecism of voluntarily sustaining the greater evil for the sake of the trivial good?

Yet the very men who have most distinguished themselves by this opinion of the preponderance of evil, were those who seem to have cleaved to life with the fondest pertinacity. Thus Homer, in spite of poverty, blindness and misery, lingered on to a very advanced age, and fell at last, not by his own hand, but the reluctant hand of nature: Ovid, another advocate of this opinion, as might well have been expected from his lewd course of life, sustained the ordinary evils increased by exile; yet, overloaded with calamity, as he affected to think this state of being, like some of the lovers we meet with in the Operas, he chose the moment of misfortune to break out into a song, and chaunted away, to the day of his death, with so much ease, and melody, and grace; and on subjects too, so light and airy, that it is as difficult to believe him sincere in his complaints, as it is to believe the lover in the Opera. As to Pliny, although he held death to be the greatest of blessings, yet he practised, in this respect, all the abstinence of a philosopher; and fled from the eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed him, with as much precipitation as if he had really thought death the greatest of evils. Lucretius is the only advocate of that opinion who abridged his life; and in him, if we may believe his historians, it was not the effect of reason and calculation, but of long-standing and confirmed insanity.

In this class of victims to a busy indolence, next to those who devote their whole lives to the unprofitable business of writing works of imagination, are those who spend the whole of their's in reading them. There are several men and women of this description in the circle of my acquaintance: persons, whose misfortune it is to be released from the salutary necessity of supporting themselves by their own exertions, and who vainly seek happiness in intellectual dissipation.

Bianca is one of the finest girls in the whole round of my acquaintance, and is now one of the happiest. But when I first became acquainted with her, which was about

three years ago, she was an object of pity ; pale, emaciated, nervous and hysterical, at the early age of seventeen ; the days had already come when she could truly say, she had no pleasure in them ! She confessed to me, that she had lain on her bed, day after day, for months together, reading, or rather devouring, with a kind of morbid appetite, every novel that she could lay her hands on—without any pause between them, without any rumination, so that the incidents were all conglomerated and confounded in her memory ;—she had not drawn from them all, a single useful maxim for the conduct of life, but calculating on the fairy world, which her authors had depicted to her, she was reserving all her address and all her powers for incidents that would never occur and characters that would never appear. I advised her, immediately, to change her plan of life ; to take the whole charge of her mother's household upon herself ; to adopt a system in the management of it, and adhere to it rigidly ; to regard it as her business exclusively, and make herself responsible for it ; and then, if she had time for it, to read authentic history, which would show her the world as it really was ; and not to read rapidly and superficially, with a view merely to feast on the novelty and variety of events ; but deliberately and studiously, with her pen in her hand and her note book by her side, extracting as she went along, not only every prominent event, with its date and circumstances, but every elegant and judicious reflection of the author, so as to form a little book of practical wisdom for herself.—She followed my advice, and when I went to see her again, six weeks afterwards, Bianca had regained all the symmetry and beauty of her form ; the vernal rose bloomed again in her cheeks, the starry radiance shot from her eyes, and with a smile which came directly from her heart, and spoke her gratitude more exquisitely than words, she gave me her hand and bade me welcome.

In short, the divine denunciation that *in the sweat of his brow man should earn his food*, is guaranteed so effectually that labor is indispensible to his peace. Nor let this be thought any diminution of his punishment, since it is easy, without the aid of Plato, Moore, or Campanella, to conceive a state of being in which labor shall not be essential to happiness. It is the part of wisdom, however, to adapt ourselves to the state of being in which we are placed ; and since here, we find that business and industry are as certainly the pledges of peace and virtue, as vacancy and indolence are of vice and sorrow, let every one do, what is easily in his power ; create a business, even where fortune may have made it unnecessary, and pursue

that business with all the ardor and perseverance of the direst necessity—so shall we see our country as far excelling others in health, contentment and virtue, as it now surpasses them in liberty and tranquility.

Number V.

——— et extremis si quis super halitus erat
Ore legam.

Virg. Æn. Lib. IV. v. 684.

While I in death,
Lay close my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.

It is natural to suppose that an old fellow, like myself, who have lived so long single that I have survived the hope of matrimony, would take very little interest in the character of his country women; or that if I think of them at all, it would be only to return the indifference and aversion which I have experienced at their hands. Yet nothing would be more erroneous than such a supposition. It is true, that, with all the vanity natural to man, I have sometimes wondered why I have been so often and so uniformly rejected; for although I can boast no beauty of person or elegance of manners, yet I think I have known uglier men, and awkwarder men than myself, who have succeeded in getting wives; though to be candid, I cannot say that I have ever known a man who combined in himself, both those properties in the same degree, that had succeeded. Yet I flatter myself that I am not worse in these particulars than Æsop, who, we are told, was absolutely deformed: and yet we learn from Herodotus, that Æsop had the good fortune to engage the affections of the beautiful and celebrated Rhodope. It is true, however, that Herodotus tells us Æsop made this conquest by force of his wit; so, there again, I am thrown out.

But to be serious: my uniform miscarriages in courtship, have awakened no resentment, have produced neither aversion nor indifference in my breast. Through the frost of sixty winters, I still look upon that enchanting sex with mingled tenderness and veneration; and regret only that I have always been unable to inspire any return of these sentiments. As to my own particular country-

women, I contemplate their character with a pride which is inexpressibly encreased, whenever I compare them with those of any other nation. The other day, for example, I took down Tacitus' Annals for half an hour's amusement; and opened him by accident at the XIth book, in which he gives us a picture of the court of Claudius, and more particularly of Messalina, the Emperor's wife.—The bold and shameless profligacy of that abandoned woman, and, indeed, the general licentiousness of female manners at Rome, present the sex in a most degrading light; and would fill the breast of the reader with unmingled horror, were it not for the rare examples of virtue which here and there break upon us, from the beautiful pages of that author. Of this description is the affecting portrait which he has drawn of Agrippina returning to Rome with the ashes of her dead lord, the elegant and all-accomplished, the gentle, yet heroic Germanicus.—The account of her rival at Brundusium, is drawn with the hand of a master; the whole scene is touched with a skill and felicity so exquisite, and the various objects which he introduces, placed before our eyes in so strong and fine a light, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of extracting the passage for the sake of those readers in the country who may not have the book.

"Agrippina pursued her voyage without intermission. Neither the rigor of the winter, nor the rough navigation in that season of the year, could alter her resolution.—She arrived at the island of Corcyra, opposite to the coast of Calabria. At that place she remained a few days to appease the agitations of a mind pierced to the quick, and not yet taught in the school of affliction, to submit with patience. The news of her arrival spreading far and wide, the intimate friends of the family and most of the officers who had served under Germanicus, with a number of strangers from the municipal towns, some to pay their court, others carried along with the current, pressed forward in crowds to the city of Brundusium, the nearest and most convenient port.—As soon as the fleet came in sight of the harbor, the sea-coast, the walls of the city, the tops of houses and every place that gave even a distant view, were crowded with spectators. Compassion throbbed in every breast. In the hurry of their first emotions, men knew not what part to act; should they receive her with acclamations? Or would silence best suit the occasion? Nothing was settled. The fleet entered the harbor, not with the alacrity usual to mariners, but with a slow and solemn sound of the oar, impressing deeper melancholy on every heart.

"Agrippina came forth, leading two of her children, with the urn of Germanicus in her hand, and her eyes steadfastly fixed upon that precious object. A general groan was heard. Men and women, relations and strangers, all joined in one promiscuous scene of sorrow, varied only by the contrast between the attendants of Agrippina and those who now received the first impression.—The former appeared with a languid air, while the latter yielding to the sensation of the moment, broke out with all the vehemence of recent grief."

I know not how this description may have affected others; but for my own part, I confess that I was unable to read it without a gush of tears. I beg you, my reader, to pause with me a moment, and examine the structure of the passage. With what address are we prepared for the appearance of Agrippina! How natural every circumstance, how skilfully selected, how impressively combined! First, the news of her arrival, spreading with such eagerness far and wide, brings before us that ardent and universal love of the people for the noble and virtuous Germanicus, which drew upon him the hatred and jealousy of the court of Tiberius; that hatred and jealousy which were suspected to have hastened his death:—then *the friends of the family—the officers who had served under Germanicus*, whose sympathies we so readily conceive and so easily adopt—and a vast concourse of strangers from the municipal towns, anxious to shew their respect, rush together to Brundusium in a torrent, so full & strong, as to bear all before it—then, at the interesting moment, when the fleet comes in sight, the spectators flying in crowds to the walls—to the tops of the houses—and every place that gave even a distant view—the breathless silence in which they watched the approach of the fleet to the shore—their anxiety to convince Agrippina of their respect and sympathy, and their uncertainty whether they should best do this by a burst of acclamations or by respectful silence:—Then, instead of the usual alacrity with which mariners return from a distant voyage to their friends, even those rough and hardy sons of the storm are hushed by the awfulness of the scene—the fleet enters the harbor with *a slow and solemn sound of the oar!*—and at this moment of throbbing expectation—Agrippina comes forth—and how?—She comes forth—*leading two of her children—with the urn containing the ashes of Germanicus in her hand!—and her eyes steadfastly fixed on that precious object!*——O! what a scene for a painter of genius!—A general groan is heard—a promiscuous scene of sorrow follows—and then comes one of the most deli-

cate strokes of the writer's pencil—that, by which he distinguishes the retinue of Agrippina, from the surrounding crowd—to the first, the subject was not new—their tears and their strength were exhausted: they appear, therefore, as was most natural, with a languid air, and the deepest impression of sorrow, settled upon their faces —while the crowd, yielding to the sensation of the moment, *break out with all the vehemence of recent grief.*

Tacitus then proceeds to describe the military procession which, by the order of the infamous hypocrite, Tiberius, escorted the ashes of Germanicus to Rome. Tiberius, indeed, furnished the cohorts and prescribed the form of the procession: but it was nature that gave it its highest grace. When they advanced near Rome—"The consuls, Marcus Valerius Messala, and Marcus Aurelius Cotta, who, a little before, had entered on their magistracy, with the whole senate and a numerous body of citizens, went out to meet the melancholy train. The road was crowded; no order kept; no regular procession;—they walked and went as inclination prompted. *Flattery had no share in the business: where the court rejoiced in secret, men could not weep themselves into favor.* Tiberius, indeed, dissembled, but he could not deceive. Through the thin disguise, the malignant heart was seen."

In this perfect style—without one touch of the pencil, too many or one too few—does this master of the art finish up this fine piece of historical painting.—I am sensible, that, in turning the attention of the reader from Agrippina to Tacitus, I have diverged a little from the immediate subject of this number. I am still, however within the general range of these papers; for one of my objects, is to endeavor to call off the attention of my readers, at least for an hour or two every week, from the painful bickering of political party, to the pure and peaceful charms of literature; and perhaps this will be better effected by incidental remarks, than by any series of set and formal dissertations.—Let us now return to Agrippina.

This noble lady, who has been held up to us in the soft and melting light of widowed love and fidelity, makes a very different figure, (and if not a more winning, at least a more glorious one,) in another part of the history.

The Roman army, under the command of Germanicus, was encamped in Gaul, (now France) which was then, by right of conquest, a province of the empire. Leaving in this camp his wife and children with the main body of the army, the Roman general crossed the Rhine with a

strong detachment, and invaded Germany; then defended by the genius and heroism of Arminius, a savage chieftain, whose character has been drawn and immortalized by the genius of Tacitus. I am not about to follow Germanicus in this march—but if the reader wishes to see how the pencil of original truth can eclipse the brightest colors of fiction, in painting to the heart, let me recommend it to him, (may I not add, to her?) to peruse the historian's account of this interesting expedition. Let it suffice for me to say, that Germanicus, victorious and successful in his grand object, divided his detachment into two parts; and sailing with one of them on a new enterprize, he left the other, under the care of Cæcina, an able and experienced officer, to return to the camp on the banks of the Rhine. The Germans, dispersed but not vanquished, rallied on the disappearance of Germanicus, and hovering over the division under the command of Cæcina, harrassed it on its march, and menaced it with daily extinction.

At this crisis, a report reached the camp on the Rhine, that the Roman army was cut to pieces, and that the Germans flushed with conquest, were pouring down to the invasion of Gaul. The consternation was such that it was proposed to demolish the bridge over the Rhine. It was then that Agrippina, awakened from dreams of love, and of her husband's glory, displayed that counterpart of his soul, which inflamed her bosom. The particulars of the recent expedition were unknown to her: Germanicus himself might then be flying to the camp with the remnant of his vanquished legions, and the demolition of the bridge would cut of his retreat, and throw him, at once, into the hands of his savage enemies.—And even if he had fallen, did it become a Roman army, and one, too, over which the genius of Germanicus had presided, to betray this dastardly and infamous terror before a horde of undisciplined barbarians? The imbecility of her sex vanished: all the hero *arose* in her breast; and springing to the field, at the head of the astonished legions, she not only prevented the demolition of the bridge, but marched across it to the German bank, and scoured the country to relieve any flying remnant of the Roman army, and repel the invaders, or dissipate the fears of the camp by proving the fallacy of the report. The report was fallacious —but the glory of Agrippina was the same. "Pliny," says Tacitus, "has left in his history of the wars of Germany, a description of Agrippina at the head of the bridge, reviewing the soldiers as they returned, and with thanks and congratulations applauding their valor. This conduct

(pursues Tacitus,) alarmed the jealous temper of Tiberius—'What remains for the commander in chief if a woman can thus unsex herself, at the head of the eagles—this woman towers above the commanders of the legions, and even above their general officer—she can suppress an insurrection, though the name and majesty of the Prince makes no impression.' 'These were the reflections,' says Pliny, 'that planted thorns in the heart of Tiberius.'"

They plant a very different growth in my breast. O! when I read of such a wife as this—combining all that tenderness which dissolves the heart with love, with all that grandeur of character which inflames it with enthusiasm, it is then, indeed, I wish that I were a Germanicus. Where is the human being, so cold & subterranean, who would not glory in cherishing such a being through life; and, "even in death" to "lay close his lips to her's, and catch the flying breath!" But the noble Agrippina had few parallels in her age. Contrasted with the infamous court of Tiberius, she resembled the solitary star which sometimes breaks upon us through the chasm of a massy cloud, and becomes the brighter, from the blackness which surrounds it. To a picture of that degraded court, I have now no disposition to descend: I turn with pleasure, from a moral hemisphere, overcast with such accumulated darkness, to that cloudless and starry firmament which adorns our own.

My pen had here launched into a tribute, whose sincerity I would seal with my blood, to the spotless purity and ingenuous simplicity of my fair country-women of Virginia; but I erased the half-finished period, because I foresaw that it would draw upon me some sarcasm from the unthinking and the malicious; as if I were bent on seeking the admiration and favor of the fair, and endeavoring to gain, by a general courtship, what I have confessed that I have sought in vain by a particular one. To save the necessity of any brilliant sallies of this sort, to spare the needless effusion of wit from those who I am sure can illy afford it, and to prevent the degradation of my real object, I here frankly confess that my purpose is to court the fair; nay, if I can, to draw them into a conspiracy with me; a conspiracy to bring about a revolution in this country, which I am sensible that I can never effect without their aid. I cannot better explain myself than by describing a picture which I saw some years ago, in the parlour of a gentleman with whom I was invited to dine.

It was a small plate which represented a mother as reciting to her son the martial exploits of his ancestors.—The mother herself had not lost the beauty of youth; and

was an elegant and noble figure—She was sitting—her face and eyes were raised—her lips were opened—her arm extended aloft, and her countenance exalted and impassioned with her subject. The little fellow, a beautiful boy, apparently about twelve or fourteen years of age, was kneeling before her; his hands clasped on her lap, and, stooping towards her, his little eyes were fixed upon her's, and swimming with tears of admiration and rapture.—'Such,' said I to myself, 'is the impulse which a mother can give to the opening character of her child, and such the way in which a hero may be formed!'

I am sure that I am understood. *The virtues of this country are with our women, and the only remaining hope of the resurrection of the genius and character of the nation rests with them.* Need I assert that since the revolution this character has most woefully declined? Look to our public bodies and the question is answered. Where is the remedy? No national institution can be hoped for: it would cost money! How is the glory of the republic to be retrieved? How is the republic itself to stand? As to our men they are differently employed: how employed, through pity to them, I will not now say. But the mothers of the country, and those who are to become mothers, have the character of the nation in their hands.—O! if to their virtues and their personal graces, they would superadd that additional culture of the mind which would fit them for this noble task, and warm them in the enterprize, I should not envy Rome her Agrippina, her Aurelia, her Atia, her Julia Procilla, or Cornelia. May I not say thus much without offence? And will they not permit me, old and bachelor as I am, to point their efforts to this exalted object, and aid them in the atchievement of it? I am sure they will: and with such fair and candid interpreters of my motives, I shall, without fear of offence, pursue that course which seems to me best fitted for the object.

Nor have I any fear that these remarks on the degeneracy of national character, will give displeasure to those bright exceptions, the men of sense and virtue who remain among us. On the contrary, I calculate on their co-operation, and look for the tribute of their assistance to *The Old Bachelor*. I am not about to write a course of heavy lectures. My object indeed is one, yet greatly diversified: and I shall cheerfully relieve the dullness and monotony of my own productions, by any virtuous sport of wit or fancy which may be furnished by another. If I shall be thought worthy of this assistance, any letter addressed to *Dr. Robert Cecil*, to the care of *Thomas Ritchie*,

and lodged free of postage, in the office at Richmond, will reach me in ten days or a fortnight at the farthest, and meet with the notice which it shall seem to me to merit. I am well aware that this invitation may subject me to some impertinence from low and little minds: but I have long since learned to look on such impertinence and such minds, without any other emotions than those of pity.

Number VI.

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala, sævior armis,
Luxuria incubuit.

Lucan.

We suffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,
For Luxury, more fatal far than arms,
Hath hatched her baleful brood.

The maxim, *dulce bellum inexperto*, that war is sweet to him who has not tried it, cannot apply to our country. We have tried it. The vestiges of desolated towns—the ruins of houses perforated with cannon balls—our fields still marked with the breast work, the line of circumvallation, the traces of bursted shells—and, here and there, in our cities, the still animated body of a poor old soldier, maimed, seamed with scars, hobbling on his crutch or stick, and reduced, not by the ingratitude of his country, but the unfeeling rapacity of speculators, to beg his bread—these spectacles are enough to remind us that war has been this way, and to prevent any wish, on our part, for a renewal of the visit.

And yet how strange is the condition of humanity! for it seems as if it were only amid the direful calamities of war, that man can be seen to advantage; as if all the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar were necessary, to keep his virtues and talents awake. The remark is not confined to America. "Mankind" it is said truly, "is pretty much the same in every age and nation." In all of them, the season of war has ever been that of talents and virtues on their grandest scale: and the heavier the pressure of the occasion, the higher have those noble properties risen. Such were the occasions on which Leonidas fought and Demosthenes spoke. Such in every country

have been the most splendid epochas of orators and heroes. It is not my purpose, to enquire, at this time, with minute curiosity, why the dormant powers of man require this excitement of injuries and insults to awaken them; nor why the energies of his mind seem so dependent on the tumult and impulse of his passions. It will be more useful to examine the mournful collapse which follows this state of high exertion and marks the state of peace; and to enquire whether no remedy exists either to prevent or remove it.

This is not a topic of light and fruitless speculation; nor one which relates merely to the literary ornament of the nation. On the contrary it is a topic which is connected with the very existence of the republic; for it is only by a state of constant preparation against both foreign and domestic ambition, that we can calculate on the continuance of that existence, and that preparation can certainly be, in no way maintained but, by keeping the heart pure and stout and the mind enlightened and alert.

If those effects cannot be produced in a state of peace; if they can by no possibility exist but in a state of war, then peace is a curse, and war a comparative blessing. But this conclusion is by no means necessary—because the premises themselves, I am persuaded, are not true. It seems to require no great penetration to discover why wars of uncommon duration and violence have been, always, followed in every country by a declension of virtues and talents. Have they been wars of foreign conquest? The first fruits are an influx of wealth into the victorious nation; such as that which in the latter years of the Roman republic, lined the bank of the Tiber with gardens and villas—and then the process is plain and easy—luxury—indolence—ignorance— multiform-vices — imbecility —subjection. Or has the war been one of internal defence? It has left the country desolate, although victorious—Then follows, first, the necessity of struggling for subsistence.—Neither honest labor nor sly speculation can find time for liberal study. The first, leads the warrior slowly to independence and obscurity—but preserves the heart;—The latter leads rapidly to wealth and distinction—but is too apt to corrupt the heart, and debase the understanding. Such is the first state of things to which the return of peace directly conducts. But the long continuance of peace and prosperity, internal and external, leads regularly on to national wealth—and then, as in the case of wars of conquest, follows luxury with "ail her baleful brood."

It has now been thirty years since the sound of war has

been heard in the interior of this country. In the course of that time the population, the agriculture, the manufactures, the commerce, the wealth of the United States have advanced with vast and rapid strides: And we see already the usual consequences of a long and prosperous peace. That spirit of public virtue, of love of country, which extinguished every private feeling and glowed with such attractive lustre during the revolution, is fled.—— The question with us is no longer how we shall best serve our country, but how we shall best serve ourselves. We are all in quest of wealth, of places, of offices, of salaries, of honors;—instead of being as we were, during the last war, forgetful of ourselves, and looking around only for those who could do most good to our common country.

I have heard a story from one of the children of the revolution, a virtuous, an able and a truly great man, which puts this subject in a strong light. Although at that time not more than seventeen years of age, he was enrolled in a volunteer company and wore the national hunting shirt with the animating badge on its breast of "Liberty or Death." To the same company belonged several men of the first families and fortunes in the State; men, too, whose education and virtues gave them strong influence and entitled them to respect. When the company was about to elect its captain and other officers, the eyes of them all were fixed on these men. They knew it. And just before the vote was taken, begged the company to form a circle and hear them. The circle was formed and one of them addressed the company—"Fellow-citizens—fellow-soldiers—we know the honor you intend us and we are grateful for it. But we have only the same object with yourselves—to serve our beloved country. We know that we can best serve her by remaining in the ranks——there we are prepared to stand—but we have no experience—no skill in war. You have in your company a man every way qualified to command you and us—make him your captain—we will cheerfully serve with you under him." "Who is he?" was the question from every mouth. They named him. He was one of the poorest and humblest men in the company—a carpenter: but an honest, a firm, a gallant man, who had seen service during Braddock's war. He was elected by acclamation—and justified the election by his conduct. In a short time he was transferred to the regular army—rose to the rank of Colonel and died gloriously in the service of his country, at the battle of Monmouth.

This is the kind of noble self-denial, this is the spirit which makes a nation strong, great and victorious. Where

do you see any spark of this spirit, now? You see boys pushing themselves for commissions who have yet to learn the duty of a private. Instead of nobly declining honors of which they know themselves unworthy, they are seeking them with a degrading importunity. Such is the spirit of this age compared with the past.

But this is a short view of the subject: for together with public spirit, peace has extinguished the capacity for public service. The genius of this country, civil and military, is gone. Say that you have a war to-morrow, where have you a general to command your forces?—Pause and put this question to yourselves!—Washington is no more—and the satellites that played around that great luminary, have set with him forever. Where is there a genius fit to preside over your armies;—to guide the car and aim the bolt of war? I speak not of honest dolts, of "carpet-knights" nor men of dubious integrity—but of a great and glorious chieftain, fitted to concentrate the affections, the respect and confidence of this country, to look over the wide theatre of war and arrange and controul all its vast results!—Have you such an one?

But perhaps it may be said that the talents of this country have not since the revolution been invited to war:—that genius of that sort, if it really exist, has had no opportunity of shewing itself:—In answer; tell me then in what the genius of the country does now shew itself? If you have had no war, you have had peace and government. Exhibit the samples of your talents of this sort. Where are your poets, your orators; where are your statesmen?—I ask again where are they?—Your eyes are cast to Congress:—alas! what do you behold?—See you among them a Franklin, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Jay, a Hamilton?—What can be more humiliating than such a contrast?

My position, however, is that this decline of talents was by no means a necessary consequence of peace. The fathers of the revolution were guilty only of Hannibal's oversight: they did not make every advantage of their victory which they might have done. They conquered and they were satisfied: they were fatigued and took rest: they were poor and strove to repair their fortunes in peace. They were conscious of their own integrity and thought not of the future injustice of other nations. They bequeathed to their children the rich boon of independence, and did not reflect on the necessity of qualifying them to enjoy and to preserve it. In this consists their only oversight.

Escaped from the horrors of tyranny and slavery and

raised to the rank of an independent nation, their first care should have been the education of their children. Instead of neglecting and leaving them, like rich heirs, to chance, to riot and the rank luxuriance of vicious passions, they should have set themselves to work to cultivate those virtues which adorn and invigorate a republic and render it invincible.—They should have seized that principle of virtuous pride and emulation which exists in every individual, and the direction of which forms the great business of education. They should have established, in every quarter, seminaries, military and civil—should have encouraged athletic as well as intellectual exercise: they should have instituted great national games analagous to the Pythian and Olympic. They should have trained their children to virtuous hardihood, and martial glory, as well as to policy and literature. Instead of this they left them to hatch and breed like cankers under the broad wing of luxurious peace; and they are now littte better than blotches upon the fair face of nature—reptile mice when they should be rampant lions; light and gaudy butterflies, when they should be towering and thunder-bearing eagles.

But it is yet in our power to repair this oversight of the fathers of the revolution. It would have been easier indeed at the close of the revolution to prevent the growth of indolent and vicious habits, than it will be now to eradicate them. Yet still I am persuaded that by a great, comprehensive and vigorous scheme of education the purpose might be affected. A law-giver like Lycurgus; nay a great national teacher, like Pythagoras, would I am pursuaded effect this splendid revolution. Let any one turn to the life of this great philosopher, examine his character, and his system of instruction, and see the effects which he produced, and I think I shall stand acquitted of being romantic or visionary in asserting that a similar enterprize in this country would be crowned with the same success.

Having thus introduced this important subject to the consideration of my reader, I shall defer the more minute consideration of it for some future opportunity.

Number VII.

Nysus & Æmonia juvenis qua cuspide vulnus
Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem.
Propert. Lib. II. El. I.

In that which gave the hurt, relief he found
For the same spear both gave and heal'd the wound.

One of the sweetest traits in the character of my little Rosalie, is the delicate impartiality with which she holds the scales of affection between her brothers. She cannot bear that either of them shall preponderate: and the moment she discovers an inclination of that kind, the one way or the other, she is not happy untill the balance is restored. This morning as soon as she entered the breakfast room, I discovered that something was the matter. In general she comes tripping in, with all the grace and animation of Milton's Euphrosyne, breathing life and love and joy, around her. But this morning her slow step, her head inclined to the left, her thoughtful look, the thin shadow of dejection which rested upon her fine countenance, and then the pity-entreating smile, that beamed through it, and the voice, of soft aerial harmony, that faintly, yet sweetly bade me "good morning," all conspired to tell me that something was amiss. "What ails my child," I asked; "what is it that troubles my Rosalie?"

"Very probably, sir, it is only my own weak judgment; I have just been reading the third number of The Old Bachelor, and I own that I am by no means satisfied with the figure which my brother Galen makes in the piece." Your brother, Galen, my dear, makes his own figure; he speaks for himself; it is his letter that I have published." "Very true, sir; but you introduce it, by ascribing to Galen *the cold caution of a special pleader;* the letter itself, is too well calculated, with one who does not know Galen, to shew him, as over cautious; but with such an introduction, exhibits him as one of those extremely circumspect persons in whom the wintery cold of prudence has frozen the very fountains of feeling and generosity. Now, you know, my dear uncle, this is not the character of your Galen; and what a figure will he make to the world by the side of the warm and noble Alfred?" The pure zeal of this sweet girl in the cause of a brother whom she imagined to be wronged, touched my heart with a feeling which swam in my eyes.——"I very much question, my dear Rosalie, returned I, whether Galen will not make

the wisest figure of any of us in the opinion of the world; and whether both Alfred and myself would not gladly exchange places with him in a very few weeks: not from any resentments of the world, for at my time of life it is not worth while to be made unhappy by them; but because Galen, although the youngest of the three, will have discovered a superior knowledge of mankind in predicting the indifference and neglect with which these papers will be received." Rosalie shook her head in token of dissent. "Trust me, my child," continued I, "that to a palate accustomed to the Cayenne of politics, The Old Bachelor will be a dish by far too flat and insipid to be relished. I much doubt with Galen, whether he will even be read after the novelty of his first appearance shall be worn off." —"He will be read, at least, in the country—for in the country you know, sir, we read every thing that a newspaper contains, even to the advertisements." "And if he shall be read in the country, the highest point of my ambition will be attained. In towns I know that the giddy wheel of pleasure will not stand still, nor the war of party cease at my bidding. Let us go on then to try what effects we can work upon the country, and whether, against the ordinary course of things, we cannot produce a revulsion of manners, taste and virtue on the towns." "But in the mean time what becomes of poor Galen? I cannot bear that he shall be held up to the world as a pillar of ice which no ray of the sun touches more than once in six months. Have I not seen the blood rush into his face, his temporal arteries swell and throb, and his eyes overflow at a recital which half the world would hear with composure?" "You have, my dear Rosalie," said I, tenderly taking her hand, "and so have I a thousand, thousand times. I do not know a young man of finer feeling, of higher and nobler virtues, or a more comprehensive, acute, discriminating and powerful mind, than Galen." "Heaven bless you, my dear uncle," said the sweet girl with a grateful tear, and a cherub smile, while her arm of snowy lustre encircled my neck. "Nay, Rosalie," continued I, "do you not know that Galen too is one of my associates in this enterprise?—Like a distinguished statesman in our country whom I have often had occasion to observe and admire, he is astute in starting difficulties while the subject is in conference; but the measure once resolved on, no man enters a breach with more gallantry and effect." "O! my uncle, how sweet to a sister's ear are praises bestowed on a brother; and those praises too from such a source!" The rest was looks!

I have resolved that Galen shall very shortly make his

appearance in The Old Bachelor; and as I am sure that his disposition will lead him to make his first bow to our fair auxiliaries, I have given him an opportunity of doing so by asking his opinion on a sentiment of Doctor Rush's relative to the inferiority of the female mind. I know that my boy will give his answer with the dignified candor of a philosopher, and not with the ducking lubricity of a *petit maitre*. Yet I am sure that it will be such an one as will give no pain to those whom all men, and (what is saying much more) even all old bachelors, are most anxious to please. For Galen, young as he is, has yet a mode of thinking too comprehensive and practical, and a judgment too solid and manly, to be dazzled by the whims and eccentricities of genius. I have endeavored to put my boys above the desire of that transitory fame which arises from the advocation of singular opinions and the starting of false but splendid theories: I have told them that compared with just fame, it was a corruscation compared with the sun: I have endeavored to inculcate it upon them; that truth, however plain and trite, is the only rock on which immortality can be built; that however much we may admire the bright and fantastic vagaries of genius, when it has broken the reign of reason and passed the bourne of common sense, yet that our admiration is unmingled either with respect or confidence; that such a genius, therefore, is not only useless both to its possessor and the world, but dangerous too, like the coursers of the sun, after they had hurled their driver from his seat and darted from the track of day. Yet I have endeavored to give this lesson in such a way as neither to damp the fire nor clip the wings of their genius. In their thinking, I license every extent of speculation; for I am aware of the many useful discoveries which have arisen even from the chimerical pursuit even of the philosopher's stone; but I insist upon it that when they sail upon those voyages of discovery, judgment and not vanity shall sit at the helm; that so they may be saved from the ridicule of mistaking a shadow for a substance, and espousing and embracing a cloud for a Goddess.

But here let me beg my reader to understand that although this statement of the discipline which I have practised towards my boys, has been introduced by the mention of Doctor Rush's opinion about the female mind, yet I beg that I may not be understood as applying my general observations to that justly celebrated gentleman.—It would be presumption indeed in me to make any such application. It is true that he sometimes advances opinions in which I do not accord. It is true also, that there are

times in which he seems to me to throw the reins on the neck of his Pegasus. But in general he is in the path of light and truth, and carries "healing in his wings." I should have been ungrateful as well as unjust to my own sentiments of this great man, if I had suffered a doubt to rest on the respect which I entertain for him, or withheld my humble tribute of thanks for the many useful discoveries which have been made by his bold and exploring genius. But Hippocrates sometimes nodded as well as Homer.

Let us now return to my boys. One of my first lessons to them was, rather to think correctly, than either newly or finely. My encomiums were always bestowed on the soundness of their conclusions, rather than on the prettiness of their conceits—for my object was to make them useful and not showy men. My boys are both ardent in their characters, and both required the rein rather than the spur. They had high fancies, and of course had a strong predisposition towards the glare of thought and glitter of expression. They shuddered at the mathematics and all works of dry reasoning, and wished to take up their constant residence in the region of poets and rhetoricians. Hence I began to fear that instead of being great men, they were doomed, like the most of their young countrymen, to be nothing more than pretty and sparkling declaimers: a useless tribe, whose poor pleasures consist in listening to the sound of their own voices, in hearing the varied cadence of their tones re-echoed from the roof and walls, and surveying their pretty selves in the mirror of vanity; while in relation to any purpose of public and useful life, their function is to waste the precious time, 'to darken counsel by words without understanding,' to delight themselves and disgust every body else. Hence my maxim to them always was, when they spoke before strangers, to speak to the purpose, or not at all.

There is more delicacy and difficulty in this business than people generally understand. In truth, most parents are pleased with that tinselled finery of thought and expression, in their children, which gave me so much offence in mine. Instead of checking, they encourage it; if not by words, at least by looks as intelligible. My course, on the contrary, was, like Thornhill in the Vicar of Wakefield, to cry "*Fudge*" and turn my back, whenever I heard them coming out with their rant and fustian. By these means I gradually inspired them with the same contempt which I myself felt for a period whose sound was disproportioned to its sense, and which, as Dr. Johnson says,

of some of Thompson's lines, " filled the ear rather than the mind :" Thus I grudually broke up their domicile among the poets and rhetoricians; and converted, what was before an fixed residence, into a occasional excursion of pleasure and profit.

They were now ripe for a distinction which I was anxious to unfold to them in a manner the most simple, clear and impressive : to teach them the difference between thinking greatly and thinking brilliantly.—To effect this, I shewed them some great man in the very act and attitude of contemplating a great subject ; Grotius, for example ; surveying the area and pillars of that vast temple, The Rights of War and Peace, which he had raised with his own hands.—Nor did I shew them this, merely, that they might admire it for a moment, as a picture, and turn away : on the contrary, I made them walk after the author and step in his tracks, that they might catch his gait and his giant stride. So I made them behold Newton, rolling his eye of fire over the fabric of the universe, and embracing the whole at one capacious view ; so, also, I made them follow him, that they might see his labor as well as power; pursue him through all the haunts of his enterprising genius, and walk abroad with him through

——" The range of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
" Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense."

I desired them to observe what it was in these men that had insured them their immortality? Certainly not any magnificence of style, or any splendor of declamation—for nothing can be more plain and simple than they are in these respects.—What is it then which has made their names imperishable, but *the force of mind ; the power of thinking—comprehensively—deeply—closely—usefully ?*

Thus I opened to them a career in which they might put forth all their strength, and shewed them, in a striking and captivating light, an object worthy of their noblest exertions. They saw that these great men had not atchieved the wonders which made them immortal, solely by the inspirations of indolent genius, but that they won their glory by the most arduous toil. They learned to distinguish between the dress of thought and thought itself. They perceived that men truly great, who are conscious of their strength, instead of resting on their style, rest on their thought ; that they consider language, like the atmosphere, merely as a medium of vision ; intended not to be seen itself, but to make other objects seen ; and that it can never so well answer its purpose in any other state, as when free from vapors of every kind, it is perfectly sim-

ple, pure and transparent. They have learned, too, that the most successful way of distinguishing themselves from the crowd is, not to emulate those who write and speak beautifully, but those who think and act greatly and usefully.

At the same time I must warn the reader not to expect too much from my boys; they are yet young men; and when I give their letters to the public, allowance must be made for their youth and inexperience.

But Rosalie's harp invites me to the parlour, and the reader will, I dare say, by this time, very willingly part with me.

Number VIII.

* * * Careat successibus, opto,
Quisquis, ab eventu, facta notanda putat.
Ovid Ep. Phil. ad Domes.

May he still want success in all his deeds,
Who thinks no action good but what succeeds.

The same conveyance which brought me the paper containing my fifth number, in which I invited the contributions of the learned and virtuous, brought me, also, the following elegant, but too flattering epistle.—From the co-incidence of time, it was obviously written, immediately, on the publication of the fifth number; and is, therefore, written in the metropolis itself. This is beyond my hopes. It was not amid the pleasures and bustle of Richmond that I expected to be read: It was not on that city that I dared to hope for an impression. My hopes rose no higher than to fill usefully a leisure moment in the peaceful and quiet country. I hail this omen, therefore, as most auspicious to my views; and although modesty, perhaps, ought to induce me to with-hold the letter, yet I cannot deny myself the honest triumph which it affords in shewing that the scheme of these papers is at least approved by one wise and good man. One word to my correspondent before I introduce him. As I read his letter, I felt in the style of his thinking the percussion of genius and virtue; and I am convinced that literature and science stand at their back. *Ex pede Herculem.* He should feel himself bound to come forth for the good of our common country.

THE OLD

BACHELOR.

PRINTED AT THE ENQUIRER PRESS,

Richmond, Virginia:

For Thomas Ritchie & Fielding Lucas

1814.

I entreat the continuance of his correspondence; and beg him to overlook that apparent delay in giving him to the public, which arises, unavoidably, from the distance at which I reside from Richmond.

"TO DR. ROBERT CECIL.

"CARA SELVA, January, 1811.

"FRIEND CECIL,

"I really venerate and love thee! Go on, my generous old fellow, pursue with all the native warmth, and in the honest sincerity of thy noble heart, the laudable task upon which thou hast so happily entered.

"Thou art right, good Cecil, in not fearing that thy remarks on the degeneracy of our national character should give displeasure to men of sense and virtue. The adulation of our demagogues has, indeed, infected some among us with a species of moral leprosy, that will scarcely endure the probe of unmitigated truth. The morbid pride of such men shrinks from the slightest touch of candor.—But mind not this, Friend Cecil. The influence of popular sycophancy is ephemeral; its ignominy alone shall be permanent. I take those who flatter freemen to be a thousand times more abject and more detestable than the fawning courtiers of despots. The throne naturally invites adulation, and repels truth. The people, on the contrary, feel that their dearest interests are closely interwoven with the latter; and, though they may sometimes be deluded, they never wish to be so. What is to them the empty boast of fancied excellence? It is truth they want, and truth they must have. Popular necromancers may, for a while, fascinate our ears and eyes, and in some measure, benumb our noblest faculties and energies; but believe me, their craft, their deceptions, their spells must, sooner or later, yield to the superior power of sound sense, exalted reason, and genuine philanthropy; they must ultimately vanish, like the grim phantoms of the night, before the pure irradiations of intellect.

"Thou, my brave veteran, hath gallantly unfurled thy banners in a noble cause, and enlisted under them genius, eloquence and feeling. I admire thy valiance, and 'though a meek disciple of the still meeker William Penn, when I behold thee advancing to the foe with a steady and undaunted step; when I hear thee threatening to pursue ignorance, error, and vice, to their very last intrenchments, I so far share thy warlike spirit, and glorious ardor, as strenuously to refrain from grasping the sword, and rushing

to the attack by thy side—resolved with thee to *conquer or to die.*

"The force of the moral lever which thou proposest to employ for raising again to its former elevation the national character of Virginia, appears to me truly incalculable. In the heroic ages of chivalry, women performed miracles. Whoever could direct the education of women, and determine their propensities, would have it in his power to ameliorate a whole people.

"Our revolution called forth latent energies. It is during such a crisis, that superior men become conscious of their native powers, and displayed them to advantage. A revolution always produces what we may term an *eruption of talents.* The commotion of the moment communicates itself to all individuals, renders them useful, necessary, and places each of them in his proper station. As long as rivers evolve their waters with tranquil majesty, the golden particles deposited in their sandy beds, continue buried there; but if rushing torrents happen to unite with their streams, the riches hitherto confined to the bottom, rise to the surface, and soon sparkle on either bank. Genius has its periods of inertness, as well as of activity. But of all this, perhaps more hereafter. The causes of our present *moral stagnation* are too numerous and too complex to be developed in a hasty letter, nor am I adequate to the task.

"Adieu, Friend Cecil. Heaven prosper thy gracious efforts!

"Thine truly,

"TIM LOVETRUTH.

"P. S. *Aproros:* my daughter Ruth, who has read thy last number with evident delight, contends thou canst not be an old bachelor. Whence the girl derives her notions on that head I am not able to tell, though I think myself thou writest too feelingly for one unacquainted with conjugal and parental affection. It behoves thee, Friend, honestly to inform us of thy real character in that respect. Who knows but that some of our tender hearted girls may fall in love with thee, and, after the truth comes out, die of grief at the disappointment?

"Ruth, is something of a Scholar. She has lately perused Murphy's translation of Tacitus, and asserts that a certain *Eponina,* mentioned in the appendix to the *Vth book of the history,* is still more interesting than thy favorite Agrippina. She prefers, she says, the soft green of Eponina's tender soul to the glaring brilliancy of the Roman Heroine."

"Verily, verily I say unto thee, Ruth, I am, indeed and in truth, an Old Bachelor. Behold the portrait of my person. I am upwards of six feet high and as thin as that knight whom Cervantes has immortalised. My locks have been bleached by the snows of sixty winters. My nose and chin have sallied out, like two doughty champions, to meet in mortal combat; and, from the menacing attitude in which they now stand surveying each other, it is obvious that they must soon have a meeting, in spite of my teeth: While my mouth recedes from the field in dismay, and its corners retreat to my ears, as if for the convenience of whispering their terrors, unheard by the formidable champions in front. After this, I believe my friend Tim will not think the pretty Ruth in much danger from me. I call her pretty; because I cannot think of a quaker girl, without associating with her image, the ideas of neatness, sweetness and simplicity, together with those sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks, which health and innocence so constantly bestow. I beg that Ruth will accept my sincere thanks for the honor which she does me in perusing these papers: and I promise her, if she continues to do me that honor, that whether I am able to amuse and instruct her or not, no sentiment shall ever fall from my pen to give pain to her heart, or deepen the tint upon her innocent cheek. Her favorite Eponina is certainly a very interesting character. The incidents of her life and of her death, are striking and affecting in a high degree.—Her visits to the cave of her rebel and fugitive husband, during nine years after his concealment and dependence on her for bread and life and happiness, shew her in a point of light calculated to win the love of every heart, and would I think, produce a fine effect in dramatic representation.—But was *tenderness* the most shining trait of Eponina's character? We are told, that she and her husband were at length discovered and carried to Rome in chains; that Vespasian, forgetting his usual clemency, Sabinus (the husband) was condemned to die; that Eponina, determined not to survive him, changed her supplicating tone, and with a spirit unconquered, even in ruin, addressed the tyrant thus—"Death has no terror for me. I have lived happier under ground, than you upon your throne. Bid your assassins strike their blow—with joy I leave a world, in which you can play the tyrant." Here was courage and magnanimity truly Roman. What a pity is it, that Tacitus' account of this affair has perished. It is easy to imagine what a figure this story must have made in the hands of such a master; and how much more interesting, still, Eponina would have been, if, instead of

Sabinus, who is represented in an aspect of ferocity and rashness, "ambitious, bold and enterprising," her love and constancy had been justified by such a husband as Germanicus. Perhaps Aggrippina's principal advantage over Ruth's favorite, consists in this; that besides the intrinsic light of her own character, she reflects, also the additional lustre of her noble lord.—This, however, is merely a question of taste, about which, we are told, there is no disputing; and if there were, I would cheerfully yield a point of much more importance than this, to my fair reader.

My friend, Lovetruth, has done justice to my motives, and to the cause. The cause is certainly a great and glorious one, and might well challenge a conspiracy of all the able pens of the state. I have very little doubt that such a co-operation would place the character of the rising generation, on grounds as high as that which their great forefathers, the illustrious statesmen and patriots of the revolution, occupied. My own station in that distinguished crisis, was, indeed, a very humble one; and early in it, as already stated, I was disabled from continuing my exertions. Yet humble as was my station, and short as my race was, I had opportunities enough of observing, that the men of those days, in every great and noble acquirement, in the energy and range of mind, and in disinterestedness, manliness and solidity of character, hold up an example of their posterity, in the rivalship of which, they may exert all their strength, and have occasion for all the stores of virtuous emulation.

As to my own humble efforts to assist this intellectual resurrection, I do not know what their success may be. Nor is it, indeed, my business to enquire. Success is not always to be commanded; but our duty, whatever it may be, is always to be done, and the issues of our actions to be left to him who is best able to direct them.

Number IX.

Non habeat matrona tibi, quæ, juncta recumbit
Dicendi genus; aut curtum sermone rotato
Torqueat enthymema, nec historias sciat omnes.
Juv. Sat. VI. V. 446.

O! what a midnight curse has he whose side
Is pestered by a mood and figure bride!
Let mine, ye Gods (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate.

I have selected the motto of this number for the sake of my honest fellow-countryman, the writer of the following letter. His case is, indeed, a piteous one; and were it not in a great measure of his own creation, he should have my most sincere and fervent condolence. I shall give his letter, unaltered, to the public; for although he treats me harshly, yet I am so well convinced of my own innocence, that I am perfectly willing to submit to my reader his letter, with all its argument, and asperities, and rest for the present, on the character of my former essays alone for my defence.

MR. BACHELOR,

It is the privilege of those who are injured to complain—and considering myself in that predicament, I shall, without ceremony, avail myself of the right—Sir, you have stung me to the quick, you have done me vital injury, you have touched me there, where I was most vulnerable; and shall I not complain? Yes! and the world shall hear me too—but I am borne from my purpose by this heat: let me, with temper, tell my story.

I am a plain man, a farmer, and what the world calls an old fashioned fellow: not like yourself, a Bachelor, though I speak not this in disparagement, for if your tale be true, it is surely not your fault that you are still single—I have a wife and a pretty numerous family—six daughters and two sons—and these children I had thought to have brought up with some credit—that my girls should have made good house wives, for the young farmers of the neighborhood, and my boys be qualified to take my place on the farm, as age, and the evils in its train, should render me unequal to it. The farm which I hold has been in possession of the family ever since the first settlement of this colony—and so long also, family tradition says, has there descended along with the land, from father to son,

a set of rules, for the government of the owner's household, which have known no vicissitude or shadow of change.—My father, a staid and sober personage, felt for these domestic Canons, the most profound veneration; and with truly parental care, instilled into my infant bosom, the same pious reverence. In his last illness, and but a short time before he expired, the good old man called me to him, and wringing my hand, said, "My son, you are about to enter on an important duty, to assume a station which will devolve on you serious and solemn obligations—yet a little while, and you will be the head and representative of the Square-toes family—you have been carefully and diligently taught the family laws, you have seen how, under my administration of them, we have flourished, and so may heaven bless and prosper you, as you carry them into strict and steady execution."

My first care, after I had taken my father's place, was to look out for a help-mate—for it was one of the laws, that the head of the family should use his best endeavors, to perpetuate the name—I chose for my partner the blooming daughter of a neighboring farmer—not one of your delicate, nervous, tea-sipping ladies of the present day; but a robust and active damsel, who would rise with the dawn, milk her father's cows, attend to the hen-house and dairy, and at breakfast, could dispose of as much beef-steak as any lady in the days of good Queen Bess; no vagaries about the rights of women, or the equality of the sexes, ever disturbed her quiet brain—on the contrary, both precept and example, had taught her that important lesson, to love, honor, and *obey* her Lord and Master.—She made me happy (how could such a wife fail?) and our union has been fruitful as I have told you.—Now in the family statute book, there was no law, so fondly cherished, none considered of such vital importance as this: "That a deep and humbling sense of their inferiority to, and entire dependence on the males, should be, with unceasing care, inculcated on the females." This idea they were to suck in with their mother's milk; it was to be presented to them in a thousand shapes; to grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength; and as a means to this end, the extent and limits of their education were exactly defined—it consisted of reading, writing and arithmetic to the rule of three—The Bible and Testament, the Whole Duty of Man, and the Art of Cookery, by Mrs. Hannah Glass, made up their library—all beyond was forbidden ground. Of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they might in no wise eat: this was prohibited un-

der the severest pains and penalties.—Deeply impressed with the importance of this law, it was the fixed determination of myself and wife, to educate our daughters in strict conformity to it—and though I say it that should not, yet I will say, that with our three eldest, we succeeded completely—aye, shew me, who can, three more notable and house-wifely women than Bridget, Winnifred and Dinah—Girls that can turn their hand to any thing—Milk a cow, Iron a shirt, mend a stocking, or make a pudding—And I defy any one to catch them idling over a book; except on Sundays, and then strictly within the pale of the law; none of your novels, or histories, or such; but one of the pious books above mentioned.—These girls were brought up when we were young and active and had an eye to every thing; and I must be permitted to add, that to me it is wonderful, that women so calculated to make reasonable men happy, should remain still on hand. Of my three younger daughters, would to Heaven, I could say as much; but they have blasted all my hopes, broken the statutes of the family and thrown my household into confusion.—This misfortune I owe, partly, to my own imprudence, but more particularly, Mr. Bachelor, to the baleful influence of your essays. I had before heard that these old Bachelors were dangerous fellows, in a family. I now know it to my cost—you have subverted mine—you have introduced anarchy and misrule, where order and good government reigned before—you have divided the house against itself—But let me preserve the order of events: about eighteen months past, a sister of my wife's came to visit us—she had married very early in life a merchant, who settled in a city distant about two days journey from our residence—The steady pursuit of commerce, had made them wealthy—she was a true town-lady, with all the airs and graces, and high flown notions, and delicate sensibilities of the tribe: a reading lady too—but this fact I did not know till sometime afterwards. Towards the conclusion of her visit, I began to suspect, that something was in the wind. I saw frequent consultations, going on among the women; they would get into a knot in a corner, and whisper most earnestly, every now and then casting towards me, a look of apprehension—my daughter Grace too, my fourth girl, was uncommonly assiduous in her attentions to me—she had always been a dutiful, good child—but there was something of eagerness and solicitude about her now, which excited my notice—if I called at any time for my favorite beverage, butter-milk, it was sure to be handed by Grace—as soon as I entered the house at my

smoking hours (for I am regular in these things,) Grace flew to get my pipe and tobacco.

At length the batteries were opened in form, and the attack commenced—as we sat round the dinner table, my wife's sister observed that she had a great favor to ask of me—her niece, Grace, she said, was her name-sake, that she was a great favorite with her,—that the girl had been brought up in the country, that she was now grown quite a woman, and begged that I would permit her to take her to the city and shew her something of life.—I replied, that the request was one, which I could by no means grant —that the country where she had been reared, was the proper place for the girl—why should she be parading off to the city, to catch the infection of its manners, or to be ridiculed and laughed at as an awkward country hoyden? Grace said not a word, but I could see, by the flush of her cheek and the toss of her head, that she scorned my words; at least, that she thought herself formed to excite very different feelings from those of ridicule or contempt: my three eldest broke forth at once in high dudgeon, "She go to the city truly! a high thing, marry come up: fish of one and flesh of another—they had been women grown, many a long day, and no city for them—in doors and out of doors, late and early, hot and cold, they were to work, while madam Grace, foorsoth, was to be made a lady of!" I quieted my girls, and told them the thing should not be.

Now all this time my wife Deborah had not uttered a word—and still I thought she looked as if she wished Grace success—I was the rather inclined to this opinion, because I knew she was vain of the girl's beauty, and counted on its one day making her fortune. To be further assured of her wishes on the subject, I waited till we were warmly tucked up in bed and every thing quiet, and then, as our manner is when any important subject is on the carpet, I opened the discussion—"Deborah, my dear, you have not given your opinion on this subject; I hope you do not wish to expose our child to this useless and dangerous trip?" She replied, "Husband, I would not differ with you before company, because I know my place—but why should'n't we indulge the girl?—she has been brought up according to the statues, (statutes, wife!) and there is no danger now—beside, why should not she have a chance to look about her and make her *fortune*—look at neighbor Gubbin's *darter* and all; she went a trip to the city, and she is now married to a rich man, and keeps her carriage—to be sure, comparisons are *odorous*—(odious, you mean, Deborah,) ah, I am no dictionary 'oman—but I mean that Sall Gubbins is not to compare to our

Grace in beauty."—The discussion was lengthy, but finally I suffered myself to be persuaded, though unconvinced, and consented to the trip. She was gone six months—and when she returned, so completely was she changed, that I scarcely knew my child—instead of the plump, rosy-cheeked country-girl, with health and life, and activity in every muscle—I saw a thin, emaciated, *delicate* figure, with cheek of snow, and languid step, moving slowly towards us—all the warm habilliments of the country, the comfortable petty coats, the snug pocket—thrown aside; and in their place, a thin muslin dress, and a thing which I think they (very properly) call a ridicule.

A gush of parental affection filled my eyes, and taking her in my arms, I enquired what was the matter, and why she had not informed us of her illness, and why she travelled in such a dress, or undress rather, as must bring her life into imminent hazard: Smiling at my apprehensions, she replied, that she had not been ill—that, to be sure, she was rather in *delicate* health, which proceeded, she believed, from the extreme sensibility of her nervous system—but that she had gotten some composing drops from Dr. Bolus, a celebrated Physician, which she found of great use—All this was rue and worm-wood to me—in bitterness of heart I cursed my own folly a thousand times—but the worst was yet to come, I found my lady's mind more metamorphosed than her body—she had been reading novels, plays and histories—nay, I even caught her one day delivering lectures to her younger sisters, on the 'Rights of Women,' a book she had met with in her aunt's library—I now found that there was no time to be lost, and set myself seriously to correct the effect of my own too early compliance.—I strictly prohibited the bringing any book into my family; positively forbid Grace, to hold conversations on what she had read, and commanded her regularly to take her turn with her sisters, week about, in managing the household affairs, a thing which under various pretexts she had since her return neglected—These were irksome duties to her now—but she was forced to submit, and things seemed to be getting right again, when you, Mr. Bachelor, stepped in, and ruined all my hopes.—I have taken for some time past, The Enquirer; I read very carefully the news, the advertisements, and the prices current—but there are two things that I never look into, essays, and the speeches of our members of Congress—it was thus that your lucubrations escaped me—when I had finished my paper, I threw it down, and tho't no more about it, never dreaming, that it would get into the hands of the women.—I began to discover after a while,

that something was the matter: whenever the week of one of my three youngest, particularly Grace, came round, there was a great falling off in the administration—My stockings were unmended, the dairy neglected, my butter-milk not furnished me in due season—in short, nothing went right.—One morning after I had been kept waiting for my breakfast some time, I determined to go myself and see what the girls were about. I step't softly into their room; the door was open and I found Grace, reading aloud from a newspaper, with an agitated voice and impassioned manner, while my two youngest, were sitting round her, devouring her words, and the tears trickling down their cheeks—so deeply were they engaged, that my approach was entirely unperceived—I determined to keep my station in silence, till I discovered the extent of the mischief.—It was your 5th number, Mr. Bachelor, and the matter which was beguiling these simple damsels of their tears, was your foolish story of a Roman woman, Agrippina, I think you call her, who had brought the ashes of her husband with her from some distant land, instead of giving him decent and Christian burial where he died. I listened to all this—but when you came to apply the case, and conclude with a strong appeal to our women, playing on their vanity, as you seem very capable of doing; my patience could hold no longer; I burst in upon the girls, snatched the paper from them, and in a voice of authority, summoned them to the hall. In this room I determined to convene the whole family, and have a solemn investigation of the affair. They all appeared (except my sons who are too young for these matters) and took their seats in silence—I proceeded with great form, produced the statute book, read the law, charged Grace with her offence, inveighed bitterly against its enormity—and called on her to know what she could say in her defence—She rose, and to my astonishment and dismay, addressed me thus—

"Father, I respect your authority within reasonable limits; nay, I would even step beyond them rather than displease you; but you expect too much, when you suppose, that I will go, or can be carried all lengths—I am now 18, capable, if ever, to think for myself, and I hope that in this free country, women have some rights—the law which you have read, I revolt against; it is gothic, obsolete, and I deny its authority—Have not women souls, have they not reason, is it not given them for a guide, and is it not a duty which they owe to themselves, and to heaven to improve their talent, and not like the unprofitable servant to bury it? This language may surprise you—you brought me up in utter ignorance, and may well be astonished that I

have thought of these things; but my trip to the city threw books in my way, I read them eagerly, and though not with method or system, yet with some advantage—they opened my mind, they encreased my thirst after knowledge.—At my return home you prohibited books—I then thought myself obliged to obey; and my mind seemed fast falling into its former lethargy, when the Old Bachelor—God bless him! came to my rescue—he awakened my curiosity, he roused my energies, he warmed my ambition, and determined me, at all hazard, to proceed in the career of knowledge. I immediately became subscriber to a circulating library not very distant. I was furnished with histories—they are now in the house. I and my younger sister's, have read and are reading them, with zeal, with enthusiasm—and I speak for them as well as myself, when I tell you firmly, but respectfully, that in this course we *will* persevere."—Astonishment held me dumb: my two youngest instantly rose, and avowed their sister's sentiments; and even Deborah, my old and faithful helpmate; Deborah, the wife of my bosom, took sides against me—My three eldest, to be sure, stuck to me—were clamorous; but I felt that they gave me but little aid—things of this sort, indeed, are not their fort—Finding such determined opposition and supported by such numbers, I thought it best not to proceed immediately to extremities—but gave the culprits one week to consider and to repent of their ways—assuring them, that I would be master in my family, that the name of Squaretoes, or the domestic laws, should not be disgraced, or violated by me—and they shall not, though my life should answer it. But see, Mr. Bachelor, the straits to which you have reduced me—my rules violated, my authority trampled on, my family in open rebellion—how, Sir, can you repair this injury—what amends can you make me, for order and good government destroyed, and anarchy and disorder introduced, and confusion worse confounded?

Your injured and offended fellow-citizen,
OBADIAH SQUARETOES.

My friend Squaretoes and his admirable Grace, shall hear from me in my next number.

Number X.

Ehcu ! quid volui, misero mihi ? Floribus Austrum
Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apros.
Virg. Eclog. 2. V. 58.

——————What have I done ?
The boar amidst my chrystal streams I bring,
And southern wings to blast my flow'ry spring.
Dryden.

I design this number as an answer to the harsh and undeserved complaints made against me by Obadiah Squaretoes, in his letter published in my last number. Let no man say to himself, I will go forth and do good, and there shall be none to censure : for no purity of purpose can exempt him from this fate. He, particularly, who attempts an inroad on the existing state of things, although the change be demonstrably for the better, will be sure to find many who will treat his exertions, however honest, with resentment or contempt, and who will embrace their old errors with the fonder pertinacity, the more vigorous the effort to tear them from their arms. The old canons of the family of Squaretoes, and hereditary obstinacy with which the present head of that family determines to enforce them, reminds me of a story which I heard many years ago, and which places in a strong light, this old-fashioned bigotry in error. A road in the back parts of Pennsylvania had been so long used that it was worn into a deep and almost impassable gully. The surveyor had opened a new road along the bank which over-looked the former, and which was as remarkably smooth and firm, as the other was miry and rugged. A traveller, flying in his curricle along the new road, and seeing a waggon and powerful team floundering through the mud and mire of the rough gully below, had the curiosity to stop and ask the waggoner, why he chose the old road in preference to the new one which was so much superior? The waggoner was a hale and ruddy cheek'd Dutchman, about six and thirty years of age : and without stopping his horses, he bawled out his answer in broken English—" Mine fader haf alwaysh been drife alonk dish rote, and so I drifes here too"—and so flourishing his whip over his head, he continued with great *sang froid* to stick to his old way, or rather to stick in it, which he literally did at every ten steps.

There is no man who respects the establishment of fami-

ly rules more than I do; even ancient family rules; for I am ancient, alas! very ancient, myself. But then these rules must have something more than antiquity on their side; they must have reason to command my respect. And what reason can there be in annihilating a girl's mind? or in suffering the great part of the fine and beautiful domain to lie fallow, when it might be cultivated to such high advantage, both for the individual and the nation?

The library of the Squaretoes family, is unexceptionable so far as it goes; although I must be permitted to say, that I did not entirely relish the association, in the same period, of the Book of life, with the art of Cookery by Mrs. Hannah Glass. Mr. Squaretoes would probably urge that they are, in some sense, both books of life, that a spiritual and carnal conjunction is justified by the example of the soul and body; and that the whole Duty of Man forms an appropriate middle link between the two: this I suspect, (for I think I know the man,) would be very apt to be the course of reflection which he would pursue on the occasion.—And I anticipate him merely for the purposes, first of showing him, that it requires no great force of wit to make such remarks; and secondly of admonishing him, that if he shall honor me with any more of his correspondence, *that book* and *that subject* are not to be lightly and irreverently treated. But let me settle the dispute which has already arisen between us, instead of forestalling a new one.

There is such a thing as a progress in mind and manners, inseparable from the nature of man, to which every sensible father will pay some attention in the education of his children. At a time, for example, when the light, the flexible, the graceful Grecian dress so happily prevails among our ladies, Mr. Squaretoes I presume would not choose to decorate Miss Bridget, Miss Winifred or Miss Dinah in the long waist, the stiff stays and flowered stomacher of Miss Lucretia McTab: if he did, they would be very apt to share the fate of that lofty lady; and in the shuddering winter of superannuated and peevish virginity, go down to Scotland, or some where else, to look for some sixteenth cousin who they might honor with their dependence; which may their stars avert! It is presumptuous in any man to expect, that fashion or opinion, mind or manners, will stand still at his bidding; or that he can escape ridicule and contempt if he stands still, while all the rest of the world is in motion. Mr. Squaretoes might as well insist upon our going back to the opinion, that this globe of earth is as flat as a trencher, and the firmament,

a solid arch of blue, set with starry spangles, as to seek to confine the knowledge of our ladies within the limits of his family canons, which my friend Grace has very justly branded as obsolete and Gothic. The passion for knowledge is natural to the female character; it will be gratified at any risque; it was this which led our mother Eve astray; and although we paid dearly for it in her case, yet the instance may serve to show Mr. Squaretoes the impotence of all mandates (even those of omnipotence,) which seek to restrain the female passion for knowledge. Nor let him suppose that he derives any aid in the argument, from the case of Eve; as if the Deity had thereby indicated his desire to oppose a barrier to the excursions of female curiosity into the regions of knowledge; for the prohibition extended to Adam as well as to Eve; and the knowledge inhibited, was only the knowledge of good and evil. The curse annexed to the breach of that prohibition, has already fallen upon us. *We are all prone to evil as the sparks fly upwards:* and the more ignorant and indolent we are, the more prone are we to it.

Whether science and literature increase the virtues of a nation has, indeed, been sometimes questioned by European writers; but questioned rather with the view of displaying the dexterity and powers of the disputant in a desperate cause, than of maintaining a position which he himself believed. For whether we judge by experience or the reason of the thing, it seems to me impossible for candor to doubt that the affirmative of the position is unquestionably true. Go, for instance, to those inhabitants of the southern parts of Africa, whom Barrow calls Bosjesmans, and who seem to be among the lowest links, if not the very lowest, in the chain of the human family. Their form is described as scarcely human; their language as little so. Their house is a single skin, stretched semi-circularly on sticks of wood driven into the ground; under which skin they creep, make an excavation in the earth, like that which our hogs sometimes make under the lee of a fence or out-house; and in this bed the Bosjesman coils himself up and sleeps during the day. At night, he goes out to feed on the larvæ of ants or locusts; and when this resource fails, they rush down in troops, like a band of fierce and hungry wolves, upon the European settlements at the Cape, and riot on the blood and carnage of their flocks. If ignorance could secure an exemption from vice, these people have, at least, as fair a title as any that have yet been made known to us by travellers. Yet they have no moral sense; no conception of any dif-

ference between vice and virtue ; no ideas of religion of any kind ; and almost the only marks of human intelligence which they give, are displayed in acts of violence and villainy ; for they poison their arrows, and live, in a great measure, by plunder. The mournful, indolent and torpid Hottentot, is another striking example of the intimate union between ignorance and a total destitution of virtue—It may I think be assumed as a general truth that in proportion to their ignorance, nations are cruel, dishonest, mean and perfidious. In some instances, as in Otaheite, from the softness of the climate, the abundance of the earth, the insularity of situation and fewness of inhabitants, the character instead of being fierce, is indolent, languid and voluptuous ; but there is nothing of the option nor consequently of the merit of virtue among them. Their gentleness itself, like their propensity to pleasure, is the effect, not of ignorance, nor selection, but of climate and constitution, an instinctive and necessary effect and not the voluntary effect of virtuous choice. They form, therefore, no just exception to the rule that ignorance and the destitution of virtue, go hand in hand. So again, on the other side, it will be obvious to any one who will make the comparison, that in proportion as the dawn of knowledge has advanced in any nation, such nation has emerged from the darkness of vice. It will be nothing against this position to adduce individual exceptions in the Rolla and the Cora of Marmontel and Kotzebue, or the Guatimozen and Pocahuntas of real life. I speak of nations and not of individuals ; and of the virtues of peace as well those of war.—I speak, too, of positive, active, discriminating, elective virtue ; and not of a mere negative exemption from vice arising from climate and constitution, from relaxation, torpor, imbecility and inanity. Compare, for instance, the ignorant, the rude, the surly and barbarous boor of Russia, (especially before the æra of Peter the great,) who amid the rigor of a Russian sky, would,

"On the houseless stranger shut the door,"

With the pure, the gentle, the hospitable peasant of Switzerland.—In both, these traites are national.—How is this contrast of character to be explained on any other ground, than that knowledge is civilization ; that the humane virtues of peace follow the light of the mind and bask and flourish in its rays, as the heliotrope turns and blooms under the path of the sun ? The Swiss peasant is often a reader, and not on the stinted scale of the Squaretoes family. His mind is opened and enlarged by

the eloquent commentators on his bible; its powers of reasoning and judging are highly improved by the controversial writings of Luther, Zuinglius, Melancthon and the other champions of the reformation, who still give the rule of his faith; while his taste and feelings are exquisitely cultivated by the sublime and beautiful productions of Klopstock, Goethe, the Gesners, and other poets of his own and neighboring nations. The higher circles of Switzerland, too, were among the most enlightened on earth. It was the favorite haunt of genius and science, of sensibility and virtue. And while their republican institutions remained, and social intercourse was consequently free and unrestrained, science instead of being forever locked up in the higher regions, like a mountain of polar ice, was kept in a state of perpetual thaw under the vernal beam of liberty, and thus gradually diffused and distributed through the society.

The acknowledged corruption of courts is not at all in conflict with my position. Courtiers are not, generally, the most enlightened men of their nation. But if they were, no reflecting man would ascribe their vices to their knowledge. It is the restless, ambitious contest for political power which is the fruitful matrix of vice in courts; and which has produced those vices as redundantly in the dark as in the enlightened ages. Wherever it seems to be otherwise, the appearance results from this; that the enlightened age produces more writers, more telltales, than the dark one; and thus succeeds best in holding up the torch to its own shame.

For surely no man, who can think and feel, will say that there is any thing in science and literature, which is, at all, calculated to demoralize the heart. Compare, for instance, the girl whose education has been conducted on the Squaretoes plan; who looks upon the objects of nature around her with cold indifference; who sees nothing in any one of them but itself, and regards each as unconnected with any other; compare such a girl as this, with one who has been taught by the pious, the noble and philosophic genius of St. Pierre to groupe, to compare and combine those objects, and thus to observe and feel the beautiful harmonies which every where prevail throughout nature. To the first the world is little better than an uninteresting blank. The objects, which she sees every day of her life, are not only not pleasing but irksome; they not only generate no feeling favorable to piety or virtue, but they are viewed with a weariness and fatigue which is too apt to look for relief in dissipation and folly, if not in vice. While to the fair disciple of St. Pierre, the volume of nature

is a banquet which can never cloy! In the countless combinations of forms and colors and motions which are every day meeting her view, she traces the hand of divine wisdom, and munificence; she looks on without satiety—she feels—she adores.—Again—What ill effect can flow from a girl's seeing vice empaled and virtue crowned on the splendid and immortal page of history?—Or let me ask, will it contract or degrade her mind, will it chill or impoverish her heart, to be introduced to the sublime discoveries of astronomy—those discoveries so sublime, so full of pious conviction and rapturous exultation, that Young while he gazed, could not forbear exclaiming,

"An undevout astronomer is mad!"

Why should our women be debarred from this celestial feast of the mind? Those who debar them from it, act not like Christians, but like Turks; for it is said to be a part of the Mussulman's creed, that the women of this world are not to go to Heaven. Mahomet is said to have taught that they will be permitted to advance to the palings of paradise and witness, through them, the joys of the blessed, without being suffered to bear any part in them. And thus Obadiah Squaretoes and the other Heathen philosophers of the present day are for treating our women in relation to that intellectual paradise which they suffer them to behold without sharing.

We are told that the Almighty does nothing without design. He does not, indeed, force us to accept the graces and blessings which he constantly extends to us; for it is the freedom of the will that makes the merit of virtue and the guilt of vice.

Why then are those minds of heavenly mould so often bestowed on women? Is not this itself indicative of the divine purpose in relation to them? And are we acting a christian part, when by the wretched system of education which we have adopted for them, we cover the rising glory of female genius with a cloud and hide its splendor from the world forever? Is not this to thwart instead of promoting the purpose of Heaven, and impiously to extinguish a light which his breath has kindled? Is it not to defraud him of that exalted adoration which those can best pay, who best know the wonderful proofs of his power exhibited in the creation?

Is not our conduct towards this sex, ill-advised and foolish in relation to our own happiness? Is it not to reject a boon which Providence kindly offers to us, and which, were we to embrace and cultivate it with skill, would re-

fine and enlarge the sources of our own enjoyment, and purify, raise and ennoble our own characters beyond the power of human calculation? As the companion of a man of sense and virtue, as an instrument and partner of his earthly happiness, what is the most beautiful woman in the world, without a mind; without a cultivated mind, capable of an animated correspondence with his own, and of reciprocating all his thoughts and feelings?

Is not our conduct on this head ungenerous and ignoble to the other sex? Do we not deprive them of the brightest and most angelic portion of their character; degrade them from the rank of intelligence which they are formed to hold, and instead of making them the partners of our souls, attempt to debase them into mere objects of sense?

Is not our conduct mean and dastardly? Does it not look as if we were afraid that, with equal opportunities, they would rival us in intellect, and examine and refute our pretended superiority? Are we not playing off upon them the policy of the Roman Church; and practically confessing that it is only while we can keep them in ignorance, that we can expect them to acknowledge our boasted supremacy?

There is another point of view in which this subject cannot be too often held up to us; it appeals, too, to that very passion for the pre-eminent dignity of the males on which the fathers of the present day so vehemently insist. Who is it that moulds and directs the character of our boys for the first ten or twelve decisive years of their life?—Not the father; for such are his engagements, or such the state and reserve of his manners, that his sons but rarely come in contact with him. No: it is in the nursery, it is in the gentle and attractive society of the mother, it is in her affectionate bosom and on her lap that the blossoms of the heart and mind begin their bloom; it is she who bends the twig and thus decides the character of the tree. How then ought she to be accomplished for this important office! How wide and diversified her reading and information! How numerous the historic models of great men with which her memory should be stored! How grand and noble the tone of her own character!

These are a few of the many considerations, which the brevity of a News-paper essay will merely permit me to touch; and which appeal to us so powerfully as men, as patriots and as christians to alter and enlarge the plan of female education. I beg Mr. Squaretoes to weigh these thoughts with candor and to amplify, by his own reflection, what I have merely room to hint.

At the same time, if Mr. Squaretoes can vanquish his

antipathy to newspaper essays, so far as to read my fourth number, he will see, in the example of my friend Bianca, that The Old Bachelor is no advocate for the excessive use of novels, nor for the neglect of domestic duties. But I am convinced that there are very few girls in Virginia, so circumstanced as not to be able, by system and activity, in their household employments, to command every day an hour or two, of those sixteen which they withdraw from sleep: And that hour or two judiciously directed and diligently employed, would fit them to form the characters of the future patriots of their country. There is another subject introduced by Mr. Squaretoes on which I shall take an early occasion to dilate; it is the article of female dress; of which I shall only say, here, that I am very far from being satisfied with it.

Finally, I must insist upon it, that my friend Grace shall take her turn in the female duties of her father's house, and that not reluctantly; but on the contrary, that for her own sake as well as the honor of the Old Bachelor, whose disciple she professes to be, she will distinguish herself above all the rest, by discharging those duties with pre-eminent cheerfulness, grace and spirit. There is a style of doing even those things which marks the superiority of mind and character; and distinguishes one woman as strongly from another as the style of beauty, dress or conversation. At the same time I am sure that Grace has too much sweetness as well as understanding to make it necessary for me to say, that she must not permit her literary emulation to generate a spirit of asperity towards others; much less to interfere either with her reverential duty and love for her father, or her pious affection for her elder sisters.

The winning softness and delicacy of her sex are for no consideration to be renounced. I should be very sorry to see her in the character either of Mrs. Hamilton's Modern female philosopher, with her obtrusive and disgusting pedantry and bombast; or of a celebrated historian of her sex of whom I have heard it said, that she would sit all day on her bed, in the Turkish posture, with her writing-desk in her lap, her snuff-box open on one side of her, and her documents on the other—her hair disshevelled, her person and dress hideously neglected—and her unlustrous eye fixed for hours on vacancy. Nor would I have her to experience the more pitiable fate of that celebrated female novelist in England, who is said to have realised the fiction of Don Quixotte, and to have turned her brain by the too intense contemplation of the horrors of her own fancy and those of others. There is no necessity for any

such castastrophe: my counsels lead to none such. And, I can add, that already, there is more than one example in the circle of my acquaintance of the sweet and enchanting union which may be formed between genius, science, literature and female gentleness, modesty and grace.

Number XI.

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.
Virg. En. Lib. 4. V. 175.

——————each moment brings
New vigor to her flight, new pinions to her wings.
Dryden.

The last mail brought me from different quarters of the State the most pleasing proofs that Galen's well-intended prediction has failed: for The Old Bachelor, I find, is read; and read, too, with the most propitious effects. As the number of my correspondents is beginning to encrease, I avail myself of this occasion to settle with them the few simple terms on which our intercourse is to continue.

I hope I need scarcely say, in the first place, that nothing will find its way to the public under the sanction of The Old Bachelor, but what is calculated, according to his opinion, to promote the cause in which he has embarked; *virtuously to instruct, or innocently to amuse*: no letter, however elegantly written, whose aim is malevolent, mischievous or vicious, will be farther noticed by him than to be committed to the flames.

Nor will it be expected by his correspondents, even where their communications are well intended, that a whimsical Old Bachelor will always agree with them in point of sentiment and taste. He may sometimes judge so falsely as to suppose that however praise-worthy in design, their productions may, nevertheless, not be calculated, to advance the purpose of his papers. In such cases he must be permitted to with-hold them altogether from publication under his signature: but he will at the same time, consider himself bound to have the manuscript returned, sealed, to the Editor through whose hands he will have received it, for the purpose of being forwarded, if desired, to the Author's address.

At other times the Old Bachelor may be of opinion, that a letter with a few alterations, not going to change either its sentiments or principles, may be better calculated to promote his purpose: in such a case, he will make the alteration without ceremony or apology. There may be cases in which he may differ from the opinion of a correspondent: in such cases if he gives the letter, he will express the difference of opinion.

On these conditions and under these qualifications, his correspondents may rely on his most grateful acknowledgments for their contributions, and on their being, in due time, interwoven with The Old Bachelor's web, so as to diversify the work according to the best of his judgment.

Here follows a letter from one, to whom he feels well assured that he will never have to propose either condition or qualification: It is from his first correspondent and his fast friend Lovetruth. Even the sorrows and the tears of my old friend are full of virtue and instruction. His is a pen,

> To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
> To raise the genius and to mend the heart.

"TO DOCTOR ROBERT CECIL.

"CARA-SELVA, Jan. 17th, 1811.

"RESPECTED FRIEND,

"Thy eighth number was yesterday hailed by the small circle at Cara-Selva. Doubtless, thy approving smile is calculated to inspirit and energize its object. Thy esteem brings along with it something balmy and invigorating. Yet, wonder not, Good Cecil, if even thy indulgent reception of Lovetruth's hasty address, and thy flattering appeal to his feeble pen, want the power entirely to rouse his mind from its present dejection, and to efface from his darkened brow every sombre tint of melancholy. I mourn, honest Cecil, I mourn for a friend, I might say, for a brother. My worthy neighbor Charles Melmoth, is no more. Last week, his noble spirit, freed from the shackles of mortality, re-ascended to its native heaven. Already the sod and other pious emblems of affectionate sorrow on his humble and solitary tomb, have been withered or dispersed by the rude blasts of winter; but his venerable figure is still seen by the eye of friendship; his voice still vibrates on my ears; in short, I can, at this moment think of nothing, speak of nothing, but the departed Melmoth.

When the tempest of grief shall have subsided, when only a placid recollection of Melmoth's intellectual and moral excellence shall remain, when, with a steady hand, I shall be able to guide the pencil, and to spread the colors of biography, I may attempt to retrace the manly and dignified features which were combined in the character of my friend. The picture shall be faithful; yet, I fear some among us will take it for an *antique*, or for some fanciful delineation of ideal worth. At present, dear Cecil, desultory effusions only can be expected from Lovetruth; and unless the impressive, and, alas! the last conversation which passed between Melmoth and myself, be deemed by thee not altogether irrelative to the laudable purpose which thou hast in view, this, my second letter, must remain confined to thy own breast. Indeed, I wish for no more than the sympathy of a heart like thine.

Parental affection was a prominent trait in the amiable and exalted character of my Friend. Death, five years since, tore from his bosom a beloved wife, and left the warmest sensibilities of his widowed heart to center in four children, three sons and a daughter. Melmoth had always considered their education as his first duty; the performance of this duty now became the chief solace of his declining age. His children were his delight, his pride, his triumph. "Lovetruth, he once said to me, at sight of these fields which my industry has fertilised, of these orchards which my hands have planted, of these cottages which I have reared, and where the orphan and the widow bless me and mine; but, especially, at sight of my children, of their expanding intellect, of their ripening virtues, I am tempted to exclaim, I also have deserved well of my country, I also am a patriot!" Yes, worthy Melmoth, thou wert, indeed and in truth, a patriot! That name, so venerable, so sacred in itself, belongs to the industrious citizen, to the man of practical usefulness and benevolence, to the faithful and warm friend, the affectionate husband, the tender and watchful parent; it is polluted and disgraced by the empty declaimer, the wretched sycophant, the inactive speculatist, and above all, by that scourge of society, the base detractor of whatever is noble, exalted, generous!

Excuse me, good Cecil, my feelings have betrayed me into a digression. I pass to the conversation at which I have hinted. Only let me inform thee that, after having been led by his father, through a systematic range of liberal and solid studies, Melmoth's eldest son, Edward, sailed last spring for Europe, in quest of that multifarious and

important knowledge, upon the acquirement of which, every hope of usefulness and eminence in the medical career, for which he evinced an early predeliction, must necessarily rest.

"My kind neighbor, said Melmoth to me, on the melancholy occasion above mentioned, I have earnestly wished for this interview; it had been my ardent prayer, my fond hope, that Heaven should so far prolong my existence, as to allow me to see my children assume their stations in society, as respectable and useful members of it. That happiness is denied me—my dissolution approaches, and"—here I interrupted him, and began to express better hopes——"it is in vain, resumed my friend, it is in vain——Thou Lovetruth, surely wouldst not deceive me! aid me rather to meet the fatal blow as becomes a man and a christian. Thus much I request for myself; for my children, I have more to ask;"—Assurances of undeviating compliance with the solemn dictates of such a friend, broke from my lips. He continued—"Thou knowest how reluctantly I parted with my Edward, but tell me, Lovetruth, could I chain down my noble boy to an inglorious obscurity? Could I doom him to intellectual barrenness and insignificance? Where, in his native state, could his ardent thirst after natural knowledge have been gratified? Where are our anatomists, our botanists, our chemists, &c.? In population, in wealth, in physical resources of every description, Virginia has rapidly progressed—but her moral course seems to be retrograde. The assertion is neither uncandid nor harsh; it is not even my own: I only reverberate a cry which resounds on all sides. Degeneracy, political, forensic, scientific, is every where a subject of lamentation. Under such circumstances, I suffered my Edward to go. Yet, I feared for his innocence, for his virtues, for his patriotism, as well as for his personal safety. At his age, habits of thinking, and modes of action, are not yet confirmed. Much is to be apprehended from impressions hostile to republicanism and to morals. I am happy to find, however, that his political principles remain unshaken, and his heart pure. His last letter, whilst it evinces his enthusiastic and rapturous admiration of the intellectual blaze which has suddenly burst upon his mind, contains likewise expressions of regret at being far from us and from his native country, too forcible, too affecting not to be sincere. Alas! the beloved boy little thinks of the cruel blow which now threatens him in the person of his father!" Here Melmoth was overpowered by his sensibility.

Tears bedewed his venerable cheeks.—Unable to pro-

ceed, he pointed to a letter on his bureau. I took it up, and read as follows:

"My last apprized thee, beloved father, of my arrival at Paris. I was, when I wrote it, nearly in the situation of one roused, at mid day, from prolonged slumbers. The soft, progressive tints of morn had not prepared me for meridian corruscation.—I could only wonder and admire. Such an immense mass of research and discovery! Such a lofty and glorious fabric of genius, improvement and science! As I contemplated the brilliant scene, mine was the fond, impassioned gaze of the rapturous lover.—The domain of thought, the regions of intellect, appeared to me aggrandized, as if by magic; my breast swelled with inward pride and exultation at this majestic display of the dignity of our species. Then it was that I fully perceived how and why man constitutes the first link in the chain of sublunary existences. Had I ever been inclined to doubt that his soul is a ray of immortal and divine light, surely, what I then saw before me, must have warmed me into the consoling belief; for, thou hast taught me, my venerated parent, to admit proofs from sentiment as well as from reasoning.

"To those fervid and enthusiastic emotions, has succeeded a plan of studies, in which I shall steadily persevere. The four years which I am to spend in Europe, shall not, I trust, be lost to myself, to my country, to humanity.

"Chemistry, compared anatomy, and drawing, "that art subserviens to almost every department of physical science," employ a considerable share of my time. Botany shares with them my attention. Among the almost countless plants here presented to the student's view, I have recognised several natives of Virginia. I have hailed them as old friends; they have awakened in my mind a pleasant train of associations. Yet, I must confess it, I have not met them here without a secret sentiment of shame. This originated in the painful reflection that, had I never left my native state, I should have remained ignorant, not only of their stations in the vegetable empire, their properties, and their virtues, but even of their names. Whether the blush ought to have crimsoned my cheek alone, or might justly have been transferred to that of our countrymen, whose apathy and mistaken views leave the rising generation in the most deplorable want of literary and scientific assistances, thou, my dearest parent, can'st best determine. Thy patriotism never yet warped thy judgment, and the candor of thy honest heart.

"Delighted as I am with my present extensive opportunities of acquiring every element of future professional

usefulness and eminenee, I continue deeply to regret, my honored father, the cruel necessity that has torn me from thy bosom, and from endearing scenes of innocence, joy and bliss. Ah! where are now the sweets of home, the smiles of kindred, the sympathy of friendship, the simple, unreserved effusions of congenial hearts? Where the cheerful welcome of patriarchal hospitality? Where, in fine, all the domestic and social blessings, which peace, civil liberty, and primæval purity of manners bestow? Did not the ardent glow of emulation animate my breast; were not the primary wish of my heart to be truly great, because truly useful; did not science illumine and embellish the path which I tread; I should sink into that gloom and despondency, which hastjustly been termed *maladie du pays*. The national *ranz des vaches* of the Swiss has scarcely more influence upon the feeling natives of the Alps, than upon me the mere recollection of all I have left in Virginia. Ah! dearest Parent, fear nothing for those principles which thou deemest more valuable even than scientific treasures. The government of this country is calculated to dazzle, not to attach. To thee I shall return confirmed in republican principles, and possessed, I trust, of every claim to thy affection, and to the esteem of my country.

"Adieu, beloved Father; assure the Boys and Emily of my undiminished brotherly affection; and remember me to our neighbors at Cara-Selva.

"EDWARD MELMOTH."

The sequel of this interesting and instructive conversation will form the body of a future number.

☞ Theodore Hopewell is thankfully received, and shall have the early attention of *The Old Bachelor*.

Number XII.

In causaque valet, causamque tuentibus armis.
Ut puto, vincemur.

Ovid Metam. Lib. VIII. V. 59.

In such a cause, such arms must, sure, prevail.

I now give to the reader, as I promised, the sequel of my friend Lovetruth's interesting conversation with his dying friend and neighbor, Melmoth. Whether the particular plan of education, whose outline, merely, has been sketched or rather hinted in the remarks of Melmoth, be the best that can be suggested, it is impossible for us to decide without knowing something more of its detail. If our friend, Lovetruth, shall favor us with a view of Melmoth's papers, we may be enabled to form some conclusion on his project, or to suggest others for the consideration of the public, which may not be without their use. At present, however, the most important function which The Old Bachelor proposes to himself, is to endeavor to awaken the taste of the body of the people for literary attainments; to make them sensible of the fallen state of intellect in our country, compared with the age even of the revolutionary war; to excite the emulation of the rising race, and see whether a groupe of statesmen, scholars, orators, and patriots, as enlightened and illustrious as their fathers, cannot be produced without the aid of such another bloody and fatal stimulant. To put up the spirit of the nation to this point, is the first great object; indeed, it is the only object; the project of a seminary and all the rest will follow of themselves. And to that object, I know nothing more conducive than such letters as my friend Lovetruth is capable of furnishing; the pure and simple effusions of virtuous feeling adorned by genius. *In such a cause such arms must sure prevail.* If he shall find his friend Melmoth's papers calculated to promote this purpose, (as the subjects of some of them seem to indicate,) The Old Bachelor will be grateful for the assistance, and will be happy in being intrumental in ushering them into light.

The Old Bachelor begs the attention of the reader to this conversation between Lovetruth and Melmoth. There is scarcely a period on which he may not pause and meditate to advantage. Such reflections cannot be too often thrown into circulation—They will lead the people to

think, to talk, and to act. I say, the people; because if this subject shall ever take a spring, I believe the impulse must come from them.

SEQUEL OF MY FRIEND LOVETRUTH'S COMMUNICATION.

The perusal of this letter added to the sympathy which already glowed in my breast. "Melmoth, said I, whether thy gloomy forebodings be, alas! too well grounded; whether thou mayest still live to see thy Edward in the maturity of manly perfection, in the dignity of active worth, and social usefulness, I lament, profoundly lament, with him, and with thee, the shameful, the wretched destitution to which our youth is surrendered; a destitution which either neutralizes and annihilates every principle of native mental energy, or tears our sons from our fond bosoms, and from the lap of their country, to send them where, they find, it is true, rich and vigorous shoots of science, but where rank weeds of political error spring up in their path, with equal luxuriancy!" Melmoth was now less agitated; his countenance bespoke, not the absence of feeling, but manly fortitude, and christian resignation. "Lovetruth, (replied he, in a deeply impressive tone,) as a citizen, as a father, I have always deemed this a pre-eminently important subject; even now its magnitude presses on my mind with increased force. My eyes view, perhaps for the last time, this map of Virginia; here is a state that was foremost in our glorious revolutionary contest; a state, that has produced men whose very names are sufficient to infuse into us a generous pride, and dignified views; a state, swarming with a numerous youth, whose genius is in most cases, naturally strong, inquisitive, and bent upon improvement; a state, whose gigantic advances in population, industry, commerce, and wealth, have led the philanthropist, and the patriot to expect, at least, some incipient exertion in favor of literature and science. Yet, what has been done for either? We call our children the blossoms, the hope of the republic; yet what fostering care is displayed by us, as a nation, to mature those blossoms into fruit, and to realize that hope? Our apathy, with respect to them, is truly deplorable, it is mean, it is pitiful; it is treason against common sense, against humanity, against patriotism. An English monarch founded our only university; the munificence of the illustrious Washington has liberally endowed another institution; but I am considerably mistaken, or we cannot boast of having erected, on the basis of national patron-

age, even a single school, where children may learn to read, to write, to worship God, to honor their parents, and to love their country!

"In the prolongation of this disgraceful torpor, of this mischievous apathy, several causes obviously concur. Some men have dared to assert, and pretend to believe, that knowledge is by no means an essential element of public virtue, public liberty, public happiness.—Others recognize, indeed, its friendly, its salutary influences; but, to whatever is suggested for its promotion, they oppose, as an insuperable obstacle, our want of national resources.—Others, again, desirous to elude the forcible appeal of the rising generation, point to the private establishments already in existence, and proclaim them fully adequate to our intellectual wants: nor are those wanting, whom petty jealousies, and local interests, deter from engaging in so noble a cause. Finally, individuals are found among us, who, when driven to their last entrenchments, sneeringly enquire, "What, then, are we to do? Where are those sublime conceptions, those regenerating plans, by which the resurrection of our moral character is to be accomplished?"

"Oh! that my feeble voice might resound over the whole extent of Virginia! Its last accents would warn my countrymen against that miserable sophistry, that mischievous egotism, that low, creeping, inactive policy, which would contract, instead of enlarging our intellectual sphere, and paralyze, instead of vivifying our physical resources! But that voice shall be heard even when my earthly remains are mouldering in the silence of the grave. The press imparts wings to useful thoughts, stamps them with immortality; and like the sun, incessantly sheds torrents, of pure light and of genial heat, which must ultimately dispel the mists of error, and dissolve the icy ramparts, behind which ignorance and apathy intrench themselves. In this bureau, Lovetruth, thou wilt find a few essays written in my leisure hours, not with a view to literary fame, but from the nobler motive of diffusing beneficial truths. In one of these, I have endeavored to shew the intimate relations that link knowledge with the morals, the liberty, and the prosperity of nations. I there prove that, far from being deficient in pecuniary means, we possess resources more than adequate to the desirable appropriations which I recommend; and that by the ostentatious votaries of fashion and luxury, nay, by those very economists, who affect so tender a respect for our purses, more money is lavished on frivolous, or culpable gratifications than would suffice to establish and main-

tain institutions of extensive and splendid usefulness. I, then, take a candid, an impartial view, of those schools which private exertions have raised, and which private patronage supports. I examine their defects, and demonstrate from the very nature of things, the utter impossibility of such establishments presenting to our youth a regular, systematic and sufficiently wide range of instruction. But even here I cheerfully pay a tribute of praise and gratitude to virtuous intentions and individual zeal. Truth holds, and candor guides the pencil; but philanthrophy and benevolence soften its austere tints. The petty objections of local interests are, next, tested in the crucible of justice, patriotism and sound policy: Their aggregate vanishes into thin vapors, and leaves no residuum.—Lastly, I propose a plan, which, like that of the human system, establishes a central point of vitality whence invigorating streams are conveyed to the extremities, and, in their course, feed and animate the various parts of the national body, whilst other streams, flowing in a contrary direction, supply the common source of intellectual life, with new elements, upon which its beneficial agency is incessantly exerted. Thus is the metropolis connected, for the purposes of instruction, with the various districts and counties of the state. A board of education, under the control of the Legislature, and a national Press, for the diffusion of moral and physical knowledge, through all the classes of society, are primary objects in the plan alluded to. This Press, by discarding the useless pomp of typographical luxury, and by being devoted exclusively to works of general utility, would, without much expence to the state, disseminate among us the most valuable, the most prolific seeds of improvement and excellence. The departments of instruction, embraced by this plan, are founded upon the three principal ramifications of the human mind, pointed out by Lord Verulam, and the Encyclopedists, I mean, *sentiment*, *reasoning* and *memory*. Into the necessary details, I have fully entered.—Aware, however, that the progress even of salutary ideas is slow, and, indeed, imperceptible; that a considerable lapse of time, and a multiplied collision of opinions, must precede their triumph; desirous in the mean while—anxiously desirous, that something should be quickly done for the promotion of so noble a cause, I conclude by inviting our legislators to try, at least, those moral levers, the force of which was so well understood, and so successfully employed by the sages of antiquity. Woe, say I! woe to those nations whose rulers think, that nothing grand, nothing transcendantly useful can be accomplished without gold!

Whose chiefs do not know how to seize, how to vibrate the mysterious chords of the human heart! Were *they* founded upon gold; those civil and political institutions of Greece and of Rome, whose effects still astonish us?—The Olympic Wreathe was a single laurel; the Civic Crown, a bough of verdant oak. What supernatural influence, then, rendered both so desirable, so productive of sublime emulation, of efforts scarcely to be credited? Legislators, if your coffers are empty, have you no similar rewards to bestow? Have you no smile for virtue and science? no frown for vice and brutality? Cannot one solitary day of each legislative session be devoted to the rising generation, to those youths, so precious to our common country? Ah! what germs of native genius and worth might be developed by your parental care! In you, resides the majesty of the people; but you would become the images of God himself, upon earth, by ascending to such a height of creative wisdom and benificence!"

The above, good Cecil, is the part of my last conversation with the worthy Melmoth, which I have thought not entirely foreign to thy purpose.

Adieu; may God preserve thee for thy friends and thy country.

Cordially thine,

TIM LOVETRUTH.

☞ I have several polite and obliging communications to acknowledge; some of them merely complimentary and others intended by their writers for publication. Of the latter, several seem to be written by very young men, who after a little more age and experience will be well qualified, I doubt not, to amuse and instruct their readers. The objects of the Old Bacheler, however, are of great moment and require the vigor of maturer arms. I must beg my youthful correspondents to remember the admonition of Apollo to his son!

Magna petis, Phaeton, et quæ non viribus istis
Munera conveniunt, nec tam puerilibus annis.

Number XIII.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diliget, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordidus tecti, caret invidenda.
Sobrius aula. *Hor. Lib. II. Car. X.*

The man within the golden mean
Who can his boldest wish restrain,
Securely views the ruined cell,
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell,
And, in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state.

Francis.

I thank Heaven for no earthly blessing more than for this; that I was born with an equal and contented mind. It is incalculable from how much disappointment and vexation and misery, this single trait of character has saved me. Neither plodding avarice, nor wounded pride, nor scheming ambition ever planted one thorn in my pillow, or troubled for an instant, that sweet and careless repose, that nightly sheds its poppies around my head. I thank Heaven too, that my native equanimity has been so happily exempted from disturbance by extraneous circumstances; that I have never experienced either that pang of poverty which, is, on all hands, admitted to be so dangerous to virtue, nor the equally dangerous impulse of redundant wealth. If I have been obscure, I have nevertheless been happy; at least, as much so as an Old Bachelor can be. Satisfied with the private station in which I was born, I have endeavored, to the utmost of my ability, to discharge the duties of it, and have never envied either Woolsey his dangerous honors, or Dives his damning gold. I take no credit to myself for these advantages; the orderly current of my blood and the happy mediocrity of my fortune are, alike, the free unmerited boon of Heaven.

I dare say that many of my young readers, far from envying me either of these blessings, are ready, hereupon, to denounce me, as a poor-spirited fellow; a drone who never felt *the sting of genius:* and this, I grant, is true.—But they cannot justly reproach me with having been so dull and stupid in my youth, so prone to the low and beaten track of my ancestors as never to have paused to look around me; and to examine and compare the various routes through life which opened themselves to my view and courted my choice. Nor can they say, that I was so

purblind, as not to see the temples of wealth and glory seated on alpine heights, which seemed to bound and overlook those bright careers, and beckon the young adventurer on. I saw them all: and at a time of life, too, when neither intervening glaciers nor overhanging steeps, however arduous or perilous, would have deterred me from the enterprize. I saw them in my youth, when I was borne along by an enthusiasm of character before which the Alps and Pyreneans would have sunk into a plain, in any cause congenial with my soul. But that enthusiasm was never touched by the prospect either of wealth or of political honors; and had it not been to please one among the best and most beloved of mothers, I am very certain that, unless from literary curiosity, I should never have perused a page either of Bracton or Hippocrates.

As to wealth; very early in my childhood, I was forcibly struck with a plate in one of the volumes of Pope's works which represented a miser. He was lying among his bags of money, pale, emaciated; with his countenance marked and furrowed with painful apprehension and pining want;—while a horrid serpent encircled his body in several folds, and with fangs fastened in his breast seemed to be sucking from his system the last drop of the milk of human kindness, and supplying its place with his own poison. The plate was large, for the volume was a quarto; and the device so well executed, so true to the life, that I shuddered involuntarily and drew back as I opened it. I was too young to understand the design by reading the text, and, of course, had to ask its meaning of my mother. It was then for the first time, and with feelings all awake that I heard the danger of riches described; and saw painted to the mind's eye and to the heart a picture of avarice so strong, so indelibly impressive, that all I have since heard and read upon the subject (Bourdaloue's sublime sermon not excepted) has seemed comparatively dull and flat. My mother knew well that the whole secret of producing great and lasting effects consisted in hitting the critical minute, when all the powers and feelings of the mind were violently excited and drawn to the enquiry; and no one knew better than she did how to seize and improve those occasions. She spoke with great spirit as well as sensibility, and she had an eye that spoke more impressively even than her lips. I shall never forget the lecture while my mind retains its faculties; for striking as it was in every other respect, she interwove with it several little stories which gave it all the dramatic interest that suited my years, and was most happily

calculated to engrave the moral on my memory. There was one of those stories, I well remember, whose incidents as she recalled and repeated them, frequently filled her eyes with tears, and obstructed her utterance. I have often thought of that story, and recollecting the strong emotions with which she related it, I cannot help suspecting that the hero of her narrative had in her early life had a deep interest in her heart.

He was a cousin of hers, she said, had lived in the same village, gone to the same school, and mingled with her, for many a happy year, in the same christmas gambols and holy-day dances. She dwelt upon his person. His figure even at the early age of fifteen was turned in the highest style of elegance; his countenance erect, open and noble—his step lofty, firm and graceful. He was as wild and active, she said, as a roe upon the mountain—as strong and as brave as a young lion—as gentle and piteous as the tender dove. Her eyes sparkled and a momentary blush flashed across her cheek as the following incident arose in her memory. A much larger boy than he was, once took a liberty with her in school unperceived by the master, so rude and insulting as to make her burst into tears; which her cousin no sooner discovered and understood their cause, than forgetting where he was he gave the ruffian a blow in the face which felled him to the ground and deluged him with his own blood. The schoolmaster, it seems, was above the ordinary grade; for touched with the generosity and gallantry of the motive, he passed over the offence with a slight reproof. Her knight, however, she said had to follow up his blows; on their way home, that evening he was challenged to the ring by their adversary; and he met him with all the intrepid and resistless chivalry, which his cause was so well calculated to inspire.—Her emotions encreased and her speech quickened as she added—"He was the genius as well as the hero of the school. The village rang with his praises. Every one had some generous act of his to relate or some beautiful sentiment to echo. No wonder then that the village girls were all in love with him. He, too, was a lover——" Here her look became entirely abstracted, and it was plain that she had forgotten to whom she was speaking and where she was. After a pause, full of busy memory and of the most intense feeling, she added slowly, & with a sigh, "Yes! he was indeed a lover!—And such a one, too! Ah! poor Henry!—how well do I remember—those swimming eyes—that trembling voice—that look of pure—tender—melting supplication——." Here my mother hid her face with her hand-

kerchief and in vain attempted to conceal the violent emotions which her heaving bosom and her sobs betrayed. This weakness, however, if such it must be called, was very shortlived. The energy of her character returned; and pointing to the figure of the miser on Pope's plate, she said, with a voice of composed and pathetic dignity—— "who knows but this haggard and ghastly wretch was once as warm and as noble as Henry Morton!"—then pausing for a moment, as if to weigh this thought, she resumed her narrative.

At the age of eighteen his father sent him to a distant town and bound him apprentice to an attorney at law.—He was forbidden to return to the village until he should be directed so to do or to hold correspondence with any other than his father; and forbidden, too, under pain of a father's displeasure and his curse. The motive of these measures was well understood; it was to dissolve the attachment which he had formed in the village, and which thwarted the ambitious views of his father. Old Morton had, in his youth, been wild and dissipated, and had contracted habits of irregularity and heedless extravagance which had kept him all his life poor, embarrassed and miserable. He was a man of strong and impetuous feelings; but too vehement for any thing like accuracy of thinking. Hence led by his sufferings and not by his mind he had come to the conclusion, that poverty was not only the greatest but almost the only evil in life; and that to ensure the happiness of his son, he had but to guard him effectually against that most direful of human curses.—It required, however, no little address to call down such a towering soul as Henry's and make it stoop to the ignoble prey which his father had in view for him.

The first obstacle to be removed was his passion in the village: and this the father had, in effect, removed by the orders under which he had exiled him from its object.—The faults of Henry were all on the side of virtue. If piety towards parents can be carried to excess, it was so carried by Henry Morton. He honored his father and mother in the fullest sense of the divine command. He was all affection to them, all devotion.—O! that such an advantage, so impious, so sacrilegious should have been taken of such a temper!—It was taken, however; and old Morton felt well assured there was no danger that such a son would violate a father's mandate, especially when coupled with denunciations so terrible.

This point gained, the next was to infuse into his generous bosom "the infamous thirst of gold." Here was an undertaking that called for all the self-command, and all

the cunning and management of the father. It required less than his sagacity to perceive that this vicious passion was in no way to be introduced but under the mask of some noble virtue. Accordingly Henry was soon led to understand by a letter from his father that the old gentleman's encreasing age and infirmities forbad the hope of a much longer life. For himself, he said, Death had no terrors, but rather "came like a friend to relieve him from pain;" but that it wrung his heart to reflect on the wretched state of poverty and want in which he was about to leave his family: his only consolation, his only hope was in his Henry: to his exertions, to his piety, he committed the pleasing, the sacred duty of providing for his aged mother and helpless sisters: he had no doubt that he would sustain the character of their protector much more successfully than his father had done, and escape those pangs which had lacerated his heart and hastened his dissolution. He then drew a very unreserved picture of his own sufferings and the causes from which they had proceeded; and threw into the draught so many strokes of sound precept and practical good sense as might have duped a more experienced and suspicious mind than Henry's. The radical error of his life, he said, had been the childish and silly passion of being thought generous and good-hearted: the idle, the foolish, the ruinous emulation of being hailed, by every circle of *bon vivantes*, as the king of good fellows. To support this character, it was necessary for him to display on every occasion, and that, too, with the most stupid ostentation, not merely a neglect, but a sovereign contempt for money; for money, without which the most brilliant man that was ever yet born, might hope, in vain, to secure a permanent and respectable footing in life. And what had he gained by all his generosity and good-heartedness?—why, he had been praised—pitied—laughed at—and despised. Was this all?—No: he had gained the pleasure of living or rather breathing for forty years at the mercy of his creditors: he had worne all his life the chains of the most abject, the most mortifying, the most humiliating dependence on those whom, instead of leaning on them, nature had formed him to sustain and to controul: he had gained, too, the cheering prospect not only of dying in this condition, himself, but of entailing the same hopeless want and misery on the wife of his bosom and the children of his love.

Here my mother paused to admonish me that much of this was sound and wholesome doctrine; that she had, herself, known more than one victim to the same vanity

for which old Morton reproached himself; that generosity and goodness of heart, however amiable and winning when fed and regulated and graced by prudence, lost, nevertheless, all their attractive character and forfeited all title to the very name of goodness, when indulged at the expense of the severer virtues; especially at the expense of that justice which every man owed both at home and abroad.—Old Morton's fault, she said, consisted in this, that he sought to extinguish his son's generosity, altogether, instead of seeking to guide it by the rein of prudence.

Then returning to her narrative, she said that old Morton having appealed to his son's independence of spirit by the excruciating picture of his own poverty and woe, reversed the piece and drew him as the founder, anew, of his family. He shewed him that it was in his power to raise the name of Morton from its hereditary obscurity, to encircle it with a blaze of glory, and, in the language of Cicero, to make it more famous to posterity than those of the Scauri and the Catuli. To effect this, however, he apprized him that it was indispensible to lay a vast and solid basis of wealth in order to support and transmit his family honors.—Such an estate, he said, was necessary to give his talents their proper rank in society, and to shew, even, his virtues in their true lustre: it was necessary as a political engine to give force and power to his enterprizes and to ensure them success: it was necessary as a monument to sustain and eternize his name and atchievements: and without it, let his virtues be what they might, they would soon vanish from the memory and affections of his countrymen.—He then sketched with a bold and striking pencil, a picture of Henry Morton in the midst of wealth and glory, the object of universal admiration and respect, and the first ornament and honor of his country.

Through these splendid portals and in this illusive robe of heavenly radiance, did the demon of avarice first gain admission into the bosom of Henry Morton. Nor was there any thing in her first movements to unmask her character. The father, when satisfied that he had sufficiently attuned Henry's mind to his purpose, raised a thousand dollars of which he made him a present, and advised him to invest it under the advice of his master, the sage and experienced Launcelot Surrebutter; a man, who altho' not very profound or eminent in his profession in other respects, was singularly skilled in that branch of legal learning which treats of the doctrines of fraud and usury. No man knew better than Mr. Surrebutter how near one might sail to the wind's eye, on those subjects without be-

ing taken aback——no one knew better when and how it was best to beat to windward or to bear away. In short, he was one of those men who not having talents to ascend to the higher regions of the profession, are satisfied to employ their industry in its dirt; and who can ruin a fellow creature with as little ceremony or emotion, as they can calculate a sum in the rule of three. It was long, however, before he could prevail on Henry to draw blood, although he himself like a vampire, was continually sucking it from the human heart. Young Morton's first essays were not only within the pale of the law, but of morality and feeling. In his first accumulations he saw only a pledge of independence to his mother and sisters; and perhaps the germ of future glory to himself. By degrees he began to be satisfied with acting within the pale of cold and rigid morality, leaving the question of feeling to shift for itself—then he began to be astute in finding out arguments to prove that he was within the pale of morality and to draw by force cases within it which, at the first view, he was conscious seemed far without—by imperceptible gradations, he slided from the moral ground into the mere question of law; and as the pile encreased, his solicitude, his affections shifted from the consequences to the cause: it was no longer the effects, but the money itself that he loved; and all the opening blossoms of his youthful heart and mind withered and fell. Before he was five and twenty he had married a very silly and disgusting girl with five and twenty thousand pounds, and being well prepared for both his professions, returned to establish himself in his native village. In the mean time, said my mother, I had married your father and removed to Virginia: and it was not until several years afterwards, on a visit to my relations, that I saw the once gay, and elegant and noble Henry Morton. Alas! how little did he now resemble that beloved youth to whom, about twenty years before, the whole village had spontaneously flocked out to bid adieu: whom even the children followed with clasped hands and eager eyes, to the bend of the road, and when they could see him no longer "turned and wept."—I could scarcely believe my brother, when from his window he pointed to a tall, pale, thoughtful, anxious spectre that slowly stalked along the street with eyes bent on the ground, and told me that he was my old acquaintance Henry Morton: "he is coming," said he, "to claim the payment of a sum of money borrowed as usury, for which our father was surety." I gazed upon him with amazement and with the most painful regret. Gone was the animated step that once seemed to tread on air—gone, the

blooming cheek, the sparkling eye, the enkindling smile, the beaming benevolence that once scattered pleasure wherever he went, and drew upon him the blessings of the old and the young. The aged no longer followed him with their prayers, nor did the children run out to seize his hand and receive his cheering salutation.—On the contrary, he moved like a pestilence, and desolation was around his path.—Virtue retired from the blasting spectacle, and poverty shrunk back with intuitive terror. If an eye was turned upon him, it was to curse and not to bless. The widow and the orphan, when they saw the merciless wolf upon his walk, remembered the sepulchre in which the ashes of a broken-hearted husband and father mouldered.

"O! my son, avoid this fatal error. Believe me that excessive wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold and sordid wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within his shell and never puts it out, but for the purposes of lucre or ostentation—who looks upon his fellow creatures not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if they were made to be his vassals and he was made to be their lord—as if they were formed for no other purpose than to pamper his avarice or to contribute to his aggrandizement—such a man may be rich, but trust me, that he can never be happy nor virtuous nor great. There is in fortune a golden mean which is the appropiate region of virtue and intelligence.

"Be content with that; and if the horn of plenty overflow, let its droppings fall upon your fellow men; let them fall, like the droppings of honey in the wilderness, to cheer the faint & way-worn pilgrim.—I wish you indeed to be distinguished; but not for your wealth; nor is wealth at all essential to distinction. Look at the illustrious patriots, philosophers and philanthropists who in various ages have blessed the world; was it their wealth that made them great? Where was the wealth of Aristides, of Socrates, of Plato, of Epaminondas, of Fabricius, of Cincinnatus, and a countless host upon the rolls of fame, with whom you will by and bye become better acquainted? Their wealth was in the mind and in the heart. Those are the treasures by which they have been immortalized, and such alone are the treasures that are worth a serious struggle."

But the lecture of this beloved parent has made me forget the reader. To what an unexpected and tedious length have I drawn out this paper? "Let no man say I will set down and write a little book," says Sterne. Let

no man promise himself that he will set down and write a short essay, says Robert Cecil; unless, indeed, he has some control over his mind and pen, which I confess that I have not. I sat down, for instance, to treat of the folly of solicitude for wealth and political honors; and instead of animadverting, as I had intended, on both subjects, I have barely touched on one of them. Yet be not formal nor hasty with me, gentle reader: I am an old-fashioned old fellow, whose earnest desire is to amuse and serve you; but, as we say in the country, you must frequently *take the will for the deed*. If you choose to be my reader, you must be content, as I am, to follow the wanderings of my mind, in its own way: and to drop, resume and continue a broken subject, just as occasion and fancy prompt.

Number XIV.

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra, magnum, alterius, spectare laborem—
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas;
Sed quibus, ipse, malis careas, quia cernere suave est.
Lucret. Lib. II. Init.

'Tis pleasant when the seas are rough, to stand
And view another's danger, safe at land;
Not that it gives us joy his pains to see,
But to behold those ills from which ourselves are free.

To one, who, like myself, neither hopes nor wishes for political preferment, it is curious to stand and observe the passing scene. With an intimate knowledge of the men & their views, such an one has, in reality, all the imaginary advantage of a spectator of a play; he knows more of the whole plot than any one of the persons of the *drama*; and understands and enjoys, as far as pity and shame for his species will let him, all those tricks, manœuvres, feints, ambuscades, surprizes, mines and countermines which they are continually inventing and playing off on one another.

It is amusing to observe, at what a distance one of these hunters of office will wind his prey; and how the first tainted breeze that hits his sense, will give the alarm to all his faculties, and set his brain on work: How he will discern, at one glance, that such an appointment will cre-

ate such a vacancy ; which filled by a particular character, will create such another ; and this again supplied by such an individual, will produce another, and so on ; until by a series of successive promotions or changes, the distant post is vacated on which his heart is set.—And then, with what indefatigable industry will he labor at his purpose ! According to the morality of such a gentleman, it is by no means an important enquiry, whether the characters whose promotion is to make way for him, be the most worthy of that promotion ; whether they be the best that could be selected, for the service of the country—it is sufficient for him to know, that they are the best that could be selected for his good : as to the good of the people, that is a minor consideration, and, comparatively of little account. As it would not do for him, however, to avow the real motives of his conduct, the characters who stand in his way are immediately tricked off in all the feathers and jewelry of panegyric, and scarcely recognize their own image, again, as reflected by their unknown and unlooked-for encomiast.—In the mean time, with what patient and persevering assiduity will the office-hunter study the humors and whims of those on whom the gift of the office depends, and with what adroit and dexterous versatility will he adapt himself to them. Has he heretofore committed himself by advancing a correct, but an obnoxious opinion ? He will support it no longer, however loudly the occasion may call for it ; and, thus, artful as he may be when he speaks, his very silence too, becomes art and eloquence. Or is he drawn out by a compulsion which he does not think it prudent to resist ? He prunes and pares down his former opinion, until he finds that it fits the popular standard : Or if the emergency be pressing, and his character a bold one, he openly renounces and repudiates it altogether, and under the assumed sanction of the people's will, embraces its converse and advocates it with all his energies.

With what vigilance have I seen one of these gentry watching the whims and humors—the favorite themes—the course of sentiment—the keys of local interest—the chords of popular feeling which vibrate through the elective body ; and with what untiring pertinacity, strive to be striking them ! Some of them indeed, from the weakness and shallowness of their contrivances, soon betray their designs, and become as they deserve to be, objects of general contempt and disgust. But I have seen others, who have displayed a sagacity and an address in this infamous business—an insight into human nature, and a management of interests—which would have done them

honor in a better cause. I have seen them like Philidores, decide at once, the distant catastrophe of the game, by the first move on the political board. With one of these adepts there is nothing, however apparently careless, that is done in vain. There is no bow, no smile, no familiar enquiry that is thrown away. According to the cant phrase, *every thing tells*. And as it was said of Alexander Pope, that he *hardly drank his tea without a stratagem*—so it may be truly said of one of those intriguers for office, that every glass of Wine he drinks, is a snare for the gentleman of whom he begs the honor to join him. There is no opinion that such an one advances, or represses, no man that he censures or praises, no dissenting shake of the head, no expression of countenance, no step that he takes, either in conversation or conduct, but what "touches some wheel, or verges to some goal," connected with the great affair of self. What an immense chain of causes and consequences, link after link, will he forge and put together in order to grapple the remote prize and bring it within his reach! How will he complicate and involve his machinery with spring after spring, and plot behind plot, until there are few who can pierce through the whole scheme and detect the dark and distant purpose: Sooner or later, however, it will be detected; and once detected—the man is gone forever.

It is incredible too, what strange and even ludicrous metamorphoses this *mania* for office is sometimes seen to work: How the most inveterate animosities and friendships change their character in a moment, as if by magic: How suddenly the closest intimacy and most servile obsequiousness will freeze into estrangement, distance and repulsion: How rancorous prejudice and malignant hostility will dissolve and melt away into sweet and respectful attention: How iron-backed haughtiness will learn to bend, and arrogance to creep, and truckle and fawn and flatter: How envy, for a season, will uncurl and hide her snakes; malice borrow for a moment, the smile of benignity; and even the cold, the proud, the dark, the surly and solitary monk relent into sociability, and turn his cell into a banqueting room!

All these things I used often to see when I was in the habit of attending public bodies; and often have I smiled with equal pity at the momentary triumph of the successful and the well-merited anguish of the disappointed intriguer. I used to hope at first, that this propensity to intrigue for office was a remnant merely of the regal darkness, which once covered our land and which would gradually retreat and disappear as the day spring of liberty

advanced. Bnt as soon as I observed the decline of public virtue and intellectual power, which peace brought with it, I saw at once, that the hope which I had cherished on this head was fond and illusive : for it required no prophet to predict, that as offices could no longer be sought by rival merit, they would be sought by rival intrigue. Accordingly I learn from my correspondents that all I feared has come to pass. That posts not merely of labor and profit, but those of honor, too, and those which demand not only the utmost purity but even sanctity of principle are sought, and, I blush to add, sometimes gained by the meanest compliances and the most disgraceful sacrifice of principle : that a man who shall have been observed for years, working his way through the dirt of intrigue, shall be seen, at last, with all his dirt upon him, crawling up, amidst the curses of the country, into a seat which the constitution had destined for virtuous eminence, but which he is destined only to pollute and degrade.

The man who can poorly and meanly stoop to woo the coy caprices of any body by affecting, on any occasion, opinions which he does not believe, and sentiments which he does not feel, gives but a poor pledge of that firm and noble independence which alone can fit him for any post of honor. It is wonderful that a truth so simple and obvious as this, does not strike every elective body, remain continually before their mind and keep them on the alert as to the conduct of candidates for their favor : That they cannot read the base and selfish design, in the first change of behavior, and see how little the unusual respect and the new-born smile and bow have to do with the heart of him who offers them.

On the other hand, how callous must be that man, how obstinate and admantine his effrontery, who can calmly take a seat gained by such means, amid the indignant frowns and whispers which surround him and which he sees to be levelled at him from every direction.

This subject, however, affords one negative test of character which every man may easily apply to himself ; and by which, if it fit him, he may form a pretty sure estimate of his future figure on the rolls of fame.—For he who feels that he is capable of seeking advancement by the use of such means as I have been describing, may take it for granted that he is compounded of poor and perishable materials. In those whom nature casts for immortality, there is a greatness of soul which scorns such arts, and a consciousness of power which feels no occasion to resort to them.—It is only the little, the impotent and the base that stoop to them ; and their conscious littleness, impotence

and baseness constitute their whole and only apology. Look upon the page of history and point out the man whose character is formed to grapple the heart of the reader, that was ever known to court an honor by the adoption of those vile and contemptible practices? No: the region of intrigue is the region of reptiles; the man whom nature designs for glory, breathes a higher, a purer and a nobler air.

On this subject I received, early in life, a lesson from Lord Mansfield which I shall never forget. I got to London in the year in which Wilkes, after his outlawry, had returned from France. I was, then, young and ardent. It was all fairy land to me, and I was pretty much in the predicament of a boy who goes for the first time to see a play—to whom all is beauty, enchantment and rapture. It happened that I settled in the very part of the city in which No. 45 shone most conspicuous on the coaches and in which the cry of Wilkes and Liberty was loudest. A young man almost unavoidably catches the contagion of passion that prevails around him; and thus it fared with me; for by the time that the decision of the question came about, there was not one of the thousands and tens of thousands who filled and surrounded Westminster Hall, whose heart beat higher in the cause of Wilkes than mine. I went prepared to hate Lord Mansfield as much as I had been led to love John Wilkes; and, being then in the age of strength as well as enthusiasm, I gained my choice of stands to see and hear.

There was something in the person and air of Mansfield which even before he opened his lips shook all my prepossessions. Genius had fixed her sacred seal upon him; and the impression was so strong and deep and striking, that it was impossible to behold without revering him. Those of my readers who have seen his picture, or a plate correctly taken from it, will no doubt have remarked in the originals, the resemblance which our late illustrious Pendleton bore to him: a resemblance, however, consisting not so much in identity of feature, as the thinness of visage, the habitual attitude of the head, and the general outline and character of the face; more especially in that uncommon light and intelligence which beamed from the countenance and denoted the cloudless hemisphere that smiled within. In the eye of Mansfield there was that, which seemed to belong to a mind, not of this world. No passion troubled, no impatience agitated, no doubt or hesitation darkened it for a moment. Unmoved by the tumult and disorder without—unperturbed by any emotion within—calm—collected—resplendent and sublime—it

seemed to pierce, without effort, beyond the confines of time and space.

When he began to deliver the opinion of the bench, anxiety for the result hushed the multitude into silence. The multitude were anxious only for Wilkes; but a new object of solicitude soon displaced him with me and took the entire possession of all my faculties.—This was no other than Mansfield himself. In the contemplation of that wonderful man—the rich and inexhaustible stores, and transcendant powers of his mind——I soon forgot all the world beside.

I know that Lord Mansfield is no favorite with my countrymen, nor is it my purpose or business to make him one. He has been accused of treachery—duplicity—a contempt for liberty and the people—and a corrupt devotion to the will of the court. He may have deserved all the ill that has been said of him; and I have lived long enough to know that it is possible, too, he may have received without deserving it. The envy of the wicked and the jealousy of the virtuous may have conspired to wrong his motives and overcharge his errors. Most wonderful indeed, and contrary to all experience would it have been, if such a man as Mansfield, however innocent, had lived without enemies and died in peace. But be this as it may, I am not his advocate. That veneration, indeed, which I have ever felt for genius, and which has always predisposed me to love its possessor, makes me wish and hope that he was as pure and innocent as he is admitted on all hands to have been great. At present, however, I speak of him only as a man of talents and as he appeared to me in the summer in which I first saw him.

"Almighty powers!" exclaimed a gentleman who stood near me in the hall—"what a mind is here! It's edge so keen as to split a hair and yet so strong as to rive a rock of adamant!" Mansfield's mind well deserved the encomium. I admired the ease with which he bore me along over an abstruse subject to which I was a total stranger—the new region of thought into which he lifted me—the new power of apprehending and discriminating with which he seemed to endue me, but which resulted entirely from the clear and full light, in which he so eminently excelled in presenting his ideas. I admired his illimitable power of penetration. There were times when I said to myself—"*now*, surely, he must stop—I see that he has reached *the very wall of the firmament*—and the human mind can go no farther." But he soon proved the firmament a visionary barrier; and in a still more glorious blaze of effulgence passed beyond it, with ease, to illu-

mine other heimispheres and exhibit other firmaments which in their turn, should vanish at his touch. Such are thy atchievements, *mid-night labor and holy emulation!* Atchievements which the God of Nature has formed other men capable of repeating by the same means; but who are poorly and indolently content to pass their lives in admiring, instead of greatly and heroically, daring to rival them. Let my youthful reader lay this thought to heart: and remember that the means which made Lord Mansfield great were—midnight labor and holy emulation.

But see how garulous age and vagrant fancy have borne me from my purpose. Let me now endeavor to return to it.—It was in the midst of the opinion delivered in this case, that Lord Mansfield broke off into that beautiful and eloquent digression on the popular feryor which had been excited in behalf of Mr. Wilkes and against himself. Mr. Burrow in his report of the case has mangled this digression most barbarously. What MacPherson has very vainly said of translators is much more true of speech-reporters—I mean those who report from sparse notes which they afterwards fill up, of themselves: "to do it well, one must be capable of equalling the original." But it was not for such a bat, as Burrow, to follow the eagle flights of Lord Mansfield's mind; nor is it for such a dormouse as Cecil to renew an attempt in which Burrow has failed. I will say, though, that Mr. Burrow has succeeded in nothing but in catching a few bright passages which struck the multitude with so much force as to awaken a thousand echoes in the conversations of the day, and which were thus kept alive for the Reporter's benefit.

Lord Mansfield having set aside all the objections to the process of outlawry which had been raised by the counsel for Mr. Wilkes, and in the very moment when popular hope was expiring, being about to pass to those insuperable objections to that process which had been discovered by the court themselves, appeared suddenly to have been struck with the idea that the candor of the bench might be misinterpreted, and that the populace might impute to terror what was purely the effect of conscientious conviction. Recoiling at this idea from the stream of his argument, and raising himself erect with a dignity and solemnity of look and voice which struck even riot and faction dumb with awe, he said—"Here let me pause!" But to paint the look with which that phrase was filled, would demand all the boldness of Angelo's pencil. It was more than human. The crowd felt the celestial lightning of the mind that flashed in his eyes, and

and shrunk back, in breathless amazement, as if in the presence of divinity. The scene is indescribable. Never was there exhibited, I believe, a more impressive illustration of the ascendancy of genius, eloquence and character. Then came his digression; and in the course of it those beautiful sentiments which have led me into this long and unintended narration. "I honor the king; and I respect the people. But many things acquired by the favor of either, are in my account, objects not worth ambition. I wish Popularity; But it is popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popularity, which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of *noble ends* by *noble means*."

Let the vain and selfish hunter of popularity, the poor and low spirited intriguer for office, who calls himself a republican, read these sentiments of *a British Lord*, and blush. Let my young friends who have not yet entered the lists of fame, read the same sentiments, *and engrave them upon their hearts*. They point out the only road that will ever lead to virtuous and lasting fame. Aspire to excellence. Labor, the Roman poet has told, conquers all things. Propose to yourselves, then, a competitor and determine to surpass him in all that is good and great.—But do not choose your competitor from the ranks of common life. Put up a Chatham, a Camden, a Fox and Erskine, such as they are exhibited to us:—and rise to the glorious competition with a spirit which will burst asunder all the bonds of siren sloth and scatter all opposing difficulties to the winds of Heaven. Train the soul to the noblest virtues by the constant contemplation of the noblest examples. Make yourselves capable of serving the people; of serving them greatly and effectually: make yourselves worthy of their love and confidence by the perpetual exhibition of a pure, a virtuous and an useful life, and you will then possess *that popularity which follows*; the only popularity, I should think, that an ingenuous and noble mind can ever enjoy.

I have a strong pre-sentiment, that, on this subject, a revolution of manners is close at hand. We are now, I believe, at the bottom of the moral wheel; or, at least as low, I hope, as we shall ever sink. Much depends on the young men, who are at this time preparing to come forward. And I strongly anticipate, that instead of vying with each other in the mean and degrading arts of intrigue, they are preparing for the noblest of human contests; *which of them shall best deserve the love and confidence of their country!* If such be the case, may *we*

not, also, expect, ere long, to have our Solon, our Lycurgus, our Plato, our Aristotle, our Demosthenes, our Cato and Cicero, our Livy and Tacitus! Are the heights of virtue and intellectual glory more inaccessible to a Virginian, than to a Grecian or a Roman? Indolence may try to excuse itself by talking of an original difference in the fabric of the character: but it is folly and nonsense. The same paths which led them to those heights, are just as open to us, as they were to them: We have wanted only the vigor of spirit, the enterprize and heroism to enter these paths and scale those heights. I anticipate the time, and it is not far off, when we shall want them no longer. O! could I live to see that day, in the sincerity of my soul, I think I could truly exclaim with the prophet, —*Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!*

Number XV.

——————ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?
Hor. Sat. I. Lib. I. v. 24.

——————may not truth in laughing guise be drest?
Francis.

TO DOCTOR ROBERT CECIL.

DEAR DOCTOR,

When you are done lecturing the quality on the top of the hill, I wish you would step down a little and talk with us folks at the foot of it. There is only one of the Enquirers that comes to our village, and that, I warrant you, shews the honorable stains of a dozen trades by the time it has gone the rounds. I will be plain enough to tell you that we are mightily pleased with you and think ourselves much the better of the acquaintance. You have entirely put the nose of politics and foreign news out of joint. Quince and Snout no longer dispute whether England or France have done us most harm; and Snug and Bottom have ceased to quarrel about the taking possession of West Florida and the separation of the union: Their wives, too, agree much better than formerly. Mrs. Quince is no longer offended by the unseasonable intrusi-

ans of Mrs. Snout, and Mrs. Snout seems to think Mrs. Quince much less sour than she used to be: Mrs. Snug believes that the union is on a safer bottom than ever; and Mrs. Bottom is of opinion, that every thing is snug. In short, Sir, since The Old Bachelor appeared and gave us more peaceable and pleasing subjects to talk of, we are all, as the man says in the play, "what I call comfortable."

Now, Sir, being myself a man of wit and reading, as you perceive, and one who has already made a very great change in the manners and learning of my neighbors, I have been appointed, by a meeting of the village, to write to you; and to let you know that we think you are, like the Rambler, too often and too long mounted upon stilts. —Remember, Sir, that to be popular, you must give us all a taste, and give us our share.—You must come down from your castle and your cliff, and mix with us folks in our own way. How do you reckon Dean Swift learned that style that pleases high and low so much? Not by keeping the company of lords and ladies forever: but by diving occasionally, as he tells you, into beef-stake cellars, by listening to the rough wit of chimney-sweeps and oyster-girls, and the "horse-play," as Dryden says, of jockeys and porters.

This, Sir, is the substance of a very good speech delivered by me at the village meeting; whereupon I was chosen to hand you the subjoined resolution, which is of my drawing and was agreed to unanimously.

This letter I know might savor of self adulation: were it not universally known that I make a most moderate and modest estimate of my own genius and talents, and indeed that I am rather under the mark than over it. A fact of which you will not doubt when I inform you that notwithstanding my humility in making this apology, I might well have waved it, since I had the honor of my birth of being dipt in the Liffy and of being, Dear Doctor, before and ever since,

Your obedient servant, to command,
ARTHUR O'FLANNEGAN.

"*Resolved, unanimously*, That Doctor Cecil, the author of The Old Bachelor, do change his style oftener, than usual, on pain of being displaced: and when he cannot instruct, that he do make us laugh, on the like pain."

This letter with its accompanying resolution from my correspondent Mr. O'Flannegan, is so modest and so reasonable, that I have no inclination to resist it. And, fortunately for me, I have some letters lying by me from

various correspondents, which I hope will both amuse and instruct my village friends.—That, which I first give, is from a gentleman, who is, perhaps, in the circle of Mr. O'Flannegan's acquaintance.

TO DOCTOR CECIL.

SIR,

I am one of the antient and respectable society of cordwainers, and by some good luck and more good management, have acquired a fortune that enables me to live like a gentleman. But this is a character that I find the world not disposed to allow me: for notwithstanding the boasted republicanism of our government, and the supposed equality of our political rights, there does exist a species of priviledged orders among us. How else, let me ask, does it happen that the title of *Esquire* is refused to me, while it is uniformly bestowed on others not a whit my superiros? It may be said perhaps, that in this country such additions are merely marks of respect attached to *office*, and not *personal* distinctions; and that when we say the honorable Mr. Yeanay or the honorable Mr. Heavihead, we mean no more than that the one is a member of Congress, for example, and the other a judge. Although I think all such official distinctions had better be laid aside as savouring more of the government we have abolished than the one we have adopted, yet it is not of these that I complain, but, I confess it galls me to the quick to read through the window of the post office, letters addressed to Anthony Droning, Esq. Attorney at law, Timothy Drugget, Esq. Merchant and the like, whilst my own are directed simply to Mr. Richard Vamper.

I shall be glad to be told the principles upon which this distinction is founded.—Is it on wealth? I would have them to know that I can lay down dollar for dollar with the best of them. It can't be on talents or understanding, for how many of your *honorables* or *esquires* could write a better letter than this? And as to birth, I believe the family of the Vampers is as ancient and as reputable as almost any in the country: although my father was a shoe-maker as well as myself. I have often heard him say that his grandfather owned the first store that was ever opened in Fluvanna; I have a cousin who is a doctor in Tennessee, and another who is a judge in Georgia, besides five near relations in our last assembly. Nor is this distinction, Dr. Cecil, deemed unimportant by most of our modern gentry. A young man of fashion, who had been one of my regular customers, on receiving a pair of

boots out of my shop without the accustomed addition of *Esquire*, according to a rule I had lately resolved to adopt, called on me soon afterwards, paid his bill, and has never dealt with me since. And one of my oldest employers who had been high in office under the former government, would not take a letter out of the post-office which I addressed to him as a simple *Mr.* pretending not to know it was meant for him. Our patrons of the revolution considered aristocracy as a noxious plant, and meant to extirpate it; but this shoot was left behind, and unless we take care of it, will one day sprout up and flourish anew. If you view this subject in as serious light as I do, you will agree with me that such obvious distinctions should be abolished, or if they must be kept up, that they be conferred on our citizens solely in proportion to their virtues, talents and usefulness.

I am, Sir,
With honest respect,
Your friend and follow-citizen,
RICHARD VAMPER.

About the insertion of the following letter, from Richmond, I have, for several days, been made to entertain very strong doubts by the strenuous opposition of my neice, Rosalie. She insists that the character of the writer is an assumed one; that his pleasure is affected; and that the most keen and bitting irony lurks under his compliments. She says that my living so far from the scene of active and polished life, disables me from comparing these pictures, which are sent me, with the originals, and thus subjects me to be made an instrument to gratify individual pique and malice: that it would comport very illy with what she knows to be my disposition to give pain to individuals intentionally; and, that, as she does not doubt that the allusions in this letter, however general on the face of it, will be well understood in the circles to which it relates, I ought not to run the least risque in giving it currency.

All this is certainly very prudent. But, then, I consider that if irony be intended by the writer, it will have no edge, unless the errors exist which alone can make it irony: and if they do exist, the irony is deserved,—As to individual censure, I have no fear of it; I know that personal motives cannot be imputed to me. The letter itself contains nothing individual or personal: And if there be individuals whose conscience applies it, *ironically* to themselves, the maxim will be remembered—"*qui capit, ille facit*"—he who takes the application to himself, makes it.

If the errors exist, which this letter implies (taking it ironically) I have no mercy or feeling for them. They deserve to be hissed out of pure and virtuous society. If they do not exist, the letter, instead of having a double, has only a single aspect, and that a complimentary one. And as, in either way, it is well-written and amusing, I shall, without farther hesitation, give it to the public.

TO DOCTOR CECIL.

SIR,

I am the only son of a German farmer, who removed some thirty years ago from Pennsylvania to one of our upland Counties, where he married my mother, and where by dint of industry and frugality he acquired a large estate. My father feeling the insufficiency of his own education, determined to make a scholar of me and accordingly put me to the best schools which that part of the country afforded.—My education was scarcely completed before I married the daughter of a respectable neighbor, a connection of my mother's, who brought me a handsome portion. I had not been married two years before death deprived me both of my wife and my father —And after passing away three or four dull years on my estate, I determined to seek happiness in this city, of whose gaiety and politeness I had heard such inviting descriptions.

I thought I would make my *debut* during the sitting of the General Assembly, and therefore providing myself with a pair of handsome horses and a new suit of clothes, for myself and my valet, I set out for Richmond with the Delegates from our county, one of whom is an old schoolfellow, and the other my wife's brother. My object, Dr. Cecil, is to enjoy life, not by plunging into the vices and dissipation which I am told prevails in all cities, but to be free from the trouble and care attendant on business—to be within reach of a refined, intelligent and agreeable society of both sexes; and if perchance I should meet with an amiable woman who should find me to her taste as well as suit my own, to be once more a candidate for matrimonial felicity.—I have now been here upwards of two months, and can truly say I have every reason to congratulate myself on the change of my residence. Every day furnishes me with some new idea or imparts some new pleasure. My most sanguine expectations have been more than realized. And I sometimes think I am now enjoying that true Epicurean life of blended reason and pleasure which I had pictured to my imagination rather than ever

hoped to experience. The first thing which struck my attention, next to the ceaseless stir and bustle in the streets and the shewy elegance of the shops, was the smoothness and polish of manners which I could not but contrast with the coarse simplicity of my neighbors and county men. I no longer wondered that the terms *civility and politeness* were derived from words signifying towns. So great was the effect of this universal courtesy, that I was sometimes tempted to think there was something peculiarly interesting in my appearance, which these refined citizens, whose cultivated tastes are so alive to the elegant and the beautiful, had discovered at first sight. If I went into a shop to get some little articles of dress which were necessary to make me resemble the gay young men I met with, the shop-keeper took particular pains to accommodate me—told me what was fashionable or otherwise ; That Lawyer Lounge had a coat of this and Dr. Calomel a waistcoat of that—sometimes abated in the price without my even asking it—and if I chanced to make a purchase, however inconsiderable, it was always sent to my lodgings, neatly folded up, and directed to "Peter Schryphel, Esquire." Being accustomed to see our country merchants sell their goods as if they were doing a favor rather than receiving one, I was at first a little suspicious of so much kindness and civility that had not been earned by previous good offices, but perceiving that they were uniform in the same courteous behavior to every person who came in, I naturally ascribed it to its true cause, a refined and enlarged benevolence. If I was so pleased with the general affability of the place and with the philanthropy of those who keep the shops, how was my heart filled with gratitude for the favors bestowed on me by some of our chief functionaries. My brother-in-law had soon introduced me to several of the judges, counsellors and other public officers as we happened to meet with them, and with very few exceptions they received me with the cordial affection of an old friend. One of these gentlemen who had squeezed my hand with an unusual warmth of manner, disconcerted me a little, by enquiring with much seeming interest about the health of my wife and children ; and when I told him of my situation, he was embarrassed in turn, and evidently a good deal distressed at his mistake—a strange one, by the bye, and one which I cannot account for. Of all the people I have met with in this city I see none who, taken as a body, are equal to our chief dignitaries in that genuine politeness which springs from goodness of heart.

I have often been gratified in the lobby of the House of

Delegates with observing the air and manners of one of the counsellors for example. With what a benignant countenance and affectionate shake of the hand he salutes each of the members, even those who like myself were utter strangers to him, and enquires about the success of their crops and the health of their families—seeming to feel a common interest in their welfare, and to impart somewhat of that happiness which conscious virtue had bestowed on himself. I know nothing which reflects more honor on our republican institutions or more proves the liberality and discernment of our legislature, than that men of such amiable and philanthropic dispositions should be selected for office; and what heightens the merit of the appointment is this, that these gentlemen from the modest backwardness of their deportment, could never have obtruded themselves into notice, but must have been sought after, and reluctantly brought forward to exhibit their generous virtues on a more extended theatre. For my own part I can never forget the ardent interest which several of these gentlemen have discovered in my concerns, and the friendly advice they have proffered me unasked. One of them lately took the trouble to procure me a ticket to a ball given by the citizens to the members of the Legislature. I shall not attempt to describe this splendid *fete* to you, Sir, to whom no doubt such scenes have been familiar; suffice it to say that my sensations were wrought up to a high pitch of confused delight. Besides the gratification afforded by the music, which was conducted by the celebrated Gillet of whom I had heard so much, and an immense crowd of fine women whose native charms were heightened by elegance of dress, I experienced the most delightful of all pleasures; I mean the pleasure of pleasing. My honorable friend soon discovered me among a crowd of fashionable young men to whose spirited and witty effusions I was listening with great expectation, and politely carried me to another part of the room for the purpose of introducing me to a blooming young lady of about sixteen, who, he whispered in my ear, was one of the leading Belles of the city.

There was a great contrast between the vivacity of this lady's looks and the blushes which never ceased to overspread her cheek, occasioned, no doubt, by the timidity natural to women, at finding herself in such a throng; and such is the effect of good education, that she seemed at no loss for conversation, and even ventured once or twice to rally me into a disposition to dance. I was ill at my ease in the company of a lady of such distinction and accomplishments—but having heard, that the city ladies were

much given to NOVEL reading, I asked her, if she had ever read the Vicar of Wakefield. She answered in the negative; but immediately retorted my question as to a dozen others, on which she passed such enthusiastic encomiums, that it mortified me to be obliged to confess my ignorance, and I was vexed with myself for having started the subject. I remained silent some time, and was endeavoring to invent some excuse for leaving a place where I thought I must make so aukward a figure, when the young lady, suddenly turning to a female acquaintance who sat next her, whispered my name in her ear, adding, "take care of your heart, Miss Ogles, for he is a charming young man."

I could scarcely help betraying the delight I felt at discovering, that I did not appear the same untutored rustic to other people, that I had fancied myself to be. The young friends continued to converse some time longer; but the expressions—"Dutchman—very rich—live in Richmond—Mr. BELL'S NEW HOUSE"—were all that met my ear, and from these, I thought it probable I had been partly the subject of their discourse. I no longer wished to change my place, but soon took occasion to renew our conversation, in which Miss Ogles now bore a distinguished part, and I can truly say, I never passed so agreeable an evening in my life.——The subjects which chiefly engaged our attention, were the manners and customs of foreign nations, particularly those of France and England. And it would have surprised, as well as delighted you, to have seen these young creatures display so extensive and minute a knowledge of these countries—as to their dress, their ceremonies, their public places and even their manufactures; and if they did not as thoroughly examine the subject of their literature, it was evidently because they did not wish to appear pedantic. Nor is it the young ladies alone who have been pleased to form a favorable opinion of me, and to wish to cultivate my acquaintance. No less than two elderly matrons have invited me to make one at their loo parties—one of them saying, she hated "to see young men so *hum-drum*," whilst the other encouraged me by observing, I did not know how much I might win.

But I have already said enough of my adventures for the present.—And now to the main purpose of my letter, which is, to recommend you to send your nephews here, to get some knowledge of men and manners.—I now know, that mere book-learning but serves to make a man ridiculous to others, and to prove a source of vexation to

himself. I will promise to introduce them to my honorable friend, and to impart to them the benefit of my recent experience, for I am anxious that others should partake of the happiness I enjoy; and I cannot bear to think, that such virtues and talents, as I have always heard ascribed to your young kinsmen, should be longer deprived of the advantages presented by this City.

I am, Sir,
Your respectful,
PETER SCHRYPHEL.

Number XVI.

Da facilem cursum, atque audacibus annue cœptis.
Virgil. Georgic.

Smile on my first attempt and aid my bold design.

My nephew Alfred begs leave to make his first bow to the public; and I will not suppress the anxiety which I feel for his reception. As to myself, at my time of life and in my situation, I had nothing to hope or fear from the good or ill opinion which might be entertained of me as a writer: and if my first essays have not *taken*, I can retire, without resentment or mortification, sufficiently consoled by the consciousness of my motives. But for the success of my boys, I feel all the anxiety of a father. I should, however, offend the dignity of their spirit by soliciting indulgence to their youth; nor can I believe from this specimen of Alfred's skill in composition, that such solicitation is at all necessary. The embarrassment which he feels in making his *debut*, is a sincere and unequivocal mark of his respect for the public, and will, I am sure, be properly estimated by them. But for that and every thing else, he will speak best for himself. Here he is:—

"All authors have felt, and several have lamented, the difficulty of a first address.—The exclamation "*ardua via prima est*," has not been confined to one, or to a few writers. From him, who "piles reluctant quarto upon solid folio," to the occasional Newspaper Essayist, the first paragraphs are those which cost him most labor, and about which he is most solicitous. These successfully finished,

the work goes more smoothly on, to a prosperous conclusion.

"The ancients had in this respect a manifest advantage over the moderns. The usual invocation to the immortal Gods to favor and assist them, "*Dii, cœptis asspirate meis*," supplied the place of a more formal introduction, and relieved them from the doubts and perplexities which impede the first efforts of a modern.

"If this difficulty be common to all, it cannot be supposed, that youth and inexperience easily surmount it. No! I feel that my assistance was rashly promised to these papers in a letter which I thought the public would never see, and now that I am called upon to redeem the pledge, I shrink, with trembling solicitude, from the task.

"Yet, from my uncle's lessons I thought I had learnt to fortify my mind against the approaches of false shame —to distinguish between bashfulness and modesty—between the salutary curb which restrains the young man from attempting too much, and the enervating power, which prevents him from accomplishing any thing.—He has often, I remember, whilst he condemned the arrogance of some, equally censured the timidity and unaspiring temper of others. "This bashfulness," he would some times say, "which precludes all idea of improvement, and closes the avenues to fame, frequently proceeds from too high an opinion of one's own importance. He who believes, that in his first essays, the eyes of the world will be directed towards him, can scarcely ever be induced to make trial of his strength. He is fearful of disappointing the expectations which he imagines he has every where raised, and of risking an already well established reputation. But the truly modest man makes a juster estimate of his own consequence and the sentiments of the world.—He knows how little of the attention of others he is likely to engross. He is, therefore, not at all anxious about himself, but generally solicitous to impress upon others the lessons of truth and virtue. Personal considerations are here out of the question, or of very inferior moment. For if in endeavoring to contribute to the general stock of useful information and innocent amusement, his literary reputation suffers or is entirely destroyed—he has yet merited the epitaph bestowed by affection on the youth who aspired to direct his father's horses; "*quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis*"—which if he did not accomplish, he nevertheless fell in a great attempt."—The general design of *The Old Bachelor* has been already explained. "*Innocently to amuse and virtuously to instruct*," is our motto. The objects are confined, but the

means to attain them, as well as the agents employed, may be various. Whilst, therefore, the master spirit unlocks the treasures of his experienced and well stored mind, for the benefit of his readers, I too, may contribute my mite. Human life, with all its modes and pursuits, is so multifarious, that even he who has had little experience, may have observed something worth the communication; and if he only excites enquiry or induces a single mind to relinquish a folly or renounce a vice, he has not labored in vain.

"Nor has my education altogether disqualified me for the part I may have to support. My years have been few, but they have been busy. When the seducements of pleasure or indolence invited to relaxation, I was fortunate in having a watchful guardian, always present, to admonish me of the value of time and the necessity of perseverance.—He pointed to the young Virginians who by industry had raised the hopes of their friends, and by desisting too soon from their labors, had afterwards disappointed them. He continually reminded me of the fate of Menander, a near neighbor of ours, who, about ten years ago left the college where he was educated with prospects the most flattering and brilliant—His story is short and simple, and though by no means uncommon, yet worth repeating—In his early youth he had improved his natural sagacity by studious diligence. At college, for a long time, his efforts were unremitted and crowned with the usual success. Unfortunately for him his reputation kept even pace with his talents. By his Fellow-Students and acquaintances he was cried up as a great genius, till at length he began to think himself one. Rating his own attainments by comparison with those of the young men around him, he easily persuaded himself that because he was before them, he was behind none. In this he committed an error common to most young Collegians, who imagine that there is nothing beyond their own walls worth consideration. From that fatal moment he gave into the prevalent disease of his countrymen, in determining to rely, solely, on the efforts of his unassisted genius—His books were laid aside and the treasures of ancient and modern wisdom neglected. He became a wit and a man of pleasure. Indolence seized upon his victim and held him fast. When he came into the *world*, it was apparent there were many with whom he could not contend; but either his presumption or confirmed habits of negligence hindered him from entering again and treading, with invincible ardor, the only road which can ever lead to excellence.—Thus what he had gained by labor, he lost by

relaxation. His fame withered like a delicate flower touched by the untimely frost, and now, buried in obscurity, he is forever lost to society.

"This story related by my uncle, in his unsually impressive manner and in some happy moment, excited me to greater exertions. Determined to avoid the fate of Menander, I seldom lost a moment. What time was unoccupied by books, was employed in observation or in conversing with those learned men whom chance threw in my way and who thought it not beneath them to instruct a child. Hence I have gained something, and what is more important than any thing, the knowledge of how much remains to be acquired—Nor have I viewed mankind altogether through the medium of books and the conversation of the learned. The parental care and unbounded generosity of my noble uncle have afforded me opportunities of a nearer inspection, neither so few nor limited as might be imagined. I have been at various seminaries of learning in and out of Virginia, public and private. I have there studied the characters of my young countrymen under every aspect, and in all their different phases. I have traced to my own satisfaction the causes, independent of original organization, which raise one man above, and sink another below, the level of his species. Associating with the studious, I have noted the march of their minds; and, forced into company, with the idle and dissolute, I have followed them through all the progressive stages of deterioration. Residing sometimes in a town, I have been received into the polite circles and become familiar with its manners; whilst my country education has made me acquainted with the calm pleasures and unambitious pursuits of rural privacy. Nor have I been permitted to overlook the fair sex. Indeed my disposition required no extraordinary excitement in this respect.—I should not have been my uncle's nephew, much less his pupil, if I had been indifferent to the objects of his most enthusiastic devotion. Yet my regard has hitherto been general and unappropriated.—Of course I have remarked failings as well as virtues in the female character: but failings of such a nature, so nearly allied to the brightest excellence —operating upon minds so delicate, so ductile, so susceptible of improvement, that it has rendered me a thousand times more anxious than ever to see them occupy that station in society, which the God of Nature designed for them.—At present I am in the town of ****** prosecuting a course of legal studies. Of my profession and the objects connected with it I shall hereafter have much to say. No science I find embraces a larger variety of in-

teresting topics, fills the mind with so many noble subjects of contemplation, or comprehends a wider range for intellectual excursion. I speak of it in its proper and liberal, not confined and technical sense. If it has suffered in public estimation, it is not to be attributed to any cause inherent in the science itself, but to other extrinsic circumstances which I may hereafter undertake to point out. In the mean time if my daily reading will suggest any thing worthy of remark, I will not hesitate to make it the subject of an essay.

"Having thus introduced myself to the public, I shall hereafter dispense with ceremony, and following the example of my great prototype, suspend and resume my enquiries at pleasure.

"As every thing I write is submitted to his inspection, he will be my security that nothing indelicate, nothing personal, nothing offensive to good morals, shall find its way to the Press."

ALFRED.

☞ The O. B. had intended ere this to give Theodore Hopewell a place in his papers. But as Hopewell's letter, would in some measure break the unity and consistency of his plan, he persuades himself that he shall be readily pardoned for the omission, by that polite and benevolent writer. The O. B. has received several communications which have much individual merit, but not forming, by their nature, an integral part of his scheme, he has been obliged to deny himself the pleasure of using them. As, however, it is a pity they should be lost to the public, The O. B. repeats his engagement that he will, on application by their authors, return them by the same channel through which he received them.

Number XVII.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens; atque, benignius,
Deprome quadrimum sabina
O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Permitte divis cætera.

Hor. Lib. I. od. 9.

Behold Soracte's airy height,
See how it stands an heap of snow;
Behold the Winter's hoary weight
Oppress the lab'ring woods below;
And by the season's icy hand
Congeal'd the lazy rivers stand.

Now melt away the winter's cold
And larger pile the cheerful fire,
Bring down the vintage four-year-old,
Whose mellow'd heat can mirth inspire;
Then to the Guardian Powers divine
Careless, the rest of life resign.

Francis.

FEBRUARY.

I never see a heavy fall of snow, like that which I have been, now, observing, through my window, for several hours, without feeling an instinctive flow and gaiety of spirits. This is, probably, the effect of an early association of ideas, which the mind still makes without my perceiving it. For in my young days a snow was the constant signal for an hundred different, delightful amusements: amusements, which are now nearly out of use, perhaps, from the much greater infrequency of the inviting cause. Fifty years ago, in such a snow as this, which is already nine inches deep, all the young folks were leaping and bounding with anticipated delight, and could not be kept within doors even until the snow had ceased to fall. The little children of four or five years old would clear a place in the yard and prop a plank or an old door to catch snow-birds, pulling the trigger, alternately, by a string which was conducted through the window into the house; then

they would roll balls in the yard—wonder at their rapid and unaccountable accumulation—and contend who should make the largest. The country boys and girls would wage the joyous war of snow-ball—or unite in a party of sleighing—or run races, by sliding on planks over the frozen surface of the snow, down the long slope of a hill side. Dreadful at such a season, was the carnage among the tenants of the air, the field and the forest—traps, snares, springs in a thousand forms contributed to their destruction, and the huntsmen followed on the track of the flying game, with a certainty and a perseverance which no speed, nor cunning, nor strength could elude.

But it was during the fall itself of a cold and driving snow, while the whole creation without was shivering and shrinking from the blast and drift, and filling the air with the many-toned expression of their sufferings, that the highest interest was excited in all who were capable of feeling and reflecting. It was then while the flocks and herds were driven to their folds and stalls, and the wind was heard to whistle on the outside of those walls which it could not pierce, that we became sensible of the superior intelligence of man and learned to appreciate a thousand conveniences and comforts which that intelligence had spread around him.

Then, too, it was with the family drawn together, at night in a friendly circle, around the blazing and cheerful hearth, with a brown mug of that simple, rural beverage, the juice of the apple, placed before them—that I first learned to estimate the social character of man and tasted the pure charms of virtuous and instructive conversation.—Such was the time for innocence to come forth, without blush or tremor, & shew her thoughts; for strong, uncultured sense to exhibit his muscles; and for rural learning to open its legendary lore. Conversations like those, I do not hear in the present time. I hear, indeed, more flippancy and smartness; perhaps more wit and decoration; but I hear much less of solid and useful sense; and above all much less of unaffected nature. For it was nature; it was this arch enchantress that infused the inimitable resistless charm. Then, no cavilling hypercritic stood by, to catch the speaker before he tripped: of course no one thought himself obliged to "speak by the card" lest "equivocation should undo him." Then, no witling stood, with uplifted gig to hit the first hair-breadth opening that presented itself, and, thus, to arrest the useful progress of the conversation. No snarling satirist, or turner of invectives couched, like a tiger, to seize his wandering and unsuspecting prey. No malignant *demon* of

slander haunted the ungarded circle to gather materials for to-morrow's tale. No: all was freedom, and ease and confidence and friendship; and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke" without fear and without restraint.

I am well aware that all this may be considered as nothing more than the common prejudice of old people in favor of their coevals. Yet I think we have enough of the old stock remaining to convince any young man of candor and sound judgment that the opinion deserves a better name than that of prejudice. Look at the remains of our revolutionary worthies—those plain, honest, hardy sons of valor and virtue—and compare them with "the silken, ducking observants" of the present day. Is there not as much difference between them as there was between the cotemporaries of Fabricius and those of Pompey at Rome; between the frugal simplicity, and incorruptible honor which marked the first ages of that great republic and the degeneracy which debased and ruined it, after conquest had poured upon the banks of the Tiber the splendors and luxuries of vanquished Asia?

Let the man who stands upon the isthmus between these two generations of Americans, between that which is passing off and that which is coming forward, make this comparison calmly and frankly—and pronounce upon the characters of the two. The question is not which is the most shewy—but which is the most solid:—which of them excels in the virtues of sincerity—integrity—disinterested generosity—and public spirit. The question is not which of them can make the best pun or turn the most melodious period; but which of them will talk the most sense and give you the soundest opinion.—The question is not which of them can best string together a set of pretty words—which of them can declaim with the finest cadence, and promptest volubility—nor which of them can the most dexterously launch into the heart of an adversary, an Indian arrow with a poisoned head;—but it is, which of them displays the most of that frankness and benevolence that draws near to your bosom and your affections—and raises your own virtues by the touch of sympathy; which of them is most successful in unsealing the sources of confidence and harmless pleasure in your breast—which of them puts you most at your ease by the plainness and nature of his manners—which of them mingles the most happily, innocent amusement with sound and practical sense—the useful, with the agreeable.

Look from the tinkling symbals of the present day to

such a colloquial character as Doctor Franklin! Never have I known such a fire-side companion as he was!—— Great as he was both as a statesman and a philosopher, he never shone in a light more winning than when he was seen in a domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him at the house of a private gentleman, in the back part of Pennsylvania; and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time by the unintermitting constancy and depth of the snows. But confinement could never be felt where Franklin was an inmate.—His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring.—When I speak however of his colloquial powers, I do not mean to awaken any notion analagous to that which Boswell has given us when he so frequently mentions the colloquial powers of Doctor Johnson. The conversation of the latter continually reminds one of "the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." It was, indeed, a perpetual contest for victory—or an arbitrary and despotic exaction of homage to his superior talents. It was strong—acute—prompt—splendid and vociferous:—as loud, stormy and sublime as those winds which he represents as shaking the Hebrides and rocking the old castles that frowned upon the dark rolling sea beneath. But one gets tired of storms, however sublime they may be; and longs for the more orderly current of nature. Of Franklin no one ever became tired.—There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in any thing which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you, at once, at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

How few men of talents are there who cultivate this primeval simplicity, this happiest of manners! There are few, indeed, who dare to adopt it. It is only the genuine diamond which shews to the highest advantage, when plainly set. Stones of an inferior worth are forced to compensate for their intrinsic meanness, by the glittering margin which surrounds them. Look through the country, and you will invariably find that those who are most distinguished for strength of mind are ever the men of plainest style and manners. So true is this, that if you hear a man in conversation tambouring and bespangling his periods with uncommon pains, you may, in general, be sure that *that* man is comparatively flimzy in the essentials of

intellect. How different was Dr. Franklin! His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light without any adventitious aid. They required only a medium of vision like his pure and simple style, to exhibit, to the highest advantage, their native radiance and beauty. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order.

It did not show itself merely in occasional corruscations; but without any force or effort on his part, it shed a constant stream of the finest light, over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the vast orbit of his genius, forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing escaped his observation and a judgment so solid, that every incident was turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness; nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and by the force of his own powers had wrought up the raw materials which he had gathered from books with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added an hundred fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.

Such was the man whom I would hold up to your youth, as a model of colloquial excellence. And to all young men, whose taste has not been depraved by the vicious examples of the age, the appeal may be successfully made. Such will always prefer the strong and sterling worth of that intellect, whose constant propensity and aim it was, to turn the mind "from sound to sense; from fancy to the heart."

Alas! where will you find a substitute for the quiet, cheerful, solid and instructive conversation of Doctor Franklin among the talkers of the present day? Will you find it in the eternal and incessant clack of a fashionable circle—where the order of the day, is to "dash on, keep moving"—where the circle seems to shudder at the apprehension of a moment's pause, and to abhor *a vacuum* in the colloquial, more than nature is supposed to do, in the material world? Or will you find that substitute in the conceited and repulsive declamation, the tumid and bombast rant or sneering invective of Spumoso; in the pretty, sentimental, clinquant prattle of Alithos: in the glittering gew-gaws and sparkling froth of Adonis; in the

stiff, unwieldy and aukward attempts of Taurus at sportiveness; or even in the brilliant, but too ambitious wit of Atticus. Alas! these are but poor substitutes for the fine and tried gold of Franklin's conversation.

The defect in manners which most frequently offends me, is the want of nature. One would suppose that we had mistaken the sarcastic sneer of the English Poet, for a grave and earnest precept of conduct, since we proclaim by our actions, that "*nature* must give way to *art*." In these days of modern refinement and illumination, we have become a set of artificial and made-up characters: compounded of affectations and imitations—borrowing an ogle from one—a step from another—an attitude from a third—a gesture from a fourth—a mincing pronunciation from a fifth—a favorite phrase from a sixth—a tone and modulation of voice from a seventh, &c. &c. and are thus the poor creatures of borrowed shreds and patches. The artless simplicity and innocence of nature are gone! Every thing now is preconcert and design. Our killing attitudes have all the guilt of premeditation. Our looks of delight, and even of distress, are studied.—Our airs of state exhibit the strutting ostentation of a German baron, stiff with gold, and haughtiness, instead of the enchanting ease and grace of genuine dignity. Our vivacity is all precipitation and unthinking flutter; instead of that native gaiety of heart which charms so much when sporting in its natural gait and escorted by the mind. Our wit is continually under the spur, and seeks and even forces the occasion, instead of waiting for and rising naturally out of it. We are perpetually striving to appear to feel what we do not, and to seem to be what we are not. With this view we practise ten thousand antics and grimaces of look and gesture, by which we mutually disgust while we are trying to cheat each other. Why has Musidora, whether she is holding a circle of beaus in chat or warbling to her piano, so much of that tortuous and excessively graceful action of the head, arms and body? One censorious bystander will whisper, that it is all necessary to keep her awake or at least from relapsing into her constitutional torpor and lethargy: another will say, that it is to give the enkindling idea of irrepressible animation and over-flowing extacy. In truth, Musidora is unpardonable for putting this force upon herself: I can, indeed, forgive her excessive desire to please; for notwithstanding that there is something of a selfish scheme of conquest in the case, there is, at least, an implied compliment to the gentleman which is obliging: but she does herself great injustice in supposing it necessary to her views to strain her spirits to

an unusual or unnatural pitch.—Were she to obey only the impulse of nature, her sensibility would display itself in a much more touching manner by the trembling tones of her voice, the alternate rose and lily on her cheek, the smile and tear in her eye, and those gentle movements of the figure which her heart would prompt, and which no one would mistake. Without effort, Musidora has life and feeling enough to warm even the winter of age. Under all the disadvantages of an affected manner, she is still a sweet girl: and were she under the guidance of nature only, she would be irresistible.

Look now at the smiling animation of Sir Fopling Flutter: Look at the sparkling lustre of his fine dark eyes, and then their languishing roll and "dying, dying fall!" How distressing it is to the retiring modesty of his disposition, to be forced to take so conspicuous a stand, where the eyes of all the *belles* and all the assembly are, of necessity, cast upon him every twenty minutes! How gracefully negligent his attitudes and the management of his gold headed *ratan!* See again, with what quick and electric vivacity he looks towards the music, and what a sudden gleam of silly rapture overspreads his fine face!—To be sure, there was nothing in that particular passage to excite such a feeling: in truth, it was rather flat than otherwise; and even if it had been ever so fine, Sir Fopling has no more ear than a Satyr. But we are supposed not to know all this; and his hope is that we shall give him credit for Æolian nerves, and all the taste as well as the grace and beauty of Apollo.

How do those ridiculous and odious affectations defeat their own purpose, and offend and disgust, instead of pleasing us! Men and women of sense dispise them. They know that a natural manner is, in society, what naivete is in literary composition—That it gives the finest scope for superior parts; exhibits them to the very best advantage, and commands the respect while it conciliates the love of the beholder. Who, for instance, would exchange the sweet simplicity and ease of Montaigne or Sterne, for the stiff affectation and elaborate pomp of Shaftesbury? Or, who would exchange the vital grace and sweet enchantment of my Rosalie's natural manner, for all the arts and ambuscades of the most practised coquette? Is there not as much difference between them, as there is between that unchanging and unmeaning blush, which is borrowed from art, and that

———"beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Besides; unless we abandon these fashionable affectations and imitations, and return to nature, we shall lose all that charming variety of character which nature has so happily designed. Why should we thus continue *to spoil Nature's works?* Would we, if we could, blot out the finely diversified landscape, composed of hills and vales and fields and woods and water, and substitute in their place, the flat monotony of a bowling green, however finely rolled or richly turfed? And if not, why should we spoil the still more enchanting varieties of the animated world?

Let us return to the walks of pure and simple Nature. That benignant divinity will give us a fair and stable basis on which we may safely erect the grandest moral and literary structures. Under her tutelage no virtuous and intelligent character yet failed to please—and that, not for a day nor a year, like the transient empire of affectation and trick:—BUT FOR LIFE.

Number XVIII.

Quid rides! Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.

Hor. Sat. 1. Lib. I.

Wherefore do you laugh?
Change but the name, of thee, the tale is told.

I have received several very angry letters from persons whom I never saw, or, even, heard of, before, complaining, already, of having been personally attacked in the numbers of *The Old Bachelor*—In some of these letters, I am asked how can I reconcile it with my profession of benevolence to inflict so much pain, so unnecessarily and wantonly. In others I am asked whether it becomes the character of a soldier of the revolution which I have assumed, to seek the shelter of a fictitious signature for the purpose of scattering insults through the world. In others I am asked whether it becomes the character of a man or a gentleman, to disturb, by his itch for writing, the peace and harmony of society, and above all to offer an affront to that sex whom he was formed to defend.

My first impulse, on reading these letters, was to throw

my writing desk into the fire, and abandon the project forever; and I was pondering very seriously on this purpose when Rosalie entered my study to get a book. "I beg pardon for the interruption, my dear uncle," said she; "for I presume that you are casting the subject of another number; and I trust, from the solemnity of your look, that it is a subject which I fear has been too long neglected"—What subject is that, Rosalie?" "Religion, Sir." "Alas! my dear child, I have just met with a pretty sore test of my own—read those letters."

As she read them I watched the expression of her countenance; and I found a relief in turning my thoughts from the unmerited censures of a misjudging world, to the contemplation of this pure and artless child of nature. At first, her countenance indicated all the concern and sympathy which I expected;—but I was presently surprised to observe her features as she turned from letter to letter, relaxing into an arch smile mingled with a strong expression of curiosity, which terminated in a laugh that she seemed to enjoy not a little. "Rosalie," said I gravely, "you surprize me—I expected sympathy & concern from you, my dear child; but not the levity of laughter."

Excuse me, Sir—indeed, this is so ridiculous that I cannot help it." "Ridiculous!—it is very unjust, indeed, Rosalie, but I do not see that it is ridiculous."—"Why, Sir, do you not observe that the same character is applied to a dozen different persons with just the same confidence and the same resentment—See, here are no less than three several gentlemen who threaten you for lampooning their respective relations under the name of Bianca; six who make the same threat on account of Miss Ogles and her friend the city belle—eight on account of Henry Morton; and twelve who menace you with the shelela, in behalf of O'Flanagan.' And to crown the jest, observe, here are two letters reciprocally applauding you for scourging the other, under the character of an office-hunter; while seven with the most sanguine certainty and the harshest displeasure, apply the same description to their several friends in the remotest and most opposite quarters of the state. Can any thing be more preposterous or more ridiculous, and will you not agree that I have good cause to laugh?" I had been too much affected by the substance of the letters, to note these inconsistencies; but a moment satisfied me that she was correct. "However, Rosalie, said I, Galen's prediction is fulfilled. Characters drawn from fancy and a general knowledge of human nature, merely to illustrate my principles, to relieve the dulness and dryness of didactic writing and animate my essays

with a little more interest, are applied by individual jealousy and conscience, and the malice or mischief of others, in such a way as to defeat my best purposes and awaken displeasure where I looked for gratitude.—Nay, real characters, such as that of our friend and neighbor Bianca and of Henry Morton, are assumed by others or applied to them by their officious friends or malignant enemies, so as to produce the same painful effects. Nay, even the letters of my correspondents, written, if I may judge, by their post marks, hundreds of miles from each other and from me, and with the same amicable view, as I willingly believe, towards the public, are also brought to bear upon me, in a manner the most distressing to my feelings. Yet of all these writers, who accuse me of this ill nature and hostility towards them, there is not one whom I know or of whom I ever heard before. And yet it is plain from the style of some of them that they are people of sense.

"You observe too, that although these letters are all directed to me by the name of Doctor Robert Cecil, the writers concur in believing the name of Cecil an assumed one, although they concur in no other conjecture on the subject. One of them treats me as a minister of the gospel whom he very well knows, and threatens that neither my gown nor my age shall protect me. Another treats me as a member of the bar and reminds me that there are other modes of punishing libellers beside those which are furnished by courts of justice. Another, considering me as a physician, asks whether my misanthrophy is not sufficiently gratified by the havoc which proceeds from my prescriptions, without superadding to them the poison of my pen. A fourth addresses me as the master of an academy and advises me to stick to my birch lest it should be seized and turned upon me. A sixth salutes me as a member of the last legislature, and tells me that he thinks my vanity as well as my malignity might have found enjoyment enough in my legislative exploits, without entering the peaceful walks of private life to annoy them also by my sagacious regulations. A seventh hails me as a Blue-Ridge farmer *quondam* lawyer: says, he is glad I have found, at last, the genius which my friends have always been endeavoring to palm for me, on an incredulous world, and hopes that my indolence, arrogance and sesquipedality have gone off *in trio*, to return no more.—Thus you see, my child, that I am not only failing to do the good which you know I intended; but that I am displeasing my readers, and am moreover, instrumental, however innocently, in drawing ill will on gentlemen who are strangers to me, and who I dare say are so far from hav-

ing time from the professional engagements to write newspaper essays, that they have not even time to read them. Under these circumstances what remains for me to do, but, since Galen's prediction has been fulfilled, to fulfil the resolution which I predicated upon it, and discontinue the publication forever?"

"But, my dear uncle," said Rosalie, with animation, "the voice of these people," pointing to the letters, "is not the voice of the public. Turn to the elegant commentaries now on the file of The Old Bachelor, which applaud both its design and its execution, and see how far they out-number these. As to those applications of general descriptions or ideal characters, to individuals, I do not well see how it is to be avoided. I suppose, that all vices and follies show themselves pretty much in the same way: pretty nearly by the same effects and actions, in all persons and all places. Avarice, vanity, foppery, affectation, coquetry and ambition of honors, all, I suppose, have their votaries; and these votaries have every where pretty nearly the same appropriate habits and manners. —Shall you not be permitted to assail one of these vices, and to render it odious or ridiculous, by a description of its particular mode of acting, because that description so exactly fits A. B. C. D. E. and F.?—The greedy miser, the vain fop, the affected coquette, the office-hunter, &c. wore, I suppose, pretty much the same dress, and displayed themselves pretty neatly by the same airs, acts and conduct when you were a young man, that they do now. Shall you not speak of these vices as they deserve, and depict them as they were, are and ever will be, while nature remains the same; because, forsooth, there are misers, fops, coquettes and office-hunters, now in the world, who may suppose themselves, or be supposed by others, to be aimed at? At this rate, how are vices to be eradicated? People must be convinced they are wrong; or they will never reform.—Vices and follies must be painted and exposed, and the world must be awakened to observe and despise them, or they will flourish boldly and with impunity. I have very little respect for that polite preacher who, we are told, thought it necessary to make an apology in his audience for mentioning before them such rude things as *sin* and the place of *final punishment*."

"But to be accused, Rosalie, of aspersing private characters! To be branded as a calumniator! Can *I* bear that?"

"But consider; by whom, my dear uncle, will you be so accused; by whom will you be so branded? Will it be

by the wise and virtuous? No: for, whom have you aspersed; whom have you calumniated? You have mentioned no one by their names except Bianca and Morton: neither of them complains. And when you have introduced an obnoxious character by a fictitious name, you have described that character, *only by its vices*: now among a thousand who practise the same vices in the same way, what one individual has a right to say that he or she is meant? Each one of the thousand perhaps will think him or herself particularly intended; conscience will find out some *traite* in the draft, which it will imagine peculiar to itself, while, in truth, it is as general as the vice itself. The very same motive which is operating with you to a discontinuance of your labors, is equally operative to put an end to the functions of the pulpit. For I imagine that there never was, yet, a congregation of sinners who listened to an able preacher—such an one for instance as Saurin or Flechiere—one who was intimately acquainted with the foldings of human nature—who knew how to hunt a sin through all its mazes and pursue it into the deepest recesses of the heart—but what, first one individual and then another would start with astonishment to find himself so well known, and believe that the preacher had him particularly in his eye.—No—no—my dear uncle: let us go forward: I am convinced that much good may yet be done.—If there are individuals, who can be so weak and indiscreet as to proclaim that the cap fits them, be the folly on their own head.—The cause in which you have embarked is virtuous and patriotic; and the virtuous and patriotic will not fail to consider it as it deserves to be considered. Envy and malice may snarl and murmur. Let them do it. They cannot alter, by their misrepresentation, the character of your motives and conduct. They will not persuade one sensible man or woman to believe that the exposure of a general and prevalent vice or folly is either aspersion or calumny. They may give it that name; but they will not give it that nature, in the esteem of the wise and good."

"Yet it is singularly hard!"

"You forget, my dear uncle, when you say it is *singularly* hard. Remember that Addison and Johnson experienced exactly the same fate. They were accused precisely as you are accused. And I think it probable, nay, certain, that if we had the local history of the country and the time in which any other work on living manners has been published, the same effects have been invariably produced. How in the nature of things can it be otherwise? The writer, if he does his duty, must censure the prevail-

ing faults; and those who are most distinguished by those faults, will be immediately brought to the recollection of the circles in which they respectively move. Thus it will always happen as it has happened with you, that the same character will be applied to twenty different characters, at the same time, in different parts of the country. And the writer will be thought to have lampooned them all, when perhaps he did not know either of them; but merely meant to root out, if he could, a generally notorious vice. No, Sir, Heaven sees and knows and approves your motives. And in such a cause give me leave to say, revered and beloved uncle, it does not become such a man as you are, to flinch, or halt for a moment."

"Rosalie" cried I, as the lovely young enthusiast pressed my hand to her bounding heart—"you have conquered. I will go on. Yes: I will follow where conscience leads the way. *I will do what conscience tells me is a duty and leave the issues to him who best knows how to order them.*"

Number XIX.

Tu Marcellus eris.

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI. v.

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.

Dryden.

Rosalie and I have just returned from a ride, on horse back, to our neighbor Martin's: and, during the visit, I received a compliment, so truly pleasing, that it poured balm into the wounds of which I complained in my last number, and removed all their anguish.

Mr. Martin is one of those many unfortunate countrymen of ours who, with very moderate expectations in point of fortune, are *brought up gentlemen*; that is, directed in their youth to the acquirement of no trade, profession or pursuit of honest industry; but permitted, at least, by the silence and acquiescence of their parents, to believe that they are rich enough to live without the drudgery either of manual or mental labor. The consequences have been the same, in relation to this good gentleman, which we see, every day, to flow from the same

wretched management: He learned to dress, to dance, to drink, to smoke, to swear, to game; contracted a violent passion for the very rational, elegant and humane pleasures of the turf and the cock-pit, and was long distinguished for the best horses and game-cocks in the country. Yet he has, in the common current of life, a kind and friendly temper, and when he is out of the region of low debauchery and dissipation, he has the pure and engaging manners of a gentleman. The force of habit, however, is so strong in him, that he seems to have no power to resist the temptation either of a horse race or a cock-fight, and in the indulgence of this master passion of his soul, he has made several very expensive tours of the Continent.

We are told of a custom which prevailed in some of the states of Europe (while there were seperate and independent states in that devoted quarter of the world,) to have even their Princes and the heir apparent of the sovereignty itself, instructed in some useful trade or handicraft. The object, we are informed, was to provide against the caprices of fortune, and put in their hands the means of an honest support in every emergency that might befal them. Why is not this sound and sensible policy adopted by parents in this country? Are we alone, of all the people on earth, exempt from the revolution of Fortune's wheel? Or if parents will not adopt this salutary regulation, does not the power belong to our Legislature to introduce it? Is it not a branch of that power which authorises them to provide for the good morals of society, and to prevent the indolent and vicious from contaminating or encumbering the virtuous and industrious? —But to return to my story:

Mr. Martin, by the aid of a good person, a good temper and that gracefully neglinent ease and happy confidence of manner which are said to be so generally pleasing to the fair, has been twice a married man. His first wife was a beauty. Her temper was all sweetness, and her love for her husband was little short of idolatry. She thought nothing wrong which contributed to his pleasure; and their minutes and their money flew "on Angels' wings." At the end of three years, she died, and left him a son, now a young man, who has been formed exactly in his father's model, and is, indeed, his counterpart as well as his companion in every party of pleasure.

Mr. Martin's present wife, although inferior to the first in point of beauty, is, infinitely, her superior in mind and in greatness of character. She is, indeed, one of the finest women I have ever known. With all the captivating softness and gentleness of her sex, she unites an understanding

of masculine strength, a genius of the first brilliancy, and above all, a high and heroic cast of character. She displays in conversation all that quickness, nicety and justness of discrimination which belong only to minds of the first order, and her intellectual powers are set off by an expression so flowing, clear and harmonious as might have delighted even Cicero himself to hear.

This lady brought a fortune, in marriage, to Mr. Martin, which came very opportunely. In consideration of which, as well as from the native generosity of his temper, he has refused her no enjoyment which her chaste and elegant taste demanded. She has an excellent library. Their country seat, which belonged to her before marriage, and to which, at her desire, her husband, thereupon, removed, has been highly adorned under her direction. Its groves, lawns, grottos, garden, fountain, pavilion, orchard, park, fish-pond, clumps of trees, vines, shrubbery and grass-plats are all so disposed as to strike the eye with the finest effect of variety, and to present a most pleasing combination of beauty and utility. And to crown the whole, there has been lately finished, on an elevated and commanding scite, a dwelling-house from a plan of her own drawing, which unites every comfort of modern architecture with all the elegant simplicity of an ancient model.

This lady has a son, about fourteen years of age, an only child, whom she has called Marcellus; and of whom, unless he shall follow the fate of his illustrious name-sake, in Virgil,

"Shall just be shown on earth and snatch'd away,"

I venture to predict, that Fame, at some future day, will give his name to the world in the loudest notes of her trumpet. His mother is breathing into him the high and magnanimous strain of her own character; and his eyes begin to sparkle, already, at the sound of glory. But the little fellow never fails to illustrate the ancient notion of a good and evil soul in the same person, and to betray the secret aspirations of his evil one, whenever he sees his father and brother equipping themselves for an excursion of pleasure. Such happened to be the case at the time of our visit; for as we rode up on one side of the house, Mr. Martin and his eldest son passed off, on the other, without having observed our arrival. They were going, we were told, to a match race, in the neighborhood, and we had no disposition to spoil their sport. Poor little Marcellus, after rising and saluting us, walked to the door from which his father and brother had just departed, and gazing after

them most wistfully, as they rode down the avenue, until they were lost to his view, he sighed deeply and returned to his chair.—We all understand this little movement of nature, and reciprocally translated it to each other by our looks. And now it was that this admirable woman displayed her address; showing that she not only knew *when* to hit the critical minute, but *how* to hit it to the highest advantage.

"Doctor," said she, "Marcellus has been amusing his mother and himself for several days with a new collection of speeches which Mr. Martin was so good as to bring me lately from Petersburg. And as I am sure that I cannot entertain either you or my friend Rosalie more agreeably than with my boy and his book, if you please, he shall read you a speech of your great favorite Chatham." We were both well enough acquainted with her to know that there was something in her proposition more than its terms imported, and that, in fact, she was seizing this auspicious moment to give a lasting lesson to her son. Expressing, therefore, our thanks to her for the offer, and the obligation which Marcellus would confer on us by such an entertainment, the noble little fellow forgot the horse-race in an instant, and flew up stairs, with exulting alacrity, to bring the book.

As soon as he was out of hearing, I could not help murmuring aloud from my heart—"Happy the mother who has such a son!—Happy, happy the son who has such a mother!" "Say rather," said she, smiling, yet with an intense suffusion of the strongest feeling and a voice which faultered, most eloquently, under the suddenness and force of the excitement—"Say rather, most happy is the mother who has such a monitor as The Old Bachelor! Such a neighbor and guide and friend as Doctor Cecil!" I looked at Rosalie to see how she would take this ingenious and beautiful effusion of nature. Her eyes were swimming with speechless rapture; but Mrs. Martin saw and understood her heavenly language. O! what a moment was this! Worth an age of common time—it far overpaid me for all that I have suffered from the busy and officious impertinence of malice and folly.

Marcellus returned with the book; and his mother opened it at a speech which, as we afterwards learned, she had before read and marked, in anticipation of this occasion.—It was Chatham's celebrated speech of the 20th January, 1775, on the plan of absolute co-ercion on the American colonies. She recapitulated to him briefly the points in dispute between the two countries, and having

sketched the outline of this famous plan of co-ercion; handed him the book.

The little fellow performed his part most admirably. He read it with an emphasis, which denoted that he not only understood the sense but that he felt and enjoyed the fire of Chatham's "splendid conflagration." His mother had taught him to read with all the vocal graces of an orator; his time and accent were just; the tones of his voice melodious, full and fine; its modulation sweetly and interestingly varied; the words were thrown on the ear with the most delicate and beautifully distinct articulation:—and his pauses were natural, yet deeply moving and impressive. For me I confess that I listened with more delight to this embryo statesman and orator, than I have, for several years past, to many of "Nature's Journeymen" of full growth. But if I was thus highly pleased with the general current of the speech, what were my feelings when this young Demosthenes poured out, in a strain of the loftiest enthusiasm, the following noble compliment on the American character:

"When your Lordships have perused the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider the dignity, the firmness and the wisdom with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause. History, my Lords, has been my favorite study; and in the celebrated writings of antiquity have I often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome; but, my Lords, I must declare and avow that in the master states of the world I know not the people nor the Senate who in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the delegates of America, assembled in General Congress in Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your Lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain; must be hostile."

And the triumph which I felt in this noble eulogy from one of Nature's greatest noblemen, I could not hinder my mind from glancing, for a moment, at the Edinburgh Reviewers! It was, however, without resentment or contempt, but with a sentiment which, perhaps, they would deem more insulting—it was pity. For while I recollected the very different terms in which they had spoken of my countrymen, I remembered also what Marmontel had said, in his memoirs, about an attempt of himself and one of his friends to establish a Review, in Paris—"His project of publishing between us a periodical Review, *was* not so good a thing as he expected—*we had neither gall, nor venom*; and as this Review was neither a faithless,

unjust criticism on good works, nor a bitter biting satire on good authors, it had but little sale." The Edinburgh Review, it is said, has a very extensive sale.

This, however, was but the digression of a moment; for I was immediately recalled to Mrs. Martin and her son. As soon as Marcellus had closed the paragraph which I have quoted, he raised his eyes and turned them with delight on his mother. Mine followed them, and never did I see in any face the sublime of sentiment depicted in colors so strong as in that of this admirable woman. Marcellus was struck to the soul with the awful expression of her countenance. The blood which had mantled to his cheek receded;—and while the paleness of terror overspread his face, his eyes reflected the blaze of glory that beamed upon him from his mother's. "Such, my son," cried she with a solemnity of voice which pierced his heart, "such were your ancestors.—Yes! dignity, firmness and wisdom were, indeed, their attributes. No adverse chance of war, no depth of political misfortune, could impair for a moment, the erect and noble dignity of their characters. No perils could daunt their courage; no hardships, however severe and protracted, could shake their constancy and firmness. No ministerial sophistry could entangle, no insidious show of friendship could beguile that wisdom which was forever awake and whose strong and steady light penetrated and scattered even the darkness of futurity.—And how, think you, my son, did they attain this eminence? how did they merit this glorious eulogy of Lord Chatham? Not—trust me—not by giving up the prime and flower of life to indolence and folly; not by listening in their youth to the syren song of sloth and pleasure and thus permitting the divine faculties of the mind to be degraded and brutalized. O! no: widely different was their course. Day after day, and night after night, they kept the holy vigil of study and meditation. If they did not, like Pythagoras, Democratus and Plato, explore the remotest extremities of the globe in quest of knowledge, they retraced, however, the whole route and travel of the human mind; pursued those who had gone before them into every nook and corner of literary adventure, unwound all the mazes of learning and discovery, and followed the towering wing of genius into whatever region of science it shot its bold and daring flight.

"These great men did not in their youth labor under the error so common and so fatal in these days and which many even of its victims most feelingly deplore, that an exemption from toil and study is the greatest good of life. On the contrary, that truth so experimentally certain and

infallible, was perpetually inculcated on them, that "*without labor, there is no human excellence.*" Hence the vacant ease of the voluptuous couch, and the brilliant festivity of the drawing room or the convivial board had no charms for them. They claimed no participation in the fame either of the race-horse or the game-cock. They sought no renown by discussing the rules of racing in a jockey club, or the laws of war in a council of the main. Leaving these poor and futile pursuits to inferior minds, they soared to objects far beyond them. Their youth was spent in exploring the treasures of recorded wisdom; in making those treasures their own; and increasing their quantity and value by superadding the fruits of their own discoveries. Their Herculean enterprize embraced the whole circle of science. They entered on the career with that sublime enthusiasm without which, glory of the highest order was never yet attained. And not content with giving up their days to the generous pursuit, they were seen to trim the midnight lamp and court the converse of the great dead.

"Illustrious men! Immortal patriots! Where are ye now and who are your successors!!—It is true, indeed, that a few, alas! a very few, of our revolutionary planets still hang above the western horizon! Ah! how does their magnitude and steady splendor show in strong and mournful contrast the poor and feeble specks of light that dimly and faintly twinkle in the gloom of the zenith. Alas! when the glory of those planets shall have set, in what a state of darkness will our hemisphere be left! For now the holy vigils of study and meditation are over; now no generous youth is seen to trim the midnight lamp and court the converse of the illustrious dead. The age of sublime enthusiasm is gone; and the age of great men will soon have passed away. Ah! my son; at this awful moment when darkness and despair threaten to cover our land, could we but see the eastern horizon relumined with the streams of glory from some new ascending orb, what pure and sacred joy would fill our bosoms! Bowing to the earth with more than Persian adoration, how should we bless the beams that gladdened our land!—Marcellus! you are yet below the eastern horizon!"—The little fellow started back at the suggestion; and the ruffle on his bosom which had all along responded to the strong agitation of his heart, began now to bound with encreased violence and rapidity. His mother proceeded—"say now, my boy, is there no prophetic throb in that heart which tells you, that *you* may be that orb of glory?" This was

too much for him : the tears gushed from his eyes and he darted out of the room.—His mother's angel smile and blessing followed him.

This animated harangue was rendered doubly affecting by the known motive of the speaker, as well as by the dignity and force of her manner. Rosalie, as much overpowered as Marcellus, took refuge at a window. As for me—I thought of my boys : and fell into a reverie on the present and past state of the country, in reference to its intellectual character, which shall form the subject of some future number. For the present I take my leave.

Number XX.

Est modus in rebus ; sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere rectum.
Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 1. v. 106.

Some certain mean in all things may be found,
To mark our virtues and our vices bound.
Francis.

TO DOCTOR ROBERT CECIL.

SIR,

In laying my grievances before you, I rather indulge the disposition to complain, so natural to all in distress, than hope to be benefitted by your advice in a case in which an Old Bachelor is probably so little qualified to give it. After telling you that I have drawn a prize in the lottery of life, that my wife is comely, good humored, sensible, affectionate and a model of discretion, you will think it strange that her conduct should be the chief source of my unhappiness. But do not mistake me, Sir, it is not from her faults that I suffer, but from the mere excess of her virtues. Having married for love and being both of social tempers, the first years of our union were spent in mirth and gaiety, with very little attention in either of us to the management of our affairs. At the end of nine years we were waked from the pleasing dream by discovering that my fortune was greatly impaired, and from the gradual accumulation of debt, that my credit was nearly gone. My wife seemed still more shocked than myself on learning the dangers of our situation, and readily joined

with me in a resolution to adopt a new course of life. We took a small house a few miles out of town, and determined to retrench our expences in every possible way until my estate was unincumbered and I out of debt. Economy was now the order of the day. My wife laid aside her silks and muslins, and provided the plainest attire for herself and our two daughters. We set about raising our own meats and vegetables. We bought spinning wheels, and for a time wore nothing but homespun, and made all we wore. All this went on mighty well for nearly a twelve month, so well that in less than three years more, I think I should again have found myself a free man. But my wife who has something of enthusiasm in her composition, and is very steady in her purposes, has managed so as to thwart our designs by an over-eager pursuit of them. The first winter after our new establishment, my wife not liking to see so much money expended in providing for our annual supply of bacon, insisted that we should raise our own hogs. It was to no purpose that I represented to her it would be better for us to buy pork made where corn was cheap, than to raise it by purchasing corn at the highest price.—I was assured that by means of the mast in the neighboring woods, the offal of the kitchen, potatoes and a number of *et ceteras*, little or no corn would be required. I yielded as I generally do on such occasions. Not that I would have you suppose, that I am under petticoat government. No, Sir, my wife always endeavors to convince me of my error by fair argument, which she coolly persists in, until I admit she is right.—It has now been three years since we tried this scheme of raising our bacon within ourselves. At one time our hogs were killed by our neighbors, or worried by their curs; at another they died partly by eating mush-rooms and partly by eating nothing, and now it is discovered that the breed is bad and must be changed. The result is, that my bacon has cost me twice as much as we ever gave for venison, besides involving me in a quarrel with one neighbor and an unsuccessful lawsuit with another.

Another favorite scheme of my wife has been to aid in supplying the Richmond market with butter and milk. To effect this we had many difficulties to encounter.—Our land was poor and covered with broom-sedge—We had but one cow, and that an indifferent one; and our dairy-maid was also our cook. I made opposition to the expence of clover lots, buying three more cows and of hiring an additional servant, but as usual, my wife got the better of me in argument. She did not, in this case, go upon mere theory. Her friend, Mrs. Skimmer, had made up-

wards of twenty pounds last year from a single cow, besides furnishing her family with milk and butter; we might then count upon making at least an hundred pounds from four. It was impossible, you know, sir, to resist an argument founded upon plain fact and calculation. This butter-making scheme, was accordingly commenced. A lot was enclosed at considerable expence; was enriched by manure purchased and waggoned from town; and a dairy was built upon a new plan—but our hopes, or rather let me say, my wife's hopes, have not been realised. Several of our cows have died by the distemper; and sometimes when they have been turned out to forage for themselves, they have been so long missing as to make us buyers, rather than sellers, of milk. Our best cow has been more than a week on one of the little Islands in the river, and cannot be got off until we have a long spell of dry weather; in addition to all which, three of our chief customers broke last year considerably in our debt: So that by means of these various mishaps, and my great and continual expence in advertisements, rewards, provender, churns, milk-pans and the like, I doubt whether every draught of milk we take, (for butter we have learnt to do without,) does not stand us in as much as the pearl beverage, with which a queen of Egypt, is said to have treated her gallant. Whenever I venture to express a doubt of the advantage of this scheme, my wife tells me, that it has never yet had a fair chance; that if we are always changing our plans, we shall be the laughing stocks of our neighbors; that a rolling stone gathers no moss; that the world was not made in a day, and many other such arguments that I don't well know how to answer. But the thing above all others on which she most prides herself, is her knack at a bargain. Neither myself nor one of our servants is permitted to buy the smallest article, even a skein of silk or a pound of tea. She knows the difference between whole-sale and retail, and whenever a yard of ribbon is wanted, or a pair of gloves, she prefers buying by the piece. She has, besides, established such a reputation among her friends for buying bargains, that there is seldom a post but brings her some commission from the country, to exercise her favorite talent.—These friendly agencies, added to her own wants, take up so much of her time, that one horse does little else than carry her to town; and our spinners have relaxed in their industry, on finding that their mistress can buy goods on her own terms.

I have generally observed that in hunting after one bargain, she has the good fortune to catch a great many more. She is indeed a great favorite with the shop-keepers, who

give her the refusal of their best bargains, which I have sometimes thought strange as she never makes a purchase without a liberal abatement of the price. This talent of my wife at cheapening goods would stand us in very good stead, if it did not often lead her to buy things she does not want. Her systematic œconomy has created a passion for cheap purchases which is habitually gratified; and she now never returns from Richmond without loading the chaise with goods bought at less than first cost. If the articles are not immediately wanted, it is always answered that they will be of use by and bye, when we might have to give three times as much—and should this supposition fail, her friends Mrs. Slopay and Mrs. Alltick will be sure to take them off her hands. Besides being largely in advance to these last mentioned ladies and a half a dozen cousins in the country, we have now by us, silks and dimities, cambrics and muslins, sufficient to furnish both of our daughters bridal wardrobes, though the eldest is not ten years old; ticking and blankets and sheeting to furnish our house in town when we again return to it; more tea, chocolate and spices, than we ought to use in 5 years; and more medicine than I trust we shall use all our lives. Nor would it be quite so bad if the dear soul would confine her purchases to those articles which might be useful, but what, my dear Doctor, are we to do with two dozen pair of bellows, six groce of sleeve buttons, a case of stone pitchers, or fifty oil jugs? Such has been the effect of these unnecessary purchases, that I am farther from being relieved from my difficulties than ever. Every year since our retrenching system began, I have been obliged to sell or mortgage one of my town houses for the purposes of paying off my store-accounts, and if we go on in the same way, I shall be obliged to remove to some remote part of the country, where we shall meet with no other than hard bargains, and of course be tempted to buy nothing but what we actually want. It does seem to me as a matter of calculation, to be better to give a little more for an article four or five years hence, than by buying it somewhat lower at present to lose the use of one's money in the intermediate time, and that when we purchase more than would serve our present occasions, because we can buy it cheaper, the surplus is often wasted or turns to little account. I confess it has sometimes occurred to me that as my wife was once fond of spending money and now aims at saving it, the dear creature has insensibly fallen into this habit of cheap bargains by which she gratifies both tastes at once. But be this as it may, it is a serious fact that I find myself going as fast to ruin, by

such violent œconomy as I was by our former thoughtless profusion. If you can suggest any advice, it will be gratefully received, and though you cannot, a knowledge of our unfortunate situation, may teach other wives to guard in time against a passion for buying bargains, before it acquires the force of habit.

I am, dear Sir,
Your respectful admirer.
STEPHEN MICKLEWISE.

This gentleman sees the error of his helpmate in a just light. His case, however, is easy of remedy; *he must maintain the argument a little more stoutly*. And if he does not know how to reconcile authority with politeness, and even with love, I recommend to him the example of Shakespeare's *Petruchio*.

Here comes a complaint of a somewhat different character:

TO DOCTOR CECIL.

DEAR DR.

We are told by Angeloni, (or whoever is the author of the letters that bear his name) of the salutary relief which the professors of the Roman Catholic religion find in auricular confession: and he ascribes the numerous instances of suicide in England to the Reformation which closed the door against that relief. I have resolved to make trial of Angeloni's theory as nearly as the nature of the case will admit; and, making you my father confessor, although I cannot pour the grief which consumes me into your ear, to paint it to your eye.

I am a married man, Dr. Cecil; and had it not been for my own false pride, false shame, or false and unkind tenderness to one of the loveliest and most beloved of women, I might now have been happy. But let me observe some method in my narrative.

My wife, like another Juliet, was the bright heiress of her father's house. Suitors of the first rank (if fortune and fashion can make ranks in a republic) bowed their homage, in crowds. My suit, like poor Romeo's, however pleasing to her, was highly offensive to her parents. And our marriage was a stolen one. Here, as yet, the romantic analogy ends. But it is believed that her father will rather leave his fortune to the son of a brother who will perpetuate the family name, than reward, with it, the disobedience of a daughter and the presumption of an intruder from a hostile house.

My father is not inferior to Juliet's in point of wealth;

there is, however, this difference: that I am one of twelve children, and Juliet was an only child. Hence the provision which my father has been able to make for us, together with the aid of my own professional revenue, although sufficient to supply us with every rational comfort of life, will not enable us to indulge in its luxuries. But this is a point which I have never yet had the heart to state to my beloved Juliet. Accustomed while single, to the boundless indulgence of her fancy and taste, she had no occasion to pause, to reflect on the value of money, or, to consider the vastness of the resources which then supplied her.

Perceiving too, that my father's family moved in the same sphere of fashion and expense, she sees nothing in the mere circumstance of her being transplanted from one house to the other, to induce the necessity of any change in the style of her living. For my own part, considering the sacrifice which she has made through love to me, I have not been able to support the agonizing thought of making her feel that sacrifice still more sensibly—by telling her—"My dear Juliet—your condition in life is altered; you are no longer a *belle* and a fortune; you must curtail your expences in dress and amusements; you must deny yourself this, and that and the other; and it is I who have brought you to this:—this is the reward of your generous love for me."—You, sir, who are a Bachelor, have no idea of the firmness and toughness of nerve which is necessary to make such a speech as this: As to me, I would sooner plunge into an Indian ambuscade, or march up to the mouth of a cannon, at the moment of applying the match, than make such a speech to my angelic Juliet. On the contrary, I have continually used the utmost astuteness and address in order to prevent her from finding out this necessity, and with this view, instead of repressing, have even excited and stimulated her fondness for dress and dissipation. Thus deceived and urged forward, she denies herself nothing, that whim or fancy prompts; and seeming to suppose herself upheld by the wealth of Crœsus, she considers no other quality in any article she purchases, than the extravagance of its price. I am not a little provoked to observe how the Shop-keepers play off their arts on this temper of her's and laugh at the success of their frauds and tricks. They induce her to purchase articles by no other arts than laying on four or five hundred *per cent.* on its ordinary selling price; and the other day, she came home very much pleased with a set of pendants, necklace and bracelets, which had no other recommendation on earth, than that they had cost

the full price of genuine pearl and diamonds. Thus my Juliet, all smiles, festivity and beauty, rivals with victorious enterprize, the costly splendors of the richest families in the community, determining to be out-done by no body; and incessantly wonders at the gloom which hangs on my brow and the groans which break from my heart. She sometimes complains, and very justly too, that my temper, which was once all mildness and sweetness, has become peevish, testy and fretful; that I keep the servants, and every one else about me, uneasy and unhappy; and that although as affectionate to her as ever, yet her sympathy with me frequently clouds her own spirits, and impairs her felicity. Ah! did she know what cause there is for this change; the midnight tears which pour from my eyes, when her's are sealed with the balm of sleep; the vultures of despair which tear my heart to pieces, and the dreadful explosion of ruin which hangs over her head, how readily would she pardon me. I know, with certainty, that without an immediate and radical change in the scale of our expences, this explosion cannot be much longer supended. I know, that the dreadful discovery is close at hand; that it must, in spite of me, soon be made to her, in a form insupportably distressing.

I know, then, how she will complain of that unkind tenderness that has so fatally deceived her; that want of confidence in her which casts such an unmerited reflection on her understanding and virtues. I know how much wiser and better it would be to give the shock now while the case admits of a remedy; and sometimes I have resolved to do it. With this view I have several times begun with dark and distant hints by which I intended to lead gradually to a full ecclaircissement; but as soon as I found that she began to take my meaning, I have shrunk from my own purpose and said to my trembling heart, "a little longer, yet a little longer let me spare her, let me spare myself."—Do not reproach me. I know how unworthy this conduct is of me; how unworthy it is of her. I know that if I were, at once, to disclose the truth, the worst I would have to apprehend would be a few broken sighs, and perhaps mortifying retrospections and comparisons. But after that, I know so well the worth and nobleness of her soul; that there is no plan of retrenchment and œconomy which she would not adopt with the most generous alacrity.—But it is the shock of the moment which I cannot bring myself to brave: how, then, shall I be able to brave that still more dreadful shock which a visit from the commonwealth's officers must soon give her?

It is humiliating to remember to what little, pitiful, degrading shifts, fictions, and (not to disguise the matter) falsehoods, I have descended, in order to explain suspicious appearances and disguise from the wife of my bosom the true state of my affairs.—How do I feel myself debased by the recollection of this low and unmanly course; and how will she feel herself humbled and degraded by the opinion of her which this concealment, so strongly, yet, in my case, so untruly implies.

Sometimes I flatter myself that some providential change of fortune will occur, to prevent the necessity of making all these painful explanations. But this hope has cheated me for months and years, and no such change has yet occurred or is more likely to occur, now, than in the beginning. Sometimes, in the frantic paroxysms of my despair, projects of replenishing my purse have presented themselves, from which, in a calmer moment, my soul has started back, appalled with horror! My last hope is, that death will soon drop the curtain and hide from the world forever the wretched

ROMEO."

There is something in the sickly and misguided sensibility of this man, that makes me pity him: but his weakness is too great and too insulting to his amiable wife, to permit me to respect him. I am convinced, from the spirit of her character, as pourtrayed by himself, that instead of those broken sighs and mortifying retrospections and comparisons which he anticipates from the disclosure, she would only give him a gentle rebuke, gilded with a smile for permitting her so long to remain in ignorance of his circumstances, and that she would immediately lead the way, by her own example, to the speedy repairing of his shattered estate. I have never seen an instance of the fall of a family from high fortune, in which the wife did not display much more of what we are pleased to call *manly* fortitude and magnanimity, than the husband; in which she did not support and encourage, and re-animate him by her superior spirit, and give a fresh impulse to his industry and enterprize. Let the boasted lords of the creation remember this, and pay a proper respect to their superiors.

Alas! I fear that there is more than one Romeo among my readers! I do not mean that there is more than one, (nor do I indeed, even know *one*,) to whom all the circumstances of his case would apply. But I mean that there is, I fear, more than one example among them of the want of

that full and perfect mutual confidence, without which I should think that conjugal life could be neither dignified nor happy. How many are there who through a false and foolish pride or shame, or a tenderness just as false and foolish, persist, to the last, in concealing their pecuniary embarrassments from their wives, and thereby render them innocently instrumental in encreasing those embarrassments and hastening their downfall! How very unmanly, injudicious, weak and even criminal is such a course! It is sinning against the convictions of conscience and the clearest light of knowledge: for there is not a man who is guilty of such conduct who does not distinctly see the ruin which he is bringing, by it, on those whom he is bound, by every principle of morality, to provide for. How can a man love and respect a woman towards whom he thinks it necessary to practise this duplicity and concealment? How can a woman love and respect a man who betrays so poor an opinion of her as such conduct evinces?

I may be mistaken: but it seems to me that if heaven had blessed my bosom with a wife, I should as soon have thought of robbing a temple or digging up the hallowed bones of my ancestors and scattering them over the earth, as hiding from *her* a single thought. I had supposed that the most pure and exquisite happiness of that state consisted in the free and unreserved communion of spirits: in that perfect correspondence and unity of knowledge and feeling, which identified their two persons, and made them, as it were, one person and one soul.

Such is the sweet and enchanting picture which Milton has drawn of connubial felicity till the tempter came to darken its tints: and such would always be the case, where the bosom was free from the consciousness of guilt and the understanding unclouded by error and folly.—Yes, it is invariably either conscious guilt or a turbid and refracting mind that give birth to this perfidious concealment, this bane, this evil genius, this fiend of matrimonial life.

O! if there be indeed any other of my readers, except Romeo, who may have, heretofore, fallen into this fatal error, let me persuade him to atone for it to his injured wife, as soon as possible, by an open, frank and ingenuous confession, and thus to renounce the vice forever. Let me prevail upon him to taste but once of the pure and native fountain of conjugal confidence, in its full and perfect state, and I have no fear that he will ever again be disposed to drink of the troubled and bitter waters of dissimulation and perfidy.—As to Romeo himself, I implore

such of my female readers as may be married to assist me in discovering whether this be a real or fictitious character; let them endeavor to ascertain whether either of them, unknown to herself, is the much injured Juliet; and let them also endeavor to ascertain not by the tongues but the countenances of their interrogated husbands, whether either of *them* can possibly be the most unfortunate and wretched Romeo.

Number XXI.

Omnia enim stolidi, magis admirántur, amantque,
Inversis, quæ, sub verbis, latitantia cernunt.
Luc. Lib. I. v. 642.

—— For only fools regard,
What seems obscure and intricate and hard.

I have had strong doubts of the propriety of incorporating the following letter with the Essays of The Old Bachelor. For in the first place, it seemed to me to come too near the verge of party politics; a subject entirely incompatible with the generality of my views. But on a closer inspection, perceiving that the only political moral which the letter inculcates is, *the love of country*, and remembering that, thus far, I am warranted by the precedents of all the celebrated periodical writers abroad, I determined to put this objection asitle.

Then another one presented itself in the extreme plainness of the letter itself. My readers, I know, look for a style, at least grammatically correct, and will be very apt to turn off, in disgust, from one which is not only destitute of the graces and ornaments of composition, but which exhibits, also, gross and frequent breaches of orthography. But I know they are not of that class of readers described by Lucan in my motto, who demand an arrangement and structure so artificial and inverted as to obscure the author's meaning, and lend to folly, the air of the solemn and profound. And if they can conquer the first repugnance which false orthography will give them, I think they will see, with me, amid the rustic plainness of this pen so many strokes of nature, as will amply atone for the absence of all other beauties. As to myself, I acknowledge that the

story which it contains, brought strongly to my recollection the compliment which Sir Philip Sidney pays to the old song of Chevy Chase and affected me very much in the same way—*it stirred my blood and spirits like the sound of a trumpet.*

The author is wholly unknown to me.—I have not, even, the most distant conjecture who he is, nor am I at all troubled with the idle curiosity of knowing his real name. It is enough for me to know that his views are upright and his pen enlisted in the cause of virtue. While such remain his views and such his engagements, I shall be ever grateful for the continuance of his correspondence and prepared to greet him, with the most cordial warmth, as a fellow-laborer in the same vineyard.

I had, at first, a thought of correcting the false orthography in this letter; but on maturer consideration, I concluded that it would be best to leave all its characteristics untouched and give it to the world exactly as I received it.

FEBRUARY, 1811.

OLD MR. BACHELOR,

You really have set me a thinking of things that never would have entered my head in the way they have, if it had not bean for the reading of your peaces in the Enquirer. Now, about reading of Newspapers, I am not like our friend Squaretoes, that wrote you a letter concerning his daughter. I have taken the Enquirer for several years as well as Mr. Squaretoes. I was advised to it by a worthy young man in our county, and I have never had any reason to repent of it that I know of—Though I read the speaches in Congress and the essays when there is any, as well as the news and advertisements, &c. Indeed, I read the essays with more attention than any thing else when they happen to be about subjects that I can understand, for as for the news one half of it is never true, and that that is, I can hear when I go to court, or to market at a little town near to whear I live: Tho indeed it would make no great odds if I never hear it—for as the old saying is, *bad news comes soon enough*, and if there is any good, we should feel the benefit of it if we never hear it—But I know there is a great many things in the newspapers that I do not understand, such as the dispute in Congress about West-Florida—And concerning the rivers and places, I cannot make out there names, for I suppose they are French or Spanish. Now the Ingian names I can always make out pretty well—for it apears to me that there is something rather grand and noble in the sound of the names they give to rivers and places—

Nor, old Mr. Bachelor, do I understand what they said about the lattitudes—for I never had any lerning in these things—(But I shall write more particular about my want of lerning and the want of lerning in country people in general presently)—And as for the treties that were made between the different nations, it all got so jumbled up in my head that it was like one of these puzles that I have seen put into the Enquirer in verse to try peoples ingenuity that have got nothing else to do but set and think over these things—but one thing I could see plan enough ; that the majority in Congress and the President thinks we have a right to the country, and it has always bean my rule, and so I have often told my boys, I am always on the side of the majority of government unless I think I can see wherein they are rong. And indeed if it comes to the push with any foraign nation and my own country, I should do just as if my mother was alive and was to get into a fray by her own imprudence, which I know she would not—I should stand by the old Lady through thick and thin, no matter whether she was right or rong ;—and I should be mighty apt to think the other party more to blame than she ; for you know, old Mr. Bachelor, we are all very much inclined to think them we love best are in the right unless the matter is too plain against them.

But I hope, Mr. Old Bachelor, you will not think I have forgot that you do not wish any of your corrispondents to write about polleticks. I assure you I do not mean what I have just said for polleticks. It was as far from my mind as from here to Florida ; for tho' I love my country and try to understand what is for our interest, I never talk much about disputable points, and I never did write any thing concerning polleticks in my life not even in a letter to a friend. For you can plainly see that I am an indifferent hand at writing upon paper, for I never was used to it, and hardly ever put pen to paper but to write a short note to a neighbor on necessary bisiness. And I should not venture to write to you now if it was not for some things that have come into my head by reading of your p[illegible]es—and my desire to express my thoughts to you about these things could not make me bould enough to send this, if it was not for what you said in one of your numbers, that what is sent to you not fit for The Old Bachelor, you will burn or return.—Now, sir, I beg that you will be sure to burn this, for my intent in writing to you can be come at without any of my poor stuf being put into the newspapers, and I am sure I should blush the moment I saw it in print, for I should be afraid that every body would know that I wrote it—tho I do not see how they should for I

know they never saw any of my poor thoughts in print, and you may be sure I do not mean to put my true name to this.

But I am afraid, good Mr. Old Bachelor, that I am keeping you too long from your necessary bisiness by not coming to the point at once about the cause of my writing you this letter.—Now in order to understand the matter rightly, I hope, Old Mr. B. that you will have a little patience; for it is necessary for you to know what sort of a man I am, and something about my family, that you may have a good notion what it is I wish you to consider about and inform me of.

I was born in the state of Virginia and so was my father and mother before me—and I think if ever there was a truehearted Virginian, I must be one for I never was out of the state in my life, tho I am now upwards of thirty years old, and this may be one reson why I have always thout Virginia the best state in the union. But there may be another reson why I have such a sincere love for Virginia, and for the United States of America in general—Almost the first thing that I can remember that worked any deap impression on my mind was the death of my father and the circumstances of it.—He lived at that time about forty or fifty mile from York-Town where Cornwallis was taken.

During the seage he went down on a tour in the Militia, but he had been in the American army before and was wounded at the battle of Brandywine. I can remember that after my father went down to York, my mother very often in the day, and sometimes in the night would go out to the edge of the yard and walk about very thoughtful, and then stand as if she was listening to hear something with great attention. I was then very young, and would frequently go to where she was and ask her what she was doing—she would commonly answer me, *nothing my son*, and would tell me to go into the house; and I could see from the tears that were streaming from her eyes, that she was in great distress about something. I had no notion of what was the cause of my mothers greaf, but I could see from the looks of my older brothers and sisters that they had, for they would frequently call me back when they saw me going to her at these times; and when I asked them what was the matter with our mother, they seemed to be much affected and bid me hush, for I did not know what I was talking about.—The check which my brothers and sisters tryed to put upon me, and the concern I saw they were in about our mother, for we all loved her with heart and soul, increased my desire to know what it

was that distressed her—I was the youngest of her children except one that was at the breast, and a much longer time having passed between my birth and the youngest, than was common with her, my mother was very fond of me and I made freer with her than the older children did.

One clear moonshiny night when it was very still, and my mother had staid out behind that end of the house which was next to York-Town, later than common, I stole out to where she was, partly from my impatience at her being so long absent, and partly from the curiosity to see what she was doing. I went up near to her without her knowing that I was there—and while I was considering what I should say to her, I could hear her sob, and see by her holding up her apron, that she was wiping away the tears from her eyes. In a short time her sobbing hushed, and she held in her breath and seemed to listen with all her might to something at a great distance,—and I could destinctly hear a lumbering noise like the falling of numbers of great trees at a great distance. As it seemed to die away and grow fainter and fainter, my mother's sighs and teers was renewed again,—and then she would be silent and listen, and then weep again, and so on for some time, till having listened a long time, and the sound being louder than common, her apron, dropt from her face, and she sunk upon her nees—and pressing one hand upon her breast, and lifting up the other a little, with her eyes looking up towards heaven, she said, in a voice that seemed to come from the very bottom of her heart—*O my God—preserve my husband: and let him return in safety to his helpless wife and children—and grant O lord, that the victory may be on our side, and let me not suffer these hard tryals in vain, but O let it be for the good of my native land*—never shall I forget her words, nor how she apeared at that time—She then rose from her nees and wept more bitterly than ever, I was also greatly distressed, I could not tell why, and I burst into tears.—My crying caused my mother to observe me. She was somewhat surprised at first, but in a moment she seased me in her arms and raised me from the earth, she pressed me with all her strength to her bosom—O my child, my child, said she—but her feelings seemed to be too strong for her to express; she bent her head over me and her tears streamed upon my face. I folded my arms about her neck and wept aloud.—After a little time, she set me on my feet again and said, come don't cry, my dear, let us go into the house. By this time I got composed enough to ask her, what noise it was I heard while I was standing near her. She turned towards the course it came from and said—it

is the cannon at York, that our countrymen and the English are firing at each other—I asked her what they were fighting for? She said, our countrymen were fighting for the rights and liberty of our country, and the English were trying to make us there slaves that they might take away from us any thing we have whenever they want it—From that moment I hated the English, and tho' I do not like bearing malice, I hope Mr. Old B. you will not accuse me of uncharitableness, and I confess that to this day the impression that was made on my mind has never intirely gone off—but what I wish you to take notice of is, that it was then for the first time in my life, when that scean passed between me and my mother, that I felt in my heart the love of my country; and I am sure it will always remaine in my heart as long as there is a drop of warm blood in it.—And if you can have patience, old Mr. B. with my tedious way, you shall see how my mother, my good excellent mother, cherished and strengthened by all means in her power the love of our country in the hearts of her children.

My mother mentioning of York-Town, and what I heard her say in her prayr, made me think of my father. As we walked towards the house, I asked her "where was my father?" She stopt short and looking back towards York, said with a melancholy voice but very firm, "He is there where we heard the roaring of the cannon"—Is he fighting for his country, said I? Aye said she, that he is, and he will fight bravely too—My tears flowed again, and my heart swelled with love for my country. After a little, I asked her, when will my father come home? She said as if she did not know that she spoke to me,—perhaps he will never—She stopt, and then said, I hope he will come home soon, my son. By this time we got near to the door; my mother wiped her eyes and then mine, and we went into the house.

But alas, my father never came home again—In a few days afterwards, some of the neighbors who had been down to York came up and brought the news, that my father was killed by a musket ball in storming some of the out works that our men took from the British—The distressing news was too true.

But good old Mr. B. this letter is too long but I could not help it—I have wrote tow for you before and burnt them because they were too long, and this is longer than them both, and I have not got fully to the main points that I wished to inform you of, and to ask your opinion about ——That is, about our loving our country, which I dont think our people are any way remarkable for, but on the

contrary are wanting in it—And about the people in general in our state having but too little learning, and a great deal less I think than they might have if things were managed to the best advantage, and they had as great a desire for it as I am sure you think they ought to have, from what you have said in some of your peaces—But you shall see what I think about these things in my next, which if you can spare time to read it shall be short—no more at present, but your's,

JOHN TRUENAME.

Number XXII.

——— Stat magni nominis umbra.
Lucan's Phars. Lib. I. v. 135.

——— He stands the shadow of a mighty name.

The near approach of the Fourth of July, the anniversary of our independence, recals to me the war of the revolution which preceded it; and this reminds me of my promise to impart to the reader the reverie on the past and present character of our countrymen, into which I was thrown, by Mrs. Martin's spirited harangue to her son.* I am fully aware, that the subject is far from being a courtly one. But I am no courtier. My purpose is to serve and not to flatter my countrymen. I wish to stimulate them to a generous competition with their forefathers in those great qualities which exalt the soul and ennoble the mind; but no effect of this sort can be hoped for on their part, unless they shall themselves be brought to make the comparison frankly and to feel and acknowledge their inferiority. For as long as we remain perfectly satisfied with ourselves, it is very clear that we shall make no efforts at improvement. The man, therefore, who exposes our false pretensions, forces upon us an useful, although not a pleasing conviction; and in showing us that we are nothing, compared with the standard of revolutionary excellence, he dissipates the indolent and pernicious dream of vanity, which had lulled us, and puts us

*See No. XIX.

on aspiring to an equality with that illustrious model. Neither the probe, nor the caustic are very pleasant operations; we submit to them, however, for the good that is to follow; and, painful as they are, we submit to them, even with gratitude to the operator. Without farther apology, then, I proceed to apply the probe and caustic to the mind.

The comparison which I propose to institute, is between the characters who bore a part in our revolution, and those who have succeeded it. And this comparison may be made either by individuals or by bodies. Of the revolutionary individuals who are yet alive, I shall say nothing: they are side by side with the moderns, and the reader may easily make the comparison himself. Of those characters of the revolution who are no more, I will select only a few, and giving to the reader the whole post-revolutionary, American world, I will ask him for their equals. I ask him, then, who there is amongst us, that wields the acute, profound, all-searching pen of Farmer Dickenson? Who is there that displays the force and power of thinking which distinguished Alexander Hamilton?—Who is there that equals Franklin in the vast stores of useful knowledge, and the boundless reach and comprehension of mind?—Who is there that pours the bold, majestic tide of Henry's eloquence?—Who is there, alas!—to compare with him—*who was in war the mountain storm—in peace, the gale of spring?*—Were not these men, giants in mind and heroism? Compared with them, what is the present generation, but a puny race of dwarfs and pigmies?

If the comparison by individuals shall be thought not a fair one, look at them in bodies. Compare, in the first place, your state legislature now, with what it was during the revolution: the last was the æra of Pendleton, Wythe, Henry, Bland, R. H. Lee, &c. &c. What were the measures of those days? Instead of being the offspring of puerile versatility, of rash experiment, of blind precipitation, of maniac prejudice, or whim without a motive; instead of being

——— "a feather for every wind that blows,

they were the measures of *men; deliberate, deep, judicious, solid* and *stable.*

The reader, however, may be of the opinion suggested some years ago by an Essayist in the Enquirer, that our state legislature is not a fair specimen of the talents of the state, because those talents have been taken away from us by the stronger attraction of the federal legislature.

Let us go, then, to the federal legislature itself, and look there for the talents thus removed from us;—and let us compare that body with the old continental or revolutionary Congress. Comparing them as bodies, there is no other way to decide between them than by their acts. Talk, if you please, of the difficulties in which the present Congress is placed; make every allowance for these difficulties, but, then, remember those greater difficulties which the old Congress had to encounter. Compare the resources of the country at those two periods, in men, money, arms and ammunition. These words roll easily from our lips: but remember what they mean; and make the comparison fairly. I am not censuring the pacific course of our Congress. I have nothing to do with politics. I say only, that the difficulties with which they are surrounded ought to weigh nothing in their favor, when a comparison is made between their talents for government and those of the fathers of the revolution; because the old Congress were environed by difficulties still greater. The moment of difficulty is, indeed, the proper moment for the trial of talents. Remember, then the epoch of our Revolution.—The colonial habitudes of filial attachment to G. Britain, scarcely half vanquished; the total destitution of all the means of war, and the acknowledged power of their veteran adversary, might well have excused them in declining the contest. Was it not, in truth, as unequal as that between the naked shepherd boy of Israel and the Philistine giant, armed from head to foot. This was *the complication of trying difficulties* of which lord Chatham sopke; and what was the conduct of the old Congress under them?—Ask Lord Chatham again. He had known, by history, Athens, Sparta and Rome; he had seen them encompassed by difficulties which threatened their extinction, and had seen the heroic exertions by which they had been saved: Yet with all this historical knowledge before him, he declared—"that in the master states of the world, he knew not the people nor the Senate who in such a complication of difficult circumstances, could stand in preference to the delegates of America assembled in general Congress in Philadelphia."—"When you consider *the dignity, the firmness*, and *the wisdom* with which the Americans have acted, said he, you cannot but respect their cause."—Bring this portrait to the present time, and see how well it fits. "DIGNITY, FIRMNESS and WISDOM!!" —I have no disposition to press the comparison. The judgment and candor of the reader will do the rest.

I had, very often, the good fortune to see and observe the old Congress, while yet they were tossing on the un-

known sea of the revolution, surrounded on every hand by rocks and shoals and whirlpools: and never did I see them without being reminded of the remark which was made on the Roman Senate; "that they resembled more an assembly of Gods than of men." It was by the great example of our fathers, that I learned what the national legislature of a republic should be. If there belonged to their original characters any little or narrow feelings, they all slept or expired on this august occasion. The *traite* which distinguished that body, and in which they all agreed, *the master passion which swallowed up the rest*, was the LOVE OF COUNTRY.

They had this passion not on their lips only; but in their hearts' core. Each member lost sight of himself and forgot the individual in the public cause. Hence, self, with all its degrading retinue of pride and vanity, mortifications and disappointments, chagrin and resentments, distrust, ill-nature, personality, rudeness and recrimination found no admission within their walls; but in their stead flourished the ingenuous and healthy offspring of virtue and patriotism; candor, forbearance, confidence, good-will, modesty, decency and dignity. Thus conducted, debate possessed every advantage for which it was instituted. No man opened his lips but to ask or give information for the public good; and no man who was capable of throwing the faintest light upon the subject, shrank from a debate in which he was sure of being treated with politeness and respect.—Is this the case at present? Here again, I leave the comparison to the reader: It will be for him to say whether our *manners* as well as our *minds* have not most wofully degenerated:—And whether, in all that respects public character, we do not, like Pompey in my motto, *now stand the shadow, merely, of a name once great.*

How far the old Congress surpassed us in energy of intellect as well as grandeur of soul, may be seen by their various reports, resolutions, memorials, remonstrances, petitions, declarations and statutes; these evidences of their character still live and will forever live, while the name of liberty shall be dear in any corner of the globe.

It is impossible to read those compositions without being struck with the dignity of action and Herculean strength with which the whole subject is grasped; and the beautiful simplicity, and, at the same time, irresistible conviction with which the argument is evolved. The magnanimity of sentiment which breathes throughout them, corresponds, in every part, with the force and greatness of intellect which conducts the argument; forming together a *toute ensemble*, certainly not surpassed, if equalled

by any productions on earth. No family ought to be without these state papers; more especially those families in which there are children growing up. A great part of those papers have been collected in a manual called *The Remembrancer*. Having been, myself, old enough to understand and admire them as they came out, I have carefully preserved my original copies and had them all bound together, in one large and sacred volume. This book forms an annual exercise in my family. My boys read it to me once a year with religious punctuality; and never without producing in them the most sensible effects. In the first place it is a salutary recurrence to first principles. It shews them at full length and in the colors of life, what a patriot was, in the golden age of patriotism. It gives them a glorious model on which to form their own principles and characters.—It animates their young bosoms with the same great and noble spirit of republicanism—and the annual recurrence to this source of light and warmth, keeps that spirit from languishing or being smothered under the business of life; on the contrary, it rekindles and revives it and feeds, with never-failing fuel, the holy flame of liberty. Besides this training of the heart to greatness, the practice, of which I speak, produces a correspondent effect upon their minds. It teaches them the difference between solid substance and fantastic shadow. It shews them the superiority of thought to words. It gives them a perfect standard of manly and nervous eloquence; and proves in the most striking and convincing manner, how much more power as well as dignity there is in a plain and simple period, loaded with sense, than in all the pomp and pageantry, and sound and fury of modern declamation. It raises them above that trick of indolence or weakness of taking a short and partial view of things; the common habit of yielding to sudden impulses, or solitary and erratic considerations; and the mean and pitiful artifice of appealing to existing prejudices, instead of making an honorable and manly appeal to reason. On the contrary, it teaches them how to look abroad over the whole of a great subject, and to seize all its strong points; how to arrange, connect and set them forth to advantage; and thus to combine the comprehensive and profound, with the beautifully distinct and luminous view.

It is obvious that those men read more and thought much more than their descendants. Their preparation for public life was on a far greater scale. Their minds were enlarged by the contemplation of subjects, and invigorated by the pursuit of studies of which we seem now

to have lost sight entirely. And they entered upon business with an intimate knowledge of every consideration which belonged to it, *gained by labor;* the place of which their children seem to expect to supply *by inspiration*:—It is true that the revolution may have lent a spring to their industry and enterprize:—but are we willing to confess ourselves sunk into an indolence so torpid and disgraceful that nothing less than a revolution can rouse us to life and action?—This I do not believe. Our young men want only to be made to understand their deficiencies: they want only some friendly monitor to point them to those sources of knowledge from which their forefathers drew, to render themselves worthy of being called and known as their descendants. Our great misfortune is, that narrow and contracted preparations for public life have become so strongly fastened upon us by the fashion and practice of the day, that no one lifts his mind to any other course. Look, for example, at that profession from which you draw almost all your great officers—your presidents, governors, judges and statesmen. I mean the profession of law. Let me first shew you how a young man ought to be prepared for this profession, according to the opinion of Lord Mansfield, than whom no man that ever lived was better qualified to judge.—The following course of study in that profession was recommended by him to a young friend.

"For general Ethics, which are the foundation of all Law, read Xenophon's Memorabilia, Tully's Offices, and Woolaston's Religion of Nature. You may likewise look into Aristotle's Ethics, which you will not like; but it is one of those books, *qui a limine salutandi sunt ne verba nobis dentur.*

"For the law of nations, which is partly founded on the law of nature, and partly positive, read Grotius, and Pufendorf in Barbeyrac's translation, and Burlamaqui's Droit Naturel: as these authors treat the same subject in the heads, they may be read and compared together.

"When you have laid this foundation, it will be time to look into those systems of positive law that have prevailed in their turn. You will begin, of course, with the Roman Law, for the history of which, read Gravina's elegant work *De Ortu et Progressu Juris Civilis;* then read and study Justitian's Institutes, without any other comment than the short one by Vinnius. Long comments would only confound you, and make your head spin round. Dip occasionally into the Pandects. After this, it will be proper to acquire a general idea of feudal law and the feudal system, which is so interwoven with almost every

constitution in Europe, that, without some knowledge of it, it is impossible to understand modern History. Read Craig de Feudis, an admirable book for matter and method; and dip occasionally into the Corpus juris Feudalis, whilst you are reading Giannone's History of Naples, one of the ablest and most instructive books that was ever written. These writers are not sufficient to give you a thorough knowledge of the subjects they treat of; but they will give you general notions, general leading principles, and lay the best foundation that can be laid for the study of any municipal law, such as the Law of England, Scotland, France, &c. &c."

Who does not recognize in this plan of forensic preparation the mind of a master, who well knew and had himself travelled this road to greatness? Who that has ever been upon the mountain summits here pointed out, does not remember, with rapture, the wide and grand horizon which they opened to his mind and the invaluble treasures of which they put him in possession.—From this noble route, by which alone great men can be made, turn to the preparation for the bar which is practised in this state—Blackstone and the Virginia laws, now and then Coke upon Littleton and a few Reporters make the whole snail's race of our young Virginia lawyers. Yet these young men, thus crude and spoiled and crippled, are in a few years returned from their Counties to the General Assembly—for the solemn and important function of making laws for the Commonwealth—In a few years they go to Congress—and when the illustrious remains of the revolution shall leave us, such alone are to be the men who are to be our presidents, and law-givers!—With what foreign nation shall we then be prepared to cope?

I leave this subject to the reader's reflection. Fathers, think of it. Sons, for your own sakes ponder well upon it; and arouse your souls to the glorious emulation of those virtues and accomplishments, which made you free and your country great.

Number XXIII.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.
Dulce est desipere in loco.
Hor. Od. XII. Lib. 4. v. 27.

Mix a short folly with thy labour'd schemes;
'Tis a joyous folly, that unbends the mind.
Francis.

It was a pleasant evening in the month of May; and my sweet child, my Rosalie, and I had sauntered up to the Castle's top to enjoy the breeze that played around it, and to admire the unclouded firmament that glowed and sparkled, with unusual lustre, from pole to pole. The atmosphere was in its purest and finest state for vision; the milky way was distinctly developed throughout its whole extent; every planet and every star above the horizon, however near and brilliant, or distant and faint, lent its lambent light, or twinkling ray, to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere; while the round, bright moon (so distinctly defined were the lines of her figure, and so clearly visible even the rotundity of her form,) seemed to hang off from the azure vault, suspended in midway air; or stooping forward from the firmament her fair and radiant face, as if to court and return our gaze.

We amused ourselves for some time in observing, thro' a telescope, the planet Jupiter, sailing in silent majesty, with his squadron of satellites, along the vast ocean of space between us and the fixed stars; and admired the felicity of that design by which those distant bodies had been parcelled out & arranged into constellations; so as to have served not only for beacons for the ancient navigator, but, as it were, for landmarks to astronomers at this day, enabling them, although in different countries, to indicate to each other, with ease, the place and motion of those planets, comets and magnificent meteors which inhabit, revolve and play in the intermediate space.

We recalled and dwelt with delight on the rise and progress of the science of astronomy; on that series of astonishing discoveries, through successive ages, which display, in so strong a light, the force and reach of the human mind; and on those bold conjectures and sublime reveries which seem to tower even to the confines of divinity, and denote the high destiny to which mortals tend. That thought, for instance, which is said to have been first started by Pythagoras, and which modern astronomers ap-

prove; that the stars which we call fixed, although they appear to us to be nothing more than large spangles of various sizes, glittering on the same concave surface, are, nevertheless, bodies as large as our sun, shining, like him, with original and not reflected light, placed at incalculable distances asunder, and each star the solar centre of a system of planets, which revolve around it, as the planets belonging to our system do around our sun; that this is not only the case with all the stars in the firmament which our eyes discern, or telescopes have brought within the sphere of our vision, but, according to the modern improvements of this thought, that there are probably other stars whose light has not yet reached us, although light moves with a velocity, a million of times greater than that of a cannon ball;—that those luminous appearances which we observe in the firmament, like flakes of thin white cloud, are windows, as it were, which open to other firmaments, far, far beyond the ken of human eye, or the power of optical instruments, lighted up, like ours, with hosts of stars or suns; that this scheme goes on through infinite space, which is filled with thousands upon thousands of those suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed to them; and these worlds, peopled with "myriads of intelligent beings:" One would think, that this conception, thus extended, would be bold enough to satisfy the whole enterprize of the human imagination. But what an accession of magnificence and glory does Doctor Herschell superadd to it, when, instead of supposing all those suns fixed, and the motion confined to their respective planets, he loosens those multitudinous suns, themselves, from their stations, sets them all into motion with their splendid retinue of planets and satellites, and imagines them, thus attended, to perform a stupendous revolution, system above system, around some grander, unknown centre, somewhere in the boundless abyss of space!—And when, carrying on the process, you suppose even that centre itself not stationary, but, also, counterpoised by other masses in the immensity of space, with which, attended by their accumulated trains of

> "Planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
> Wheeling unshaken, through the void immense,"

It maintains harmonious concert, surrounding in their vast career, some other centre still more remote and more stu-

pendous—which, in its turn—"You overwhelm me," cried Rosalie, as I was laboring to pursue the immense concatenation;—"my mind is bewildered and lost in the effort to follow you, and finds no point on which to rest its weary wing."—"Yet there is a point, my dear Rosalie; THE THRONE OF THE MOST HIGH: Imagine *that*, the ultimate centre, to which this vast and inconceivably magnificent and august apparatus is attached, and around which it is continually revolving. O! what a spectacle for the cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of the just, made perfect, who dwell on the right hand of that throne, if, as may be and probably is the case, their eyes are permitted to pierce through the whole and take in all its order, beauty, sublimity and glory at one glance, and their ears to distinguish that celestial harmony, unheard by us, with which those vast globes, as they roll on in their respective orbits, continually hymn their great Creator's praise!"

I cannot paint to the reader, the expression which this thought immediately kindled in the countenance of this child of Nature. It was far beyond that awful stillness and sweet serenity, which usually spread themselves over the soul, amid contemplations like these. The thought seemed to lift her from her seat. She rose slowly, as if borne up, merely by the ascent of her mind. Her fine eyes were raised and rivetted with a look of ecstacy, on the moon. Her hands were clasped upon her breast. —Her airy form seemed to float upon the breeze of evening. It was a look of transfiguration—the look of a disembodied spirit—or of a seraph just about to spread her wings to that Heaven to which her mind was so intensely directed. After a deep silence of about five minutes, she repeated, in a low voice, to herself, as if unconscious of the presence of any one else, but, at the same time, with a tone and energy that made my blood thrill along my arteries, the two last verses of Mr. Addison's paraphrase of the XIXth Psalm:—

What tho' in solemn silence all
Roll round this dark terrestial ball;
What tho' no real voice, or sound,
Amid their radiant orbs, be found—

In reason's ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
THE HAND THAT MADE US IS DIVINE.

The last word of this beautiful quotation had scarcely

died upon my ear, when there seemed to breathe slowly from the ground the sweetest music that I ever heard. It was a duet of Pleyel's German hymn, that stole upon the ear so softly and solemnly, that it seemed to be formed by the spirits of the air. Never was there any thing more like enchantment, so apposite was it to the train of our thoughts and feelings, and in itself, so ineffably touching and divine. At the first sound Rosalie started from her trance. Her spirits took a new turn; and with a look of the most animated curiosity and surprize, not unmingled with apprehension, she leaned with me, over the parapet, to discover the source from which those melting notes were flowing. We could see nothing. Yet we were the only inhabitants of the castle.—The sounds, however, were not of a character to inspire any feeling of alarm; unless, indeed, of that awful nature which chills and appals the stoutest soul, at the thought of holding communion with the spirits of the dead or with beings of an unknown and supernatural order. Tones, like those however, could be breathed only by spirits of the most benevolent cast; and from such we knew that innocence had no mischief to fear. We listened, therefore, with delight unalloyed by terror; and with a silence as deep and respiration as long-suspended as if we were afraid that a breath would dissolve the charm. The tune ended; and all was still and silent as the grave. Rosalie ventured to whisper emphatically—

> "That strain again; it had a dying fall—
> "O!—it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> "That breathes upon a bank of violets"—

My eyes were directed a different way, and my mind busied in conjecturing who or what these musicians could be, when a violent shriek from Rosalie took my breath from me, and turning around I saw her in the arms of a man who strained her to his bosom while her arms were entwined around his neck. Her return of the embrace explained the appearance to me at once; for I knew that there were but two beings on earth beside myself, whose embrace she would have returned. "My brother, my dear Alfred;" She faintly murmured, almost overcome by surprize and joy. "Rogue!" cried I, "you deserve the stroke of the crutch I was just meditating, for inflicting such surprize on your sister." "I forgive him, uncle, with all my heart," said Rosalie: "Then so do I; but who and where are these mysterious musicians?" "My brother and some of our fellow-students are behind that

clump of trees with their clarionets. We saw you on the castle, eying the starry heavens, and easily guessed the course of your thoughts. Our Rosalie you know *has a spice of the romance in her composition ;* so at least we were told by the Old Bachelor, and we determined to gratify it—that's all." At his signal, his young friends bounded in ; and, in a instant, the castle, so long silent and desolate, was all gratulation, life and bustle.

As to me it seemed as if my youth were renewed. I listened to the little adventures of these young wags on the road, with all the tip-toe spirit and glee with which they were related ; enjoyed with the quickest zest, all their wit and repartee ; quaffed my glass of wine, after supper, with more heart-felt hilarity than I had done for forty years before ; told my story in turn, and in short laughed as loudly and made as much noise as the wildest dog among them. But our cheerfulness was all that of nature and of the heart. My young visitors were all gentlemen. Their gaiety and even volatility became them. It was the combined result of high health, conscious virtue, mutual attachment and confidence, that unexperienced, credulous, captivating innocence, that keeps suspicion at a distance ; and that high-bounding hope and throbbing expectation, with which genius looks forward to the great world on which it is just about to enter.

I have never seen a finer parcel of young fellows. They were a perfect feast to me. The observation of the human character has been, all my life, one of my greatest enjoyments ; and this pleasing groupe, each of whom was in himself *a character*, gave food to my palate which could never cloy. My amusement was to compare them with each other, to see how they settled the point of precedence among themselves by that tacit vote of superior attention which never fails to shew itself; and to predict from my own observation their future figure in the world. Of my own boys I have already said enough : but the reader I am sure will not be displeased to be introduced to the rest of the party.

Number XXIV.

Postera lux oritur multo gratissima :—

—— animæ, quales neque candidores
Terra tulit ; neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
O qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.
Hor. Lib. 1. *Sat.* 5. v. 39.

Next rising morn with double joy we greet—

Pure spirits these ; the world no purer knows ;
For none my heart with more affection glows.
How oft' did we embrace ? Our joys how great!
For sure no blessing in the pow'r of fate
Can be compar'd, in sanity of mind,
With Friends of such companionable kind.
Francis.

On the night of the arrival of the young friends mentioned in my former number, Alfred, whose signal had drawn them to the parlour, where they were met by Rosalie and myself, performed the part of master of ceremonies by giving us a mutual introduction ; which he did in the following terms :

" My friends, this is Doctor Cecil, the benevolent censor of the age :—and this is my sister Rosalie."—" This, Sir," continued he, addressing me, " is the son of a man whom I have often heard you admire, Mr. Sidney :" presenting a spare young man of good figure ; whose face seemed formed on the finest model of antiquity, and whose large eye, of soft deep blue, habitually expanded as if looking upon a wide and boundless surface, might well be called *an eye of ocean.* He advanced with mild and graceful composure, and saluted me with an unassuming modesty and politeness, blended at the same time with a manly firmness, simplicity and dignity, which gave me the presentiment that he was a superior character. By the bye, I think that there is scarcely any other point of time or any other act, in which, to an observing man who is himself at his ease, the character of a stranger is so apt to shew itself, as on the first introduction and in the act of salutation. The pert and shallow coxcomb, the grinning sycophant, the plausible hypocrite, the pompous pretender to weight and consequence, the wretch yet undetected who still continues to keep up commerce with the virtuous world ; stern arrogance which deems the world scarcely

large enough to hold it, malignant officiousness, smirking conceit, harmless vanity;—contemptuous sarcasm, and meek good humor; benevolence and misanthropy; intelligence and weakness; genuine modesty and callous effrontery; all have their own appropriate mode of salutation which betrays them at once to a man acquainted with the world; and enables him to pronounce upon them, with almost absolute certainty, on the moment of introduction.—But to proceed with my young friends. "This, Sir," continued Alfred, "is Mr. Herbert, whom I am proud to add to the list of your acquaintances; he has long since been one of Doctor Cecil's friends"—presenting a remarkably handsome and graceful young fellow, whose address although highly spirited and polished, had so much of hurry as well as self-sufficiency in it as to impress me less favorably both towards his mind and temper than I had been towards Sidney's. "This, Sir," proceeded Alfred, in a kind of mock-tragic tone, turning towards a young fellow, somewhat knock-kneed and round-shouldered, and of a most comic phiz, "is the celebrated Van Tromp of maritime memory; the same Dutch admiral who was shot through the heart with a musket ball during the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell." Van Tromp's sly and brilliant eye, and his countenance at once demure and arch; honest, good-humored and intelligent; together with his frank and pleasing manner, soon made us forget the defects of his person.—"My name is, indeed, Van Tromp, Doctor," said he advancing—"but I beg you to believe that I have come alive and heart-whole *to* the castle, whatever may be my condition *when I leave it.*" I was glad to find that Rosalie had too much good sense as well as dignity, to seem to understand this compliment, although it was applied by a glance of Van Tromp's eye, as well as by the looks and smiles of the rest of the company. A very light blush indeed perceptible, I believe, by no eye but my own, flew over her cheek. Alfred however instantaneously relieved the self-command which she was exerting, by presenting the next gentleman, a young man about six feet high, whose pale face was full of expression: "This, Sir, is Albert Durer a descendant of his illustrious name-sake of Nuremberg; but whom you will soon value much more for his own sake than his name's sake."—"Good, good," exclaimed our cousin Reynolds with a laugh, struck by the singularity of the sentence; Reynolds was the last of the visitors and required no introduction, having been to see us only four years before. He is a Pennsylvanian; a grandson of that brother of my mother's, who is mentioned in my XIIIth Number; a

young fellow of fortune; a genteel, sprightly, witty young rattle-cap; with a little impediment in his speech; but well tempered, well informed and highly agreeable; and as Van Tromp said of him, as he gave him a mock introduction, "equally fond of literature and a laugh." Van Tromp and Durer we found were the musicians who had so much enchanted us. They were both of foreign parents; but Van Tromp was a native American; whereas Durer was three years old when his parents settled in this country. According, therefore to the code of the rigorists, the former is and the latter is not a fair candidate for the political honors of the country.

The first night was a scene of such promiscuous and indiscriminate mirth that I made but little observation. I remarked however, that Van Tromp, on whose countenance there was continually playing an expression of indescribable humor; a sort of dry, demure, ironical, half-suppressed smile, and who seemed perfectly careless whether his joke hit or not; was always the man to whom the company looked for a laugh; and he never disappointed them.—Alfred, whose face exhibited a happy illustration of Shakespear's

"—— countenance as clear as friendship wears at feasts—"

And Reynolds, the very father of mischief, employed themselves in goading and provoking the wit and humor of Van Tromp. Sidney and Herbert were sufficiently employed in enjoying it. In the look of Durer, I thought I could discover that besides his direct participation in the merriment, he had a collateral enjoyment in looking upon the scene with the eye of a naturalist and curiously tracing the lines of countenance and character. Galen, who while his sister remained with us, had been sitting by her side, holding her hand and looking on her with the silent tenderness and noble pride of the best of brothers, now stood "*aurectis auribus—et ore exfanso*" admiring the vagaries and eccentricities of Van Tromp's genius, and with a clap of his hands, an exclamation of Bravo! and a leap into the air, breaking out, every five minutes, into the most immoderate fits of laughter. So passed the night till bed time.

"Next rising morn with double joy we greet."

At breakfast and in the course of the forenoon the shades of character began to show themselves. Durer, indeed, was still reserved; but his countenance far from being

morose, was full of varied expression, of sparkling intelligence, of sociability and good humor. Alfred after having gotten his friends fairly embarked in conversation, was also silent, with a view, which I perfectly understood, of permitting the characters of the strangers to unfold themselves, and thus furnishing me with that banquet of the mind which he knew I enjoyed above all others. Galen, also, was silent, through a diffidence which, in a general and grave conversation, he can seldom vanquish, farther than to ask a short question for his own information or to supply a fact which the course of the conversation may require, and which he alone may chance to possess. The talkers were Van Tromp, Reynolds, Herbert and Sidney. I now found that Van Tromp was not merely a wit and humorist: but on the contrary, that he had a great variety of curious and practical information, and that he was extremely acute and dexterous in debate.—Reynolds shone peculiarly in *belles lettres* and the fine arts, of which he had not only read but thought much; and in which he displayed the just taste of a critic and a connoisseur. Herbert was distinguished by the quickness of his perception, the delicacy of his sentiments, the nicety of his discriminations, the animation and even eagerness of his manner, the irritability or rather soreness of his feelings, and in short the fire, and tempest of his mind and passions and whole character. While his excitement was kept within reasonable bounds, his manners were not only respectful and polite, but scrupulously delicate, as well as elegant and engaging; but the moment of combustion was so frequent and almost always so unnecessary and unexpected, and during its continuance his transport so excessive and his manner so rudely vehement, that it detracted very much from the pleasure which he was otherwise calculated to impart. He had never learned that self-discipline, which is the most useful of all learning, whether we regard our own happiness or that of others who may be connected with us; nor acquired that guarded self-command, without which genius and talents, instead of producing their high and appropriate effect, are always involving their possessor in difficulties and making him conspicuous to his ruin. For the want of this discipline and guard, Herbert's generous and noble sensibility sometimes degenerated into insulting harshness and cruelty to others; and his fine mind was frequently hurried into storms and lost in darkness. I could not help suspecting sometimes (but it might not be so) that he was, himself, pleased with his own impetuosity; and that he even forced the chivalry of his spirit beyond its natural tone, as

well as beyond the occasion. I was, however, very unwilling to adopt this opinion, because it tended to impair my respect for his understanding; to shew that his reformation was desperate; and that the star of his genius would never do more than merely to keep above the political horizon, and then set, to rise no more.

But Sidney's appeared to be the master spirit: cool, collected, firm, vigorous and self-balanced, he stood, like an eagle upon the rocks of Norway's coast; defying with equal composure, the storm that raved and rent the atmostphere above, and the surging element that towered and dashed and roared below.

This young man was really a prodigy. He was only two and twenty years of age, yet his information seemed already to be universal.—He spoke on every science & every art like one of its ablest professors. There was no broken lumber, nor useless trash in his mind.—The materials were all of the best sort, and in the highest order. The stores of his knowledge had been collected with so much reflection and hypothetical application, and arranged in his memory with so much skill and method, that he could call them into use at a moment's warning; and there was no point which he wished to illustrate by analogy, or support by a precedent, for which his memory did not supply him, at once, with the happiest materials.

There were one or two important particulars in which he had a manifest and striking advantage over his fellow-students, and, indeed, over the generality of young men: Where, for instance, Herbert, Reynolds and Van Tromp, had, thro' indolence or hurry, passed over the Gordian knots which had occurred in the course of their studies, Sidney seems to have stopped and sitten deliberately and patiently down, resolved not to cut but to untie them before he rose; so as not only to make himself master of the knowledge which they concealed, but to discover, also, how the knot came to be tied; whether it arose from the unavoidable difficulty of the subject, or from the want of care or of intellectual strength in the author. Thus he trained and practised his mind to grapple with difficulties and to subdue them; and thus he gave to his penetration a point of adamant which no difficulty could stop or turn aside.

But besides this temper of superior hardihood and vigor with which he thus indued his mind, there was this farther advantage from this process; that his knowledge was much superior both in quantity and accuracy. Sidney's course of study had resembled a cloudless day in

which all was light and every object visible, whether on hill, plane or in dale: whereas their's resembled a corruscation by night, in which only the most prominent objects are seen, and that, too, only by sudden and transient glimpses. And hence I remarked that very often in the course of their conversation, when *they* were under the eclipse of one of those Gordian knots, lost in vallies, shade and darkness, *Sidney* was in broad and perfect day.

It was owing, too, as I believe, to the ever wakeful, intense and ardent action of the mind, as well as the collateral meditation and study, with which he had read, that his memory appeared to have possessed a faculty of discriminating among the subjects offered to its retention, and rejecting the incumbrance of what was worthless, to have seized and holden with indissoluble tenacity, every thing that was useful, *together with all its roots and ramifications.* He seems to have examined the historical incidents with which he had met, with all that "large, sound, round-about sense," as Mr. Locke calls it, which was necessary to combine with it, all its causes and consequences, and render it practically useful to the purposes of life. I was several times struck with the superior advantage which he derived from these details of relative and antecedent, with which he had recorded in his memory historical facts. His fellow-students were acquainted with all the prominent incidents of history; but not having examined them in all their bearings, as they had read, and impressed them, *with all their relations of cause and effect*, on their minds, it turned out that they frequently attempted to borrow aid from historical incidents, which, Sidney, from his more intimate knowledge and mastery of the subjects, was able to seize and drive back upon them like routed Elephants upon their own army.

He surpassed them, too, in those powers which are derived from mathematical study; the power of keeping continually in the mind's eye, without winking or wavering, the distant proposition which is to be proven; of advancing to it, by steady steps on the shortest route; and bearing up, with the strength of Atlas, the most extended and ponderous chain of logical deductions. Such was the habitual steadiness and strength of his mind, that, unlike his fellow students, I never saw him lose sight, for an instant, of the point in debate, much less shift that point to some thing else; in advancing to it, I never saw him take one devious step; nor did I ever see him at any moment oppressed or entangled by the concatenation of his argument, or indicate even, that he was at all sensible of its weight.

That there may have been something in the original organization of his mind or temperament of his character, that qualified him, in a pre-eminent degree, for cool, dispassionate, profound and vigorous exertion, I will not take upon me to deny; but that he owed much more of his excellence to that secret and persevering labour to which he had so nobly submitted, and by which he had given additional tone and power to his mind itself, I am perfectly convinced. His mind did, now, indeed, appear in itself, the superior one: it had such a power of compression and expansion, of versatility, and strength, that it seemed capable of any thing and every thing that he pleased. It was astonishing with what rapidity and effect he would shift the colour, shape and attitude of the same object as the emergencies of his argument required! With what closeness and unanswerable cogency he would maintain truth! and with what illusion and almost irrefutable sophistry he would disguise and metamorphose error! At the first sound of the trumpet, he could draw a larger body of forces into the field in favor of an erroneous position than his adversaries could in favor of a correct one; and even when on the wrong side, which he seemed just as willing to be as he was to be on the right, he was generally astute enough to drive his adversaries into straits & keep the field himself in token of victory. Indeed the spirit of enterprize and the consciousness of his strength led him generally to prefer the wrong side to the right, and to support error with more vivacity and appearance of enjoyment, than he did truth. His fault seemed to consist in the abuse of his strength; in that laxity of colloquial morals (if I may use the phrase) of which I have just spoken, and which led him to triumph, with equal pleasure, in every victory, right or wrong.

There was, however, something still more unfortunate in this bold and commanding character: but which I believe I should never have discovered, had I not endeavored to take the place of the public towards him and judge of him as I had seen them judge of others; I mean an apparent frigidity of manner, which I feared the world would consider as the evidence of a cold and sordid heart.

The man who is in possession of such talents as Sidney's, is in possession of a most dangerous gift; and it behoves him to walk before the public with a circumspection proportioned to the superiority of those talents. Exorbitant power, whether intellectual or political, naturally begets distrust and jealousy in the good, as well as envy in the wicked; and it requires on the part of its possessor, a constant display not only of the most scrupulous integrity

and sacred purity on every occasion, great or small; but a constant display also of the most disinterested generosity and public spirit, to give such a character even fair play before the world. People must be satisfied not only that such an one will not abuse his power to their injury and sacrifice their interests to his own; but that the strong & native tendency of his character is to disregard his own interest entirely when drawn into collision with their's; before they will forgive him his superiority and trust themselves in his hands. To such a character, any appearance or suspicion of coldness, or indifference towards the public good, and much more any appearance or suspicion of uncommon devotion to self, however fallacious such appearance or suspicion may be, is political death, without the hope of resurrection. Such a character must loose sight of self, altogether compared with the public, or the public will be very apt to lose sight of him, or, seeing, not to trust him. As to Sidney, knowing him as I do, I know that those appearances of which I have spoken are entirely fallacious, that his laxity in conversation is only sportiveness; that his attention to his own interests does not pass the bounds of ordinary prudence; that on a proper occasion, no man is more charitable, generous, or munificent; none more alive to the misfortunes and even solicitudes of a virtuous sufferer, that his apparent coldness is the effect only of mental abstraction and of judicious caution and selection; and in part, of that strong & exhausting flame with which his friendship burns for those whom he grapples to his heart. But the world at large can never have that intimate knowledge of him that I have; and, therefore, although I know that he looks upon mankind with an eye of benevolence, and upon his country with the spirit of a patriot, and although in addition to this, he is certainly capable of any and every thing that demands fidelity, zeal, energy, industry, the most unrelaxing, and talents the most transcendant, yet, much I fear that his country will never know him well enough to do him justice, or to profit herself, of his powers.

Number XXV.

Condida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat illa senem quondam; sed et ipsa marito
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.
Mart. Epigr. XII. Lib. IV.

Fair Concord ever on their bed attend,
And Cytherea the bless'd pair befriend!
When youth is past and wrinkled age appears,
May neither to the other seem in years!

THE following Communications are from my country friend and correspondent, John Truename, re-touched, he tells me, by his good wife; in whose behalf, I offer conjointly, the prayer of my motto, which I have borrowed, for their sakes, from Martial. The reader will remember the pathetic story which this good man told us of the death of his father at the siege of York. I do not know how it is: but there is something in his simple, natural, *old times talk*, that takes a stronger hold of me, than all the flowers of modern rhetoric. The subject of his present letter is very well chosen, and set out in a manner which will be much more pleasing to the great mass of my readers than any that I could adopt. I beg Mr. Truename to continue his correspondence with me; he will render thereby useful service to his country and do honor to his own head and heart.

TO DOCTOR ROBERT CECIL.

Dear, Dear, Mr. Old Bachelor,

You have brought me into one of the very worst predicaments that ever need to be. How came you to publish that poor letter of mine, with so many words spelt wrong, and so many improper expressions in it, that I was afraid you would never make it out?—And I fear, too, if you publish many more such letters, all your readers will quit *The Old Bachelor*. As for the spelling, I would have had that more correct, but my boys had carried our Entick to the school-house & left it there; and as I did not wish any body to know of my writing to you, I did not shew the letter to my wife, who is a much better speller, and a better scholar in most things, than I am; and what is more, can keep a secret very well about any thing that concerns me. Ah! Old Mr.

Bachelor, you can't imagine how strange I felt when I opened one of the Enquirers at the post-office, and saw a long piece in print with John Truename at the bottom of it. My heart beat and my hand shook so, that I am sure if the post-master had noticed me, he would have seen that something was the matter; but I doubled up the paper as quick as I could, and stuffed it into my pocket. As I rode along home, I read over my printed letter, and your remarks upon it; and it struck me that there was some things in my letter that would be very apt to betray me to my wife, if she should read it, and I had a great mind to throw the paper away into the woods; but I knew she was so fond of reading *The Old Bachelor*, that she would send all over the neighborhood to borrow the paper rather than miss a number.

When I got home, I threw the papers carelessly on the table and walked out; for I had not the courage to be present when my wife should read my letter. After some time, I went in, and had scarcely taken my seat before Fanny said, "Why, here is one of the most curious letters in The Old Bachelor that I ever saw; and it's my belief, old man, that you wrote it." That I wrote it, old woman? "Yes," said she, "I am almost sure you did."—Poh! Fanny, said I, can you think that I would be sending letters to be published in the Newspapers, when I can hardly spell my own name? She gave me a keen look from her black eyes, and said, half smiling, "Old man, if you did write it, it is not worth while to deny it, for I will find you out." Indeed it was not worth while to deny it; for my looks told her I was guilty, as plain as words could have done. So I confessed all; and told her further, that I had another letter ready for you, and should have carried it to the Post-Office that day, if I had not started from where I was at work in the plantation, and forgot to come by the house for it. "But, old man," said she, "why did you not shew me this letter before you sent it? I think I could have helped you to make the spelling and the language something better than it is." I told her, I knew that; but I knew also, that she would have opposed my sending any letter at all; and as I was determined on it, I thought the best way was, to say nothing at all to her about it. But I have often observed, Old Mr. Bachelor, that if ever I do any thing of importance, without consulting with Fanny about it, I am very apt to repent of it; for though she never finds fault if it turns out badly, she has my credit, and the welfare of our family so much at heart, that she is very apt to see what is for the best.

I went and brought my other letter and gave it to her. When she had read it over, she said, "Well, really I think there are some very just remarks in this letter; but I suspect Dr. Cecil will not like your story about the poor member of Assembly. It looks too much like turning our public men into ridicule; and you know he has complained already of many of his readers thinking themselves aimed at by things in The Old Bachelor." But, said I, I had no thought that my letters would be published; and if they are, no one need to take that story on himself; for the poor member moved to the Western Country many years ago, and was killed by the Indians; and he did not leave any family that I ever heard of.

"Well, old man," said she, "as you have promised The Old Bachelor another letter, suppose I take this, and copy it off, and try what I can do at correcting some parts of it a little? Perhaps it may do for variety's sake, if The Old Bachelor should think proper to publish it." I gave my consent; and when she was done, she brought it to me, but said she did not like it much; for she had found a more difficult task of it than she expected; that it was like altering a garment to make it fit, that had been badly cut at first. When I had read it over, and observed the alteration she had made in it, I could not help thinking it was very much like my own appearance, when she has fixed me up in my Sunday clothes to go abroad. She will never rest 'till she has me as clean and neat as a new pin, though there may be here and there a darn or a patch on my clothes, and some parts fine and some coarse, and some in the fashion and some out.

But I will keep you no longer from my *mended* letter—Though, indeed, such as it is, it's as much Fanny's as mine; for it's a thing that has been made out between us. But I think, Old Mr. Bachelor, it's the last you shall be ever troubled with from

Your friend, J. T.

Dear Doctor Cecil,

In my last letter I told you that I wished to have your opinion on some things which have been lately brought to my mind more seriously than common by reading some particular numbers of The Old Bachelor: and I thought at first that perhaps you would not know how to explain them to such people as I, unless you knew what sort of a person I am. But I dare say, Mr. Old Bachelor, you can tell pretty well by this time what sort of a man John Truename is; and if I were to go on in my tedious way with an account of my family after my father's

death, and our removal from the low country up to the foot of the Blue Ridge, and my mother's death, and my own marriage, &c. all up to the present time, I fear you would get so tired of reading it, that you would not have the heart to write a single line in The Old Bachelor for the information of such dull-headed people as I am.

But this puts me in mind of one of the very things that I wish to write to you about; for it is my opinion, Old Mr. Bachelor, that it is with us poor ignorant people, that you ought to begin. You find great fault with the young gentlemen who have time and opportunity to learn, for not studying harder than they do, and for not taking more pains to understand things well, that they may become great and useful men; and an ornament to their country. But it is my opinion, and I have thought so for some time, that it is owing in a great measure to the common people being so ignorant as they are, that our gentlemen are not more anxious to get learning and knowledge; for they see that they can have the direction of affairs without any great deal of knowledge; and this makes them careless about it. But if the common people had learning enough to understand things pretty well, and to judge of the abilities of those that wish to take the lead amongst them, ignorant men would be ashamed to be candidates for public offices, and thereby only expose themselves among their well informed neighbors and fellow-citizens. And in that case, the people would not encourage them; for I have always observed that a man who understands any particular business, will not employ a person to do it for him that knows nothing about it—So that if the common people were better informed, we should not have so many lawyers, and doctors, and preachers, and lawmakers, without any learning, undertaking to do business that cannot be well done without it. And pride too, which we all have more or less, would prevent the people, in that case, from encouraging ignorant men to get out of their proper places.

This puts me in mind of a story that I heard many years ago, soon after my mother moved up to the mountains to live. I was at Capt's. a worthy man who had been a true friend to his country through the war; and Mr. D. from one of the neighboring counties, and several other gentlemen were there. Among other things, they were talking of the great want of learning among our people generally, and of the necessity of something being done by the Assembly to encourage it. This brought it in the way for Mr. D. to mention how he had been distressed one at hearing a member from his County make a speech

in the Assembly, when it used to sit at Williamsburg. He said, the question was about moving the seat of government from there to Richmond; and after several very good speeches had been made, he saw one of the members from his county rise. Mr. D. said, his heart began to beat violently the moment he discovered the man was going to speak; for he knew his ignorance and dreaded what was to come. The member went on for a short time, stammering and blundering and every other word a wrong one, 'till at length he said—"Some gentlemen rejected against this bill because it was not constitutionable. For his part he did not know whether it was very constitutionable, but he should vote for it because it would tolerate some ingrievances which aggrafied his constitutes very much." At this the whole house was in commotion. The Speaker in the chair hung down his head and bit his lip; some of the members coughed and spit and scraped their feet to conceal their laughter; others who had less feeling for the poor man, laughed and shook so that they could hardly keep their seats; and the lobby and gallery fairly roared again. But Mr. D. said, he never felt less like laughing in his life; for his cheeks burnt, and his ears rung as if they had been soundly boxed by one of the strongest members in the house. He could not have the face to look up, for he was afraid all the strangers around him would know that the member came from his county. So, he shuffled backward as slily as he could, 'till he had inched out of the crowd, and then stole off from the house, and firmly resolved not to go there again while that Assembly was sitting; though Mr. D. said he had no hand in sending the man there, but had voted against him.

Now, Old Mr. Bachelor, if a majority of Mr. D's. county people had been such men as he was, they never would have put that poor ignorant body into office, no more than they would John Truename; for, besides knowing that it was contrary to their interest, their pride would have made them as much ashamed of him as Mr. D. was.—And for this reason I think that if the common class of people had more learning, and could see into things better than they do, men who wish to rise to honor and preferment, would take more pains to qualify themselves for it than they now do; and that would give them a love for learning in general, and then we should have more men of great knowledge in our country than we now have.

But many people say, that the far greater part of us are too poor to educate our children, and that is the reason why there is so little learning amongst us. But I don't

think it's owing altogether to that. I think it is as much owing to our not having a proper desire for it, as to any thing else; and I'll tell you of a circumstance which I think proves this to be the case.

A year or two ago, several of my neighbors and myself employed a School-master to teach our children; and as he was thought to be better than the common run, we agreed to give him as high as fifteen dollars a Scholar.—But several of the neighbors, fully as able as the most of us, said the price was too high, and refused to send their children. As I was going one day to the little town in our neighborhood, I met one of these men coming from it with one of his negroes driving his market cart. We stopped to speak to each other, and after a while, I told him I was sorry to hear that he did not intend to encourage our School. He said, he was really very sorry; but he had a large family to maintain, and had not paid all he was to give for a tract of land that he bought some time ago to settle his son Harry on, if he should live to see him come of age and marry to his liking; so that he thought the price at our school was higher than he could afford to give. I tried to convince him that he was very able, and that he could not lay out his money more for the interest of his children in any other way. But he seemed to think that he knew his own ability, and the interest of his family better than I did; so I could not prevail with him. On looking into his cart, I saw a nice pair of half-boots with tassels hanging to them, and I asked him whose they were. He said he had just bought them, at the price of nine dollars, for Harry, (a lad of sixteen or seventeen years old,) and spoke warmly against the extravagant price that such things had got up to. I asked him what pretty flowered thing that was I saw in his cart. He said he believed they called it a *barg* boy, and well they might, for that and what was in it had cost him a *banging* price; that nothing would do for his daughter Lucy but she must have a fine bonnet; and that, with the thing to hold it in, had cost him five dollars. Observing a small cask in his cart, I asked him if he had got a dram along too. O yes, he said, it was a quarter-cask of excellent old peach brandy, and he thought he got a pretty good bargain in it; for it was warranted to be at least 3 years old, and he had given only five shillings a gallon for it. Neighbor, said I, smiling, (for I did not wish to offend him,) now suppose you had let alone buying these boots and this bonnet. Harry and Lucy are both too young yet to be looking out for sweethearts; and some cheaper things might do for them yet a while; and as for the brandy, though it is a very

good thing if cautiously used, it is dangerous to have much to do with it, and I believe we are all as well or better without it; and the money that you have given for the boots, bonnet and brandy, would have sent two of your children to our school one year, and furnished them with the necessary books. Why, said he, so it would; but most of his neighbors get such things for their children—and he always hated to see his children appear worse than those of their own station that they kept company with; and as for the brandy, though he did not drink much himself, he liked to have something better than cold water to welcome his neighbors when they came to see him.

I confess, Mr. Old Bachelor, I felt a little vexed at my neighbor's way of thinking; but as I knew he was not a man to be argued out of his opinion, by one that he thought no wiser than himself, I said no more, but took leave of him civilly. As I rode along, thinking of my neighbor's conduct and of the consequences that such notions as his seemed likely to lead to, my feelings got so warm that I could not help muttering to myself—"Yes! said I; this is the way in our country. Boots, bonnets and brandy must be had at any price; but learning must shift for itself; and we shall go on, buying boots, bonnets and brandy, and houses and land, and neglecting to instruct our children, 'till there will not be sense enough among the great bulk of the people to prevent a few cunning ambitious men from taking our houses and land and every thing else away from us; and then how shall we get boots, bonnets and brandy?"

Now, Mr. Old Bachelor, don't you see that it is as much or more from the want of inclination, than from the want of means, that the bulk of our people have so little learning? And what can be the reason that they have not more inclination? Tell me that, Dr. Cecil; and do, dear Doctor, think and study, if something cannot be done to rouse up our people, and make them more desirous to encourage learning in our country. O! if I could write like you can, I would publish in The Old Bachelor; I would do any thing to afford help in such a good cause; for tho' I never had any chance to get much learning myself, because my Uncle John, who was my guardian, was too much like my neighbor that I have mentioned above, yet I think I can see its usefulness; and I have often heard those that have learning say it is amongst the greatest pleasures a man can enjoy in this life.

I promised in my last that this letter should be short, but I have kept my promise badly; for when I begin to write, one thing after another comes into my head, and I

do not know how to cut it short, without leaving it out entirely, and then there would be no letter at all; which I dare say, would be so much the better for you. However, when you see who it is from, you can lay it by for a leisure time.

Your true friend and humble servant, J. T.

Number XXVI.

Neglectis urenda felix innascitur agris.

——————— A neglected field
Does for the fire its thorns and thistles yield.

When these Numbers were commenced, I stated to my readers that no regular plan would be pursued; but that I should write as inclination prompted, convenience permitted or occasion offered. I was aware that what we impose upon ourselves as a task is often, on that account alone, reluctantly performed; and I thought it better to be confined by no rules, than by such as might convert a pleasing into a fatiguing duty. The perception of this truth, as well as some peculiarities in my situation, induced the declaration I have mentioned—and if there are any, who, taking an interest in the continuance of "The Old Bachelor," have been dissatisfied with the late interruption in his labors, I must remind them of that declaration as a sufficient apology.

But although this publication has been and may hereafter continue to be irregular, no idea of relinquishing it altogether, has ever yet entered into the contemplation of its author. Until some of its objects are attained, or their attainment shewn to be hopeless, it will probably be continued. Every day's observation and experience confirm my convictions, that some moral stimulus to the public mind is wanted, which I may at least aid in applying.—Even in a political point of view the necessity for such a stimulus is daily increasing—for in a country and under a government like this, the *political* condition of the people must ever depend upon their *moral* and *intellectual*. Circumstances peculiarly fortunate have hitherto cherished nd supported among us, such principles of rational liber-

ty as have conducted this nation to unexampled prosperity. But those circumstances are now ceasing to have much influence, and in our very prosperity is to be found the principle of our decay. In the progress of civilization itself, there are some causes operating to weaken the love of liberty and to render men indifferent to political changes. How much greater force, then, must those causes acquire, when civilization is accompanied by a wealth, increasing so rapidly as to outstrip every other active principle that can influence the human mind? And what have we to counteract them? How are we to oppose the vice and corruption that sudden riches bring along with them? How are we to stimulate men to exertion, on whom the love of ease and property has laid fast hold? What equivalents shall we offer them, if an opposition to tyranny should ever become necessary, for hazarding their possessions, their luxuries, their numerous indulgencies, and multiplied enjoyments, in the pursuit of what they would probably denominate a "haggard phantom?" We may call upon the honored names of Patriotism and of Freedom as much as we please. They are deaf and cannot hear. We may attempt to rouse them by appealing to the example of their illustrious forefathers—But their forefathers were a poor and hardy race; had, unlike themselves, little to lose and much to gain—and their example will of course be disregarded. We have in truth from this class little to hope, and as the class itself is becoming every day more numerous and powerful, a greater necessity exists for working on the materials that remain. In the great body of the people, if they are *properly instructed*, we shall, I confidently hope, find a countervailing power: But until then, so far from affording a ground for consolation, they furnish reason for despair. Usurpation can have no better instruments, than the wealthy who are indisposed to any change, and the ignorant who are unconscious and of course indifferent to all. Hence arises the duty, paramount almost to every other, of stirring and exciting the public mind, through the means of the press, of disseminating correct principles and just opinions—and thereby of finally raising up so many enlightened friends to liberty, that the pressure of any interested class in the community can never thereafter disturb it. From such a duty, no citizen of this country should lightly depart.

With these sentiments I appear again before the public, and I come assisted by communications from many respectable quarters. Indeed they are so numerous, that they will furnish matter for many successive numbers of this publication, without trouble or labor on my part.—

From an author I shall probably become an editor, and the public will probably have as little reason as myself to regret the change.

For the present I shall insert a letter from my Nephew Alfred, received soon after the appearance of my 22d No. as in some measure connected with my previous remarks. He seems to have intended it for publication, and the subject is sufficiently important to merit general attention.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

You have I perceive in a late number of The Old Bachelor, instituted a comparison between our forefathers and ourselves, very little to our *honor* or advantage. You have indeed drawn a picture that must crimson the cheeks of many, with shame and contrition. You have taken too from these prodigals of time and reputation, the common-place consolation, that in all ages *modern* degeneracy has been the fruitful subject of invective, and therefore unworthy of attention—because you have pointed out symptoms of decay too evident, to admit that consolation. You have appealed to facts that speak in thunder for themselves, whilst in support of the inferences from them, might be cited the opinions of all the learned in other parts of the world.

That there now exists among us, therefore, little that deserves the name of literature, and that there has been a general falling off in intellectual enterprize and vigor in Virginia, may be assumed as a truism no longer to be questioned.

Many persons are disposed to ascribe this phenomenon to causes, that can have operated but partially, if at all, in its production. The want of respectable schools, of well-furnished libraries, and philosophical *apparata* has undoubtedly been severely felt, and is a serious obstacle to our future progress; but it does not sufficiently account for past deterioration, since the same want was experienced in a greater degree during the most brilliant epoch of our history. The *facilities* to literature, except perhaps in the article of good schools, have since the revolutionary war, greatly multiplied, and if individual acquirements kept pace with our literary capital, we should soon have little to blame, or to desire.

Others seem to imagine that, the favorite period of our national existence, I have mentioned, was a forced and unnatural state, owing to the extraordinary excitement of a great occasion, which ceasing, left us, as powerful stimuli frequently do, in a feebler state than it found us. This may in part be true, and does in a great measure.

explain the phenomenon of so young a people experiencing the decrepitude of age before they attained maturity; but I am apt to believe there are other causes of this lamentable decline, neither few nor trivial.

Every attentive observer may have discovered that within the last twenty or thirty years, there has been a great revolution in many other of the opinions of men, besides their political. On the subject of education, for instance, a new doctrine has been successfully advanced "that genius unassisted by learning or with a very inconsiderable portion of it, is competent to form and perfect the character, and that many things formerly making a part of the student's course, are now, (in this enlightened age,) useless or pernicious." In pursuance of this idea, classical literature, so long the *exclusive* object of veneration, was left with scarcely one follower, and history ancient and modern, saw every day numerous desertions from her ranks. To many, indeed, all science as well as learning appeared unnecessary, unless it aided them in their political views or pointed the road to immediate distinction; whilst the intuitive irradiations and comprehensive intelligence of those minds that drew upon themselves alone, were the subjects of wonder and admiration. The effect of these notions has been such as every wise man must have foreseen. The young student, instead of having his mind inured to intellectual difficulties and practised to overcome them, finds no obstacle to his easy progress—nothing to struggle with—nothing to subdue.—A little superficial knowledge of what is *popular*, has been quite enough to render him current in society, and if to this he has added some elemental principles in the most *fashionable* sciences, he passes for an accomplished scholar.

Thus, Education instead of being what it ought to be—a period of painful probation—of severe and laborious duty, has consisted solely in the acquirement of a few common place principles of literature, and floating maxims of politics, that have rather served by affording a glimmering and deceitful light to mislead than to inform.—Thus the rising generation forgetting the maxim "*Omnibus est labor impendendus*," have contracted habits of idleness, that more fatally even than poverty, frustrate the effect of latent powers, and smother the seeds of great abilities.—And thus too the glowing prospects of youth have been suddenly clouded, and the hopes and expectations of partial friends been nipped with untimely frost.

To the dangerous heresy of relying on genius and inspiration for those gifts, that labor and perseverance can

alone obtain, the guardians of our youth have added the most culpable inattention, in selecting for them fit companions and competent instructors. During infancy they are usually committed to the care of *slaves*, and from them acquire their first impressions of right and wrong. Over these teachers they are taught of course to exercise sovereign authority—whereby they acquire what the infatuated parent calls a proud, independent spirit—but what is in reality a petulant impatience of all restraint and control. With this *judicious* preparation they are sent about the age of ten or twelve, to some country school, no matter who is at the head of it, to con their lessons three or four hours in the day, and be "kept out of mischief." From time immemorial they have had in these seminaries, their hours, not of relaxation, but play—their stated holy-days of which every Saturday and Sunday make a part—their long and frequent *vacations*—and to these periods of disenthralment, the young lad is continually looking forward, because his instructor has no ability to instil into his tender mind the love of knowledge, and the desire of honorable distinction. Thus, then, he is left to his own propensities with little or no aid—the advantages of Literature and the necessity of *labor*, unexplained—the attractions of play and idleness, always present—and its periods, by the regulations of the school, continually recurring. Under this discipline which often continues several most important years, is it wonderful that the dawning of intellectual light is never visible, or that genius after shooting into wild, irregular, and *useless* luxuriance, prematurely decays? More competent instructors, and a more propitious scene of instruction, are too at this period of life, frequently ineffectual to repair the errors and remedy the evils that have passed—confirmed habits are not easily shaken off.—Inertness and irresolution pursue their victim. Indolence, whose attacks are so dangerous, because they are incessant, invites him to repose.—Like Lucifer, he is always at the elbow, watching an unguarded moment to intrude himself—and like him he seldom fails of success, unless, opposed by strong resolutions, fortified by much *previous preparation*. But without this previous preparation, and when the young proselyte to literature has the defects of his early education to supply by encreased exertion, and nothing in the state of the society around him to strengthen his resolutions or control and refine his taste; who cannot predict the issue of the contest?

Yet there is another error prevalent in Virginia still more destructive to the growth of Intellect and to the

formation of great and highly improved characters, than even false Ideas of the proper objects of Education, or an injudicious selection of fit persons to conduct it. At the age of 18 or 19, most young men begin to suspect that much of their time has been misapplied and to lament the consequence of their folly—They begin to find out that there is something beyond dissipation & sensual enjoyment worthy their attention—and to feel, that there is in society a character, more estimable than any, of which they had hitherto formed a conception. The examples of their illustrious forefathers *must* sometimes penetrate their hearts, and kindle there a holy emulation; whilst the living lights of our country, *will* occasionally flash across their path, and dazzle and delight them with their splendor. Happy would it be for the youth who should feel, even at this age, the generous impulse of a noble ambition, if he could and *would*, without interruption, steadily obey it for a few years!! In many a mind the seeds of greatness have been sown much later, and with proper culture rewarded the toil of the husbandman. But alas! the age of puberty and freedom is rapidly advancing—At twenty-one my young countrymen imagine they are, whether qualified or not, to enter the great world, and embark on the tempestuous Ocean of Life. The habits, manners, and pursuits of youth are to be laid down, and the port and dignity, and employments of manhood to be assumed. The period of Education and *study* is now thought to be over; their end attained—and nothing wanting but to engage in the active avocations of some profession which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred closes the prospect to further improvement. Nor is this all; for most unfortunately every young man of the least promise among us, is either prompted by his own vanity and misguided ambition, or urged by the solicitations of his ill-judging friends, to become at this critical period of his life, a candidate for legislative honors—I will say nothing of the time that is lost in this pursuit, or of the immoral and degrading arts commonly employed to crown it with success. The pernicious influence of the electioneering system upon those who practise it, and those upon whom it is practised, requires a more serious and distinct consideration than any I can now bestow upon it. I will suppose the young candidate intalled into his new dignity—which he has attained by honorable means—without debasing himself, or corrupting others. Is there any thing in his situation to compensate him for the many sacrifices he is forced to make? Our Legislative Halls are no lon-

ger schools for wisdom or eloquence—nothing especially can be more unlike a convocation of sages and orators, than the local assemblies in the several states—When a great crisis indeed calls for extraordinary exertion, talents flock to the Theatre where they are required. But in ordinary times and in the usual routine of duty, the business of local legislation is as insipid as the *active* men who transact it, are unimproving—The division of a county, the opening of a road, the granting a divorce, or the establishment of a new bank, are certainly not the questions upon which the mind of a young man should for several months in the year, be exclusively employed: Nor are the debates upon these topics, often prompted by local prejudices, and conducted with intemperate zeal, precisely the oracles to which, for that length of time, he ought to listen.

The only effect which such a discipline can have, is, to narrow and prejudice the mind, *to magnify trifling things into importance*, to erase the few lessons of political wisdom he may chance to have learnt, and to render him an ignorant, pert and frothy politician, instead of a profound and enlightened statesman.

When the Physician has discovered the nature and causes of a disease, he has done much towards its cure. No one, therefore, who may chance to see this communication, my dear Uncle, will, I trust, reproach me with directing their attention to existing evils, without pretending to point out a remedy for them.

ALFRED.

Number XXVII.

———Hic nigræ succus colliginis hæc est,
Ærugo, mere; quod vitium procul afore chartis;
Atque anima prius, ut si quid promittere de me
Possum aliud, vere promitto.

Horace Sat.—l. 1. 100.

Such rancor this, of such a poisonous vein,
As never, never, shall *my* paper stain;
Much less infect my heart, if I may dare
For my own heart, in any thing to swear.

Francis.

No people have been so grossly misrepresented by foreigners as the Virginians. The inhabitants of the United States have all of them been sufficiently abused; but the "Old Dominion" seems to have suffered the most, and has been, especially to *English* travellers, the theme of particular obloquy—They have not yet acquired the magnanimity to forgive us the sins of the Revolution, and they take a poor and pitiful revenge by ridiculing and distorting every thing they see and hear. Received with the sincerest cordiality, and treated with a thousand times the attention and politeness met with in their own country, they, on their return, repay our *excessive* courtesy by uttering and vending the basest calumnies—I know of no exception to this rule, from the pseudo-Captain Smith in 1784 or 5, to the Ashes and Moores of later times—They have been uniformly caressed, as if in the language of Dr. Franklin, in his examination before the House of Commons, "to be an *old England-man* was, of itself, a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us;" and they have as uniformly proved ungrateful.—They come among us indeed predetermined to find fault, and, seeing every thing through the medium of their own prejudices, they estimate nothing justly. Thus we are according to them, very few removes from semi-barbarians—an indolent, drinking, gambling, cock-fighting, atheistical race—hardly possessing any other than the virtue common to savage nations—hospitality—A virtue, which for their sakes I could almost wish we were without.—Nor are they content with exposing our moral deformities—for they sometimes even descend to criticise our persons—and *here* our ladies, as if to punish them for their extraordinary predeliction for *English* travellers, are the

chief sufferers—My fair countrywomen will not, I am persuaded readily forget or *forgive* their little idol, Anacreon Moore—His offences against good morals, his lascivious songs, and voluptuous descriptions, might have passed perhaps (I will not say without their censure,) yet without their observation—But to deprive them of teeth and of beauty! Oh! it was monstrous, and *is* inexpiable!!

I have no intention to repeat the calumnies that have been heaped so liberally upon the Virginia character—nor in this place to refute them—That they have faults, no one will deny—and some of them, especially their want of public spirit, and indifference to intellectual improvement, it has been the business of this publication to censure—but it would be easy to shew that their faults are counterbalanced by many of the noblest qualities that can adorn the human character—A hospitality, the genuine offspring of the heart—unbounded generosity—a courage superior to all difficulties, and an instinctive abhorrence of every little, mean artifice, the miserable expedients of vulgar minds, are among the number—If any thing indeed peculiarly distinguishes the Virginian, from his confederated Brethren, it is a lofty, and chivalrous spirit, which perhaps the high character of his state has contributed to keep alive—this spirit may betray him into errors and vices—but if properly directed, is the parent of the fairest virtues—and I am persuaded that nothing is wanting, to make this the Athens of our confederation than a greater attention to the business of Education and a more equal diffusion of its benefits—To this object then (the observation cannot be too often repeated,) our efforts should be continually directed.

These reflections have been excited by the perusal of the following letter from one of my correspondents, who with the true cynical spirit, seems to allow credit to a slanderous charge, although made by an English groom, because no one has taken the trouble to refute it.—To the founder of a sect, out of humor with themselves and the world, such a conclusion may be allowed—but to no one else.

TO THE OLD BACHELOR.

Old Squaretoes,

I hear you set up for a reformer; that you expect to infuse public spirit, useful knowledge, a taste for the polite arts, morals, religion, heroism, liberal and noble sentiments, generosity, courtesy, politeness, courage, magnanimity, and other attributes of the ancient Greek and Roman characters. "*Ex quovis Ligno.*" You know the rest. Read the following, which I have copied from

a book published about a quarter of a century ago, in Philadelphia, as exhibiting a view of the manners of this country, *(Virginia)* and ask yourself if you dare hope to work upon such materials.

"The gentleman of fortune rises about nine o'clock.—"He perhaps may make an exertion to walk as far as his "stables to see his horses, which are seldom more than "fifty yards from his house. He returns to breakfast be-"tween nine and ten; he then lies down on a pallet, on "the floor, in his shirt and trowsers only, with a negro at "his head, and another at his feet, to fan him, and keep "off the flies. Between twelve and one he takes a draught "of toddy, which is kept cool. He dines between two "and three—and at dinner drinks Cyder, Toddy, Punch, "Port, Madeira and Claret; having drunk some few "glasses of wine after dinner, he returns to his pallet, "with his two blacks to fan him, and continues to drink "Toddy and Sangree all the afternoon. He does not al-"ways drink Tea. Between nine and ten he eats a light "supper, of milk and fruit, or wine, sugar and fruit, and "almost immediately retires to bed for the night.

"The lower and many of the middling classes live very "differently. A man in this line rises about six o'clock. "He then drinks a Julip, made of rum, water and sugar, "but very strong. Then he walks, or more generally "rides, round his plantation, and breakfasts about ten.—"The rest of the day he spends much in the manner above "described of a man of the first rank."

This picture has been held up to the world for nearly twenty years; is it to be wondered that your brethren the *Yankees* despise you? Or that *John Bull* should think you fit subjects for his sovereign contempt? Since no person that I know of has ventured publicly to deny the likeness, or to refute the calumny, if it be one, you would, do well, if you can, to remove this stigma from the fathers, before you can hope to make any favorable impression upon the minds of the sons. If the picture is just, depend upon it they will all be chips of the old block, in spite of you, and all the old maids in the country to assist you, in your project of reformation.

DIOGENES.

As this number is still not a very long one, I will venture to lay before my readers another letter, of a different character from the last, which presents so attractive a picture of *American* Virtue, as will, I am persuaded, obliterate any disagreeable impressions that Diogenes may have left on their minds.

TO DOCTOR CECIL.

SIR—Will you be so obliging as to permit one among your earliest and most sincere admirers, and well-wishers, to present you with a pair of the most pleasing characters of virtue, public and private, that I recollect ever to have seen in any author who has pretended to give any account of America, or its inhabitants. I have met with it very lately in the Letters of a Scottish Lady, Mrs. Grant, from the Mountains; it appears to have been written in the year 1773, and contains so admirable a portrait of exalted benevolence, virtue and patriotism, united with the noblest traits of generosity, that I cannot forbear to request you to admit it to a place in that admirable collection which you seem to be preparing for the inspection, consideration and imitation of our countrymen.

"Madam, or Aunt Schuyler, (for so, by universal consent, she was indiscriminately called, in the province of N. York,) was daughter to one of the first & most respectable characters in that province when it fell under the dominion of the English. His name was Cuyler, and his descendants are still numerous and prosperous, in that country, to which prosperity my friend's (his daughter's) wisdom and goodness contributed not a little.—This Cuyler was the person who brought over the Mohawk Kings, who were mentioned by the *Spectator*, as exciting so much wonder in England. He was introduced to Queen Anne, and had several conversations with her. She offered to knight him, but he refused, not choosing an elevation unusual in that country, which would make an invidious distinction betwixt him and his friends. Some years after his return, his daughter, then about eighteen, was married to Col. Schuyler who possessed an estate above Albany, in the direction which led to the vicinity of the French, and hostile Indians. He was a person whose calm, temperate wisdom, singular probity, and thorough knowledge of the affairs and interests of the bordering nations, had given him a very great influence, not only in his province, but among the Indians and Canadian French, whose respective languages he spoke fluently. He was wealthy, and very generous, and so public spirited, that though he did all in his power to prevent war, being in fact, a

"Lover of peace, and friend of human kind;"

Yet, when he saw it inevitable, he raised a regiment at his own expence, and was the first who gave character and energy to the provincial troops. To detail instances of public virtue in this great and good man, would, in fact, be giving the history of the province during his

" lifetime. From the place where he lived, he stood, as " it were, a barrier between the Indians and the inhabi- " tants. Of high and distinguished utility was this mild, " philosophic, and christian character; yet, unless he had " met a congenial mind, he could neither have done so " much good, nor prevented so much evil. Luckily for " the public, they had no family; therefore greatly re- " sembling each other, both in taste and inclination, and " intellectual powers, their efforts were all directed one " way. At that time there were not many settlers in the " province who were acquainted with the English lan- " guage; and these generally entertained a rooted pre- " judice, nay aversion, to the very army which came to " protect them. In the hospitality, intelligence, and plea- " sing conversation of this very worthy pair, their officers " always found a refuge; from them they met with a cor- " dial kindness, sound advice, and useful information.— " Petty and crooked policy was unknown in this patriar- " chal family, where a succession of *adopted children*, ju- " diciously educated, and a number of domestic slaves " very kindly and tenderly treated, formed a happy com- " munity, who were directed with such prudence, that they " left leisure to their rulers for beneficence still more " widely diffused, and for studies of the most useful na- " ture. Their acquaintance with elegant literature was " perhaps not very extensive; the Spectator, the Trage- " dy of Cato, and the Works of Milton and Young, being " the only books I remember to have met with, exclusive " of History, Biography and Memoirs; of these indeed " there was an *ample collection*, which had been carefully " read, and thoroughly digested by the owners; and " which not only furnished very frequent matter of con- " versation, but materials for reflection, and for that sys- " tem of policy by which their plans were regulated.— " They had three objects in view besides the great pri- " mary one of making their large family as *good*, and " *wise*, and *happy*, as possible; the first was to prevent " injustice being done to the Indians, to conciliate their " affections, and to meliorate their condition. The se- " cond, to alleviate the hardships and difficulties to which " the British troops were exposed, from marching into un- " known wildernesses, by receiving them into their fami- " ly, making them acquainted with the nature of the " country, &c. On these occasions they would accom- " modate in their house, those officers, whose morals and " manners recommended them most, and allow the par- " ties of soldiers, as they passed, a lodging in their offi- " ces, and an abundant supply of milk and vegetables;

"The 3d object to which their wisdom & humanity were "directed, was, the protection and comfort of new set- "tlers, to whom they were ever ready to extend a help- "ing hand both in the way of advice and assistance. In "the mean time, their house was an academy for *morals*, "for manners and for solid knowledge. ******* The "Colonel died before I knew her, after they had lived "forty years together, in unexampled happiness; and "reared (from the time of their being weaned, till they "married or launched out into active life) fifteen nieces, "nephews and other relatives, several of whom have "since been distinguished, both for their merit, and their "uncommon success in various pursuits."

What a noble picture of benevolence, patriotism, morality, wisdom and prudence, is exhibited in this venerable pair! The writer proceeds to give an account of the manner she became acquainted with the angelic old lady, and of her own personal obligations to her, so like those which I myself, sir, have experienced in a family in this country, into which it was my happiness to be received when an orphan, too young to be sensible of the misfortune of being bereft of parents whom I have reason to believe amiable and worthy; or, of that providential dispensation, by which I was snatch'd from poverty, and perhaps ruin, and received as a child and a sister in a family, where to this hour I have found a tender mother, an indulgent and affectionate father, and fond and amiable brothers and sisters, to whose blood I am as perfect a stranger, as if I were descended lineally from the aborigines of America. I cannot, however, conceal from you, that one of my adopted brothers, a few years ago discovered to me the secret, that he was well apprised that we were not as nearly related to each other as Abraham and Sarah; but that it was his wish we might become so. I confess I had made a similar discovery not long before, and felt a corresponding sentiment in my own bosom.—Our good parents were soon apprised of our mutual discoveries and wishes, which meeting their most cordial approbation, I have now the happiness of seeing myself not only the object of parental and brotherly love, but of conjugal affection and tenderness also; all which I am determined by every act of my life gratefully to acknowledge, and thankfully, as far as in me lies, to return.

I am with best wishes for the success of your patriotic and laudable undertaking,

Sir, your most obedient sereant,

SUSANNAH THANKFUL.

Number XXVIII.

Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes
Circum doctores aderat. Quid multa? pudicum
(Qui primus virtutis honos) servavit ab omni
Non solum facto, verum opprobrio quoque turpi.

Horace.

My honoured Father "of unblemished truth"
Among my tutors would attend my youth;
And thus preserved my chastity of mind
(That prince of virtues in its highest kind,)
Not only pure from guilt, but even the shame
That might with vile suspicion hurt my fame.

Francis.

In my XXIIId No. I had occasion to mention a visit that Alfred and several of his young friends and associates made me—During their stay, we devoted every evening to the examination of some particular subject connected with Literature and Science. Among others, the all-important one of Education became more than once a topic of conversation—Every one acknowledged the necessity of putting it on a better footing, than it at present stands on—but there was some difference of opinion as to the mode of attaining so desirable an end.—I embraced the opportunity which these discussions afforded, of placing before them a Pamphlet on the subject, published in Washington in 1806, entitled a "Prospectus of a National Institution to be established in the United States," and desired their sentiments on its merits—*seriatim*. What these were in the general, will be seen by the annexed letter, received about a fortnight after their departure. If my Nephew is correct in supposing that the best mean of enlightening the public mind which *Government can adopt*, is by establishing a school in every county or parish of Virginia, I cannot but remark that a late Act of the Legislature, passed the 12th of February, 1811, to provide for the Education of the poor, is more important than it was at first believed to be, and perhaps deserves a serious revision. A Gentleman in my neighborhood who was appointed by the "President and Directors of the Literary Fund," an agent to superintend the collection of certain fines, &c. appropriated to the establishment of schools, has several times complained to me, that from some defect in the law, he was unable to execute the du-

ties entrusted to him—that he could not possibly ascertain what portion of the fund designated, had not been paid by the collector——because unless he went to the Auditor's Office at Richmond, and the Clerk's Office of his County, he could not compare the amount due, with the amount accounted for—and that the Legislature by obliging the Auditor and Clerk to render annually an easy and simple statement, might readily remove his difficulties, and provide for the due collection of the only monies they have ever appropriated to the object of all others, the worthiest their attention—If *there are* such defects, or any other, in this law, the Legislature, now sitting, would I imagine, apply the necessary remedy, however unwilling they may be to go farther.

My Dear Uncle,

When we were last together, you may remember that the project of erecting a university at the seat of the general government, became one evening a topic of conversation. My young friends were unanimous in their approbation of this scheme. They lamented the low state of Literature and the Arts, & seemed to think that a great National Institute like that of which a prospectus was given, in the pamphlet you placed before us, written I think you said by our Countryman Joel Barlow, would greatly contribute to revive them. I doubted whether a University established upon that or any other plan, especially if endowed by government, would promote in any great degree the end of its institution; but having bestowed no very particular attention on the subject in its details, and finding so large a majority against me, I contented myself with merely expressing those doubts. You desired me, however, as the subject was one of frequent recurrence, and deep and universal concern, to examine that pamphlet more at my leisure, and communicate my sentiments to you, not only of *its particular* merits, but of the utility or necessity of public endowments for the *education of youth* in general.—I have done so, & my impressions against Mr. Barlow's plan, if his it was, and all *great public institutions* of this nature, are confirmed. I hasten to lay before you my reasons for this opinion; and to state how far, according to my view of the subject, Government can usefully interfere in the business of *Instruction*.——If you think me in an error, you know, my honored Uncle, I listen to no oracles with so much faith and devotion as to your opinions.

First, as to the general Question:

It has long ago been a subject of considerable doubt whether public Schools and Universities, where the salaries of the masters did not arise entirely from the fees paid by their scholars, but from the general revenue of society or the liberality of private donors, had in any degree increased the stock of national information, beyond what it would have been without their assistance. Adam Smith in his admirable Enquiry into the nature and causes of the Wealth of Nations, has argued with great force of reasoning that their tendency has been directly the reverse, and his followers have been numerous and respectable. He has shown that the endowment of schools and colleges has diminished the necessity of application in the teachers, because their subsistence is derived from a fund independent of their success or reputation in their profession, and the rivalship of competitors is altogether prevented. Their emoluments are the same, whether they do, or do not perform their duty, and as it is every man's interest to live as much at his ease as he can, they will either neglect that duty altogether, or discharge it in a careless and slovenly manner. The indolent will indulge their natural disposition, and the industrious will rather employ their time in some pursuit from which they can, than from one in which they cannot, reap any advantage. Nor will they, in all probability, be animated to increased exertion by ambition, or the authority of a superior. Success in several professions leads to splendid objects of ambition, and yet few excel in them, who being born to *easy* fortunes, are under no absolute necessity of application.—As to the exercise of authority, it either resides in the body where they are members, and so all are equally interested in continuing abuses, by indulging one another; or in some extraneous persons who can indeed prescribe the quantity, but not the quality of a lecture—who are liable to exercise their jurisdiction both ignorantly and capriciously —and to render those subject to it obsequious and dependent. Let these public teachers however be ever so ignorant, lazy and subservient, their pretended lectures will still attract hearers. In the institutions whereto they belong, *degrees* are obtained, which, if they do not, as they generally do, confer upon the graduates some important privileges, attach to them a certain reputation of superior learning, that of itself is sufficient for that purpose. No private institutions, therefore, however admirably and skilfully conducted, can enter, upon equal terms, into competition with public ones, &

thus the respectable character of the private teacher is comparatively degraded, and the all important business of education necessarily falls into the hands of men who have no motive to conduct it properly, and very powerful ones, to neglect it altogether.

But if the professors are diligent and able, yet the discipline and the regulations to which every public establishment of this nature must be subject, frequently tend to prolong the reign of error, and obstruct the progress of discovery. Its forms and statutes are so many artificial impediments to the successful investigation and ready adoption of truth—the mind is chained down to certain studies and to certain opinions, which are so interwoven with the constitution of the place, that their abandonment can seldom be reconciled to it. The richer the university too, and the more extensive the establishment, the greater difficulty has been experienced in introducing improvements—perhaps in analogy to the physical law, that heavy bodies move slowest. In England, where their two universities were under regulations as favourable to the progress of knowledge as in most other countries, it is notorious that doctrines were a long while taught in them, after they were exploded from every other place; thus the physics of Aristotle maintained their empire long after Newton's works had become familiar to every *unfettered* pretender to science, and his logic and metaphysics have hardly yet given way to the Novum Organum of Bacon. These facts fully justify the assertion, that universities "have frequently chosen to remain for a long time, the sanctuaries in which exploded systems and obsolete prejudices found shelter and protection, after they had been hunted out of every other corner of the world."

Were there on the contrary no such institutions, it is hardly possible any science would be long taught, for which there was not some demand, nor taught longer, than the demand existed. The private teacher depending on public opinion for support, would find his account in rapidly following the light of science, and instantly adopting her discoveries and improvements. He would admit nothing useles or antiquated into his system of education, and what he pretended to teach, he could teach well; because the number of his scholars would always enable him to inspect the studies and conduct of each. Thus the essential objects of education would be obtained, and the mind and the morals equally improved.

Accordingly we shall find that the most eminent men in Europe, particularly in G. Britain, have received their education neither at public schools nor universities; and this fact, together with the foregoing considerations being duly weighed, we shall perhaps conclude with a celebrated foreign journal that a "society of twenty or thirty boys under the guidance of a learned man, and above all, a man of sound sense, is, (next to a domestic education under the inspection of vigilant and affectionate parents,) a seminary the best adapted for the instruction of youth."

Until the utility of these establishments is proved beyond question, you will agree with me that government should have nothing to do with their endowment.—— But admitting this point, does it follow that they, like many other institutions of a public nature, may not safely be left to individual enterprize? In the progress of society funds for such purposes will no doubt be accumulated, when their benefits are evident, and a necessity for them felt. They will in that case be erected independent of the patronage or control of government. Why then call upon government to interfere in a matter not properly within its sphere, or extend its authority beyond what is absolutely necessary to attain its legitimate ends, by placing under its direction a most powerful engine for moulding and insensibly warping the opinions of men?

But you tell me that the people must be instructed, or the age of Ignorance and Vandalism will quickly return. I agree with you in this sentiment. I acknowledge that something must be done, and now I will proceed to state what I think government may and ought to do.

Government may, in the first place, become the pioneer of literature. It may employ learned men to make voyages of discovery for the objects of science, and take exact surveys of our interior country, and maps and charts of our coasts and harbors. It may offer premiums for discoveries—purchase from proprietors such mechanical inventions as are of general utility—print school books and distribute them at an inconsiderable expence—and make it necessary for every one to acquire the elements of science to be eligible to ANY office. It may too, very properly and beneficially, (always taking for granted that there is no constitutional impediment,) provide the *means* of extending information. In every large town and even in every considerable village, reading rooms, well selected libraries, labo-

ratories and philosophical *apparata* might be furnished at public expence to which all persons under certain regulations might be admitted. At the seat of government, where persons from all parts of the United States resort, there might be a very large and extensive national library, including maps, charts and engravings, a gallery of pictures, a collection of the best statues, a museum of medals, coins and inscriptions, a botanical garden, a menagery, a cabinet of minerals, a large chemical laboratory and philosophical apparatus, and a military and nautical school. These public establishments would be principally useful to the school in their neighborhood. And whilst they every where assisted and excited enquiry, refined the taste and enlarged the understanding—they would give to government no additional power or patronage, (unless the appointment of a Librarian would deserve the name)—would direct the studies of youth to no particular prescribed objects—and have no interest or power to maintain exploded systems, and erroneous opinions.

There is in all this no meddling with the business of instruction. But government may, and I think our state government ought, to go one step farther. The rich, who have funds, will, whenever they are strongly impressed with the necessity of it, either by associations or otherwise, provide proper seminaries for the education of their offspring. They require a moral stimulus, but no pecuniary aid from government. But some provision ought to be made in every state for the instruction of a numerous class, whose parents are too poor to support the expence. In Virginia this necessity is increased by the high price of labor in all the trades and professions, which of course by rendering education dearer, excludes from its incalculable benefits a far greater number than in most other countries. If, as in Scotland, for four or five shillings, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic and the Elements of Geometry, could be acquired, every one might afford to pay it—but ten or fifteen dollars, for half the benefit, is a more serious evil, and bears oppressively upon great numbers. In this state, then, and indeed every where else, the education of the common people ought to be an object of never-ceasing solicitude, lest they should sink into gross ignorance and stupidity, and forget their moral, political and religious duties. How this object can be best provided for, may be a subject of some difference of opinion. My project in the general would be,

to establish a little school in each parish of Virginia, under prudent and economical arrangements. Let the master be selected by trustees nominated by a certain select committee appointed by law, and removable at pleasure with the right of immediate appeal to the Governor and Council. Let his salary depend in some measure on the fees of the scholars, but be such as to render those fees inconsiderable. Let books, honorary premiums and badges of distinction, be provided at public expence, and last of all, though not least, let Mr. Lancaster's admirable plan of instruction, where the population is so great as to require it, be introduced. Farther, I think, government cannot usefully act.

If I am correct, the project for erecting and endowing a grand institution for the education of youth, independent of constitutional objections, which I do not mean to touch, is more specious than sound; more showy than useful. It may flatter national pride, and impose upon the multitude by its magnificence and splendor. The votaries of science, especially, will be more exposed to its delusive charm. But it will probably give itself no considerable aid to the progress of truth and improvement, or be very ready to adopt the useful discoveries of others. The plan of the author of the "Prospectus" is in one branch of it liable to all the general objections herein urged, and to other peculiar ones. I say in one branch of it, because he proposes to unite two very distinct objects, "the advancement of knowledge by associations of scientific men, and the dissemination of its rudiments by the instruction of youth." To this last, in the way he proposes, I am entirely indisposed.

According to him, the professorate are to be appointed by a Chancellor and board of Trustees, who are to assign them suitable compensations and remove them at pleasure, without control or question. Thus they will have no stimulus to exertion, and will endeavor, by cunning and subserviency, to supply the place of learning and industry. The Chancellor and Trustees are first appointed by the President of the United States, and the institution fills all its own vacancies. That is, the President has it in his power to impress on the university the character he pleases—to proscribe some opinions and inculcate others, by appointing men adverse to the one, and favorable to the other; and the possibility of change is provided against by enabling the institution to fill its own vacancies. It has been truly re-

marked, that these learned bodies have in all political contests inclined to the side of power and prerogative against the people. They are indeed in some measure themselves privileged, and their tendency to support privilege is natural. This bias must, however, be much stronger, when the executive branch of the government organizes the institution, and the means of regeneration are excluded.——But the Chancellor is by far the most important and formidable personage in this group. His powers seem to me little less than regal, and the more to be dreaded because they operate in silence and upon the mind.—He has the whole literature of the country under his control, and can direct the opinions of men into any channel—By ordering the "*course of lectures* and the *objects of study*," he can at his pleasure arrest the tide of improvement and fetter the mind to existing institutions. Nor is it improbable he would exercise this power; for, although truth is progressive, individual minds are often stationary, and after a certain age admit new ideas with reluctance, and a sort of loathing. The Chancellor therefore with the best intentions, might not keep pace with the rapid march of science—and with other than the best—as for example, if he became the instrument of designing men—or belonged to a certain political party or religious sect, and was a bigot to his opinions—he would have the will as well as power to stifle in the rising generation, the propensity to free and discursive enquiry, and to involve truth itself in Cimmerian darkness. Thus this new pope would prescribe the limits to human investigation—train opinion to his own purposes—and, rule the moral world—and thus would be created the monster so much dreaded, of an Imperium in Imperio, whose imperceptible and universal operation would daily and hourly exist.

That I have not exaggerated the size or fearful energy of this monster, I beg you to read the following extract from the "Prospectus," accompanying it at the same time with the recollection, that besides these particular and independent powers, this Chancellor may, with the board of trustees, (or College of Cardinals,) who are not very likely to prove refractory, exercise every other important one that belongs to the institution; such as managing its funds, organizing the professorate, appointing the professors——assigning their compensations—removing them—establishing a central College, and such others as their friends will allow, and governing them *ad libitum*:

"There shall be a Chancellor of the institution; whose "duty it shall be to superintend its general concerns. He "shall, in the first instance, be appointed by the Presi- "dent of the United States, and hold the office during the "pleasure of the institution. He shall preside in it's ge- "neral meetings; direct the order of it's deliberations; "and sign the diplomas of it's members. He shall be "president of the board of trustees; and, in consequence "of their appropriations, order the payment of monies, "and otherwise carry into execution their ordinances "and resolutions. He shall be director of the professor- "ate; *order the courses of lectures;* and *other modes "of instruction,* and *objects of study;* confer degrees in "the central university; appoint examiners, either at "the district colleges, or at the central university, for "the admission of students into the latter; fill vacancies "in the professorate, until the next meeting of the board "of trustees; and he shall have power to suspend from "office a professor, until the time of such meeting. He "shall instruct and direct in their mission, such travel- "ling professors as the board of trustees shall employ, "for the objects of science, in our own country or "abroad."

Armed with such authority, I confess, my honored Uncle, I fear this Chancellor, his institution, and all his works.

Yours,

ALFRED.

Number XXIX.

Jam te sequetur currit enim ferox
Ætas, et illi, quos tibi demserit
Apponet annos. *Hor. car. lib. 2. od. 7. v. 13.*

Time to her shall count each day
Which from you it takes away. *Francis.*

WRETCHED indeed, would be the condition of our species, if we were irrevocably doomed to be the victims, as we are the produce of time. Like the beasts of the field, we should grow up from the imbecility of childhood to the decrepitude of age, acquiring animal strength one day which we were to lose the next; and after we had shed the bloom of our youth, would possess nothing which could claim the admiration, or even respect of our fellow creatures. But happily for mankind, we are blessed with faculties, which though increased, are seldom diminished by length of years. He whose wisdom is enlarged with age, will lose scarcely any thing which he ought to value by continuation of life. The vigorous efforts of manhood may be more admired, but the sober wisdom of age will always be respected. Even after the loss of those powers which once ennobled and exalted the possessor to the highest summit of human greatness, we look with an almost idolatrous veneration on the emaciated frame which has now become the consecrated depository of decayed genius. But how little of this pious and consoling sentiment do we entertain for the fair sex.—From them every day takes away something of that fading beauty which is so rarely possessed, and so transiently enjoyed. Their infancy passes away without real pleasure, the bloom of youth is but for an hour, and their age destitute of all those intellectual enjoyments which alone can make it attractive, or even happy. These considerations have often suggested to my mind the enquiry, whether they have been consigned to this miserable state of uncertain and transitory bliss by nature, or whether it is the effect of art. I was convinced that they never attained those powers of the mind which make the age of man more illustrious than his youth, only, because we have prevented them from doing so, that they are perfect by nature but are crippled by education. But thinking it more becoming the gallantry of a young gentleman than of an Old Bachelor, to undertake the defence of their cause, I have, after many entreaties, obtained from GALEN some reasoning on the subject, which

I long ago promised to the world. If it should be adopted in the education of young ladies, I doubt not that we might say of the next age as Horace does of an individual.

> Time to *them* shall count each day
> Which from *these* it takes away.

But here it is, let the reader judge for himself.

—

MAY 1, 1813.

My Dear Uncle,

I am sorry to be reminded of my promise to write to you on the subject of Dr. Rush's opinion of the female mind, by so melancholy an occurrence as the death of its author. Poets and orators are accustomed to mourn for the loss of their companions. Moschus invokes the Nightingales of the groves, and the streams of Arethusa, to murmur their soft sorrows for the death of Bion. Gray, after the lapse of centuries, wakes his plaintive lyre to the memory of the "lost companions of his tuneful art," who were murdered by Edward. Cicero forgets every sentiment of dislike which rivalry could inspire, in his eulogy on Hortensius, whose loss he deplores, not as that of one whose competition diminished the splendor of his life, but as a companion and fellow-laborer in the same glorious undertaking. Surely, then, I may be pardoned the indulgence of dwelling for a moment on the memory of Dr. Rush, who has been so recently lost to the world. I cannot boast the honor of calling myself his rival; to me he was a friend and an instructor, to his profession an ornament, to mankind a benefactor. Nothing that I could do could add to his happiness during life, nothing that I can say can increase the lustre of his reputation, now that he is no more. To a great, comprehensive, and pervading mind, was in him united a warmth and energy of fancy, which few of his profession ever possessed.

With a genius so active, and an imagination so strong, it was but natural that he should sometimes adopt opinions more ingenious than true. Among these may I think be ranked that which I am about to examine, which may in general terms be stated to be, that the capacity of man for intellectual attainments is less than that of woman. They are said to possess more fancy and less judgment, a greater propensity to the frivolities of Romance but less aptitude for the severer studies of science.

That the intellectual powers of women are, under the present state of things, inferior to those of men, is no better proof of any natural imbecility of intellect, than the inferiority of the unlearned is, that they are born with less capacity for improvement than the learned. The fact which is the foundation of the inference, is as undisputed in the one case as in the other. Let us then examine whether it may not be accounted for on the same principles: If we find there are causes which certainly exist, sufficient to account for the difference of capacity in the two sexes, it will not only be illiberal, but unphilosophical to resort to other causes which are unknown. For it may be laid down as a rule of reasoning in morals as well as in physics, that it is unreasonable to assign more causes for the appearances of things, than are both true and sufficient to account for the phenomena.

In the first place, I would ask how do we learn that their minds are inferior to those of men? By never observing them to perform those great exploits, or to exercise those abilities which have adorned many men in every age of the civilized world. The indications of such abilities are great capacity for conducting wars, reputation for eloquence, useful discoveries in science, or a talent for elegant composition. The motives which make the possession of any one of these desired are, ambition of power, love of fame, of riches, or as Plato says, the love of philosophy itself. But women cannot from the natural feebleness of their frames undergo the fatigues and hardships incident to a military life; they are excluded in some countries by law, and in others by custom, from all deliberative bodies, the proper theatres of eloquence; so that they are left to cultivate, if any, the department of science only. Now the customs of civilized nations have imposed so many restraints upon women, have so scrupulously secluded them from the gaze and admiration of the world, that nothing would be thought more unbecoming the delicacy of a lady than to set up (for example) as the inventress of steam engines, the defender of the hydrostatic paradox, or to enter the list of controversial writers on Politics or Theology. So that the only possible motive they can have for cultivating the only region of knowledge which is left them, is the love of Philosophy itself. Before we go further in this inquiry it would be well to consider how many *men* in the world from the day of its creation to the present hour, have devoted their lives to the solitude of the scholastic cell, when cheered by no hope but that of being wise, and animated by no passion but the love of knowledge. The

number, if it could be ascertained, would, I imagine, tame our exulting pride.

I may be asked how it has happened that men have always gained the ascendancy over women in the outset unless they did so by superior sagacity. They have done it, my dear uncle, by physical force. They compel the women to perform the drudgeries of life while they spend the day in the recreations of the chase or in indolence at home. They occupied their own minds as they pleased, and directed the exertions of their wives as they pleased. Without making a parade of ancient learning for the purpose of establishing this fact, I refer you to Captain Cook's account of the state of society among the inhabitants of Nootka Sound, and to the state of savage life as it is generally known to exist in America.

These reasons alone appear to me to be sufficient to account for the very few instances upon record of great powers of mind being displayed by women, but when united with that difference of education which men first imposed by force and now continue by custom, the conclusion is irresistible. For this differenee of education, there is this additional reason. Women are constituted by nature to be the nurses of children, while the superior energy & activity of man renders him more capable of providing a subsistence for the family: accordingly in all countries, the economy of the house is assigned to them. But as if this end which they are ultimately to reach, was the only one to which they are capable of attaining, they are fitted by education for scarcely any other business or enjoyment. By the same mode of practical argument, we might justify the infanticide of the modern Chinese and ancient Spartans. For as our children must ultimately die, we should only anticipate the doom of Heaven by killing them, and because they were predestined for one object, prevent the accomplishment of any other. But as the certainty of death is only a stronger reason for enjoying life while it lasts, so, that a woman is to become a mother, to hang with anxious care over each vicissitude of her infant's life, to soothe unbidden each aching sense, and remove unasked each silent want, is only an additional reason why we should enable her to find consolations to a mother's inquietude or widow's sorrows in the pleasures of literature. That one of the objects for which they were created was to attend to children is then, neither a proof of inferiority of capacity nor that their minds such as they are, should not be cultivated. Still it has every where been adopted, and we

think it quite enough that girls should devote the first ten or twelve years of their lives to learning to read and write their own language. Their education is completed according to this course, at the period when that of a boy fairly begins; their minds are turned out on the world at the age of twelve or fourteen, naked almost as they came into it, while the important interval between twelve and eighteen is unprofitably consumed in spoiling paper with colors, producing discord on the Piano, and dancing out of time to the violin. They are then married and come to their *ultimatum* of keeping house and "chronicling small beer," while boys have been successively whipped from the grammar school through the universities, and are even now, illy prepared to enter on the business of an active profession. After all this misapplication of a young lady's time, she is transferred from the romping boarding school to the solitude of the country to yawn with disconsolate fatuity over the fragments of her broken instrument, and the faded landscapes of her youthful limnership, and we console her by deriding her ignorance of Greek and Mathematics.

I submit it to your candor, whether this picture of female education in this country, and its consequences, be not, in the general, too true? I admit that there are some brilliant exceptions to it; and these exceptions confirm my argument that the inferiority of women, in the walks of science and literature, results not from any inherent defect of genius, but from the unpardonable and even infamous manner, in which their education is neglected?

These reasons are amply sufficient to account for the actual difference of mind between the two sexes. But those gentlemen who have dissected and analysed the subject with the dexterity of surgeons and the sagacious curiosity of Philosophers, would imagine I had not perceived the true point of all their reasoning, if I were to pass over in silence their metaphysical distinction. This distinction when examined, becomes a strong confirmation of the argument I have already advanced. For as I have explained the whole difference of capacity by the difference of education and the effect of custom, so each distinguishing characteristic of the mind may be accounted for by the same causes. It is the synthesis and analysis of chemistry which reciprocally test the truth of conclusions derived from either. We have examined the compound; let us now consider the elements which compose it.

Women are said to possess less acuteness of discernment, less power of argument and a less extended mode of thinking than men. They are accused of a natural predilection for light & frivolous pursuits, as Poetry and Romance, and an aversion to the severer studies of Philosophy. I shall not stop to question whether these assertions be true, for it appears to me that it would be a miracle under the prevailing customs and system of education, if they were false. A man after having spent the first twenty or thirty years of his life, in a close application to the mathematics, the languages, the subtleties of the ancient school men, and a continual contention with the author he reads, or some college rival who has embraced a different theory of physics, or system of morality, enters on the business of life, prepared for the senate, the bar, or the pulpit. His ambition, his love of fame and every passion, has been raised by his devotion to a favorite Philosophy, and heated by everlasting collision of opinion: he aspires to become the leader of a party or the hero of a sect; visions of imaginary glory animate him with the hope of triumph and of fame, and even when baffled by superior skill he consoles himself with the belief that he is the champion of persecuted truth, or the martyr of ignorance and bigotry. Scenes and anticipations like these, cannot fail to rouse every energy of his soul, and to improve every faculty of the mind which can be useful, either in opposing one opinion or defending another. The melancholy contrast of education and mode of life in women has already been mentioned. Their minds are suffered to languish under the constraints of a narrow education, and to pine in the deleterious shades of a fatal custom; the natural vigor of intellect has never been strengthened by exercise, nor the germ of fancy ever been developed by a timely and judicious culture. It is then no more a matter of astonishment to me that men are more acute in argument, more subtle in detecting a false position, or more able in exposing it, than it is, that a Frenchman educated in the military school of Paris, instructed by the examples of Moreau and Bonaparte, should be a more able commander than an American Farmer who never saw a tent, or heard the sound of a cannon. We observe a similar cause among men producing a similar effect. Those who are practised in one way of thinking can with difficulty adopt any other. The Bishop of Cloyne sensible of this remark, observes of Sir Isaac Newton, who was certainly as little worthy of it as any man who ever lived, that he had so long accustomed himself to reason by

diagrams, that he was unable to reason without them; and Cicero complains of one of the Athenian orators, that he came from the shades of Theophrastus' school, where he had learned to declaim very eloquently on fictitious subjects, but had no capacity for the management of real causes. What then can be more illiberal or more fallacious than to account for the same phenomenon by a different cause, only because it happens in different sexes?

Nor after all which has been said in depreciation of the capacity of women, can it be denied, that in every age and every civilized nation individuals have appeared who in defiance of bad educations and worse customs, have given a splendid refutation to this calumny, and vindicated the natural equality of that sex in point of intellect. From the few fragments which remain of Sappho's poetry, even our adversaries must admit, that her genius was elevated and sublime. Corinna too bore off the palm from Pindar at the Olympic games, than which a higher compliment could scarcely be paid her, for she excelled a Poet whom Horace says no man should ever dare to imitate.

> PINDARUM quisquis studet æmulari
> Iule, ceratis ope Dædalea,
> Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
> Nomina Ponto.*

But Corinna who excelled even Pindar himself did not like the presumptuous Icarus venture on waxen wings too near the solar blaze to fall a sacrifice to the waves; but like her emblem *Swan*, she sometimes dipt her white bosom in the tranquil lake, sometimes floated upon the rude billows of the ocean, or rising on strong wings thro' the tempests which agitate its surface, soared through regions of light and air where neither the mountain wave can wash, nor the Olympian Eagle bear the bolt of Heaven. There are examples among the ancients of the same degree of excellence in Eloquence. Aspasia instructed the most renowned orators of the world in the art of speaking, which she not only inculcated by precept, but enforced by her own illustrious example. Cornelia directed the Gracchi her sons in that bold and

* These lines to Julius Antonius, are thus translated by Francis:

> He who to Pindar's height attempts to rise,
> Like Icarus with waxen pinions tries
> His pathless way, and from the venturous theme,
> Falling shall leave to azure seas his name.

masterly eloquence by which they swayed the Roman people as long as they lived, and left behind them the fame of unrivalled orators when they fell victims to factions which their eloquence had raised. We see from her letters, says Tully, that she did not like other mothers merely fondle her children on her knee, but infused into their infant minds, the inspiration of her own genius. Nor are examples wanting in modern times to refute the illiberal inference which I combat, as well from the impulse of feeling, as the conviction of my understanding. Who is there who writes with more elegant ease, or a more classic purity, than Mad: de Sevigné or Lady M. W. Montagu? Who has exhibited a more striking capacity for the most abstruse branches of mathematics than Mad: de Chatelet or Maria Agnesi? Or to speak of women of our own time, whose moral stories are more pleasing, more instructive, or better written, than those of Miss Edgeworth, or of Mrs. Opie?

I have now fairly brought the case within the rule laid down, that it is unphilosophical to assign more causes for the appearance of things than are both true and sufficient to account for the phenomena: for supposing our minds naturally equal, all the existing inequality might very well be produced by the causes which I have mentioned; that is, by the want of a proper education, of motive for improvement, of opportunities for distinguishing themselves; that the peculiarities of mind in the two sexes confirms this reasoning; and lastly, that women have often vindicated their original equality by displays both of understanding and imagination astonishing and sublime. But if these causes are adequate to explain the disparity between us, why should we resort to others which are unnecessary and of uncertain existence?

I cannot conclude this grateful task of writing in a cause where all my sympathies are interested, without adding a word on the superior sensibility, the moral beauty of the fair sex. We not only owe to their piety our existence as a race, but I am struck with the many instances of their having preserved, after they have given life to individuals. The captive warrior has sometimes been released from his dungeon, the forlorn and forsaken traveller been cheered in the solitude of the wilderness by those touches of compassion to which they are so much more sensible than man. I cannot here forbear to mention the instance of our guardian genius, Pocahuntas, who saved the life of Capt. Smith from the ferocity of a Virginian savage, after it had been previously rescu-

ed by the clemency of a Turkish lady from an oriental tyrant. When Mansong, a king of the Moors, refused Mungo Park permission to enter his village, and he sat under a tree exposed to the derision of the men, the storms of Heaven, and the pangs of approaching famine, a woman, moved by the superior sensibilities of her nature, sheltered him from the rain, gave him meat to eat, and sympathised in his sorrows in an unpremeditated song. This tenderness, which has so often appeared in moments of real distress, is beautifully painted by a modern bard in the fictions of poetry. When MARMION laid gasping for his last breath on Flodden field, deserted by the Pages and Squires his hall had nursed, without a friend to close his fading eye, to bathe his gory face, or slake his dying thirst, the injured CLARE, struck with a spark of divine pity, extinguished every feeling of resentment to discharge an office which the ingratitude of man denied to a benefactor.

O woman! in hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made.
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Now my dear uncle, I have discharged my promise to you, and what I conceive to be a duty to the ladies.—Whether I have done it as you expected, or they deserved, remains for others to decide.

Your affectionate nephew,

GALEN.

Number XXX.

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque puer; sudarit & alsit;
Abstinuit Venere & Baccho.

Hor. Ar. Po. 412.

A youth who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try and every toil sustain;
Th' extremes of heat and cold must often prove
And shun the weakening joys of wine and love.

To Doctor Robert Cecil.

My Dear Uncle,

You will think me personally interested in the request I am about to make of you; and you will think right; but were I *alone* interested, I should forbear to make it. You cannot but have observed the woful state of eloquence of all kinds, in this country. The pulpit has degenerated almost entirely into a mere reading desk, or what is worse, a stage for mountebanks;—our legislative assemblies for the most part, are either dark and dull, or shine only with portentous flashes, that make that darkness visible:—& as to the bar, instead of exhibiting those great and sublime wars of genius, which resemble the battles of Homer's and Ossian's heroes, it has dwindled down (I say it with regret) to little more than a game at push-pin. I admit with you, the *general* degeneracy of the country in point of intellect; but I think it more visible in this department than in any other, civilly speaking; for as to our military deficiencies, the season and state of public affairs forbids me to express my grief: "herein the patient must minister to himself." The nation has before its eyes the means by which generals and soldiers are formed abroad; it is not expected of *you* to found a military school;—but it comes directly within your province (if not to found a school for eloquence) at least to give us a code of precepts on the subject, and assist the youth of the country, in whose behalf you express so much anxiety, in the attainment of that divine art. You will say that we have books enough already on the art of speaking; and I admit it true, that we have many and valuable ones; but remember that they all profess not to teach the higher beauties of eloquence (which they admit are not to be imparted by precepts,) but chiefly to point out the prevailing blemishes and errors in the practice of the art. Now suppose that rules can go no farther; yet still it must be obvious, that the animadversions of those authors cannot apply *to us*, far-

ther than our blemishes and errors are common to us with their respective countries; all that are *peculiar to us*, remain still to be designated; and here, unless I am deceived, there is a plenteous harvest.—I have heard from you occasionally, on this subject, remarks which I have met with in no author; and I am persuaded that you must have thought often and deeply upon it. In behalf of the youth of this country, I therefore entreat you to give us in any order, or disorder, you please, the fruits of your observation and experience on this head.

Your dutiful and affectionate nephew,

ALFRED.

My nephew pays me a compliment which I do not deserve, in supposing that I have thought *deeply* on the subject of his letter. That I have thought often on it, is very true; as it also is, that I have regretted much the mistaken opinions of our young men, both as to the true character of eloquence, and the means by which the art is to be acquired. They seem, indeed, to think that no exertion at all is necessary for this purpose; that the whole is inspiration; the immediate gift of Heaven; and that the orator, like the poet, is born and not made. It is this fatal mistake which has crippled the art in Virginia, and overwhelmed us with a disgusting load of florid trash, as flat and sickening to the sense, as useless to the mind; instead of that lightning of ancient times, which poured a blaze on the darkest understanding, and that thunder which almost awakened the dead: for such are the accounts which we have of Pericles, Demosthenes, the Gracchi, Cicero and others.

But these great men did not, like the visionary youth of Virginia, imagine that all this was to be effected by reposing indolently on the bounties of nature. They knew that these sublime attainments were to be purchased only by Herculean toils; that instead of resting merely on the possession of a general education, they were, moreover, to go through the labors of another education, peculiarly framed for this art, and such was their enthusiasm in the pursuit that "the Alps and Pyreneans sunk before them." Hence it was, that they were seen tearing themselves from the usual pleasures and amusements of youth, renouncing all the charms and temptations of society, and locking themselves up in a seven years solitude of study and meditation. "We must," says Quintilian, "watch whole nights, we must imbibe the steam of the lamps by which we study, and often have not leisure to shift our clothes, tho' they are drenched in our own

sweat." Hence it was also, that those eminent men, even after they had commenced their public career, and with honor too, were seen retiring, again, dissatisfied with themselves, to some solitary cavern, resuming the pursuit on which their souls were fixed, with redoubled intenseness; or crossing mountains and seas, traversing distant regions, selecting and combining the beauties of every master of the art in every known part of the habitable globe, and kneeling to drink at every hail wed spring from which a draught of inspiration could be taken.

If genius could claim an exemption from labour, what young man of Virginia could pretend to a better title than that of Cicero: and if Cicero found all those exertions indispensable to the attainment of eloquence, on what ground can those of our young men who are candidates for the same glory, presume that they may dispense with them, and fold their arms in ease? It must be either the most consummate vanity, or the most heavy and languid indolence which dictates this conduct; and be it which it may, I advise them to withdraw at once, from the ranks of competition, assured that the prize is not for them. No; in this province at least "the battle is to the strong." Nature indeed must give the talents, but art must cultivate them; genius is only the diamond in the quarry; it is labor and art that must bring it forth, purify it, polish it, and invest it with the radiance which constitutes its beauty and worth. Without this it will never shine in the dark, or be otherwise distinguishable from stones of no value.

The youth who aims at the sovereignty in eloquense, must seclude himself from all those enervating dissipations which disgrace our state; he must fill his soul with the mighty purpose; must brace his mind with a firm and steadfast courage which turns aside from no labour, and shrinks from no effort, however arduous, that is essential to his enterprize. He must be willing (to recur to the language of Quintilian) to watch whole nights, and imbibe the steam of the lamp by which he studies. He must keep forever in view the glorious pre-eminence at which he aims, and be willing to sacrifice to it every consideration of personal ease and pleasure; he must (to borrow another thought most strongly and justly expressed) be willing in his youth at least, "to die while he lives, that he may live after he is dead." There never was a country or a time that more strongly invited this glorious enterprize, than those in which we live. We

live in a republic "where eloquence is power:" and at a time when the stage is almost completely unoccupied. Look through this state, look through the United States; where is the man who possesses this eloquence, at once magnificent and solid, of which we are speaking? We hear, indeed, many ingenious and some powerful reasoners; and this is certainly the basis of all just eloquence. We hear, too, some men of wit, who figure in invective and repartee; and others who occasionally tack together two or three periods of pretty declamation. But where is the man who unites at once the agility of Mercury and the grace of Apollo, with the strength of Hercules? Where is the man, who with all the enchantments of voice and action, combines that various and ample knowledge, that profound, vigorous and penetrating genius, that brilliant wit, that rich and ever-teeming imagination, and that tender and contagious sensibility, which are, all, indispensible to the perfect orator?—Such an one was Cicero: but where will you find a Cicero in these United States? If you answer no where, and add that such an one will never be seen here, I reply that the answer is rather a reflection on our indolence, than a proof of modesty. For why should we despair of reaching the eminence of Cicero?—Is it because nature had done more for him than for any man among us?—This I do not believe;—on the contrary, I am satisfied that there are at least, several, I might say many in the United States, not inferior to the Roman in the gifts of nature, and who by using the same means, would ascend to the same grade of eminence. Yes; Cicero's superiority resulted not from his superior genius, but his superior industry; it resulted from that exertion, at once enthusiastic and persevering, which we gaze at with admiration, but which we have not the spirit and energy to imitate. But we must imitate it, or sit down, forever contented with our present mediocrity; which may Heaven forbid!

If there be any one among my youthful readers, prepared to take the field in this glorious contest, and to pour his whole soul into it, I stand ready to assist him. From the ancient and modern critics, he must gather the great body of those rules which are to guide his studies. I do not propose to repeat their precepts; but to offer only such occasional hints as are suggested to me by real life; and to offer them without any attempt at regular and digested method. I make another stipulation: I shall state what I have to say in the most plain and simple style that I can adopt. The subject indeed

is eloquence; but I do not see why, for this reason, my own style should become unnatural. It is not necessary, I apprehend, that even a regular treatise on rhetoric should labour with the most unintermitting and painful inflation. At all events, it is not my natural gait, and I am rather too old to begin, now, to learn summer-sets.

Number XXXI.

Aspice quæ nunc sunt Capitolia, quæque fuerunt.

Mark what our *Capitols* now are, and what they have been.
Ov. Ar. Am. Lib III. v 115.

It has been intimated in the preceding essay, that it is not my purpose to incumber either myself or my reader with a formal and regular treatise on the subject of eloquence. Enough has been already done, in that way. The stores of ancient criticism have been made accessible, by translations, to the English reader, and have been, moreover, repeated, at least often enough, already, in modern compilations in our own language. The remarks which I propose to offer, have been suggested to me by what I have heard and seen of American eloquence; and although they may have been anticipated by other writers in other countries and ages, (which I shall not stop to examine) the reader may still assure himself that my purpose is not to retail after others, but to depict prevailing faults, which I have myself observed, and to "catch the manners living as they rise."

The vital error from which all our imperfections spring, is to be found in our very defective system of education. In Rome, the education of an orator was peculiar, and began, I think, at four or five years of age. He was placed under the direction and in the family of some distinguished speaker, under the constant influence of whose example he might catch the time, the cadence, the articulation, without which, eloquence cannot possibly exist. Let us pause, here, to compare these advantages, thus gained by the Roman, in childhood, with the faults daily exhibited by the best of our public speakers, in the particulars just mentioned. In point of time, they are either so rapid and precipitate, as to disconcert their own understandings and make those of their hearers swim *in vacuo*, or so very slow, drawling and tedious, or so full of unnecessary and affected pauses, that it were

just as interesting to attempt to watch the motion of the shadow on a sun-dial is to follow the equally imperceptible creeping of their minds. As to cadence, instead of that fine and richly varied melody, which marks the appropriate character of every sentiment and feeling, and shews the speaker to be in full possession of himself, and at the same time, to be all alive to his subject, we are fatigued and distressed by the dissonant raving & screaming of a voice strained above its natural key, and kept up until we are fearful of the breaking of a blood-vessel, or the laceration of the speaker's lungs; or we are deafened with the bellowing of a Bedlamite, equally regardless of his own lungs and of the speaker's ears; or we are lulled to sleep by the chiming reciprocation and alternate monotony of a frog-pond. And as to articulation, nothing can be more unfortunate than that to which we are too often doomed to listen. Where will you hear that full, clear, brilliant enunciation which contains in itself so sweet a charm that it can almost atone for the absence both of argument and fancy? Some few examples of it may perhaps exist in the United States: but in general, even among those who stand high as public speakers, you are confounded by a thick, indistinct muttering and mouthing, in lieu of articulate sounds; or the syllables are dropped out with a regularity as stiff and formal and methodical as the vibrations of the pendulum of a clock, and every *for*, *or*, *and* and *of*, falls upon the ear with as much solemnity and emphasis, as the most important and effective word in the period. And why does this happen? Because it is no part of our system of education to watch the mode of delivery which our children acquire in early life. Vicious habits are permitted without correction to fasten themselves upon them; and by the time they arrive at manhood, are so confirmed and inveterate, that all their best exertions are unable to remove them. We are guilty of this absurdity; that we have only one system of juvenile education which we apply, without variation, and indiscriminately to all professions. Whereas it must be obvious, on a moment's reflection, that those who are destined for public speakers, require a peculiar treatment, without which it will be impossible for them to attain the summit of their art, and which would be entirely unnecessary to any other profession.

Beside the management of the voice, in the articles of time, cadence and articulation, the Roman orator was attentively formed in his early years to all that easy and

graceful flexibility of frame on which attitude and gesture depend, and all that management of the features, which insinuates, with such resistless energy, the convictions and feelings of the speaker into the minds of his audience. What do you see of all this winning grace, and all this magic of the countenance, at the present day? You see a speaker standing as stiff and motionless as Diggory in the play of "She Stoops to Conquer;" or you see him writhing and twisting like the mad priestess of an oracle, tossing his arms like the arms of a wind-mill or the flail of a thresher, beating time to the clangor of a ear-crucifying voice, and adding new force to the fiery fury of a blod-shot eye and a frantic face: or if you look for a medium between these extremes, you will see him chopping the pulpit, desk or bar, with short, quick and unintermitting percussions of the lower edge of his open right hand; or slapping, loudly and with ludicrous repetition, the authority or document which he holds in his left hand, with the open palm of his right, as if determined to demolish the whole ground of his own argument, and attempt to balance himself in empty space. You may see another stooping at an angle of ninety degrees to inspect the notes which lie on the table before him, his hands "the while" instead of being employed in raising the notes to his eyes, being very gracefully and commodiously clasped together and thrust between his thighs. Another, when he thinks he is successfully engaged in shewing the error of his adversary's argument, and is just reaching the conclusion of his demonstration, carries his right arm across the field of his face and the line of his vision, and pointing with his fore finger to the left, peeps over the arm, with half-closed eyes, obliquely to the right, and looks as cunning as Peter Pindar's Magpye peeping sagely into a marrow bone: "Ah! there's the point!" I have seen an eminent man in one quarter of the union, so restless and fidgeting while on his feet, that he appeared to be troubled with St. Vitus' Dance; in another, I have seen one, equally eminent, playing antics, with a chair, in the midst of an excellent speech, propping himself up with it behind, then propping himself up with it before; then resting one foot in the seat, then, the other; then throwing one leg over the back, then the other; tossing the chair with a flourish, first to the right hand and then to the left, and thus combining the manual exercise of hands and heels, with the exercise of his wits, and shewing, throughout, that his progress as well as duration depended on the subject he was handling. In exact contrast

with this, I have seen, in a great place, a speaker stand with German *sang froid*, for hours together, in the same posture, his eyes and face cast down towards the floor, and moving as slowly and haltingly forward as the baggage of an army drawn by weak cattle through a deep snow. On the same theatre I have seen another who seemed to force every thing out of him by means of Archimedes' screw, and to suffer all the agonies of repeated empalement, while the operation was going on—the *abdomen* violently retracted—his shoulders drawn up to his ears—his jaws locked—his features violently distorted—his hands clenched—his cries of anguish forced through his teeth—and the whole man apparently at the point of a painful death, instead of being at the point of his argument.

But of all the vices of manner which prevail among us, those which proceed from affectation are the least excusable, and therefore the most intolerable and disgusting. They are assumed voluntarily as graces; and shew a depravity of taste which proves that "*ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.*" Of this character is that nasal chaunting which sometimes disgraces the pulpit—the long-drawn melody of insignificant monosyllables, which makes them sound like the deep, protracted notes of the dead march in Saul, played on the hautboy. Of the same character is the awful and solemn pause, accompanied by a look of high import, not called for by any thing which precedes or follows it. So the arm extended at full length and the fore finger most portentously pointed, at nothing—the elevated and majestic attitude, the guttural intonation, and the horror-inspiring, soul-shaking expression of face, which turn out to be perfectly harmless and which nothing could support and justify, less than those awful denunciations of woe on the children of men which touched the hallowed lips of the prophets with fire.

There are other affectations among us, of a character rather more light and ludicrous, but equally fatal to the purpose and the dignity of the Speaker—when a joke conceived, tickles him and produces a swaying and swaggering of his body from side to side, which the ancients called "speaking from a cock-boat," we are, indeed, pretty sure of a laugh; but it is at the speaker, and not at his conceit. The affectation of pretty speaking, the nice, fine, mincing precision of the *petit maitre*, does not afford us even the consolation of a laugh; the sentiment is one of unmixed disgust.

There is a smile at once arch and good humoured, and a voluntary hesitation and pausing in the delivery, which

announces the coming jest, and which in a man of real wit has a very happy effect:—for it awakens the attention of the hearer, puts him on vainly conjecturing what the hit will be, and when it comes, makes the surprize the more complete and delightful, by reason of the vague notice which he has thus received of it, and the predisposition which is thus excited. The kindness and benevolence, too, which are mingled in the smile and voice of the speaker, have a good effect on the person hit:—they make smooth the fine and keen edge of the wit, and pour a healing balsam into the short-lived wound which it inflicts. Some persons having seen the peculiar felicity of this manner in men of genius and ready wit, seem to imagine that the whole proceeds from the manner; and that if they can but catch this, they will be sure of equal success and equal *eclat*. Accordingly I have seen a speaker, with no more wit in his brain than a cucumber, rise with the same predicting smile, and falsify it by the most "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" insipidity and inanity. Nothing can be more unfortunate; for it is a breach of promise which the hearer is sure to resent with his contempt, or, what is equally afflicting, with his pity.

We want a system of education which shall prevent, or prune away all those blemishes of manner in early life; and which shall moreover so chasten our judgments and refine our tastes as to prevent our adoption of them at a more advanced age. When a man comes to speak in public, he should be at liberty to give his whole mind to his subject; instead of having it divided and distracted, by the necessity of watching and avoiding the habitual defects of his manner as he goes along: and, except in those few happy favorites whom nature has made perfect, such previous accomplishment of manner as will leave the mind thus free to devote itself exclusively to the subject, cannot be expected but by a long, rigorous, judicious training in early youth.

The importance of manner to a speaker seems to be generally admitted. But very few, of the many who pretend to public speaking, seem to me to have dwelt seriously enough on this subject to form a correct estimate of the vital importance of manner. The vague admission leaves the lips, without any precise and definite idea in the mind; and hence it happens that of the hundreds and thousands of public speakers whom we hear in the United States, there are not ten, perhaps not five, who have bestowed on the acquirement of a proper manner the attention which it deserves; comprehending in the

term manner, the just and happy concert of attitude, gesture, countenance, voice, time and enunciation. This happy concert, the Grecians described by a word which we have rendered *action*—and the story is trite and familiar that Demosthenes, the prince of orators, when asked "what was the first quality of an orator?" answered, *action*—"what the second?" action—"what the third?" action still: i. e. that action, or as we call it, *manner or delivery*, was not only of first, but almost of the only importance. This story, if it were all that we knew of Demosthenes, might lose the weight of authority which it deserves, by leading us to suspect that Demosthenes himself was a light and fanciful declaimer:—but when we come to read the orations of this great man, we find them marked with less of levity and fancy than those of any other of the ancient orators whose works have reached us; and are struck only with the vast knowledge, the stern and cogent argument, the manly sense & solid judgment which they display. Such a sentiment, therefore, as to action, from such a man, deserves not to be superficially considered; and he who considers it, with the attention it deserves, will differ but little from that truly great man.

I cannot present to my readers any instance of a happy manner, which is so extensively and familiarly known as that of Mr. Cooper the tragedian. Many of us had read the dagger scene in Macbeth, a hundred times, before we saw that inimitable actor, and had supposed that we had perceived all the beauty and felt all the force of the passage. But, as for myself, when I came to see Mr. Cooper in that scene, all that I had perceived and felt before, became, in the comparison, so tame and insipid, that I seemed, nay I did for the first time understand the image which was in Shakespeare's mind. The horror-struck attitude & countenance—the deep, low, agitated whisper—"Is that a dagger that I see before me!"—the desperate convulsive attempt to clutch it—the encreased amazement and frenzied consternation at the failure—his eyes starting wild with horrror from their orbits, and slowly following the motion of the visionary dagger to the door of Duncan's chamber—"thou marshal'st me the way that I was going"—altogether had such an effect on me, that when I got relief by the momentary disappearance of the dagger, I found that I had been bereaved of my breath—my sinews and muscles had been strained to a painful extremity—and I felt my hair descending and settling on my head, for it had been raised by sympathetic horror.—And, what is still more wonderful,

when I supposed his power of action exhausted on this scene, yet when the dagger re-appears at the door of Duncan's chamber,

> "And on its blade and dudgeon gouts of blood
> Which was not so before.—

it was clear that the performer's resources of action were as infinite and inexhaustible as the wonderful genius whose effusions he was painting to the eye and to the heart. His attitude! His look! That whisper! Tenfold horrors surrounded him!! It was the most blood chilling, the most petrifying spectacle I ever beheld! I am persuaded that human nature could not have endured the agonizing stretch of the nerves to which this master of his art was able to wind his audience! And all this, be it remembered, was the work of *manner*.

I shall be asked whether I propose the manner of the theatre as a model for our public speakers? I answer, not the vicious manner of the theatre—not the overloaded, extravagant, most unnatural gesticulation which we see practised on the stage. But let it be remembered, that this mode of action is improper and disgusting even on the stage itself. Shakespeare has given the true rule of action, which is universal in its application—"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature." Now, is it not obvious that the manner which would be chaste and natural on the stage, would, *in the expression of the same sentiment*, be equally chaste and natural every where? The reason why there is more gesture on the stage, than elsewhere, is because plays consist almost entirely of emotion; in the pulpit, senate and bar, argument does or should preponderate. Now, no man, in his senses, would be so absurd as to apply the gesture which belongs to emotion, to the delivery of an argument; for that would not be to "suit the action to the word, the word to the action"—hence the quantity of action exhibited on the stage will always naturally and properly exceed that which belongs to any other theatre of public speaking. But the subjects sometimes co-incide—arguments are found in plays—and the passions often appear, and properly too, in the pulpit, senate and bar—and whereon the subjects do co-incide, the manner should be the same. Hence it is that the manner of action on the stage, as exhibited by master performers, may be observed and imitated to great advantage. Ministers of the gospel may, perhaps, be startled at a proposition so profane as that they should attend

the theatre; and disgusted at an idea so absurd as that they should transfer the manner of the theatre to the pulpit. As to the profanity of the proposition, their acceding to it or not is a question between themselves and their sovereign judge; I am not afraid of the consequences of having made the proposition. I know that dramatic composition has been polluted by the most shameful licentiousness—on the exhibition of plays of that character, I, who am no divine, would never attend. But are there not, on the other hand, plays which inculcate the loftiest, the most heroic, the most christian virtues? What sin would be committed by their attending the representation of such? What is the purpose of playing? Let Shakespeare answer the question—"whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." I ask if the same be not also a part of the duty of the pulpit; and when the dramatic writer attains this purpose, purely, I cannot discern what possible mischief there can be in listening to his lectures. Do not those who from an idea of its sinfulness refuse to attend the theatre, nevertheless read, and with rapture too, the plays of Shakespeare? If they do, where is the difference in point of guilt between reading the plays, one's self, and hearing them read or recited by others? It is from my purpose to pursue this disquisition further. As to the other branch of the supposed objection, transferring the manner of the theatre to the pulpit, I will take the liberty to say that the transfer of all that is chaste and natural would give to the pulpit, an ease, a dignity, an animation, and an interest of which at present, it stands in the most direful need. Who is not disgusted with the stiffness, the formality, the slow, mechanically measured enunciation, the nasal melody, the affected mouthings, or the coarse rusticity, the ear-crucifying sing-song, and the delirious raving and shrieking, which too often, degrade the pulpit and defeat the very purpose of the institution? Has it never been the misfortune of the reader to observe in what an infinite variety of ways ministers contrive to murder that beautiful & sublime exclamation of the Psalmist—"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!" One will recite it, in the same time and tone, that he would read an advertisement in a newspaper; another will whine over it, so as to excite just as much interest as a school boy excites in whining over his lesson; another, with a smirk, will

yelp over it, "holy—holy—holy"—as if he had just started the game, to the great amusement of his congregation, who feel no other impulse than to cry "hark forward." I have no patience with men who thus indolently and shamefully neglect the cultivation of a correct manner, and ascend the pulpit only to mar and deform, by their hideous manner the work of inspiration —— How different from all this was the manner of the celebrated *Duchet*, the chaplain of the old Congress! He had studied the language of nature in the cartoons of Raphael, and learned from them that the evangelaic character loses nothing of its dignity by the boldest attitude and most impressive cast of features, when they comport with the subject and the occasion. He had read the sacred scriptures, too, with the eye of genius, as well as that of faith; and in the exclamation just referred to, it was impossible for him not to imagine the train of reflection which probably led to it, and the holy yet enraptured manner in which it broke from the inspired poet. To recite this language of the psalmist, correctly, it was necessary to recite it, in the very spirit in which it was first conceived; and in doing so, there was no danger, that a man of taste and judgement would over-step the modesty of nature. There are probably some yet alive, beside myself, who will remember *Duchet's* mode of reciting it. It was preceded by a pause in which his eyes were raised with fearful awe, as if contemplating those glories of the firmament which David has so sublimely depicted in the 19th psalm—his hands were clasped on the pulpit before him—the admiration depicted on his countenance, gradually swelled with the truth of nature into a bolder expression, as the wonders of the creation seemed to pass in review before him, at the same time his clasped hands were slowly and touchingly removed from the pulpit to his breast—his heart, itself, seemed to expand with the augmenting tide of his sensations—no sound was heard, but that of the throbbing heart, & convulsed breath—the recitation was begun slowly—& in a low & tremulous voice, as if repressed by the awful presence of the Deity, himself "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!" then his hands unclasped, his arms a little opened, & raised—"Heaven!"——then his arms wide extended, his face beaming with a smile of rapturous gratitude and admiration, and his brilliant voice liberated, and swelling to the end of the sentence, in its fullest richest tone—— "and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory." There was no one who did not clearly perceive and deeply feel the whole beauty of the apostrophe: There were few

who did not involuntarily start from their seats, with sympathetic rapture. Yet among the drones of the present day, this manner would be called theatrical, unworthy of the pulpit, unworthy of imitation. It is the common policy of dunces to decry that excellence which they cannot reach. But it is not for the mind, however good, to pass sentence on appeals made to the heart. Those are the best judges of Mr. *Duchet's* manner who had the happiness to hear him; and they will support me in the assertion, that his manner so far from lowering the dignity and solemnity of the service, gave them an hundred fold force and power. I will venture to say that if Mr. *Duchet's* were the manner of the present day, our country would not, in every quarter of it, exhibit that spectacle so painful to the christian's heart, of churches neglected, tumbling in ruins and become almost the exclusive residence of the beasts of the field and birds of the air.—— Our regular ministers may rail on, if they please, against the prevalence of fanaticism and superstition. The fault is in themselves. People go to church, not to doze but to worship; and it is not wonderful that they should prefer the man who makes them feel, to him who makes them sleep.

Let it not be understood, that I am vindicating those fops and *petit maitres* whom we sometimes see in the pulpit; whose frivolous gesticulations would disgrace even the theatre itself. No: I speak of that majesty of action by which St. Paul made Felix tremble; and which is in the happiest harmony with the sublime composition of the Bible itself. It is this which I would have our ministers to cultivate; this, by which they might shake the souls of their hearers, instead of standing like automata in the sacred desk, and pouring through lips of wood, the productions of others; productions, which they do not feel, themselves, and consequently cannot make others feel.

Let these gentlemen who are so much afraid to stir an arm or raise an eye, imagine the manner in which Bossuet delivered his discourses. Are they not satisfied that Bossuet sustained, *by the grandeur of his manner*, the boldest flights of his genius; that his action partook of that fervid spirit which inspired his orations; that it kept pace with it, ascended with it and kindled in its noblest conflagration? —Yes: Bossuet's was a soul of empyrean flame: and pervaded his system with a force too strong to permit any portion of it to remain indifferent, while she was exhibiting her wondrous powers to others: Bossuet's was a soul firm & intrepid in her own strength;

she walked abroad, at her ease, and produced, on every occasion, that consentaneous grandeur of movement, which consummated her power, and made her irresistible.

If any one of our regular ministers should answer, "Give me Bossuet's genius & I will give you his action."—I reply, this is the very objection; that you do give us the works of his and other great geniuses without their appropriate action. The sermons which we hear from the pulpit are frequently eloquent in themselves; yet from the cold composure with which they are recited, it is evident that they are the offspring of other minds: had they been the proper children of those who exhibit them, there would have been a parental warmth which would, infallibly, have shewn itself in their action.

I pray that our ministers may reflect upon this subject e'er it be too late. If they will not be convinced by abstract argument, let them attend to the facts which are passing before their eyes: their own discourses are composed with the utmost purity and elegance; the reasoning good; the style, not only correct, but adorned with the most beautiful figures of speech:—what is it that carries away the people from their discourses, at once chaste, strong, and embellished, to the meeting-houses of dissenting ministers? on the one hand, indolence or vanity, unwilling to acknowledge the mortifying truth, may impute it to a popular fit of fanaticism; on the other hand, vanity or delusion may impute it to the superior truth of the doctrines which are taught by the dissenters;—but the fact is, that it proceeds, almost entirely from *manner*, and the mysterious hold which this takes on human sympathy. The interesting warmth, the anxious earnestness with which the dissenter pours out his unpremeditated effusions (however coarse,) seize the human heart with almost inextricable grasp and enable him to lead it whithersoever he will. You may say that his action is redundant, ungraceful, vulgar, that it violates all rule; no matter: let it be as distorted and frantic, if you please, as that of the Pythian priestess: it is earnest; it comes accompanied with a voice choaked with tears and shews that the man's whole soul is engaged for our good; he moves us; alarms us; melts us; and sends us home agitated on a subject of eternal importance. We find, too, that these men discover a deep and accurate knowledge of the human heart; they anticipate the topics of peace and consolation which the arch enemy of mankind will suggest to the alarmed soul, and by shewing us

their origin, they forbid us to repose upon them. How different, how superior in point of attraction is all this to the soporific doses which are administered from velvet cushions!—If it should still be urged, that all this is fanaticism—I desire that any sermon of Massillon,s may be compared with the most impassioned of those which are delivered from the Dissenter's desk. You will find in Massillon, indeed, the rarest beauties of cultivated genius, the most powerful eloquence; but it is eloquence entirely void of ostentation; it seems indeed to burst from the man's heart in spite of himself, and to come accompanied with showers of tears just as irrepressible: But you will find Massillon's sermons marked with exactly the same strong characters which distinguish the Dissenter: the same passionate importunity addressed to sinners; the same shuddering predictions of the fate which awaits the impenitent; the same necessity for the regeneration of the soul; the same intimate knowledge of the human heart, the same power of chasing a sin through every fold and envelopement, and pursuing and driving the sinner himself from every corner and recess of his own deceitful breast; the same warnings against the arts of the devil in resisting the work of grace in the soul;—in short you will find in Massillon, blended with a personal meekness and humility (which it was impossible for him to affect, and which, is in itself captivating in the highest degree) and with an eloquence, almost super-human, all the Dissenter's earnestness, tears, entreaties, supplications; all his cries, his adjurations; all his topics of persuasion and of alarm, all his enthusiasm, all his terror, all his raptures, and all that the dealers in opiates now choose to call, fanaticism; yet no one ever dared to call Massillon, a fanatic. Now the great doctrines which are preached by the Roman Catholic, the Protestant, and the Dissenter, are the same—viz. the fall of man—the mediation—and salvation by faith in the redeemer. The subject being the same, it can be, only, the different manner of presenting it, which constitutes the difference of effect; yet that difference we see is vast; and so it will ever continue, while human nature remains the same and the protestant clergy refuse to be instructed by experience.

Number XXXII.

——genus ignavum, quod testo gaudet et umbra.
Juv. Sat. VII. v. 105.

An idle race, who love the house and shade.

The constant complaint of the English writers, is, that their speakers stand like statues, moving neither muscle, leg nor arm. The Englishman is phlegmatic; the American, I think, is a somewhat livelier character; yet the same want of a bold and spirited manner is almost as universally remakable here. The man who speaks as if he himself, took no interest in his subject, will never interest others. This proposition is just as true in relation to arguments addressed to the understanding, as it is in relation to appeals made to the passions.—I have heard arguments of great intrinsic force, literally thrown away by the dullness of the delivery. The man who plays with his watch-seal, or keeps his hand in his bosom, or in his breeches pocket, his eyes cast on the floor, his legs crossed, and talks to his judges in the calm, deliberate, composed tone of ordinary conversation, for hours together, may set them to yawning or put them to sleep, but he is not forwarding his cause: he will not command the confidence of the bench in his arguments, much less their affection in favor of the side which he espouses, and if he be followed by an animated adversary, the contrast in point of feeling on the part of the hearer will be such an one, as to make it better for the former if he had not spoken at all.

It is a great mistake to suppose that an argument, because it is an argument, is, therefore, to be delivered with cold composure. The greatest forensic reasoner in this country, used to deliver his arguments with all the earnestness and even vehemence of declamation: and powerful as his arguments ever were, in themselves, they were rendered doubly so, by the conviction forced upon you by his manner, that he felt himself sure that he was in the right. You could, never, listen to that man with indifference. There was an honesty and frankness in his manner which won your affection and confidence at once: woe be to those who prefer, to this character, those sly, acute, cunning looks and smart sayings which tell us that they aspire to the reputation of shrewdness and wit: a reputation little in itself, and which, if they succeed in establishing it, generally, surrounds them with doubt, distrust, apprehension and ill will. And be-

sides this personal want of confidence in the disposition of a man of this established lubricity, there is a prevailing want of confidence in the depth and power of his mind. We do not feel it safe to lean upon the conclusions of his judgment, even where he means us well. The wit, by common consent, has comparatively, but little credit for weight. Mr. Pope has made popular the saying "a wit's, a feather," and he has, by implication, fixed upon him all the disadvantages which I have just enumerated, by contrasting him, immediately, with the honest man, whom he calls "the noblest work of God." The man to whom I first referred had it written upon his face and in his manner, that he was one of those noblest works; and it gave him an impressive weight and dignity, in debate which no brilliancy of wit or genius on the part of an adversary could counterpoise. I have said it was impossible to listen to him with indifference: for having at once, made a lodgement in your affections and confidence by the integrity of his manner and the clearness and force of his views, you could never feel indifferent towards a subject, which you perceived that such a man thought interesting. His *earnestness* raised you on tiptoe; and his *argument* swept you away like a mountain torrent.

A speaker should never forget the vital importance of this earnestness of manner. If he do not feel and cannot assume it, with the truth and certainty of nature, let him keep his seat and be silent. For it is impossible to produce any other than an adverse effect without it. I repeat it (for it cannot be repeated too often) that whether the purpose be to convince or to persuade, this intense earnestness lies at the root of all high execution.—I remember, when I was young, to have heard a lawyer (a very amiable and sensible man, too) defending a woman who was accused of having murdered her bastard child. The evidence was circumstantial; he was arguing against the probability of the fact, from the atrocious nature of the crime and its inconsistency with the feelings of a mother's heart. The ground was not only fair, but it was a very fine one; and, what is more, he appeared to me to suggest every consideration which belonged to the topic. He suggested, but he did not urge them; in other words, he threw them out in a manner so cold and disengaged, that they produced no effect, or if any, they produced an unfavorable one. I will give you a sample: "Gentlemen" said he, "the crime imputed to my client is of such a nature that I cannot even think of it without feeling my blood run cold with horror!"—this

he pronounced in a voice of the most even and happy composure followed by a long, composed *hem* !——and with the same composure, he drew out his handkerchief in the pause and, very deliberately, wiped his face. He excited, indeed, the sympathy of the jury, that is, they suffered exactly in the same degree in which they saw him suffer, to wit, not at all; and in the men of taste who stood around, the only emotions which he excited were those of contempt and disgust.

Before I leave this subject, I must warn the youthful candidate for the palm of eloquence, that if he do not feel this earnestness, he must beware how he assumes it. I do not mean that it cannot be assumed: on the contrary, I am sure that it can; and that although assumed in the first instance, it becomes, in a few sentences, genuine and sincere. It has long since been remarked that a man, from a state of the most perfect good humour, may swear himself into a passion. So I am fully persuaded, that by assuming the appropriate language and action which belongs to it, a man may soon work himself into any frame of mind that he pleases. I believe that insanity itself may be and has been produced by the affectation of it in the first instance; such a case I shall ever believe has occurred within my own observation.—But, then, to take advantage of this pliability of our minds, the action, in the commencement, must be true to nature. You wish, for example, to impress your audience with the belief that you are in earnest & are deeply convinced of the truth of the doctrines which you advocate; you do not feel this earnestness; you are nevertheless advocating the cause of truth and principle; a cause which you know deserves this earnestness; but as our feelings will not always rise instantaneously at our bidding, you find it necessary, in the beginning, to exhibit an earnestness which you do not feel: How will you go about it? Appeal to nature; and observe how the man who *does* feel it, acts. Observe also, how, the man who does not feel it, often attempts to master his insensibility, and to assume the appearance of this feeling, but attempts it in vain. For this purpose you have heard employed a nasal sing-song, a miserable whining approaching to a cry; & you know that it moves no other feeling than that of contempt. A more common artifice to conceal this apathy of heart, but one equally unsuccessful, is to break out in a Sempronian uproar, and deafen the audience with a vociferation, generally as indistinct, as it is senseless. This will never do. The man of sense who is convinced, never loses his balance. You mark his earnest-

ness in his brow, his voice, his action; yet in his unwavering, piercing eye of fire, in his firm, clear, emphatic enunciation, in the distinct strokes of his thought, in the connected movement, "the giant stride" of his mind, you mark that though ardent, he is collected, though vehement, he is profound; in short, that he is one of those masters, who in the very tempest and whirlwind of his passion can "beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

This noisy blustering and bauling of which I have been speaking, is a very common defect among us. It very often proceeds from a conscious want of mastery over the subject. A man finds it necessary to rise before he is prepared. A powerful argument has been just delivered by the opposite party, which has overwhelmed his faculties; he is not ready to answer, but he is pushed on to do it, either by the indiscreet zeal of his adherents, by a supposed sense of duty, or by the shame and pride of party spirit: how will he do it? To do it, correctly, he ought to follow the arguments of his adversary, and answer and refute them one by one; but this he is conscious he cannot do at present:—how then will he proceed?—he will attempt to hide the embarrassement of his mind under a furious and senseless clamour, "as cowards whistle in the dark." This trick is now so generally understood, that it answers no other end than to expose the speaker, by betraying that very impotence which it was assumed to hide. Surely it is much wiser not to speak at all, than to injure our cause by speaking amiss.—But if a speech must, at all events, be made, is there no part of the adversary's argument which you can answer and expose, successfully; counterbalancing what you cannot answer by original and independent views of the subject on your own side? If you cannot do this, and yet are not convinced by the argument which you cannot answer, or, if convinced, are not at liberty to yield to it, I pray you be silent.

This stormy and imperious manner is an insult to your hearers; for, if accompanied by good argument (which is rare) there is nevertheless a pride in the heart of every freeman, which revolts against a dictator and scorns to be driven: if, on the contrary, this clamour be (as it generally is) idle, delirious, declamatory, the hearer considers himself treated like a child or a blockhead; and resents such treatment with his contempt. It is only the manner at once earnest and collected, vigorous and self-balanced, that can succeed eminently. By this manner the hearer perceives that he is treated as a gentle-

man & as a man of sense who is to be guided by his reason only, & he is grateful for the respect which thus shews him; he is propitiated towards the speaker, and predisposed to yield to his arguments a degree of assent even beyond their merit; and if in this auspicious frame of mind, the speaker do not convince him, it must be (party aside) because he ought not.

I have said that this deep and intense earnestness lies at the root of all high execution in eloquence; it is, emphatically, at the root; because it is this, which instinctively prompts and supports all those intonations of voice, expressions of countenance, gestures and attitudes, which constitute the whole external powers of the orator. This, however, pre-supposes that the voice, the countenance & the limbs have been previously trained by exercises of reading & speaking, so as to have acquired all the flexibility and variety of which they are susceptible, and so as to respond readily and all together to any key of passion or sentiment that may be touched. These exercises should take place in childhood while the organs of speech, the muscles, the limbs, are tender and ductile: and be continued with unremitting industry, through youth up to manhood. It is almost incredible to what a compass, to what a power, a melody, a brilliancy, a rapidity of transition, the voice may be carried by skilful culture. The happiest instructor on this subject is a mother who possesses vivacity of feeling, an ear for music, and a taste for poetical composition. The boy should be taught to feel and to express all the regular and stately swell, all the deep toned majesty of the heroic measure; all the abrupt and broken grandeur of the pindaric; all the sweet simplicity and delicious tenderness of pastoral verse; all the terrible sublime of the tragic muse, and all the versatility, humor and gaiety of the comic. Thus trained, it is impossible for those who have not tried it with zeal and perseverance, to estimate the richness of modulation, the variety of cadence, the tremulous delicacy of touch, and quickness of transition to which an apt boy may be carried. This process, too, has the advantage of cultivating, at the same time, his sensibility and his fancy, both of which are of such high and indispensible importance to the orator.

I appeal to the reader and desire him to recollect how many speakers he has heard who possess the great advantage of this well modulated and well managed voice? He may have heard several on whom nature, herself, has conferred a voice full, clear and sonorous; but in the few instances of this kind which have fallen under my ob-

servation, the voice has been merely left where nature left it; and instead of delighting, by its variety and aptness of inflexion, it has pall'd on the ear and wearied the hearer by its unbending pomp and monotonous majesty of intonation. But I wish to hear of an instance of a voice delivered from its natural harshness, thickness, or feebleness, by this judicious and persevering culture, and rendered, thereby, clear, articulate and strong. None such I fear will be found. On the contrary, many instances occur of voices, naturally good, spoiled by neglect, or by affectation. From the latter cause proceeds the guttural croaking, the nasal twang, the hollow, vaultlike howling, the shrill, sharp, ear-piercing squeel: from the former proceeds a fault to which I would call the attention of the reader, in a more especial manner, because I find it much the most common fault in this country, and generally allied with the best qualities for public speaking; I mean the fault of a voice strained by the passion or zeal of the speaker, above its key or beyond its strength.—By this fault some of the deepest arguments, some of the richest images of fancy, and of the finest effusions of the heart are, every day, crippled and almost destroyed.—The speaker is absorbed by his subject and pays no attention to his voice. The consequence is, that his voice unbridled and stimulated by the ardour which inflames him, rises into the most extravagant and dissonant raving, offends the hearer's ears and keeps him wincing with continual sympathy; and thus the speaker's voice instead of becoming, as it would be if well managed, the powerful auxiliary of his mental faculties, becomes their enemy, and weakens, if it do not wholly defeat, their most vigorous operations. Observe what a spell the voice, alone, can lay upon an audience, when that voice is mellifluous and guided by taste and judgement! And how potent, nay how irresistible would that spell become, if the enchanting harmonies of such a voice were employed in pouring forth the treasures of a great mind and of a noble and feeling heart.

It is at the early age of which I have been speaking, while the muscular system retains all its tenderness and pliancy, that the language of the countenance and of gesture should also be taught. Sir Joshua Reynolds has said that all the motions of children are graceful. They are certainly prompted by nature, who is the great instructress of the orator as well as the poet: The parent, then, who undertakes to train the youth to eloquence, should observe, with a painter's eye, how nature speaks in children; how the different passions affect the countenance,

the voice, the action. I took the liberty in a former number, to recommend the stage as another school to the orator; and I still retain the opinion, that the man who has a genius for oratory, will visit the stage with advantage where the boards are trodden by a master of his art. I am aware that Cicero may be thought to have decided this point differently. He does, indeed, say that the action of the stage is unsafe for imitation; but why? because it is too minute and redundant. It is remarkable that when this observation was made, the action of the stage had been copied from that of the bar: for Roscius, the celebrated master of the Roman stage, was in the constant habit, we are told, of attending the pleadings of Hortensius, in order that he might transfer to the scenes of fiction which he represented, the action of real life. Cicero's censure, therefore, on the action of the stage recoils upon the bar from which it was taken, and more especially on his great competitor Hortensius. It was in fact only saying indirectly, what he was in the constant habit of saying, directly; that the action of Hortensius was unsafe for imitation; that it was vicious in its minuteness and excess; and indeed, it was on this very account, that he gave him the nickname of a female dancer on the stage, by which he has come down distinguished to the present times.

An anecdote which is related of Cicero and Roscius, serves well to evince the extensive power of action. It was an usual amusement with those two masters of their respective arts, to try, in sportive contest, which of them could express the same passion, the most variously; Roscius by action, or Cicero by speech. We are not told, I believe, that this point was ever settled between them; but from repeated experiments which I saw made by the young gentleman who visited me with my nephews this spring, I am persuaded, that Roscius must have had the advantage in the contest. Shades of the same passion, may be expressed by the look and gesture, far too minute and subtle to be discriminated by language. Action thus becomes a most powerful auxiliary to speech, by supplying its imperfections. It has several other advantages over speech. It is more rapid in its communication. The gesture is made, the attitude and expression assumed in an instant with the quickness of lightning: speech drags after it. Again; action speaks a language which is universally intelligible, the lowest hearer comprehends it: while the language of the orator often shoots over his head and misses its aim. No wonder,

therefore, that the powers of action have been so strongly inculcated in every age.

We are apt to suppose from the great effects ascribed to those speeches of the orators of Greece and Rome which have reached us, that they must have had a peculiar action in which their power chiefly consisted, but which has been lost to us in the lapse of time. This, I apprehend, was not the case. On the contrary, I think it very probable that Quinctilian has left us a minute and full account of all the varieties of ancient action from the age even of that thunderbolt of eloquence, Perciles. It is probable that not more than fifty or sixty years elapsed between the last efforts of Pericles and the first of Demosthenes. The action of the former was well known in Athens when Demosthenes began to exhibit himself, and there were probably several alive who had witnessed its power. We are told by Plutarch, that Eunomus, a man then very old, consoled Demosthenes on his first failure by assuring him that his manner of speaking was very like that of Pericles. Now altho' more than two centuries elapsed between the age of Demosthenes and that of Cicero, yet during that period Athens had continued to be the school of eloquence, to Rome as well as to the rest of the world; and there is little reason to doubt that by the great orators of the latter city, as well as the philosophers and rhetoricians of the former, all the modes of action which distinguished Demosthenes had been transmitted, during this interval, both at Athens and Rome. Cicero studied eloquence under Grecian masters in both cities, and there can be no reason to doubt that the action of Demosthenes was intimately known to him and of course to Quinctilian, who lived so shortly after him. Quinctilian certainly supposed himself no stranger to Demosthenes' manner; for in his book XI. cha. III. which treats of gesture, he describes the particular manner in which he imagined Demosthenes to have opened his Philippic. "When I figure to myself the attitude of Demosthenes, in his modest, bashful outset of his pleading for Ctesiphon, I imagine his thumb and his three first fingers to be gently contracted, and his hand slowly swaying from his heart to his middle; and as he proceeds, his action becomes more quick and his hands more expanded."

Now if my conjecture be right, that Quinctlian has given us the whole range of ancient action, it will not do for us to account for the coldness with which we read the orations of ancient orators, and the enthusiasm which we are told they excited in the delivery, by any supposed

magic in the action. It is true that the gesture described by Quinctilian is much more various and often much more graceful than that which we witness in this country: yet there is certainly nothing in it which we can conceive to have clothed the orator with thunder. No, it was the voice, the countenance, and the gesture, all conspiring, to drive home to the judgments and hearts of their hearers the impassioned appeals, the cogent arguments, the strong conclusions, the deep convictions of the orator himself. Gesture was not there, as it is here, an enemy to the orator; but on the contrary, it was a most powerful ally, and contributed much to that irresistible energy with which he swept his audience along. We are not to be surprised, therefore, at the assiduity with which they cultivated the graces and the force of action. Thus Cicero, altho' he censured the stage as a school of action, visited, nevertheless, that school himself. "His turn for action," we are told by Plutarch, "was naturally as defective as that of Demosthenes, and therefore, he took all the advantage he could from the instruction of Roscius who excelled in comedy, and of Æsop, whose talents lay in tragedy." And Plutarch adds that "in consequence of those helps, Cicero found his powers of persuasion not a little assisted by action and just pronunciation." Of Demosthenes, the same author tells us, that on an occasion which occurred, among his first public efforts, when his speeches had been illy received and he was going home with his head covered and in the deepest distress, Satyrus, the player, an acquaintance of his, followed him, and when Demosthenes imparted to him the cause of his mortification, his friend answered—"You say true; but I will soon provide a remedy, if you will repeat to me some speech in Euripides or Sophocles."—— When Demosthenes had done, Satyrus pronounced the same speech; and he did it with such propriety of action and so much in character, that it appeared to the orator quite a different passage. Demosthenes now discovered how much of the power of the orator depended on pronunciation and gesture. "Upon this, says Plutarch, he built himself a subterraneous study, which remained to our times. Thither he repaired every day to form his action and exercise his voice, and he would often stay there two or three months together." Mark the enthusiasm which made this man immortal! There is no earthly immortality in any walk without this enthusiasm. To return to gesture; we are farther told by Plutarch, on the authority of Demetrius the Phalerean, who says he had it from Demosthenes himself, in his old

age, that the orator had a looking glass in his house, before which he used to declaim and adjust all his motions. In the present day, the light and unthinking might laugh at such an exercise as ridiculous; but I think with Chesterfield in a parallel case, that the laughers, themselves, would be much more worthy of ridicule.

I believe that the full effect of a happy manner (including, under the term, manner, voice, enunciation, look & gesture) has not been felt in this country in more than a single instance: I mean that of the celebrated Patrick Henry. We have many speakers, and have had several others who are no more, that deserve the praise of very high elegance, and, some of them, of eloquence. But it was in Mr. Henry, alone, that we saw what eloquence was capable of atchieving. His was the magic of the eye, the voice, the action. The union was compleat; the power irresistible. Well has it been said of him and most truly, too, that "in him, Shakespeare and Garrick were combined." I remember a few years back to have been very much struck in the city of Richmond with a remark made by a plain, blunt countryman, a neighbor of mine, who, with me, had been often ravished by the strains of Mr. Henry's eloquence. We had listened with much pleasure to a speech at the bar, excellent not only for its argument, but for its style, its fancy, and its sensibility. My honest neighbor who stood near the speaker, but had no personal acquaintance with him, was so much excited by what he had heard, that he could not command his usual prudent and guarded civility; but as soon as the speaker had done, addressing him with delight visible in his eyes & with the most winning benevolence in his voice, he said in a half whisper, "O sir! if Mr. Henry had had the delivering of that speech, he would have made these people's blood run cold and their hair stand on end." The remark was certainly true, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed appeared forcibly struck with it.

How deplorable it is, in relation both to the individuals and to their country, of which they would form such proud and shining ornaments, that our speakers are so obstinate in their neglect of this happy and immortalizing manner of which we are speaking. It is in vain that they rest on the beauty and strength of their matter.—The experiment was fairly made in the instance of Demosthenes himself. At the commencement of his political career he was not only neglected, but treated with contempt, driven from the assemblies by peals of laughter; yet during that time his speeches were as

much elaborated, and their matter, no doubt, as exquisite, as ever it was afterwards. It was he himself who complained "that though he was the most laborious of all the orators and had almost sacrificed his health to his application, yet he could gain no favor with the people;" and why?—because, like our speakers, he relied on the excellency of his matter; and like them too, neglected those graces of pronunciation and gesture which are so much better understood and so much more strongly felt by the multitude. Demosthenes never reached the prize of eloquence until he had called in these auxiliaries. This incident speaks volumes; and explains what would otherwise be a phenomenon, that in this age of acknowledged talents, and talents too, of a very high order, eloquence should be in such a state of mournful prostration. If this manner were the gift only of nature & unattainable by human effort, the case might be excusable. But the fact is confessedly not so. The two most illustrious examples of this happy manner in the *ancient* world, were, by nature, most remarkably defective, and these defects were not vanquished but by the severest toils — The manner which constituted the crown of their glory was formed by themselves, and that too against the most stubborn impediments which nature could throw in their way. How consoling, how animating their example!— "Go thou and do likewise."

Number XXXIII.

Modo reges atque tetrarchas
Omnia magna loquens; modo, sit mihi mensa, tripes et
Concha sali puri, et toga quæ defendere frigus
Quamvis crassa queat. *Hor. Sat. 3, v. 12.*

In high and haughty strain
At morn of Tetrarchs and of Kings he prates;
At night, a three leg'd table O'ye Fates!
A little shell the sacred salt to hold
And clothes tho' coarse to keep me from the cold.
Francis.

TO DOCT. ROBERT CECIL.

DEAR SIR,

An unhappy occurrence which I lately witnessed, which arose from the ruinous and detestable practice of gaming, has brought back so strongly and painfully to my memory and feelings some melancholy events which the same vice produced in my own family many years ago, that I am induced to offer you a short account of them, in the hope that should it accord with your views to give this letter a place in the Old Bachelor, it may not be altogether uninteresting or unprofitable to some of your readers. And if the perusal of this letter should enable you to enter in any material degree, into the feelings which I experienced while acting in the scenes it describes, and which are still indelibly impressed on my heart, you will readily excuse this intrusion on your time and attention.—That you may accompany me in my story with a familiarity which will enable you more easily to comprehend it, and which may incline you more readily to participate in my feelings, I will commence with a short history of my family.

My father, who was a foreigner, settled early in life in one of the principal towns of this state, and was extensively engaged in commercial pursuits till the time of his death. My mother was a native of Virginia. They had five children; two sons, of which I was the youngest, and three daughters, the eldest of which was seven years younger than myself. No father was ever more affectionate or more solicitous for the welfare of his children than ours. But tho' his understanding was good, and his perception quick and clear, there was a yielding compliance in his nature, and a reluctance to inflict pain, or to thwart the pleasures of others, which too frequently prevented him from exacting of those who were subject to his control a strict conformity to his own just notions and

example of prudence and propriety. Our mother was equally tender and affectionate towards her children. Her understanding tho' plain, was respectable; and she was blessed with a prudence that never slept or slumbered, and with a firmness and perseverance that never tired or wavered in the path of duty. She was born and bred up in the country; and though she had not more learning than is commonly acquired in the careless and illiberal way in which young ladies of genteel families are generally educated amongst us, yet as my brother and myself were for some years her only children, she and my father seemed to have divided between them the task of attending to the education of their sons. My father had the particular direction of my brother, who, as he was intended to assist and succeed our father in his business, received a suitable education, but perhaps unnecessarily limited on account of that intention. I was more immediately under the care of our mother; and it was the wish of my parents that I should be qualified for one of the learned professions.

My brother was affectionate, and open, and generous, in his character, and highly sensible to whatever was honorable; but he was wild and heedless, and violent in his passions. At the age of seventeen he was taken into the counting-house, and soon displayed talents for business which gave the fairest promise of future success.—This was more interesting and grateful to our father, on account of the delicate state of his own health which rendered it too probable that the management of his affairs, and the care of his family, must at a period not far distant, devolve on other hands than his.

But under the too indulgent government of our father, my brother, as he approached to manhood, allowed himself a freedom in the pursuit of pleasure and amusement which extended to the utmost limits of innocent indulgence, and sometimes perhaps, went beyond them. Among other amusements of his leisure hours, he frequently visited in several private families who were ranked among the genteel, and even among the respectable class of society; though at their parties, it was not only customary for cards to be introduced, but it seemed to be considered a necessary and important part of hospitality, that the guests should be invited and even solicited to play.—I will not detain you, Sir, with a tiresome lecture on the impropriety and dangerous tendency of this custom of domestic gaming; my story will be my commentary. Nor will I attempt to exhibit to you the youthful, bashful, awkward resistance which my brother frequently made to his

first invitations to take a seat at the card table. But the fear of appearing singular, which has vanquished the virtuous courage of many a brave youth, at length drove him to engage in an amusement which his own judgment and principles condemned, and which he knew was opposed & dreaded by the sentiments and feelings of both his parents. A strong judgment, and an excellent memory, soon enabled him to become a proficient in play. He was always a welcome partner when bets ran high, and the ardor of his temper, and his confidence in his own skill, led him to bet with boldness. Though our father knew that my brother sometimes played in genteel company, he supposed that it was always with the young and innocent of either sex, who regarded it only as a harmless amusement, and who confined themselves within limits which, if never exceeded, might render it pardonable, if not altogether prudent. And this, for some time, was really the case. But it might extend this letter to an unsuitable length to describe minutely the gradations by which he advanced, till he ventured to sit down with veteran adversaries, and in the language of the table, would loo or be looed for considerable sums at a setting. His fortunate, or more truly, his unfortunate success saved him from the necessity of making unreasonable applications to our father for money; and this, together with our father's confidence in the correctness and stability of my brother's principles, and too much tenderness for his feelings and a delicacy which ought not to be observed in such cases, for the feelings of those in whose houses and society my brother pursued this course, prevented our father from being so particular in his enquiries into his amusements, and so peremptory in exercising control over them as the urgent importance of the case required. He frequently, however, expressed in general terms to him his disapprobation of an amusement which, though great firmness of character, and an established control over the feelings, may perhaps render harmless to some who engage in it, always presents an evil example, and is of too mischievous a tendency to be approached without danger, especially by the young and unstable, to whose sanguine adventurous feelings it can never be said with any certainty of obedience, "thus far shall ye go and no farther."

Though my brother had received his education, and was now engaged in business, beyond the limits of that sphere which had been allotted to my mother's particular observation yet her affectionate, anxious, ever-watchful eye was often directed towards him; and though she was yet ignorant of the dangerous depths to which he some-

times descended in play, she was apprised of his occasional indulgence in it. She as well as our father had great reliance on the strength of his virtuous principles, and the disinterested generosity of his nature, which was a stranger to avarice; but she well knew the wildness and warmth, and eagerness of his temper; and saw that his exposure to temptation and indulgence might generate habits, the inevitable consequences of which filled her maternal bosom with alarm. With mild and affectionate earnestness she admonished him of his error, and labored to shew him its mischievous tendency. The voice of our mother was never heard by her children without attention and reverence. When she first expressed her disapprobation of this amusement to my brother, he readily admitted its impropriety, and explained the occasions, and apologised for the weakness, which led him into it; and frequently expressed a determination to avoid it.—But again and again the tempter would meet him, and seduce him from his better purposes. When our mother learned that he still continued to play, she applied to our father, which her reluctance to give him pain had hitherto prevented her from doing in the pressing manner which she now adopted. She warned him of my brother's danger, and entreated him to interpose his paternal influence and authority, if necessary, to put an end to a course which if persisted in would too probably terminate in the ruin of their son, and in their own remorse and unhappiness: and she earnestly advised that, if he could not otherwise refrain, he should be explicitly informed that he could no longer visit at those houses in which play was tolerated, without acting in direct opposition to the wishes and authority of both his parents.

But a revolution had now commenced in the sentiments of my brother; and though he listened to the admonitions of his parents on this subject, as on all others, with affectionate attention and respect, he treated their fears for his safety as the effect of that excessively timid affection which frequently induces parents to debar their children from the most innocent enjoyments. He pointed out many instances of the most respectable characters having indulged in this amusement through the whole course of long and useful lives, without injury to their reputations, or detriment to their affairs; and expressed the most positive confidence in his own power to restrain and confine himself within safe and proper bounds; & declared that a strict adherence to a resolution never to play, would either render him ridiculous, or must banish him from the

society of almost every genteel circle in town. His apology and defence were ingenious and vehement; and tho' they only served to increase the fears of our mother, they obtained from the too indulgent and compliant nature of our father, so mild a disapprobation of playing for amusement as almost to amount to an implied permission. Ah! most affectionate and too tender parent! Could his eye have penetrated the darkness of futurity, with what abhorrence and dismay would he have regarded every possible temptation to a vice which was destined to ruin the fortune of his whole family, to bring one son with dishonor to a premature grave, and to hurry the other to the brink of a precipice which, even in imagination, at this distant period, I shudder to contemplate!

But the youthful heart of my brother was not yet so infatuated by the baneful pleasures of the card table, as to be unsusceptible of more exquisite, and far more innocent impressions. At the house of a gentleman whose parties he frequented, he often saw a young lady to whom this gentleman was guardian. She was the orphan daughter of a merchant who was a foreigner, and the only child of her deceased parents; and had no family connections with whom she was acquainted. Her fortune was considerable; and she was beautiful, attractive, and prudent and good. My brother's heart felt the power of her charms, and yielded to them the best portion of its homage. The sweet sound of her voice would break the chain of his thoughts, and the mild radiance of her beauty irresistibly attracted his eye, even when bound in the powerful spells of that demon on whose altar not only he, but this lovely innocent woman, was fated to be sacrificed. My brother was not quite twenty one years old, when he asked and obtained this excellent woman for his wife. It was particularly pleasing to his parents, who hoped that the innocent allurements, and tender relations growing out of such a connection, might wean him from his dangerous amusement before it became a fixed and incurable habit. And the most flattering appearances for some time justified these hopes. My brother's love and esteem for his wife were ardent and sincere; and her conduct was in every respect calculated to render her "the last best gift of Heaven to man."

About twelve months after my brother's marriage, we lost our father. This melancholy event, which his ill health had for some time taught us to expect, was probably hastened by some heavy and vexatious losses which he had lately sustained by the failure of several persons connected with him in trade. My brother had always

been regular and diligent in his attention to business; and since his marriage, he had applied to it with increased industry; and had withdrawn himself so entirely from dissipation, that our father's confidence in him was so great that he left him the only executor of his will; except myself, who was then too young to afford any assistance; for I was five years younger than my brother.—Our mother had now many difficulties to contend with from the embarrassed situation into which our father's late losses had thrown his affairs. My education which had always been a favorite object with her, was not yet completed; and the education of my sisters now claimed attention and expence. It was hoped however, that by my brother's knowledge and attention to business, and our mother's great prudence and economy, aided by the liberal indulgence which her well known merit, procured her from my father's creditors, the estate might be so managed as to leave a competency for his family after the payment of all his debts. Except what appertained to the domestick province of our mother, my brother took upon himself the management of the estate under the superintendance of an old friend of our father, who was well acquainted with business, and who promised our mother to communicate to her, from time to time, every thing of importance that might occur in the progress of my brother's management. But there is no eye so wakeful as always to watch, and no prudence so wary as always to guard against a rooted propensity in another to the vice of gaming. Soon after the death of our father, my brother returned secretly to his former course of play; and indulged in it to an excess which seemed to be redoubled by his late abstinence and restraint. He did not now confine himself to those assemblies which are called genteel · ut he frequented the secret illegal rendezvous of the most desperate gamblers; & before his friends were sufficiently aware of his fatal relapse, he had not only ruined his own fortune, but had dissipated nearly all the remains of our father's estate, and involved himself inextricably in enormous debts.

When our mother learned the extent of this calamity; though her perplexity and grief were great, she did not sink under it, but encountered it with the patience, and fortitude, and energy, for which many of her sex are so eminently distinguished, and which most unhappily they are too often required to exert in an unequal contest with the unmerited and cruel ills which they suffer from the brutal characteristic, and almost privileged vices of our sex. Proper steps were immediately taken to withdraw

every thing from the control of my brother in which the rest of the family had any claim; and our mother made every effort that maternal love could inspire, to save and reclaim, if possible, her unhappy son. Being no longer able to support her family in town, she removed to some distance into the country to a small estate which she had inherited since the death of our father. But she tried in vain to prevail on my brother to go with his family along with her.

Hitherto, I have said but little of myself in this narration, but I shall soon be obliged to become too conspicuous in the sequel. Under the direction of my mother, I had been sent when very young to a grammar school at no great distance in the country; and except when on visits to my parents in town, had remained there constantly till my mother was obliged to retire into the country. I was about this time seventeen years of age, and the next year was to have been sent to college. But my mother's finances were now unequal to such an expence; and she needed my assistance in the management of her farm, & in the education of my sisters. I accordingly settled with her in the country, and lived during several years, in usefulness to my family, and in happiness almost uninterrupted except by the intelligence which we frequently received from town, of the unhappy course which my brother was still pursuing.

At twenty one years of age, I loved and married the amiable daughter of a neighboring farmer. And from that day to the moment in which I am now writing, she has never ceased to be my greatest blessing, the source of the purest and most supreme happiness my heart has ever known.

My poor brother still persisted, as far as his precarious means would allow, in the practice of gaming, which was [illegible] attended by its certain and legitimate offspring, the excessive use of ardent spirits, more odious, and if possible more miserably ruinous than its parent vice. His condition had now become wretched indeed; and it was with difficulty that all the assistance our mother could afford, aided by the benevolent liberality of his and his wife's friends in town, could prevent his family from feeling the rigorous pressure of abject poverty. He had now several children; and his increasing sufferings at length compelled him to accept the offer which our mother often urged to him; and he removed from town, and settled near us, on a part of her farm. But a change of residense could make no change in his habits. Most of his miserable days and nights were still spent in tippling

houses, and at gaming tables; which are too easily found in every part of our state.

But the heart of my brother was not yet dead to sensibility; and he carried in his bosom "the worm that never dies." In his intervals of temperance and reflection, all the feelings of the husband, the father, the son, and the man of honor, would sometimes reclaim their empire, and rule with tyranny, in his breast. But it is not for me, with my feeble powers and undisciplined pen, to describe the tortures which in these intervals I have seen him suffer. Prometheus, chained down and stretched upon the rock on mount Caucassus; with the vultures feeding on his ever renewed vitals, is but too just an emblem of his torments. But these moments of repentance and self reproach were quickly succeeded by long periods of excessive intemperance; till at length he ceased from any effort to resist their recurrence, and sunk the abject helpless slave of his miserable vices. To such degradation did he descend that, I blush to say, I have seen him spunge for a drink of grog among the lowest blackguards; and to procure the most contemptible means of indulging his intemperance, with felonious secrecy he would filch from his own unhappy family the materials which had been contributed by the bounty of others for their daily necessities, and would vend them among his compeers in vice and wretchedness. And this man, of whom harsh and painful truth compels me thus to speak, was my brother, once dear to my heart, and whose bosom once glowed with every manly and generous, and virtuous feeling: His amiable, his more than excellent wife! She seemed to the world insensible of his errors, and of her own wretchedness. In vain did my mother and myself make every effort to check his fatal career, and turn him from his course of abandonment and infamy. In tenderness and pity she wept over him the bitterest tears of maternal grief; and in despair I looked on, with hopeless commisseration. O, foul, malignant, destroying friend, that presides over the midnight orgies of the gaming table! Well might you look down in triumph on this fallen man, and "grin horribly your ghastly smiles" over him, for he was your victim!

But our dear mother did not long survive to witness & share the unhappiness produced by my brother's imprudence. A few years after his removal into the country, God, whom she had ever served in spirit and in truth, took her to himself. The last moments of her existence were spent, like many in her preceding life, in inculcating on her weeping children, those divine precepts of which

her own virtuous course had been a continual practical example. She pointed out to me particularly and impressively, the important and sacred duties which, by her death, I should soon be called upon to discharge alone.—She entreated me, she solemnly enjoined it on me, never to abandon my unhappy brother; and expressed her confidence and consolation in leaving me the protector and guardian of his unfortunate wife and his helpless children.

Stupid and hardened as my brother had become, he appeared to feel the death of our mother with poignant sensibility. But he had only one refuge from every trouble. He plunged more deeply into the gulph of intemperance.

The long continued habit of intoxication will poison and exacerbrate the most amiable temper. And often and severely did my brother's innocent and injured family feel the truth of this position. For tho' he had not yet proceeded to personal violence, his vision became so jaundiced, and his feelings so perverse, that every thing at home seemed to be peculiarly adapted to displease him. But of all who knew their sufferings, his angelick wife alone seemed to be insensible of them. "She never told her wrongs," nor did her conduct, or even her looks, ever betray them. With a cheerfulness, and firmness, and constancy which seemed to have been inspired from heaven for the occasion, she fulfilled every duty of a prudent and faithful wife, and of a discreet and tender mother.

It was a few weeks after the death of my mother, that on a dark and stormy night in December, I was awakened from sleep by a loud knocking, and the cries of children, at my door. I rose hastily, and let them in. They were my brother's wife and children, drenched with rain and shivering with cold, and still more with terror.—But when a light enabled us to see, it was discovered that one of her children was missing. She would have rushed again into the storm and darkness to go in search of it; but with force and difficulty I prevented her. I tried in vain to learn from her the cause of this alarming visit. She struggled with violence, and entreated to be permitted to go, and that I would go with her, in search of her child, or "it would be overwhelmed and would perish in "the storm, or would be destroyed by its furious distract-"ed father." I learned, partly from the nurse that came with her, but more particularly from herself afterwards, that my brother had come home late at night, reeling with intoxication, and chafing with anger at some vexation he had encountered. His agitation was so great, that

his wife, contrary to her usual course, which she had adopted from experience, of remaining silent on such occasions, now attempted to soothe him. She innocently & instantly became the object of his blind resentment, and he descended to the last grade of brutality, and treated her person with savage violence. She escaped and fled from him, and he pursued her. When she heard him raving and wandering astray in the dark, she flew into the house, dragged her children from their beds, and fled with them to me for protection. But in the confusion and terror and darkness, one of them was left, she knew not whither at home or on the way.

I could not go myself in pursuit of the child; for I feared to leave my sister without any one able to control her; and I feared that my brother might arrive in my absence. But every servant that could be raised was immediately sent in search of it. Gracious God! What a warning lesson, what an irresistible appeal, to the hearts of the thoughtless and imprudent would it be, to behold such a scene as I now witnessed! The shrieks and agonies of my frantick sister; the cries of her frightened children; and my own wife and children scarcely less frantick and frightened than they. At length the servants returned with the child in safety. Its mother pressed it in silence to her bosom; but exhausted and overcome with intolerable emotions, she fainted and fell with it in her arms. It had been found at home, where it had sought refuge with the servants, who had secreted it and themselves from the fury of their master, who was now gone they knew not where.

This long and miserable night at last came to an end. Early in the morning, I went in search of my brother.—I know not with what feelings I set out; nor do I know, at this moment, why I went in search of him. I went to his house; he was not at home; but I knew his haunts, & took the way that led to the infernal den from which he had come the night before. I did not go far before I discovered him. He was walking violently on the road side; but continued near the same place, by turning suddenly backwards and forwards. When he perceived me, he stopped, and I walked up to him. For some time neither of us spoke. I did not look at him, nor do I believe he looked at me. At length, he asked, "have you seen my wife?" Yes, said I, and again we were both silent. I now looked up at him; and I could see the muscles of his face quiver; his throat swelled, and his breast labored with agitation. With difficulty, and in a tone of grief and humility, as if he doubted whether I would condescend

to answer him, he asked, "Is her person materially injured?" No, said I, fortunately it is not. Again we were silent. I knew not what to say to him; for the scene I had witnessed the night before had left my brain torpid, my mind incapable of any effort. After some time, turning suddenly towards me, he said "Brother, you do not know what I am." Almost without meaning any thing, I said, are you not a man? 'No, said he, quickly; my 'conduct for years past has shewn that I am not. I am 'a detestable infamous brute. Last night, I was accused 'by a set of villains, and justly too, of foul play at the ga-'ming table. I was kicked out of the room; and dri-'ven with scorn and contempt from the society of rogues. 'I got brutally drunk, and went home. You know what 'followed." My looks assented; but I could not find in my heart a drop of resolution to enable me to speak.—My brother walked with perturbation around me. At length, turning suddenly to me, he said, 'O Henry!—— 'what shall I do? I am abandoned of Heaven; I am pos-'sessed by devils. I have not strength, no power to go-'vern myself. I feel that I am ruined, lost forever!' I had no answer ready for his question; but my heart compulsively assented to his statement of his deplorable condition. In this unhappy moment of my despair, perplexity, and unguarded weakness, my brother, with pressing energy, repeated his question; "O tell me, Henry, what can I do?" Almost unconscious of what I said, or did, I replied, I know of but one remedy. He look'd eagerly into my face; I raised my hand, and drew my finger across my throat.

The thought seemed to strike upon his brain with electric quickness. In an instant every feature and every limb were convulsed. "I will; I will, I will," said he. He clenched his hands, stamped upon the earth, and trembled madly around me. He stopped suddenly, and putting both his hands to the crown of his head, pressed it as if he would have crush'd his brain to atoms. 'O never, 'never, said he, shall to morrow's sun shine on this miserá-'ble, distracted head. I will go," said he, looking up, (I too, involuntarily looked up;) "I will go to our father; to our mother?—His feelings were insupportable; he sunk upon the earth, and covering his face with his arms, groaned and trembled as if his frame would part asunder. At the mention of my parents, I instantly awaked from my intellectual torpor; and ten thousand thoughts hurried through my mind. I looked at my brother; I knew the desperate intrepidity of his mind. I looked up again; I thought I saw my mother, looking down from a pillow of

cloud upon me, with a countenance of mingled sorrow and anger. I shut my eyes and covered them with my hands, but still I could see my mother. All the dreadful consequences that might flow from my rash signal to my brother, now rushed upon my imagination. I flew to him; I fell on my knees beside him. "O William! William!" said I, 'what have I done! what have I done! drive a-'way, drive away from your thoughts this horrible sug-'gestion. Abandon, forget this fatal purpose, or you are 'lost, my brother, and you drag me along with you to in-'evitable perdition. O! look up, my dear brother; be-'hold the tremendous precipice on the brink of which we 'both stand; for if you take the fatal leap, there is no pow-'er under heaven that can restrain me from following 'you. Look upon me, William, and tell me you will live." I seized him with violence, and compelled him to look up. The lurid glare of his eye increased my terror.—"O have mercy on yourself, my brother," said I; "have pity on me. If you do this accused deed, I shall be another Cain, more odious and damnable than the first. I shall carry on my brow the marks of my guilt, and I shall tremble in the presence of every living creature. This world will be a hell to me, and every object in it that is dear to my heart will become my tormentor. And if I fly for refuge to the utmost corner of the earth, the avenger of a brother's blood will pursue me. At every step, I shall behold your mangled form bleeding with the wounds of self-murder perpetrated at my cruel unnatural suggestion; and wherever I turn to escape from the blasting vision, the offended shades of our parents will cross me in my way." My utterance failed me; and suffocated with agony, I should have fallen on the earth, but my brother stretched out his arms and received me in his bosom. The tremor with which he shook, and the groans he uttered, recalled me to new exertions. I renewed my supplications that he would relinquish the fatal purpose which I had so unhappily and criminally suggested to his mind. I again assured him that if he perished by his own hand, I felt that I could not survive him; and I intreated him to reflect on the ruin and destitution we should leave behind us; for the same stroke would not only make my wife a widow, my children fatherless, and our sisters doubly orphans; but would take from his wife, and his children, their last stay and hope, by depriving them of that protection and assistance which it had ever been, and while I lived, ever would be, my care and pleasure to afford them.

I obtained from him the most solemn promise that he would do no violence to himself; and that he would not wilfully seek it from any other quarter. With much difficulty, I prevailed on him to return with me to my house. His family were there; but no eye witnessed the first interview between him and his wife; nor was the particular moment when it took place known to any but themselves. For some time after this, my brother's conduct was more prudent. But, alas! he had spoken too truly when he said, "I have no strength, no power to go-"vern myself." He could not encounter the least temptation without falling into intemperance.

The alarming scene which had passed between me & my brother, had the most unhappy influence on my peace. It occurred to my thoughts continually by day, and obtruded on me in dreams by night. I lived in anxiety and dread, lest my brother might not be able to keep his promise to me. I could not rest if I did not see him, or hear from him, every day. If he went out from home, and did not return as soon as was expected, I immediately went in search of him. Indeed, I was constrained to become "my brother's keeper;" for I felt that if he should do the deed which I dreaded,

> 'Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> 'Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> 'Could ever medicine me to that sweet sleep,'
> Which I once enjoyed.

I had now too, for the first time in my life, a secret which I dared not communicate, even to the wife of my bosom; for I knew that if she were acquainted with all that had passed between me and my brother, her fears, her wretchedness, would be as great as my own. Like an offending spirit, fallen and banished from the celestial abodes of peace and happiness, I looked back with mournful regret, to that blissful state of mutual and entire confidence which once subsisted between us. I hoped that, in mercy and forgiveness from the throne of grace, I might be permitted again to return to it; but I feared that my brother, in some fatal moment, might do a deed which would cut me off from it forever by a gulph impassable as that which separates the righteous Abraham from the regions of the damned.

But my poor unhappy brother was soon taken from his troubles and from mine, by a cause in which I certainly had no agency; and the fatal effect of which was not wilfully designed by him. A few months after the alarming

occurrence, the threatened catastrophe of which still continued to annoy me with the most gloomy apprehensions, a disease to which he had been long subject, and which proceeded from his intemperance, terminated his miserable existence.

I cannot describe the effects which this event produced on my feelings. Indeed, I know not distinctly what my feelings were. To say that I lamented it, would be uncandid and unmanly. But, O! let me not say, that I rejoiced at the death of my brother.

Restored once more to the consoling confidence of the best of wives, we retraced together the fearful ground over which I had passed. With affectionate and tender assiduity, she strove to heal the deep wound in my peace; and encouraged me to rely for pardon to my offence, on the sudden unpremeditated circumstances of the act, on my instant and sincere repentance, and the unceasing vigilance with which I had guarded against the horrid calamity it had threatened to produce. And in the lapse of many years, the lenient hand of time which administers the "sweet oblivious antidote" to every trouble of the mind, had soothed and quieted the feelings of poignant contrition with which at first I regarded my error. But a late occurrence, (in which I was not personally concerned.) which has induced me to trouble you with the detail and still more this detail itself, has revived those feelings too vividly and too painfully.

Thus, Sir, have I given you, in such terms and manner as memory and awakened feelings have dictated, an account of the effects of gaming, in a particular instance. But I fear that my unpractised pen is much too feeble to enable you to enter fully into my feelings; or perhaps you might in reading, as I have often done in writing, drop a tear on this paper; and when your commiseration for the victims should be succeeded by abhorrence of the vice, with indignant and avenging hand you would seize your pen, and with its master-strokes paint this fell destroyer in colours so foul, and form so hideous, that your readers would fly from it with loathing and dismay; and hastening to the sacred altars of virtue and prudence, bind themselves by the most solemn and irrevocable vows, never to approach within the utmost verge of its infernal influence.